

THE TRINITY REVIEW



TRINITY COLLEGE
VOLUME CXVI  SPRING 2003



© 2003 TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO
SPRING 2003

PRINTED BY COACH HOUSE PRINTING, TORONTO, CANADA



© 2003 TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO
SPRING 2003

PRINTED BY COACH HOUSE PRINTING, TORONTO, CANADA

The Trinity Review



THE TRINITY REVIEW
Table of Contents

Title	Author	Page
A THANKSGIVING PRAYER	<i>Josh Rioux</i>	2
GOLDFISH	<i>P. Jacob Usprech</i>	3
A VERY SHORT STORY	<i>Cathy Fournier</i>	4
DICHOTOMY	<i>Lisa Fallavolita</i>	6
UNTITLED SELF-PORTRAIT	<i>Elizabeth Reaney</i>	9
A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF MY FAILURE AS A WRITER	<i>Aidan Gray</i>	10
DREDGING THE LAKE	<i>Christopher McKinnon</i>	10
HOW TO HAVE A RELATIONSHIP WITH RUTHLESS ME	<i>Dana K. Moran</i>	11
DEPOLAREYES	<i>Lindsay Kochen</i>	15
WHAT HAPPENED	<i>Mike Callaghan</i>	16
LOITERING AT UNION STATION 1:34 AM	<i>Nermeen Mouftah</i>	19
A DAY IN THE LIFE	<i>Brock Bourgase</i>	20
SKETCHES ON FALLING WATER: THREE POEMS	<i>David Reibetanz</i>	24
THE GOD-KINGS OF CAMBODIA	<i>Pavel Davydov</i>	26
UNTITLED	<i>Andre Dahlman</i>	27
IQWLQT TALKING TO HIMSELF ON HIS JOURNEY TO THE UNDERWORLD	<i>John Hayden</i>	28

A Thanksgiving Prayer

Josh Rioux

It was after one, and the sun was coming in through the window and heating up the comforter, gradually making me aware of how sweaty and uncomfortable I was balled up in my sheets, but I had been having a good dream and I held onto sleep desperately until Jeff's feet pounding up the stairs and into his room next to mine broke any hope of re-entry into the dream, and I held my hands over my face for nearly five minutes before I forced myself to get up.

I fished a pair of pants out from underneath the bed and put them on, then went out into the hall.

"Hey man," Jeff said as I went by his door. His room was pristine and untouched, the bed made, and I knew he hadn't been back the night before. He was sitting at his desk, pulling pieces of paper out of his pockets, inspecting them curiously, then dropping them onto the desk, so many cards and different things he had picked up in the night, scattered like toys. He looked at me with his bewildered brown eyes.

"Last night was *great*," he said, nodding warmly to himself and looking back to the papers. "I hooked up with that girl I was telling you about last night at her room at the Crown Plaza. The one from the bar the other night who had the cigar with me out on the patio and I told you how sexy it is when a really good looking girl smokes a cigar." I nodded. He nodded too, searching my face.

"I guess she's in town to visit with some relatives or something," he said.

I turned and went down the stairs to shower, and Jeff followed me down, telling me all about it.

"Yeah, gave me her number on the back of this Crown Plaza card and when I called I got this guy and it turned out to be her dad," he gritted his teeth as if in pain, then laughed. "So she called me back and said it was cool, she was staying with her dad but he was going to be gone until late."

"Wait, so how old was this girl?" I stopped at the bottom of the stairs.

"I guess she didn't really say," he said, chewing his chapped lower lip. "But she could take care of herself." I shook my head. "So then she asks if I want to meet her, and we just ended up at the hotel." He was grinning his head off, pleased with himself. "She had *great* underwear. Pink. And perfect skin. It was great. Those rooms are *huge*."

I went into the washroom and shut the door.

"*But it was more than just fooling around*," Jeff raised his voice through the door for my benefit as I ran the water and took off my pants. "*It was really great. She was so energetic. It was like she was playing. We just messed around and then talked for a long time and then messed around some more, like that, all night. It was amazing. Lucky I was out of there before her dad got home. Can you imagine that?*" I started the shower and got in, drowning Jeff out. I closed my eyes as the steam filled the shower and saw pink underwear and soft skin and a giant expensive bed in an expensive room, like a dream.

I got my coat and went down the stairs and out the door without saying goodbye to Jeff. He was back up in his room looking at some porn on his

Goldfish

P. Jacob Usprech

Instead of tiles on the floor I'm walking on fish scales.
 I'm on the back of a giant writhing slimy behemoth
 Each vertebra is a brief story of solidity
 between them lies a slipper chasm, soft, of flesh.
 And scales that will only stop you to impale you.
 Sharp and smooth.
 Edged.
 Depending on the edge.

The scales are golden and orange.
 Not at all like white tiles.

computer, and I could picture him there, grinning, the romping music of *Sorority Sex Kittens 2* filling the room. It was starting to get a lot colder. There must have been a wind storm in the night. It had ripped all the wide green leaves off the trees and carpeted the street with them, which was bare only in two strips where car tires had swept it clean. The leaves still looked fresh and young.

I must have been standing outside the barber's for too long, looking in the window. No one was inside except for the barber, who was dark-skinned, probably Greek or Turkish, with big round shoulders and a big hard gut, like my dad. When he noticed me, he stood up, thinking I wanted a haircut, and waved me inside. I went in without thinking, then ran my hand through my hair, which was getting kind of long.

"You want cut?" The barber asked with a Mediterranean grin. His own black hair was thinning on top and stood more or less straight up.

"Well," I said.

"Sit down," he said, gesturing to the chair nearest the door. I set my books on a table and sat in the chair. All

around the room soccer pennants and jerseys from all over the world hung, most of them old looking. The rest of the wall space was taken up with newspaper clippings from soccer stories, and here and there a poster of a man's haircut. He took his spray bottle and sprayed my hair wet, running his fingers through it affectionately. I had hoped he would tip my head back into a sink to wash my hair, but I guess that was a salon thing. He caught my eye in the mirror as I looked around at the pennants and jerseys and clippings.

"You thinking," he began, rolling his eyes up into his head as he worked out his joke in English. "We specialize in 'soccer' haircuts." Then he laughed. The clippings were all from years ago and most of the players were young and had long, wild hair. I smiled. "What you want?" He asked, finishing wetting my hair.

"Just a trim, I guess, like that," I said, pointing to the nearest poster, a kid with short hair like mine had been. The barber plugged in his clippers and ran them up the back of my head, trimming the hair close.

A Very Short Story

Cathy Fournier

The day began
Without her needing
A new coat
For winter, as snow fell
Leisurely,
As it should

There were skeletons in every closet
She heard the chattering of bones
Bare bones
Stripped clean
Eaten in the moonlight
While she wept

Spare here the luxury of wanting

This is a beautiful life
She knew that
Before she fell from grace
Last year

Before she came crashing down
Like that thunder storm
Last summer
When trees shook
Trembling in fear, for their lives
Her skin opened up
Like the sky
And everything
Came pouring downwards
Into the centre of the earth
As if nothing else existed
Outside this room
This closet of bones
She found yesterday
Walking in and out of rooms
To the rhythm of words
Never spoken

This is how the story ends
Sunday.

Directly in front of where I sat, just to the right of the top of the mirror, was a lovingly framed black and white photo of a young man, probably younger than me, in some sort of Greek army dress uniform, standing on a low stone wall with trees behind. His cool dark-eyed gaze belied the ridiculousness of his costume, with its white tights, baggy skirt and sash and little hat. His left hand rested on the handle of his sword, at his side.

"Who's that?" I asked after a minute of silent cutting from the barber. He had been watching the TV as he cut. He looked up at the picture.

