

Trinity
Issue One, 06-07
University
Review

*The Trinity
University Review*



2006 - 2007

Issue One

POETRY, PHOTOGRAPHY, SHORT FICTION



Cover Art: Ana Bradi's "Icy Beach"

Editorial Board

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Leah Stokes
<i>Associate Editors</i>	Olivia McNee Helen Tsang Katherine Magyarody
<i>Adjudicator</i>	The Right Honourable Adrienne Clarkson
<i>Copy Editor</i>	Matto Mildenberger
<i>Launch Coordinators</i>	Lydia de Guzman Heather Hull
<i>Layout & Design</i>	Leah Stokes
<i>Special Thanks</i>	Provost MacMillan Brian Kolenda

Printed on 100% post-consumer recycled paper.

Funded by the Trinity College Meeting.

Contents © 2006 the contributors.

Submissions for Issue Two: trinity.review@gmail.com

Table of Contents

Short Fiction

- 5 *Photo Styles* - Olivia McNee
11 *The Island* - John Koziar
25 *Autumn on Ulster Road* - Andrew Reeves

Poetry

- 7 *Bill & Monica* - Kate Trebuss
8 *Freeing Words of Yesterday* - Raymond Wu
10 *Tokyo* - Melissa Walter
18 *Yesterday* - Macy Siu
20 *The Garden is Unguarded* - Summet Badh
20 *High Art* - John Koziar
23 *Spadina Crescent* - Joshua Elcombe
34 *Cyclical* - Leah Stokes
36 *Fly* - Macy Oh
36 *Pretty* - Kathy He
37 *The Bread Winner* - Sarah Miller & Kathy He

Photography

- 4 *Come Sun* - Macy Siu
15 *Radiation* - Sarah Miller
16 *Cloisters at San Zeno* - Aldous Cheung
16 *Trinity at Sunset* - E. Yeong Hwan Kwon
17 *St. Germain des Pres, War Memorial*
- Aldous Cheung
17 *Palace Perspective* - Sarah Miller
19 *Svalbard Fjord through Crystal Porthole*
- Shawn Mitchell
21 *Hidden Robin & Tulip and Thorn*
- Olivia Chan
22 *Tunnel Vision & Varsity Blues* - Fiona Taylor
24 *Beyond the Gate* - E. Yeong Hwan Kwon
33 *Melbourne Central* - Fariya Mohiuddin



COME SUN - Macy Siu

Olivia McNee

Photo Styles

Chloe slipped into Dan's room with her cigarette. She hopped up onto the windowsill and blew smoke at the city. She liked his room. His thin bed lay framed by pens and creature sketches. Until the artist came to stay with her, she had practiced in the space with her camera.

"You wouldn't be able to stand me reading your diary, so get your eyes away from my drawings," Dan had said to her through a mouth of spaghetti. "But, you need me as an art critic," she was firm. Chloe wasn't an artist, and could hardly tolerate this one. She paid for her cameras by plastering a pseudonym on her tabloid submissions.

At fourteen, she was a doctor, a fixer of aches. She knew Daniel then, a politician to be. As a clown for the other boys, he got them to follow. When he rode Chloe home on the back of his bike, she felt the serious weight of being the lover of a revolutionary. She never said a word about how his palms used to sweat onto black plastic handlebars. But she documented the symptoms. He squeezed them tight, and the pudge of his hands spread against his fingers.

In high school, Daniel joined a band and became Dan. Chloe got very sick, missed school and met a lot of doctors. The doctors, Chloe thought, were all frozen inside. They stood with her, shaking and unappealing, like the gelatin she forced down. She knew on the uneven hospital bed that if Daniel wrote to her about his cause, even if he wrote in the Spanish of the revolution, she would decline the offered title.

The attractive pale Chloe found a track away from disease. Returned to the forefront of her classes. Sex became a deadline to complete and submit. She spoke up to her mates in the same burgundy uniforms, but she clammed up with the boy she chose. Slowly finished with him and with other teens, she didn't need to move to or from the city; she was already with it.

The lenses of other women were lined dark and fashioned. Chloe had wined with them and despaired with them for some years. In mornings, she held to the fading parks that her skyline was elbowing out of the picture. Sometimes, when eating buttery creations, her love of the light of the day

seeped into feminine banter. This was always dangerous. The other women could click their throats or squeeze their lips in intense levels of sophistication. They were, after all, bohemian. Chloe had to laugh when she thought of them in ten years, bustling around, rummaging for sunglasses with one hand and pushing the hot metal of their prams with the other. "Just relax," one of them would say and press Chloe's forearm (a style of touch women abuse).

When Chloe ended her job with the paper, she ate salmon to celebrate across from her boss, who had the salad to commiserate. The next day, she left the apartment she shared with the actress, jumped over a neighbourhood, and needed a roommate.

During a gig for a fashion studio, all of Chloe's photos caught the arms of the man holding the lighting. The models walked off and her cheque was only signed faintly. So she slid off to the coffee shop with the mold and the damp. The arms of the same man holding the lighting arrived on her table. Here was Daniel sitting with her, ordering a meat sandwich. Instead of going on about their surprise or how long it had been, they spent lunch laughing over the photo shoot. "Do you work for those fashion people, Dan?", she remembered to call him. "Well, I was just filling in with the lighting, but yeah, I design and paint their sets. You know, they clearly can't appreciate your talent, and should've realized that my arms were part of your vision!" he teased. With the arrival of coffee, she thought they might finish. But, as a photographer who takes shots wherever she likes the light, Chloe went on and offered him the title of her roommate. She hadn't sketched out his reply, and felt a bit darkened when he said, "I was actually going to ask if you knew anyone with a spare room, cause I need a place."

On the windowsill in his room, against his wishes, her cigarette was no revolution. Writings for crowds, fake flags and desperation didn't enter the frame of her smoke. "The buildings of my city are immobile", she thought, "but they are caring; they part for the late sun that strides in with style to dry Dan's paintings."

Bill & Monica

BY: KATE TREBUSS

A sudden bang: the door locks behind her,
Behind her fleshy hips. The thighs he will
Caress rub together, a familiar purr
That stokes fire in the rising tower of Bill.

How can she resist the force of hands that
Direct a nation as they guide her low?
And how can woman, master panting above,
But see man's power lost as his sceptre grows.

A shudder in the loins engenders there
A shoddy lie, a media frenzied with glee,
All stained on a dark blue dress.

Being so caught,
Did he believe the razing of his tower fair?
The woman between his thighs a bold Circe,
Only posing as a submissive bird.

Leda & The Swan

BY: WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

A sudden blow: the great wings beating still
Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed
By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,
He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

How can those terrified vague fingers push
The feathered glory from her loosening thighs?
And how can body, laid in that white rush,
But feel the strange heart beating where it lies?

A shudder in the loins engenders there
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower
And Agamemnon dead.

Being so caught up,
So mastered by the brute blood of the air,
Did she put on his knowledge with his power
Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?

Freeing Words of Yesterday

BY: RAYMOND WU

Who am I?

The answers whisper through the twilight sky,
Their voices soft as thunder's ireful cry.
Out wail relinquished dreams like wintry stones,
Lamenting faith bygone through plaintive moans.

Through times so wistful of a distant Land,
Where rolling white midst blue met sparkling sand.
Once basked on vista swept in azure clime,
And loved in bliss so free from bind of time.
Yet lines once clear did blur at mere a blink,
And quill could not trace over faded ink;
The weeping rains of somnolence now flow
O'er blessed a land forgotten without woe.

Through times so wistful of the truest Love,
A penetrating wonder from above;
Bedraggled, windswept, off the wings of storm;
Entrancing pulchritude in soul and form;
Aethereal wisp yet fiercest of all fires

Awakened nature's darkest of desires.
Between grey worlds did golden bridges soar,
Yet all too soon could I know love no more.

Through times so puissant, the face of night,
With enigmatic wise mourned world in blight.
'Neath pensive mere of rime glowed lambent flame,
And music dulcet silence plain became.
Now lost to philistine this world so vile,
And evanescent Faith ceased her denial,
And love was lost to raw concupiscence,
As rose beguiling sun proved truth pretence.

Through times the gift for which the world did starve,
The jewels sought ere mountains time did carve;
The soaring voice of angel blessed with tear
Met lover's soul of opalescence clear
That veiled most sacred wisdom scarce in seek;
Past too at slightest savour, scant and weak.
Now live the sins of all humanity;
Borne one of narcissistic vanity.

Who am I?

Not troubadour, nor bard, nor lover proud,
Whose heart and sapience had heaven vowed.
Be gone bright days when breeze did stream through dell
Where serenades sang drunk of passion's spell.

O, who am I?

From fading sky the freeing words I seek;
So leaden it remains and does not speak,
For silence thence had left estranged so I.
'T was long ago, and there—is no reply.

Tokyo

BY: MELISSA WALTER

I am building a tall jewellery box
out of cardboard and glue,
from red and white instructions
that I can't read.
Behind each drawer is another drawer,
in every floor a place to hide.

What do you think of me,
standing here in the subway?
(I have no conversation
between konichiwa
and sayonara)
What do you think of me,
you men in business suits,
you girls in sailor suits?

What do I think of you?

I am covering my jewellery box in paper
with white snow-flowers,
On a background of purple and yellow and blue.
There were other choices:
open fans, dancing leaves,
bamboo stalks and red flowers,
ribbons shadowed with gold...

(What do you think of me?)

Evening in the nameless streets,
and houses close their doors
(people close the drawers
that hold their thoughts)
Everything is white –
or neon, or bright –
and how can I tell
what Tokyo is thinking,
tonight?

John Koziar

The Island

I'm one in a million.