"Ah. That was me when I was a boy," he said, non-committal. He finished clipping the back and sides and started scissor work on the top, sliding his fingers up a section of hair and snipping at the top. Then he turned my head to the left, and began matching that side with the clipper work, and I was able to watch the little TV. He turned my head to the right, and I looked out the window. Across the street, the porno theatre sat with its windows dark, the marquee lights off for the day. The now playing board was never used, holding only random letters here and there, but posters hung in the papered windows at street level, advertising the current films. I wondered if they sold popcorn, if they even had a concession stand with drinks and snacks, or if you just went in, did what you went for, and walked out ten minutes later, without staying to see the story conclude. He turned my head to the mirror again, and then pressed a button on a silver box while holding his other hand underneath, and the box buzzed, filling his hand with hot lather. Then he spread it on the back of my neck, and I felt the heat loosen the skin as he opened a straight razor and

snicked it across the skin under my hairline. Then he rubbed my neck clean with a towel and backed off to survey his work.

"What you think?" He said expectantly. I looked at myself in the mirror. My hair was much shorter, and the back of my head felt clean and a little cold. I was surprised at how black my hair looked. I always thought of my hair as brown. It must have been the water.

"Much better, ah?" He asked, smiling to himself as he scooped some gel out of a container and ran it through my hair. I closed my eyes.

"Much better," he said.

I figured I would go down to the grocery store and pick up something for home. The leaves in the street were already getting old, and most of them had been pushed into the gutter in huge piles.

When I passed the Community Centre there were a bunch of boys playing ball hockey in one of the tennis courts, calling each other fuckface and fag and laughing their heads off as they ran around the court. When I got closer one of them, the biggest one, a chunky blond kid about eleven or twelve years old, stopped playing when he saw me and called me over to the fence. His cheeks were flushed and he had a sheepish half-grin as I went over and put my hand onto the fence, holding it with my fingers.

"You got any smokes?" He asked in a low voice, putting his thumb and two fingers to his mouth, his bright blue eyes on mine. His friends watched expectantly, their faces glowing.

"Sorry, kid. I don't smoke," I said. The blond kid kept grinning.

"You're Chris' brother, hey?" Another kid said. He rested his hands on the top of his stick and his chin on his hands.

"Yeah, you know my little brother?" I said.

"Yeah, we know Chris," he said, grinning.

"How old are you guys?"

"Eleven," the kid I'd been talking to said. "Twelve," said the blond kid. The other kids were quiet, gleeful grins on their faces, excited by their brave friends.

"Is Michael in your class?" I asked the kid with the stick.

"Yeah, he's in his class," the kid said, nodding his head to another one of the kids, slightly younger looking.

"Does Chris smoke with you guys?"

"No, man, we don't smoke. Just he smokes," the kid with the stick said, grinning.

"You *do* too!" The blond kid yelled, and the other kids started laughing their heads off. The blond kid started laughing too.

"Hey, you wanna play?" The kid started pushing his stick around in the leaves on the court.

"I'm not gonna play hockey with a bunch of kids. Call my brother." I said. But I stayed holding onto the fence.

"Come on, man, you think



you're too good? You're too big and slow. You'll fall on your ass," he said. It was too much for the other kids, who started howling. The kid beamed.

"Yeah, you'll fall on your ass," the blond kid echoed, the others still laughing.

I got a hold of the fence high up with my other hand and pulled myself up onto the fence, then grabbed the top bar and swung a leg over, then the other, and dropped into the court. They gave me a stick and there was a minute of fighting over who was going to be on who's team, with the kids calling each other fuckface and cuntrag and faggot and finally it was decided that me and the big blond kid would take. We played for an hour or so, and it turned out they were better at ball hockey than I'd expected.

It was Matt's birthday and so all the guys got together to party. We started out at the Beast where we drank a whole bunch of beer and since it was a Thursday and we were the only ones in there every half an hour a couple of us

won the shot draws and we gave them all to Matt. He made faces after the first few shots, and then he started taking them down without a blink. The rest of us tried our best to keep up.

I watched the TV without remembering what was on it. After the first time I went piss, I had to go every fifteen minutes, with that thin little door that won't close in the back, the piss coming out clearer each time. I washed the first time and smeared my hand across the mirror. Jeff was standing up on one of the stools to shout announcements, his face split in a giant grin, his big brown kid's eyes flashing, and then he sat down and repeated, "What did I just say, what did I just say," and laughed his head off, and we all laughed with him, like a bunch of kids. We pushed each other in and out of other bars, crawling our way across the city. Lined up for drinks at one place I put my hand against the middle of Jeff's back between his shoulder blades in a rush of affection, and he spun around quickly and took a swing at me, missing and tripping into the wall, a look of hurt and confu-

dichotomy

Lisa Fallavolita

when the inside is different
from the outside
the inside is whole
but the outside is cracked
and broken

the inside comes out
in the silences
when nobody is looking

the outside never knows
how to let the inside out
until the silences have passed

the outside is a shell
beautiful and illusory
sometimes

the inside is eternal
guarding the flame
of who and what and why

waiting

for the outside to awaken
to yield
to fall away

sion on his face. The whole night someone kept telling me, "Matt wants to talk to you," and "You better talk to Matt before he can't talk at all."

After last call we went over to Pizza Pizza. The guys all piled in ahead of me, and just as I was going up the ramp I heard an insistent humming sound, and something ran into me with force from behind. A hard wheel bumped over my foot. I yelped and reached down to my toe, hopping, and saw a tiny man shoved into an electric wheelchair like a puppet, one tangled hand palming the joystick as the chair lurched around me, trying to approach the ramp.

"Yes, please, yes, yes, please, I need, yes, please, help, inside, please, yes," he stutted.

"Oh, sure," I said, and I held the door open for the man. He jerked forward, the wheel chair humming excitedly, bumping the doorframe as he went up the short ramp into the bright orange room. He was still talking to me.

"Help, yes, come, help, yes, please, come, yes," he said, heading for the back washrooms.

"Oh, ok. Sure," I said, trying to keep up with his requests, following him gingerly on my injured foot. The guys were standing in line, watching.

The man hummed past the door, jerked to a stop, and backed up with a hop as I sidestepped around him, reaching across to open the door to the handicapped washroom.

"Yes, please, yes, help, come, help, please," he said urgently, bolting the chair into the wide white washroom, which contained a sink and a single wide toilet with no seat. He drove straight into the toilet with a clunk. I stood behind him as the door shut, unsure of what I was sup-

posed to do.

"Come, yes, here, come," he said, gesturing me around to his front. "My foot, lift, up, yes, on, toilet, yes, please, yes. Yes." I lifted his surprisingly long, dead foot in its black sneaker onto the toilet seat. "Now pull, back, yes, pantleg, yes, see, yes," he said, looking up at me for the first time. Underneath his pantleg there was a warm, firm swell. I pushed up the pantleg.

"Oh," I said, figuring it out. "Your catheter."

"Yes, yes, yes," he fairly sang with appreciation. "Empty, yes, is full, empty."

I opened the valve and aimed the opening into the toilet, and a nearly clear stream poured into the bowl. He continued to encourage me, practically hopping, indicating to squeeze it, to get the last bit of pee out. I closed up the valve and pulled his pant leg back over the bladder.

"Thank you, yes, thank, yes, thank," he continued as I let him out the door. He hummed his way urgently down the ramp and out the door just as another customer was coming in, causing them to jump back while holding the door open.

Matt was in the washroom throwing up and I went in to wish him a happy birthday before I took off to catch the subway. He was crumpled on his knees over the toilet, gripping the rim with one of his small, soft hands, resting his forehead on his other arm over the bowl. His puke had filled the water thinly with the remains of his birthday drinks.

"I can't believe," he paused, spitting into the bowl and taking a deep breath. "I'm twenty. So, fuck. Fuck it." I could see his red face smiling from the side, his dry cracked smile. He raised his hand and squeezed it into a fist, saying with a grin something I couldn't make out. I told him I was sorry I didn't get to talk to

him much that night. He didn't answer, just spit into the bowl again, dragging his breath in. I saw that he probably hadn't realized I was there.

I fell asleep on the last westbound train and missed my stop, jumping awake and standing up when the train's brakes bore down, thinking the whole time that I hadn't slept until I realized I was at Dufferin, so I got off. The last eastbound was long gone, so I went up to the street and started walking back towards Christie. The air felt fresh. I went to a payphone and dialed home.

The phone picked up, and I heard a mouthy breath taken before my mom's voice dragged a smoke and sleep scratchy word out.