A while ago, on vacation, I was shipwrecked: stranded on an island. A tropical island: five palm trees, bright sun, coconuts, the whole thing. I was rescued after four weeks. That's me. One in a million: stranded on a deserted island, then rescued.

I dream about it. My dreams are my memories of the time I spent on that island. I don't like to think about the island, with its monster. The dreams started a couple weeks ago. One dream for every day of my survival. In another couple of weeks, I'll be rescued in my dreams, and then they'll stop. I hate the memories.

Tiny island. Circular. Fourteen metres in diameter: I know because I've paced it many times. I'm not the only one here. There's a stranger here too. He stays on his side of the island.

There is a storm every other day. When I woke up on this island, the only coconuts from the palm trees were dried out on the ground, having been blown off the trees in a storm. So there's no food. I'm clever, though. I collect broken bits of coconut shells and arrange them so they catch the rain. Summary: I've got water, but no food.

The stranger copies my idea.

The island is a big circle, with a smaller circle of grasses and palm trees inside. It seems it is basically a sandbar that was exposed long enough for the palm trees to grow and hold it together. The grasses are itchy and make my legs red, so I stay around the edges, for the most part. During the day, I gingerly bear the grasses in order to take advantage of the bits of shade the trees provide.

My little collection of coconut shells forms a clumsy aggregate on my side, and the stranger's shells are on his, directly opposite. The shells make a line that cuts the island into halves: our new boundaries. I have to remember which collection is mine. When I face in from the seashore, my coconuts are on the right. Check. I'm getting hungry.

There is no food. Eating the grass would be like eating sandpaper. There are no coconuts with meat in them. There are no animals. I spend my days searching

for animals to eat, but I find none. I think I've read about little scuttling crabs that burrow in the ground. When I'm not too hot or too thirsty, I dig up the beach in search of crabs. I start at my shells and slowly work around the shore. I have trouble marking how far I've gotten, because it rains so frequently and harshly. I almost have to begin again everyday because I've lost my spot. Eventually, I reach the first palm tree going counter-clockwise around the island from my shells. I take a coconut shell and slash the side of the tree. There, done that part. Looks like about five-sixths left.

At nighttime, once I fall to sleep, the stranger talks to me, in my mind. "We aren't friends, you and I," he says. "You'd better watch your back." I open my eyes and look around. Still night. The stars blazing out at me. Searing my eyes. I fall back to sleep immediately.

The dream-memories are like an escape. It's a reassuring thought that I managed to survive, mostly on my wits, for those weeks. But the dreams haunt me also. The stranger's words come back to me during the day, at work. "Watch your back." Despite all the stresses, the reasons one goes on a holiday are still present on the island. Sun, sand, water. It's a sort of game to survive, until survival gets tough. I suppose in some ways the dreams are an escape from themselves. As long as I'm intellectually stimulated on the island, applying myself, the fear doesn't take hold.

The stranger keeps talking to me. Every night, the same words. "We aren't friends..."

I finish digging up my side of the island. It's been a week, and no crabs, nor any other sorts of animals. Getting so very hungry.

Today I saw a seagull. I shouted. I flailed my arms: "Come to me!" I'm not clear-minded: the prospect of food throws me into a frenzy. The seagull flees from me, but lands on the other side of the island. I listen with horror as the stranger, slowly, catches the seagull, eats it.

I realise now that our interests are strongly conflicted. The stranger is drinking half of my water, he's eating all of my seagull. This state of affairs can't continue.

Stranger talks to me at night. "This state of affairs can't continue..."

I wake up. It's a few hours past dawn. I walk widdershins around the island from where I slept in the sand, toward my coconut shells, for a drink. And there's the stranger, greedily slurping at my precious liquid. I run back the way I came. The fool has left his coconuts alone in order to take mine. Like deserves like, and I hastily slurp up his water. The fluid is syrupy. The fact of my theft and his theft turns it into an elixir, driving me to heights of power. I feel it dripping down my throat, one drop at a time. Each drop falls from some precipice in my body, falls

into the consuming vortex of my stomach. Drip drop, soon it will all be gone forever. Dripping down, into a black hole. I laugh. Gone now, it's all gone.

That's no stranger. That's no innocent victim. That's a monster, and I have to kill it.

People say I'm shaking. I shake in anticipation, for two reasons. First, I know that the monster will be gone from my next dream. Second: only two more weeks to my rescue, and the dreams will end.

The monster is dead. Not gone. It lies unmoving on the beach, its grisly face lolled to one side, grinning at me. I made the grin.

Days continue to pass; hunger continues to grow. I continue to drink. No more seagulls. And the monster continues to talk to me.

Its voice is the voice of the dead. Weak, rasping. It tries to seduce me with its horrid face, has no chance at success, but the attempt is terrible in itself. His messages have become morbid. "You're going to die on this island. There is no escape from me."

"Ha! You're the dead one, monster."

I shudder at the carcass, and walk away from it, around the island. Soon I've looped the island, and it's looking at me again. I walk away, and then it is looking at me once more. Wasn't its head rested on its left last time? Or my left. Or both. This is useless, the monster is obviously dead. I should just rest under one of the trees.

One morning, the monster says to me: "It's time to wake up. Come look at me." I obey.

There's the monster's body, and —Oh! Part of its foot is missing. Eaten. So there are animals on this island. I've got to find them. But why did the monster point this out to me? It's of no moment. Now I must concentrate on finding this scavenger. I manage to find a spot in shade where I can watch the monster's body. It still grins at me. Now I wait for the food to show itself.

No success on the first day. At night, the monster's words become derisive. "You are disgusting. You are a dirty animal." In my dream, I look down at myself, and I'm covered in slime. I realise the monster might be correct: the island has made me somewhat feral. I still hope for rescue.

I awaken. The monster is looking at me. I go to get a drink, and when I return, the monster looks at me again. I notice that the blood-stain on my shirt seems to be growing, seeping through the fabric. Like Lady Macbeth, though I feel no guilt. It was a monster, after all.

Are these things tricks of the light? The blazing oceanic sun does not lie. I return the monster's gaze — whose is more horrible? — and more of its leg is gone.

There are animals here, and I realise: they must eat at night. I can't get a nap now, so I resolve to hold a marathon, stay awake for twenty-four hours. I might manage a nap in the afternoon.

The monster's head won't stop looking at me. It makes me feel strange, so I move. When I finally get comfortable in another place, and look back at the subject of my vigil, still it stares. The sunset is a smooth gradient in the cloudless sea sky, and I have a perfect view. What a piece of work is a sunset! The beauty of time passing.

The night oozes over the tiny island; I maintain my watch. No animals yet.

I look up at the stars. To think of all the things I know about those stars—useless. I pass time remembering all the constellations I can, and their associated stories, but this Equatorial sky is somewhat foreign to me.

Is that a rustle? A tiny scurrying? It's a slight breeze.

All of the night passes me by. I said that it oozed, and that's true. It's like a viscous liquid that flows not around me but through me, filling me up with its cosmic blackness. Slowly it goes, and I feel each iota of it as it passes through one side of me and away through the other. When dawn is coming, I know it before the first hints of light show up. I've seen no animals. I fall to sleep with the night.

No dreams. Just the voice. It continues rasping in my brains; this day it is relentless. "You are disgusting. Look at yourself," it begins. "I'm not a monster, I am just a man. Look at yourself. Look at yourself now!"

I awake suddenly. It is noon, and the probitious sun tells all. I am hunched over the stranger's dead body, bits of raw flesh dribbling down my esophagus towards my gut.

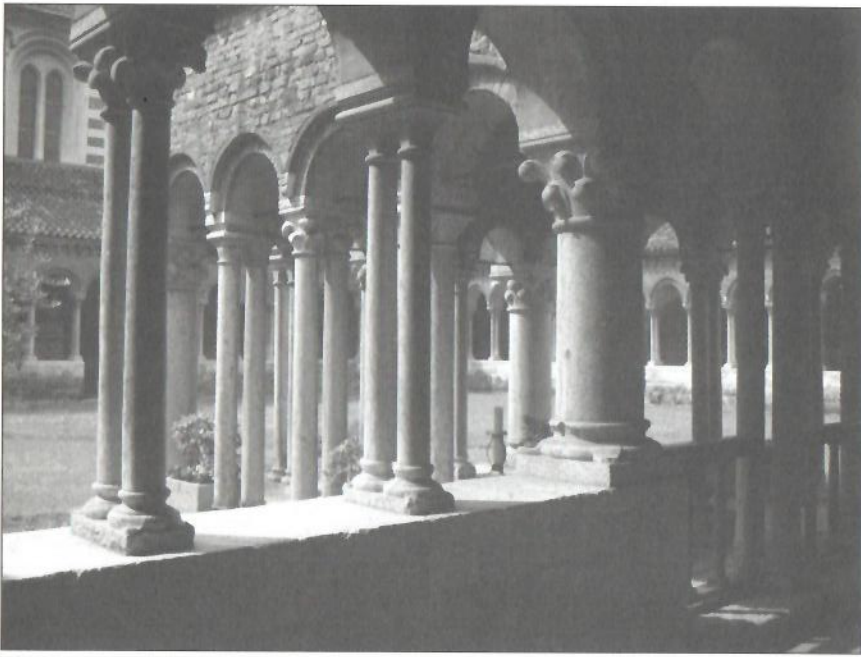
The stranger is right. There is a monster on this island, and it's not him. There is only one escape left to me. I run out into the shallow waves massaging the shore. I run farther, into the surf. I keep running, until the water is too deep, and then I swim. I've got to keep going, to escape the monster on the island. I don't stop swimming away: I can't.