"Hello?"

"Hey, it's me."

There was silence.

"Dev?"

"Yeah," I said.

"Do you know what time it is? What are you doing?" I heard her swallow carefully, a frown in her voice.

"Is Chris up?" I asked.

"No he's not up. Jesus, it's three in the morning, Dev."

"Sorry, mom," I said.

"What happened to you today? Why didn't you come home?" She was getting angry, her voice rising in pitch. I didn't say anything.

"You told Chris you were coming. Why didn't you come? What is it with you these days? Why do you do this?"

"Mom, I'm *sorry*." A whine had crept into my voice. I hadn't heard it before.

"I just don't know why you do this. 'Is Chris up?' *Jesus*."

"I'm coming tomorrow. I will. I promise," I said.

"But it was today. Thanksgiving was today. We had everything ready."

"I'm sorry," I whispered. There was a silence.

"Are you drunk?"

"Don't hang up," I said. I squeezed the receiver as hard as I could.

"Oh, dammit, Dev. Goodbye. Call tomorrow. Goodbye." And she hung up.

When I got to my corner I saw that the Marquee lights on the porno theatre were still flickering, although only half of them actually worked. I checked to see how much money I had, and then I went inside. At the concession stand I bought a large Coke and a large popcorn, which was a deal for 5.25. But when they went to put butter on the popcorn none came out, and the guy at the stand told me to hold on and looked all through his cupboards behind the counter and everywhere but couldn't find any replacement butter. He even went out from behind the counter and into a side room, but after a couple of minutes came out and told me they were out of butter. So I went into the show without any. They were showing *Sorority Sex Kittens 2*, with that famous scene where the girl takes the money shot and it keeps coming and coming, and you see her look down at her hands, and it keeps hitting her in the face. That part kills me. It just keeps coming. The more I thought about it, the funnier it seemed, until my eyes were watering and I rubbed them hard and laughed and laughed.





Untitled Self Portrait

Elizabeth Reaney

A Brief Account of my Failure as a Writer

Aidan Gray

I owe my decision to the conjunction of a bookstore and a flu virus. The book store sits just off campus, perched between a beer store and a source for all-night photocopying. Having lured me in with its unobtrusive poise, it revealed, at the top of an uncertain ladder, a collection of Borges' short stories that had been previously concealed from me. The flu virus, which had been making the rounds of my dormitory floor, hinted at its intent that very night and struck me full force the next day.

Never having been in the position to display either bravery or cowardice, it seemed to me that my lack of resistance under the strain of illness was a discouraging sign of my potential mettle. I was good only for feeling sorry for myself and reading, and as the former is a common pleasure of mine even in healthier times, I devoted myself mainly to the latter. For a fever-stricken day, I immersed myself in Borges' tangled and dark stories. A thick, heavy mist descended over my poorly-

HONOURABLE MENTION Short Fiction Category

lit sick room and each story seemed to change the shape and meaning of the shadows cast across my wrinkled carpet. For a fever-stricken day, I was Borges: meticulously shaping each character, delicately crafting each thread of plot and theme. The strange and terrible confusion of that day began to mix with a growing clarity. Through a troubled night of confusing Borges' dreams with my own, the clarity grew perfect: I would be a writer. Before dawn I had finished a story.

While only its bare skeleton remains to me now, it will perhaps be instructive if I outline it here (or perhaps even this is a lingering conceit). It was an obvious homage to Borges' "Pierre Menard, author of Don Quixote," telling the story of an evil, though not monstrous, oil magnate in a fictional 20th century country (in fact, a poorly-disguised version of Rockefeller in the United States, made fictional by my unwillingness to do any substantial research). It was my intention to have this man's demise reflect the literary equivalent of Quine's theory of ontological relativity. Quine has argued, with cumbersome examples from set theory and meta-linguistics, that linguistic reference is inscrutable. He might have saved his readers trouble by merely referring them to Borges' story. Borges describes, with wit and gravity, the fact that the meaning of any literary work is inextricably linked to the concrete circumstances of the reading and the reader. Poorly and bluntly put: there is no such thing as ob-

dredging the lake

Christopher McKinnon

untoward affection
lies rebuffed on the water's edge
like so much seaweed
pulled from murky depths
to die on the lapping shore.

jective literary interpretation (nor should there be, Borges goes on to say at the truly insightful point of the story).

My application of this insight to the fictional oil-magnate was fairly pedestrian. After crushing an opponent and creating a powerful monopoly, the man is progressively obsessed with a literary theme that seems to be haunting him. He first notices this theme in a production of Hamlet (at which he is the guest of honour, having funded the theatre group). He becomes convinced that the group has changed the play somehow, transforming it from a meditation on the weight of fateful decisions into an accusing allegory for his own shady business past. Of course, he can find no change in the script, but is convinced of the play's horrible new meaning. Aside from the obvious insinuation that his own guilt is reflected in guilt of Claudius (having ruined his former business partner and usurped his vast empire), he interprets the less obvious symbol of the Queen's sexual infidelity to her murdered husband as representing his (rather mundane) theft of trade secrets from his ruined arch-rival. In a beautifully Freudian twist, he interprets Hamlet as representing the King's (and thus, by analogy, his own) repressed guilt, and Hamlet's eventual murder of the King as a portent of his own, guilt-induced, suicide. While very little of the text of the story remains to me now, I can still vividly recall the description of the guest of honour's reaction to the 'play within a play':

As the play went on, he became more and more convinced of its terrible secret meaning. His seething anger exploded during the players' performance for the King. Not only had the

How to Have a Relationship with Ruthless Me

Dana K. Moran

If bold: draw in ink.
Back, breast, buttocks,
Contours.
Curves.
Non-linear but ordered: black and white.

If nervous: draw in pencil.
Smudge, erase, redraw.
Erase again.
Again.
Reworked but preserved: not torn and dirty

I have only one surface to work with.
No mistakes. I cut those out:
An exacto knife through thick card.
Smooth and straight:
Edges, edges, edges.



theatre group managed to change the text of the play to accuse him, they had the audacity to flaunt their intentions with this 'play within a play', which was now an obvious reference to their own attempt to drive him mad with guilt.

From that point, the rest of the story proceeded rather automatically. Claudius' flight from the 'play within a play' is mirrored by the oil magnate's flight from the theatre (and eventually from his sanity). He withdraws his funding from the theatre group and in fact, using his vast influence, prevents Hamlet from being played throughout the country. His descent into madness is traced by his progressive discovery of this accusing theme in more and more scattered expressions: he discovers it in a predictable detective novel by Agatha Christie, in the philosophy of Schopenhauer, in a haunting piece of music (one of Satie's gymnopédies, if I recall). He becomes more and more reclusive, unable to face the accusing theme that he now finds in every human expression, every human face (though I have no evidence for it now, I believe my portrayal of a man haunted, hounded, and eventually destroyed by his secret guilt would have been compared favourably by critics, to O'Neil's "Long Day's Journey Into Night" or to Williams' "The Night of the Iguana"). The story ends with the man in self-imposed exile on some tropical island, tormented by the theme which his madness now causes him to find in the song of the tropical birds, in the veins in the tropical leaves, in the smooth, scattered stones along the glistening shore. His suicide is the bizarre justification of the terrible secret he first recognized in the symbol of Hamlet.

I finished the story before dawn had

ended that delirious night. I went to sleep, and when I awoke the following afternoon the fever had disappeared, leaving only the clarity of my decision and the text of my story. Eager to share my new conviction with a like-minded friend, I sought him out and told him of my decision and of its inspiration. While congratulating me on my decision, he offhandedly remarked that he had never heard of Borges, and that if an author had stirred such passion in me, perhaps I might lend him a copy. At the time, the comment struck me merely as curious—I had been sure that I had discussed Borges with him previously, and even that I had lent him a copy of my favourite collection. My curiosity did not develop, initially, into astonishment. I merely thought that I had mistaken one friend for another. Throughout the course of the day, as I talked with more friends, I began to feel a mysterious panic welling up behind my friendly conversation. None of my friends, had heard of Borges. And yet I was sure that I had discussed him on numerous occasions with various people. In desperation during one conversation (which had been taking place at the library) I dragged a friend into the stacks in the vain hope that producing a copy of the work in question might jog his memory. Easily finding the place where I had come many times to find Borges, I was astonished to find no trace of him. My submerged panic now finding its way to the surface, I ran amongst labyrinthine shelves, searching for any hint of the writer. I flew up and down indefinite stairways, across crowded foyers, searching the dark recesses of the now hulking, ominous library. Exhausted, I sat down and searched the computer database, my panic crystallized into a sudden realization. There was no Jorge Luis Borges.