I never knew how far I got before I drowned.

The women who rescued me told me they found me naked on the beach of the island, unconscious. There'd been a huge storm, they said. Probably, the whole island had been submerged at a couple points, they said. I haven't given any of it away. I say, I don't deserve to go on living. I stole this place from someone else.

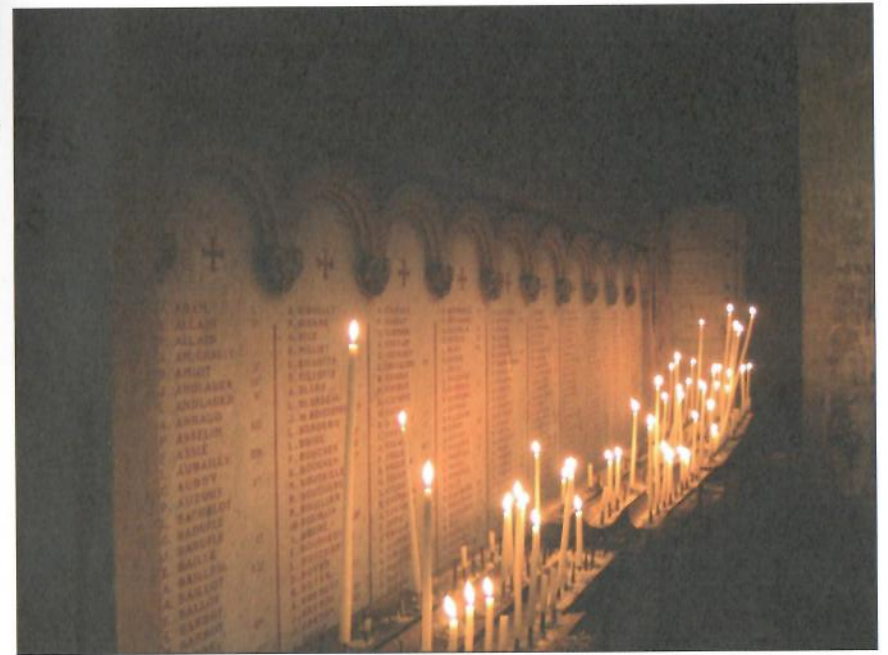


RADIATION - Sarah Miller



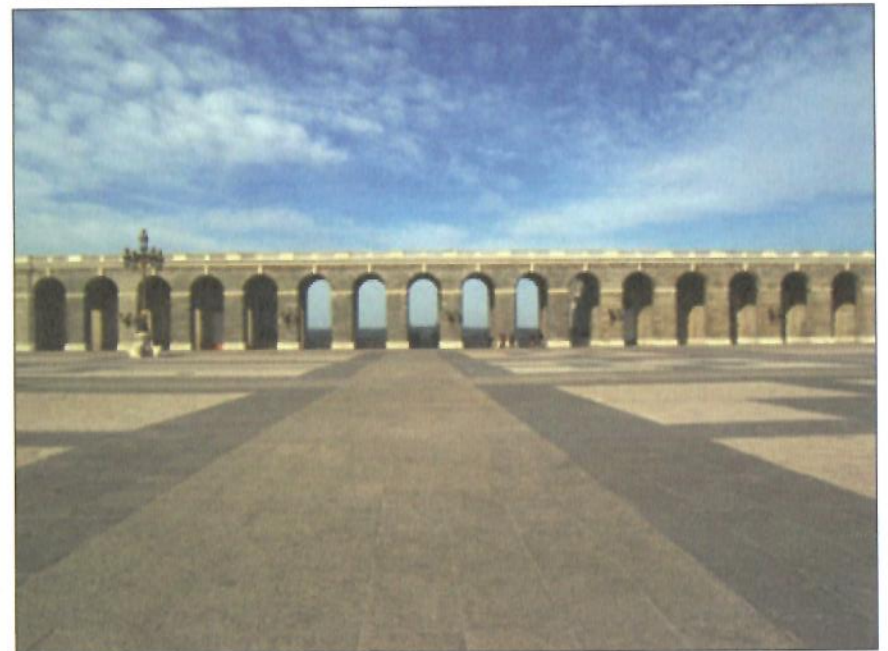
CLOISTERS AT SAN ZENO - Aldous Cheung

TRINITY AT SUNSET - Edward Yeong Hwan Kwon



ST. GERMAIN DES PRES, WAR MEMORIAL - Aldous Cheung

PALACE PERSPECTIVE - Sarah Miller



Yesterday

BY: MACY SIU

Yesterday,
I awoke to the sound of machine
guns floundering,
foolish at the crooked dawn.

A nighttime spectacle
of the third degree.

“Ad hoc Havoc,”
the old man deemed.

Speckled bonfires
triggered at tinsel hearts,
jolted inhibitions to sleep.
Rage another triple beat
my sweet décor.
Fortify my shield.
Spread the crimson likeness
that once leaped
for fallen bodies lost

in eternal piety.

The old man cracks.
A dentured jawbreaker.

Pop, snap, cracklity crack.
Floating paupers in the milky
brine
of soul-searching discordance.
“Come, boy. A game of
Tug-of-war.”

Pluck the blades. Lunge
at the yield of wallflowers. Tug
a war.

Yesterday.
When all my troubles
seemed so
Astoundingly limp(id). I
dragged, and trudged.
I ran
the jockey race.

Today, I
the old man
stirred my last
to the sound of machine guns.



SVALBARD FJORD THROUGH CRYSTAL PORTHOLE
- Shawn Mitchell

The Garden is Unguarded

BY: SUMEET BADH

what do you say to whispers,
but erase yourselves,
for you are no secret now.

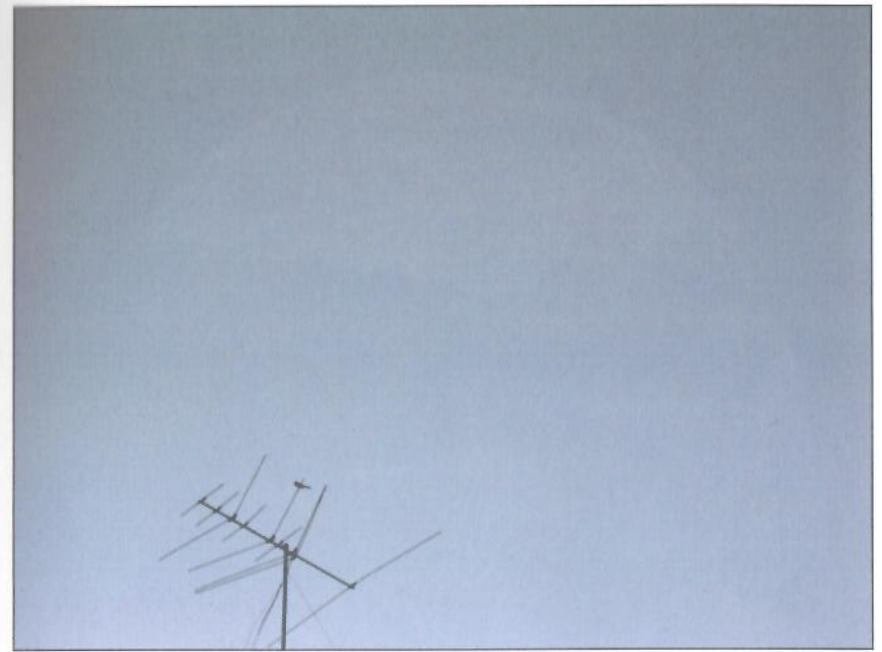
(you echo on oblong walls
and reverberate in hallowed halls,
as audible as i.)

the green night falls,
and my hands are black as embers.
apple seeds sit collected in the hearth,
where as the fire licks them back to beasts,
i can sometimes hear your sweet flesh
and imagine fields where serpents roamed.

High Art

BY: JOHN KOZIAR

Wazoo! Oh-
An orange carrot's my favourite kind
you trim it back and peel its rind
and when you're done inside you'll find
a tinier, orange carrot!