As the initial shock wore off, and was confirmed by other inquiries, a strange lightness came over me—the terrible lightness, perhaps, of a man who knows he has only weeks to live, or a child when he first realizes that there is no god—anything was possible. I felt one certainty: I had to publish something. Only my tattered copies of Borges' work remained. Was I to call a news conference and declare that I had discovered the work of a previously unknown Argentinean genius? Of course that was impossible, no one would take me (or more importantly, the work) seriously. Perhaps I should leak the work to a publisher anonymously, with no hint of its source or history. Being weak and vain, my biggest temptations were elsewhere. I considered keeping Borges' work secret (at least for the time-being) and submitting my own story for publication. What yesterday had been a somewhat clumsy, and obviously derivative story, today could be a brilliant and innovative work. I would be doing nothing wrong, taking credit for no one's work but my own.

Still, a nagging loyalty to Borges made me decide that before I did anything, I must discover the source of this miraculous dilemma. Still under Borges' literary spell, my explanations all had a poetic symmetry to them. I first imagined that Borges had never existed and that in my delirium I had wrapped myself in a web of images and metaphors; upon waking, my only rational explanation for this phantasmagoric memory had been to invent a mythic literary figure. As my first explanation was that I had dreamed Borges, my second was that Borges had dreamed me. I imagined Borges, slumped over a large mahogany desk in Buenos Aires. His eyesight failing, he scratches out his magical incantations in a deep and sacred solitude. The scripted

labyrinths he weaves reach across continents and generations, anticipating a reader, who lost in these labyrinths, perceives his own nonexistence. My third explanation followed logically from the first two: perhaps I was Borges, or Borges was me. My work does not exist because I have not yet written it.

Emerging from these ornate speculations, I knew that to solve this mystery, I must first pinpoint its exact nature. Through tedious research I discovered that while Borges had been erased from literary history he had not been erased from human history (it is, perhaps, needless to say that literature exists outside of and, independent from, humanity). There was a Jorge Luis Borges born in 1899 in Buenos Aires, grandson to Isidoro Acevedo (who, as a child, witnessed the atrocities of the Argentine civil war). This Borges, however, had written nothing save a few halting attempts at poetry in his youth. He lived out his life as a genteel librarian in the National Library.

Reflecting now, it seems that the conclu-

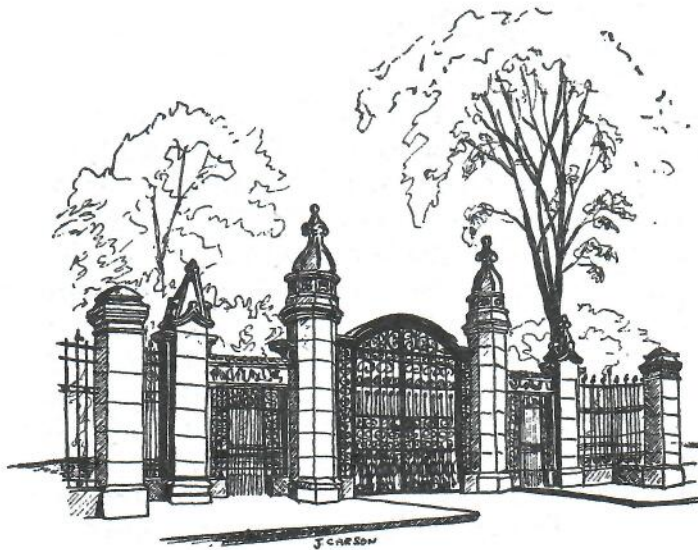


sion to these fantastic events (as with all great tragedies) was contained inextricably in their beginning. Meditating on this new, silent Borges, I recalled that the old Borges had described literature as an eternal conversation. There is no book, but rather an infinite array of books arranged across time and space as a series of special relationships. Literary history is a vast dialogue between people separated by miles and years and cultures. The author and the reader come together across these distances to exchange their delicate insights. I realized that during that precipitous night, I had been so eager to add my voice to this eternal discussion—had added my voice with such presumption and volume—that I had drowned out Borges' steadfast and quiet speech. In our conversation, I had mistaken Borges' insight for my own, his eloquence for my eloquence.

This revelation swamped me as the onrushing ocean swamps sailors in a battered ship. My crime was reflected to me in a thousand mirrors and I lost myself

in its depth and space. I meditated on my crime, lived in it, explored its twisted and snarled passages. I began to notice a strange symmetry to it. Borges' stories, and my stories, and my crime seemed inexplicably connected, as if one could not exist without the other two. I felt a strange justification in having erased Borges' work, as if he was somehow vindicated by my horrible deed. By erasing Borges, I had proved him right.

Amidst these vertiginous meditations, a last revelation occurred to me. I recalled that on that feverous night I had conceived not one, but two stories. The second was the horrible tale of a young man who wakes one morning to find that his favourite author has been erased from the annals of literary history. In the haste and confusion of this night, I have forgotten how I had intended to end it.





dePolareyes

Lindsay Kochken

What Happened

Mike Callaghan

Q—What happened at the bar tonight?



I don't know. It occurred to me tonight that *Tequila Rock's*—with its unnecessary apostrophe, located at the corner of Indian and Murphy roads¹, where I am paid six dollars and eighty-five cents per hour, not including a tip-out which is usually around thirty or forty dollars in cash—is a true Schrödingerian box, a hotbed of Heisenbergian uncertainty. I realized tonight for the first time since I started working there that there are no clocks or windows in the bar, and that it's always light outside and dark inside when I arrive and then dark outside and light inside when I leave. I also realized that I work until 3 in the morning, sleep until noon, and miss out on parties and breakfasts and basically a whole world that my friends and family are living in, so that by the end of tonight's shift I was very uncertain about *Tequila Rock's* and time and space and in general the whole of the universe.

¹ The bar is located at Indian and Murphy, not the apostrophe. Although I suppose that the apostrophe—at least in its most garish incarnation, since the apostrophe also appears on the bar's napkins and matchbooks and oh god even its pay stubs—is located there too, rendered in all "it's" grammatically incorrect glory in 15 feet of pink neon.

WINNER
Short Fiction Category

After I went into cold storage and switched the taps on a dry keg of Blue Lite,² I started thinking that perhaps every weekend when I came to the bar for my evening shifts, time as we know it ceased to exist. That my light cone³, and all the other Tequila Rocker's'ses', somehow stopped right where they were so that for those few hours we all moved in space but not in time. But then it always seemed, at least, like we were in step with everyone else in our lives—concerned parents, suspicious lovers—when we got home and tried to wash the smoke out and looked at our faces in the bathroom mirror while they asked, "what happened at the bar last night?" So it could've been that somehow after we had finished in the bar our paused light cones restarted and then sped up to catch everyone else's. But then light cones are governed by the same

² You should know that notwithstanding stuff like Guinness or Caffrey's or another beer with a distinct colour, you're often getting one basic lager or ale out of all those draft taps—our Kokanee, Budweiser and Blue taps were all pulling off a few kegs of Molson Canadian tonight.

³ The Light Cone is a construct of contemporary physics. Imagine yourself as the center of a graph on which time is the vertical axis and space the horizontal: moving out from you are four lines (2 ahead and 2 behind) which bisect each axis at 45°. Those lines represent the speed at which light—and therefore information—can travel. So then, anything that has happened in the cone behind you is an experience in your past, and anything which will happen in the cone ahead of you, you will eventually cross and encounter and make part of your experience of the present, in what is presently your future. The line that you trace through your light cone is called your world line.