HIDDEN ROBIN - Olivia Chan

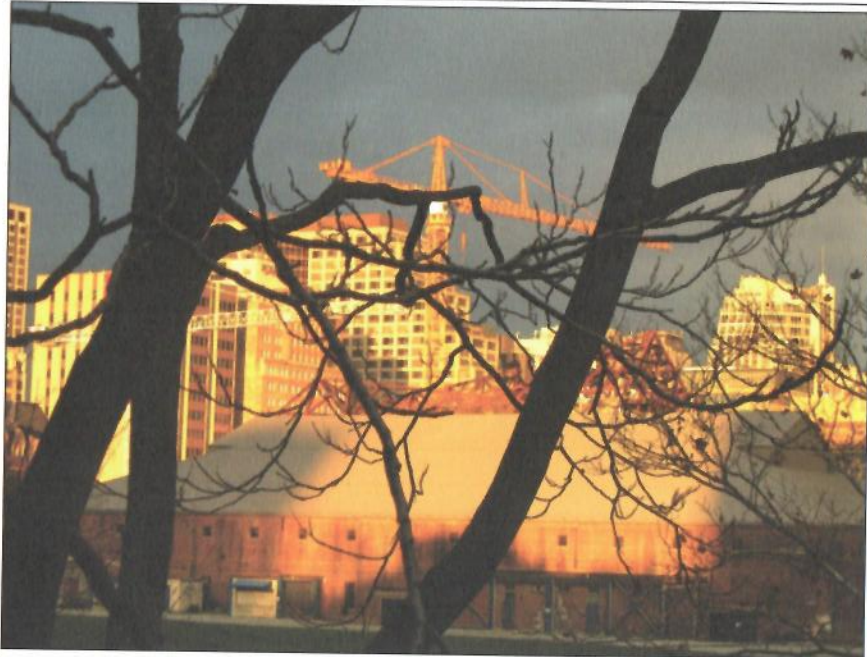
TULIP & THORN - Olivia Chan





TUNNEL VISION - Fiona Taylor

VARSITY BLUES - Fiona Taylor



Spadina Crescent

BY: JOSHUA ELCOMBE

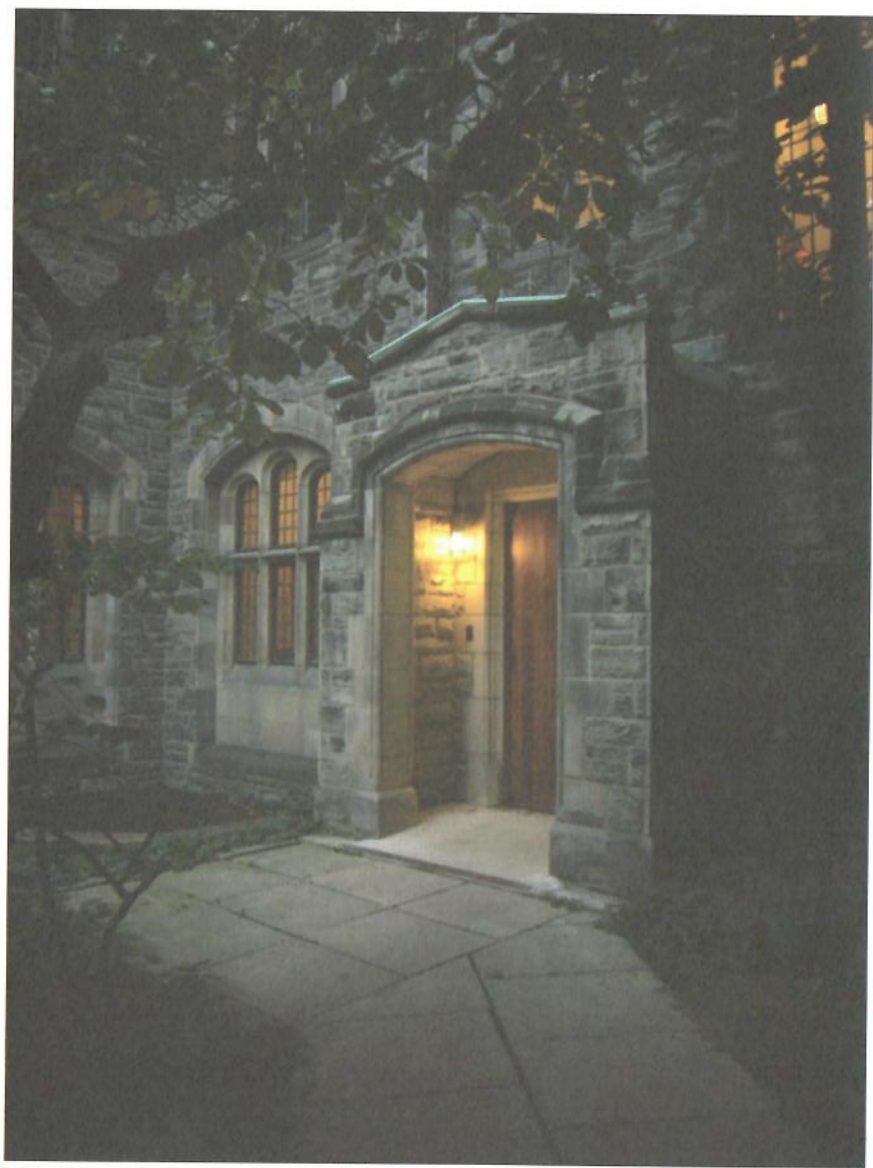
There's something vicious in those hours of night
When each humming, gaudy neon light
Above each little shop expires.
Reds and yellows fade,
And like the singing streetcar wires
Leave behind silence and shade.

The bitter air grows colder, raving
Up and down the barren paving,
each breath searing slightly more.
Wind sweeps through the littered rags,
Freezes shut each darkened door,
Bites metal, scars the asphalt crags.

So wait, then, till numb time has dwindled,
And a loving glow is kindled
As the radiant new moon shines.
A lamp un-tethered from the street,
It bobs above the web of metal lines,
Which gleam so softly, without heat,

While in a window, palely lit,
Elvis and Mary sit
And watch the moonlight sow warm dreams
Through this valley, to soothe the lost;
With beauty tracing silver beams
It weaves the creeping frost.

I saw this for myself below
Spadina Crescent. Walking through
I heard the moonbeams pattering
Against the icy lines.
I saw cold shadows scattering;
Then they grew like vines.