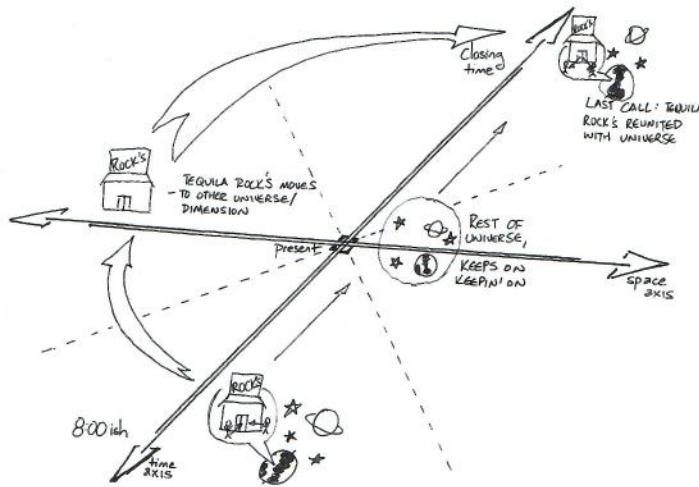


fig. 1

laws as everything else, and the only way we could catch up is if we traveled faster than the speed of light, and nothing can do that. So there can only be three explanations for what happened each Friday night that I worked at "Tequila Rock Is":

a) The world lines of all the people who arrived to drink and dance and be seen at the bar converged upon a single point on the space and time axes and then travelled along a composite worldline together, but did so in a completely separate universe. (An iteration of (a) exists, involving chaos theory's strange dimensionalities. If the customers at *Tequila Rock's* weren't actually transported to another universe altogether, they were at least existing temporarily in another *dimension* of our own universe. This dimension could be a rational sub-stratum of our own – like dimension 2.9848 – or it could be a whole or rational dimension greater than our own – like dimension 27 or dimension 56.6 or something.) —see fig. 1

b) The flipside of (a), then, is that nothing at all changed when people walked through the doors of the bar. That is, that

by staying in the bar from let's say eight-ish until last call, they were somehow insulated either by the grace of god or an aberration of the laws of physics from some giant flux in the very fabric of the space-time continuum. In short, *Tequila Rock's* and its human cargo stayed the same, while everyone and everything else in the entire universe changed for the evening. —see fig. 2, next page

c) The final option here would be that our light cones were indeed pausing each night, and *not* catching up with the rest of the universe, so that the staff and patrons of *Tequila Rock's* were actually living in the past – occupying the same space as everyone else but *not the same time*, and every night inside the bar pulled us away from the "present" in which the rest of the universe exists.

There is no way of independently testing any of these hypotheses. As a participant observer, I would subtly change *Tequila Rock's* from the inside while measuring it. The same problem would be involved in having an observer attempt to assess the bar from the outside. There-

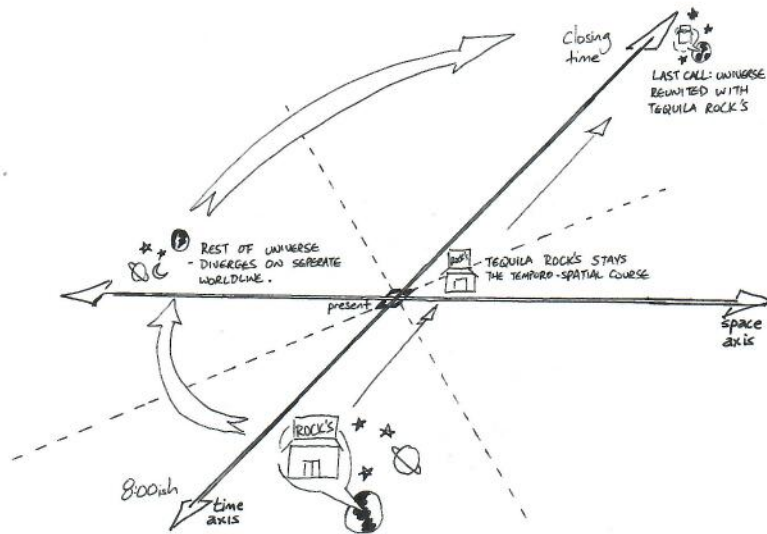


fig. 2

fore, I could never completely understand the outside world as long as I was in the bar; likewise no one in the outside world could ever understand the bar and its contents.

Furthermore, since theories “a” and “b” involve spatial movement—either that of the patrons of “*The Bar Belonging to Tequila Rock*” to a different universe/ dimension, or that of the rest of the universe relative to a static *Tequila Rock’s* from 8:00 to 1:30 or on a really cooking Friday night maybe 2:30—anyway with movement involved the measurements definitely become problematic. The problem of measurement in inertial and non-inertial frames⁴ is big in Relativity, and this sort of measurement generally is no mean feat, and would be all but impossible here since we don’t know which is the inertial body, nor can we determine anything even in the *postcode* of the ball-

⁴ ie. like how much do you weigh? In an elevator? When it’s going up? Going down? And etc.

park of its velocity, so this isn’t even an elegant three-body problem, unless you want to throw in an observer as the third “body,” but you can’t really do that since we’ve already asserted that by definition everything in this equation must fall into one of two categories:

- 1-*Tequila Rock’s*
- or,
- 2-the rest of the universe.



Nothing.

When I got to work tonight and went through to the cold storage to hang up my coat, the manager stopped me and said that he had realized tonight that mine was an unrewarding and unsatisfying job, and that indeed the entire practice of going out and getting drunk in horribly impersonal settings wearing clothes you’re uncomfortable in and listening to loud music you don’t really like, the entire practice was far too horrible to allow it to continue a minute longer.

Loitering at Union Station

1:34 am

Nermeen Mouftah

From the plat I watch the subway
light rush at me through the tunnel
rush rushshsh
n I want to jump out n meet'er head on
bam blang! just like that yah
all for the glorious splatter
moment of final contact
so that girls in tight tees'll
come on over to the body
n be all like: oh, poor boy
poor boy, there there.

Tonight it's the same game yep
subway doors gotta open right in front
of me
or I'm not gettin on'er, no sir
n that's no problem I'm in no rush.
Folks around me are all runnin down
to catch
the beast as she stops and opens'er
metal doors two feet to my right.
Way off. No way she wants me on'er.
So I let the beast pass carryin all
the tired people home.

Guy down the plat's been yellin
at his girl. She's all beautiful n
all n she's lookin sad.
I'd take him, but the fuck is twice my
size
so I'm lookin at the girl thinkin: poor
girl,
poor girl, there there
when the plat starts shakin n it's all
wind n light
she's comin!
n I'm feelin lucky thinkin this is the
one
n I remember mum singin
*she'll be comin round
the mountain when she comes
she'll be comin round the mountain...*
ahh mum.

WINNER

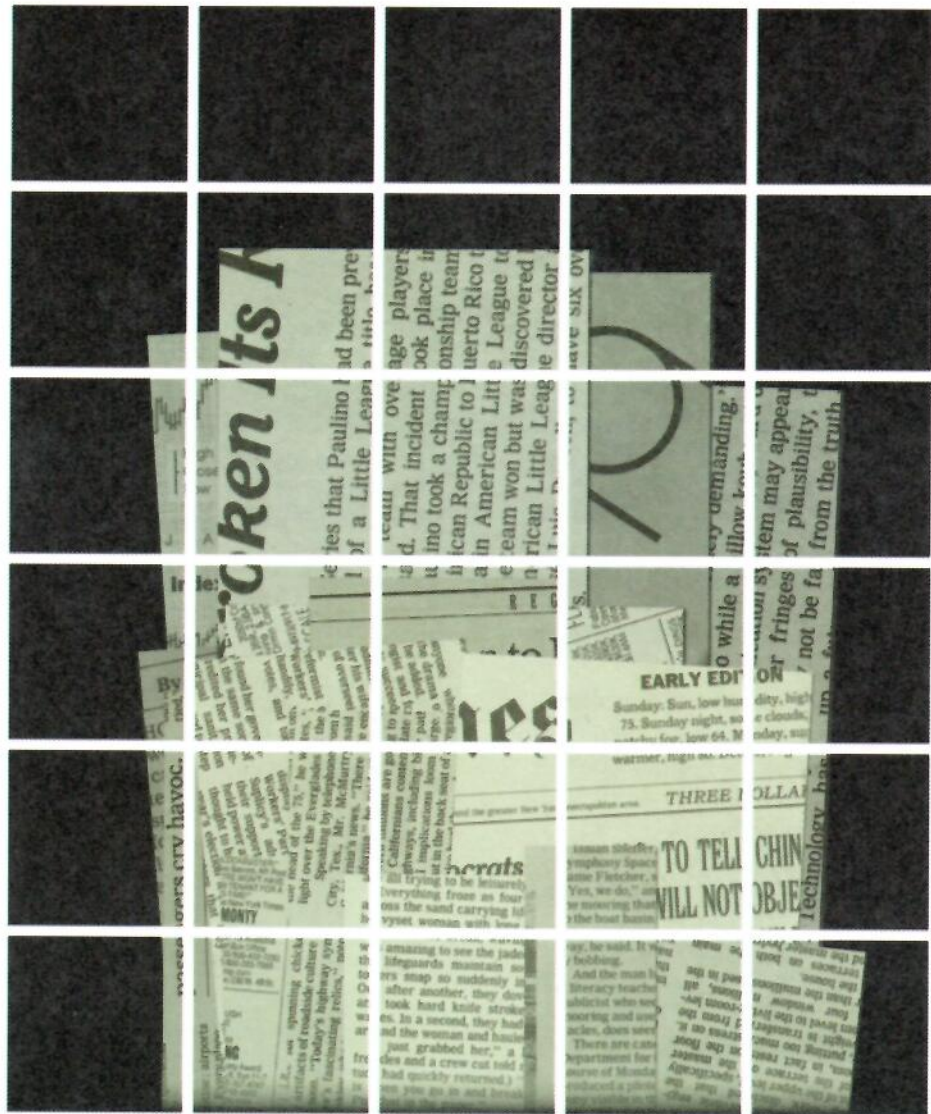
Poetry Category

N the beast is close, but no fuckin' cigar,
no sir. Not when the invitation is of-
fered
three inches to my right. I want the
door
to open right in front of me not the
person beside me. I'm no settlin man.
All the other get on'er n speed away.

Plat's all cleared off—*Bye pretty girl.*
Time for the wait. This mornin
dad called me to say:
n he said it all proper like—
*I don't think I am asking too much of
you.*
He's not a bad man.

She's comin! yah, she's rushin
towards me yah
rush rushshsh
n I want to jump out n meet'er head on
bam blang! just like that yah
all for the glorious splatter
moment of final contact
so that girls in tight tees'll
come on over to the body
n be all like: oh, poor boy
poor boy, there there.

N she's bang on beautiful
doors line up with my nose
beautiful
n they open up welcome
bang on
I step on the joints fuckin gorgeous
well worth the wait yah
I don't think I am asking too much of
her.



A Day in the Life

Brock Bourgase

HONOURABLE MENTION
Visual Arts Category

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

So we stopped serving drinks and playing music and instead closed the bar and stood outside and encouraged anyone who arrived to go home to spend meaningful time with the people they loved, or else to go out and get some exercise or read a book or plant a garden or save up their money for something special.



Everything. Tonight was the greatest bar night of all. Every drunk guy in the bar who desperately threw himself at a woman tonight somehow managed to seduce her, to go home with her, to acquiesce to her pleas for commitment-free sex and then not find everything vaguely regrettable and weird in the morning. Every girl who came looking to upstage her ex-boyfriend managed to look incomparably beautiful, or at least way better than she did when she was still with him, and on top of that appeared totally unconcerned about the breakup, and had a great time and flirted with all kinds of guys but didn't get into anything too serious since she was just doing it for fun and to make him feel awful, but wasn't ready to be with another guy yet; most importantly her ex was there and saw all this and looked like he was having a really bad time and wanted her back. And all the bouncers were able to get themselves into some really good fights with guys who had been given fair warning and were threatening some girl or the manager or maybe someone's mother, and they had no choice but to step in and knock some heads together, and they were only doing their jobs and wouldn't be charged with anything, not tonight. The staff enjoyed themselves too, because this was the night that all the

people at the bar suddenly appreciated the staff, insisted that there was no rush on their orders, thanked the tenders sincerely for their help and tipped generously, since everyone realized with brutal clarity tonight that the entire experience of standing in this dark room with loud music and awful décor and a whole lot of people who they didn't or wouldn't like, and what with the noise could barely talk to anyway even if they did like them, the whole experience would really be excruciating if it weren't for the bartenders giving everyone drinks. All the customers got to stay nice and late but the staff got home good and early. Everyone drank way more than they ever thought they could but didn't end up broke or vomiting or ruining their relationships. The prices were unprecedentedly low but the house made record profits. The DJ played a night of music that everyone knew the words to but wasn't sick of yet. Estranged friends reconciled. The blind given sight. Lepers healed. Many people fell in love. Several were married.



The usual. The regulars were sitting along the bar when I came in to set up for the night shift. They stayed and killed time for another hour, then started to stir—waiting for people to notice or care as they put on their coats too slowly and unstuck themselves from their stools and then the floor, finally nodding goodbyes with all the pathetic ceremony of a veteran's luncheon in February. When I started this job I thought they left because they had somewhere to go, but tonight I realized that the regulars had nothing better to spend their money on and no better place to be – they left ear-

ly because they didn't want to be around when the night crowd came in. The regulars used to have the run of the place, like the young crowd did now. Their sad lives had already soared as high as they ever would, and they had fallen from their unimpressive highpoints like a series of pathetic suicide attempts from ground floor windows – so they took the bar when no one else wanted it. Years ago these eight-o'clock has-beens with their greasy eyes and smoky hair and their lordotic necks and simian prognathism had drunk to their finest moments on this purple acrylic bar. They had been the night's heroes once: fun, unpredictable, loved wildmen. Now they were just regulars.

And let's say that once I'd sliced some limes and filled a giant metal tub with ice and bottles of our 4 most popular beers and said "hi" to a few people, let's say this lasted until about 9 o'clock, and once that finished the regulars had finally struggled out and the young crowd started arriving. By and large I liked them – sometimes they made it fun to be at work, when a whole group came in for somebody's birthday and everyone danced and bought one another drinks and just had a great night out. And then I was glad I could be there, glad that there was a place these people could go where I could give them drinks and they could have their loud music and sweating crowds and just go a bit crazy and all enjoy themselves. Maybe this was because I could relate to this crowd a bit – had been out myself and knew the kind of fun they were having. But I never let myself smile too much, or for too long, because I knew that even the wildest of the young crowd were only a few years away from becoming regulars, and I never, ever wanted to be able to relate to the regulars. It scared

me every time I looked at them to think that someday I might relate, that I could spend too much time in this place and wake up some morning and realize like a paraplegic waking up after a car accident that so much had happened since the last time I was awake and it had all been beyond my control and now I was stuck in a new life that was a barely even a chalk outline of my old one and only worth living in the most hollowly symbolic sense.

And when I got to thinking like that, it wasn't long before I started to feel like there were lots of people who probably shouldn't have been there tonight – like the weekend alcoholics barely older than me who couldn't make it through a Friday night without spending a hundred and twenty dollars and getting desperately drunk on the end of the bar, ordering absurd drinks like "triple rye and ginger", and only now and then acknowledging the dance floor – not even dancing but *looking* at the dance floor and half-smiling and bobbing their heads out of time with the completely straightforward 4/4 beat, holding their beer bottles awkwardly, thumbs on xiphoid processes, elbows over illiac crests. I wondered tonight why the hell do you guys—almost always guys—bother to show up here at all? But then the customer's always right and the night would last too long if I kept thinking like that.

So the answer tonight—and most nights—was dreaming. I just settled into a dream, serving people and counting change and even asking the divorced 22-year-old bottle boy to bring more ice to the short bar in the huge commercial mayonnaise bucket we used for that kind of thing. And so far as it distracts me, dreaming works—anything could've happened tonight but I was busy winning a

handful of middle-distance track events at the Olympics, and before long it was just me and the other bartenders left closing up.

With the lights up the place changed dramatically, but mostly for the worse: the stains on the floors and walls suddenly visible; the dark corners, once crammed with potential for groping that teasing stranger or buying drugs from the Tequila Rock's mystery tramp, now floodlit to reveal nothing but empty packs of cigarettes and wet hair elastics. The floor was covered from end to end with a film a few millimeters thick of liquid that was so viscous that I could push it around and shape it with the toe of my shoe, prompting me to suspect that it was probably made up of:

-Beer

-Mix (mostly Coke since people who drink things with Tonic don't tend to spill)

-Liquor

-Pounds of cigarette ash but few butts, since people will tip ash anywhere but want to extinguish in ashtrays, for some reason

-Sweat, which had evaporated from dancers' bodies and then condensed on the ceiling and then rained on the floor

-And then a bit of conscious, non-autonomic excreta like saliva and vomit (it's surprising how easy it is to vomit unnoticed in a full bar if you're discreet).

Though we mopped every night, it seemed there was a bit of stuff we could never clean off, so that the floor always became slightly more adhesive. Noticing this increase demanded sensitivity: it was so gradual that it would be imperceptible if you went to the bar often. But it definitely happened in a non-fictional way, causing the regulars to stay for a second longer every night, conceding to the bar. The young crowd only made it out because they were still strong and wild, but even I was sure that tonight my shoes were making louder

sucking and sticking noises as the floor dried and I emptied ashtrays. I figured that I could fight this place off when it finally grabbed for me, that I could run like I had earlier tonight when I outclassed Hicham El Guerroj and Nourredine Morceli in the Olympic 1500m final. The rest of the staff, though, spent too long in harm's way in this place, and it seemed like they—along with the regulars and eventually the young crowd—would one day be stuck here, caught in the awful rancid sweetness of the sticky floor and then pulled down without enough of a fight and consumed one by one, phagocytised by this bar. One of the bartenders had her own beauty business—the name and contact information of which was stenciled on the side of her fifteen-year-old sports car—but mostly this already wasn't just what the staff did but who they were.

And maybe what happened tonight wasn't the usual, but it's all part of life's rich pageant and it's far better than saying, "Here's what happened at work tonight: I mindlessly served hundreds of drinks to lots of people who couldn't afford them in more ways than seven, and had to mop up some vomit on the dance floor, and daydreamed to pass the time, and once I stopped dreaming tonight, the bar was closed and I pretended I wasn't listening while the rest of the staff—who were mostly twice my age, and not a few of whom had kids who were 18 like me—talked about going out drinking, starting into their vodka (it was always vodka) at 3 in the morning, unless tonight was a school night, in which case they'd say, 'Fuck no—I gotta go home to my fuckin' kids.'"



Sketches on Falling Water: Three Poems

David Reibetanz

I. THE SOLITARY PAINTER

"Science is still struggling to understand...the linkage of gift and disorder that explains how someone unable to communicate...can produce striking music or art."

--The New York Times, January 16, 2002

When the eye of his mind
turned from the blur of a world
not his, inward
to the tangible wall, then only
did he pick up the brush.

We cannot enter the cleft
in which he paints: he stands
under the waterfall. Autism
holds him inside the flow,
its hands soft.

He will not be touched,
does not feel the breath
of the mother who held him. He sees
a glazed landscape, hears no voices.
In his ears, the beating of his heart.

Inside the water drops,
a kaleidoscope of faces fills
his gaze, rippling
in shocking reds and blues.

He paints the glorious sunrise of his earth-
en forms

He sketches on the falling water
with a stone.



HONOURABLE MENTION Poetry Category

II. FINDINGS

Audrey Wheeler's clutch bag, stolen in 1960 when she left it in the Hasty Tasty Diner in Oak Park, Illinois, was retrieved from a vent in the building in 2002 and returned to her intact, except for \$200 which the thief had kept. The culprit is still at large.

Swivel the gold
clasp, and the black suede
cavern opens.

Here is your mother's
copy of the 23rd Psalm. Here is
May's belated birthday note and
your meal ticket for the diner—
the five-cent boxes almost all
used up. And here's the tin of Listo Lead
grease pencils you used to mark prices
at Woolworth's. Finger them,
set them in a row, feel their cool hardness.

Pick up the tube of
Real Real Red lipstick. Flick it
to light your way
and start the long walk town
the cave's steep
rubbled slope.

The landscape rubs its eyes.
Light, after forty years,
hurts at first, even the tender
pink light
of memory.

When one probing shaft
hits the rockface, a quartet
of Abraham Lincolns rises
and performs their craggy number
from four
four-cent stamps.
From the darkest corner, your

fedora'd father leaps
 from a creased photograph
 and throws his yellowed arms
 around you. And there,
 your brother stands
 breathless from a longer journey
 up the deep trench that leads from
 the wartime Sienna
 of his death.
 Once more, he fastens the buttons
 on his spotless uniform.

At the very bottom, light
 on your jury duty card
 unfolds a white-haired Judge.
 He scowls at the faceless thief.
 Your voice
 stumbles, dislodging
 pebbles of sound, as you plead
 for leniency. "Maybe things
 happen for the best—it means
 a lot more to me
 now."



III. BLUE FIRE

*"Everything about him was old except his eyes and
 they were the same colour as the sea and were cheerful
 and undefeated."*

--Ernest Hemingway, The Old Man and the Sea, 1952

One hundred and four years old,
 Gregorio Fuentes closes his eyes.

Old in 1952, they outstared
 the writer's suicidal
 stare, took in, wide
 as the sea, both
 sides of a suicidal century
 with their knowing.

His hands netted the fish
 but his eyes knew the waves, told
 nothing of sorrow,
 speaking infinite light on his sail,
 wind on sea bird wings,
 salt blood surging in his veins.

Knowing ebb and swell,
 bare firm feet anchored
 in the boat's wood,
 his eyes
 join with the sea,
 two stars kindling the blue.

He catches the sun
 rising from the sea—
 water phoenix.



The God-Kings of Cambodia

Pavel Davydov

I. The King of Water:

You too could have received the cloths
White like the river's edge, in the breath
Of the first tower, it the darkness
Among the tower's ladders, where the ancient
Men of Jaray had cut the poisonous shapes
Of the snakes that live in the whistling grass
By the river's shore, or hang from the trees.
Not for me they had cut the density of stones—
You too could have held the tidings
Of the exchange, reading with your hands
The curves, and the torsos on the walls,
The timeless flowers in your timed hands.
I have many nephews. It could have been you.

But then the second tower swallowed me,
And you have all returned from hiding by then,
My brothers, except those whom the jungle

treated worse than my subjects, before they were
My subjects, facing the dust of the second tower,
And the treacherous roots reaching through
The floor of the third. That time
The exchange brought the abundance
Of silk and sacrifices, succulent
Against the streams of water reaching through
The uncut mountain floor. And again the streams
Of spotless cloth, in the fourth
Spire of solid bricks, facing me with
The eyes of the long-dead kings.

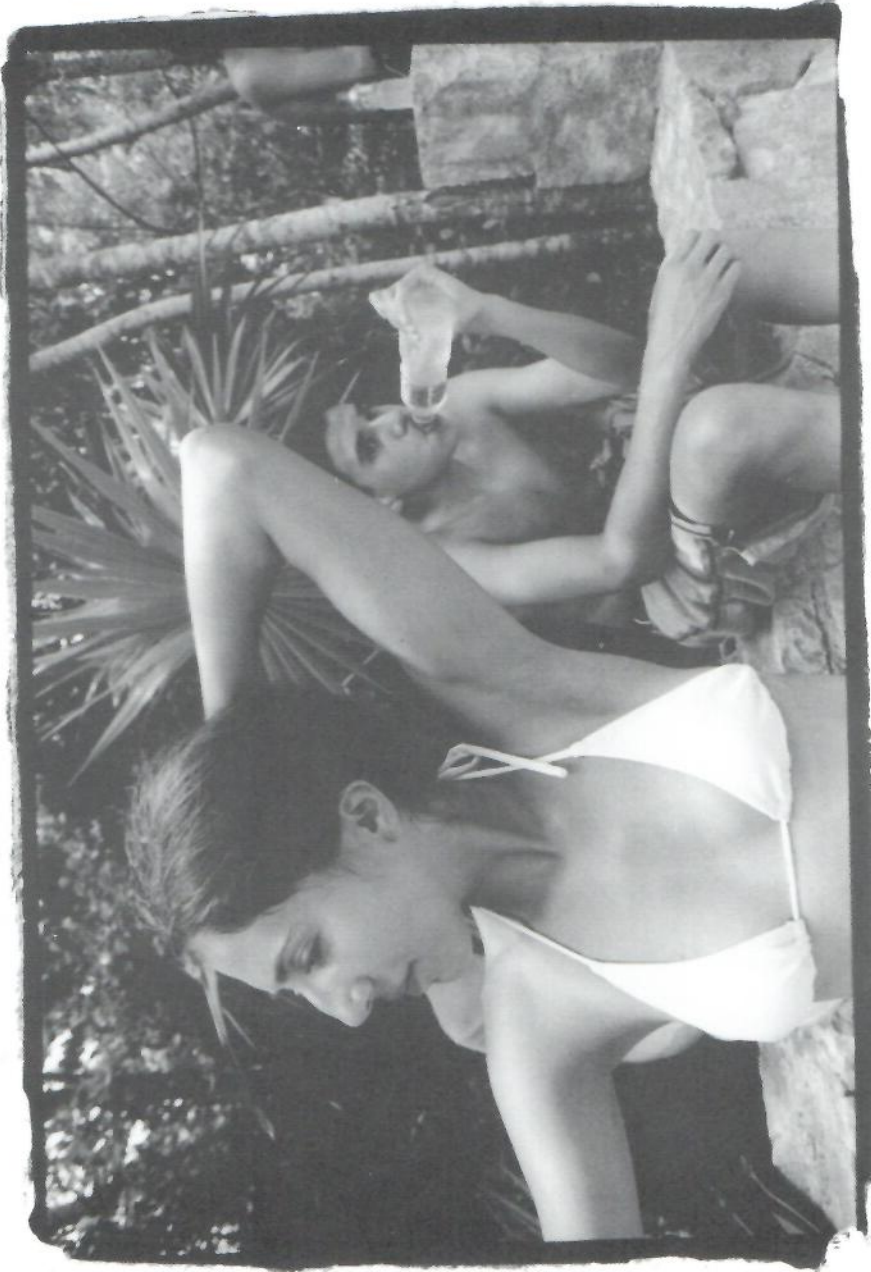
The birds who greeted me
At the top of the fifth tower, the bringers
Of good luck, must have grown old already.
Now in the sixth turn of the exchange,
The cloths are finer, they will not
Last through the winter. The Northern King
Will abdicate again come the month of Meac.
Meanwhile, the elders did not have to look
Towards the knife and the rains were luscious.
Still, my limbs and breath grow heavier
In the darkness of the whistling tower,
Where I see bats shivering in
The sixth season of the mountain winds.

II. The King of Fire

Nails can open the jungle's mouth,
Hairs preserve the crops on the slope
Of the slumbering mountain.
Let the exchange commence.
Bring out the candle so I can
Sanctify it with my infallible signet.

I alone can swear to the hope
Of impeccable revenge.
Anywhere people turn over the land
I can come from above, many-fingered,
Many-coloured whips of the hidden sun.
Let the exchange commence,
So the night can come back to me—

(The best of times touch the soul
Of my slave, its pale whispers cleaning
With unseen tears the metal's curves.
Ah, the sword, the sword,
Suffocated by the rainbows of silk.
A shadow of the end-time.)



WINNER
Visual Arts Category

Untitled
Andre Dahlman

Iqwlqt Talking to Himself on his Journey to the Underworld

John Hayden

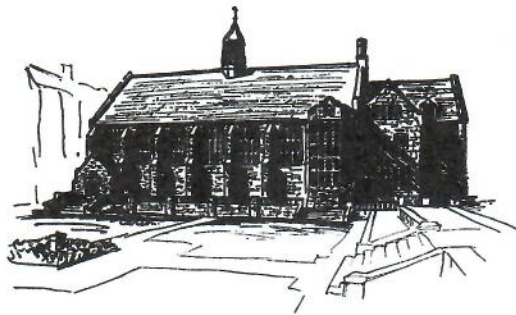
I.

I am drifting out to sea
 spread upon the burial umiak
 floating on this my funeral plank
 and it is leagues from the shore now
 swirling in the waves
 circles of migration
 it is frigid
 I have lived
 all the nightmares of insanity
 savoured each glacial moment
 as icy counterspells
 wove themselves
 into my mind
 like frost creeping across glass
 I pulled myself
 into incredible worlds of imagination
 sang to the narwhal
 bathed naked in oil and ice
 I was the monster killer
 and the snow-shoe warrior hunting his
 brother
 beneath auroras and pleasure domes
 or in the snowdrifts of a distant shore
 would that I could have
 the cold, wet mouth of Sedna
 beyond the land of a tyrant fulmar
 in a tent
 a nest
 the shame of the shaman's spit

caked on my sun-burned face
 as smooth as ice
 the sky is cerulean, vast and empty
 and the watery tree of arctic currents
 branch in empty and meaningless direc-
 tions
 if I cry my eyes freeze over
 locked in an inward gaze
 and even so
 I feel her beneath me in the waters
 the passing weight of a great shape
 pulling lines that run deep into the abyss

II.

will those I have known
 forget me
 will those I have killed
 return
 to wander the wastes
 beating magical rhythms
 tapping on stretched seal hides
 without hope of a sun-filled day
 so viscous that it trembles with the sky
 and then coagulates so beautifully across
 the ice
 the way death can be alizarin crimson
 or a midnight black
 a phantasm to hold my attention
 when the pores of the bluest dome at last
 erupt
 and blister and stiffen into scales of eter-
 nal black
 then can I rest?
 be eased into slumber?
 the silent whisper
 of an arctic lullaby
 glides across the waves



Trinity Review Editorial Board

EDITOR

Graham F. Scott

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

John L. Creese

EDITORIAL BOARD

Meg Bolohan

Mark Freeman

Tiffanie Ing

Peter Josselyn

Andrew McDougall

DESIGN AND LAYOUT

Peter Josselyn

Graham F. Scott

SPOT ILLUSTRATIONS

The line-drawings of Trinity College buildings that appear throughout the publication are attributed to Miss Jane Carson, the Art Editor of *The Trinity Review* in 1952. They originally appeared in *Trinity 1852-1952*, a commemorative issue of the *Review* published for Trinity's centennial anniversary that year.

COVER PHOTO

Untitled, by Andre Dahlman



Judges

POETRY

John Grube

Toronto-born writer John Grube graduated from Trinity College and the Ontario College and Art and Design where he taught English and Creative Writing for many years. He is the author of three books on Quebec, three books of poetry, and a collection of short fiction, *I'm Supposed to be Crazy and Other Stories*.

VISUAL ART

Elizabeth Legge

Elizabeth Legge once studied English at Trinity College, yet is now Associate Professor in the Fine Art Department at the University of Toronto. She has written on psychoanalysis and Surrealism, the phenomenon of contemporary British ("yBa") art, and Canadian art. At present she is finishing a study of the Toronto artist and filmmaker Michael Snow in his international contexts.

SHORT FICTION

David MacFarlane

David Macfarlane is the author of *Summer Gone* and *The Danger Tree*. He is a weekly columnist for the *Globe and Mail*. He Graduated from Trinity College in 1975.

A NOTE ON THE TYPE

Titles are set in "**Jute**," designed by Chank Diesel and available from the Chank Font Company (www.chank.com). The body is set in "**Minion**," designed in 1990 by Robert Slimbach for Adobe. Minion is inspired by classical and renaissance typefaces for elegance and readability.