BEYOND THE GATE - Edward Yeong Hwan Kwon

Andrew Reeves

*Autumn
on Ulster Road*

For some unbeknownst reason, my part of the city catches more sunlight from the air in the fading hours of the day than other regions may recognize. I've noticed the way it stumbles off the replica Parisian café just up the road in disgust and wanders through the air for something more appropriate to settle on. The sunlight and I share the same distaste of overpriced caffeine and forced novelty atmospheres. The birds validate my distaste. They migrate by instincts like road signs to find it, to catch one more moment in the twilight after the dawn recedes. East at Harbord, they know, a quick right on Borden, and an urgent left on Ulster brings them to a small playground where they know the best rewards are found for their effort. I see them fly by my home every day as I return from work, and while I would say it is like clock work, even the birds get weekends off. I like to picture them flying above ground, twisting and flitting between the street-car cables and the puffs of bus exhaust towards my part of town from the downtown core as I'm one hundred feet below that same ground, rocketing through stations that the man on the microphone seems to have difficulty pronouncing. I'm confused because the blind man beside me is clutching a newspaper. He misses his stop.

Soon the conductor's job will be automated. Soon the blind man will be in Bloor West Village. I keep their secrets.

No one knows why the sun stays here longer. I thought it might have been simply illusory, but I spoke with a friend of mine who knows all about weather. He lives a floor below me. He thinks I'm right too. But he drinks alone at night sometimes. Yet even though no one in my neighbourhood knows why, no one seems to mind the ignorance. After all, no studies have been conducted. No cross-section of the worlds greatest climatologists and college-educated, As-Seen-On-T.V. meteorologists have advanced impressive theories on the matter after years of frustration and trial-and-error research. As I said, no one seems to mind. Odds are few have even noticed the sun in my neighbourhood for many years. My neighbourhood has had a collective nightmare about the sun they seem reluctant to admit was a dream. The sort that last all night and go nowhere, but leave you feeling productive and fulfilled. I walk past them on my way home from work and feel a satisfac-

tion in the invariably similar pose my street takes each night. People under trees, gazing out from windows, perching under awnings. Umbrellas in the sun. Nothing saddens me like umbrellas in the sun.

This was the third Friday of each month, and subsequently one of the days I am given half the day off due to financial restrictions. On the way home I opted for the streetcar instead of the subway, just to be different, but sadly it was much the same. Something about the underground didn't appeal to me today. I often wonder how it ever does. I watched the city roll past in fragmented landmarks, weighted old buildings, sagging under the weight of their own history. Brown brick facades and nests tucked marvelously into drain pipe crevices. The stains of weather around long removed department store lettering, the shattered windows and rusted frames. Unknown logos. Nostalgia operating under the auspices of an idea that a submerged city lies buried beneath the shinier veneer. I wanted to help them. I wanted to convince them that somehow, someone would appreciate them again, would work them over again, give them purpose as they once had. I don't know if I would believe myself, but I would say it nonetheless. Perhaps that would be cruel of me.

Somehow they would know I was lying.

I arrived at my stop still trapped in my streetcar haze. You see people in this state constantly on all forms of public transportation, emerging like infants from a doctor's visit after their first inoculation, numb and inquisitive. Maybe that's why I did what I did that day. As I stepped down from the streetcar, the conductor beeped as I headed down between the traffic. I think it was at a fellow conductor. Some sort of mandatory gesture encouraged by their union to bolster camaraderie. Might have been at me, though.

There are no trees at the base of my street. They all begin when the Chinese computer shops and pizzerias end, when the atmosphere is stable enough to support life outside your car. When the separation from work and home is total. When your lawn is littered with bottles, it's 4:00 AM, and you need grease. The neighbourhoods flow downstream into the shops, and the shops recede back into the neighbourhood. The only variable is direction. Food chains and natural energy cycles. This is the real urban ecology. The science of urban succession.

I loosened my tie as a cliché gesture to suggest my workday was done. Should anyone glance my way, I intended to let them know they were not looking at a man who works in the afternoons on the third Friday of every month. I was never able to wow anyone with my casual style indifference on the walk home. A woman walked onto the street to avoid sharing the sidewalk with me briefly.

The leaves were only beginning to come around to the fact they should

be falling any day now. I was in no rush to tell them how to do their job. They made no effort to tell me when I should be conducting my telephone market research for optimum results. This week was the smoking test. I may have tested a child accidentally today, but the data will not reflect that thankfully. Our leaves are clumpy and brown here. They turn no fantastic shade of Soviet red that inspires tourism and dons postcards. Rather, they boil and shrivel slightly, strike a browner shade than seasonally expected, and die. They often give off the impression that they await the autumn all summer, as if blooming were a grave inconvenience to them. Falling is the most natural thing they know, and they do it with gusto in my neighbourhood. On this day as I walked home, they remained in the trees, looking down on us mortals walking upon the ground they so love in jealousy and rage. They would not choose this day to fall. It would be another eight days before the ground would be flood-water brown, and the air filled with the contented sighs of reunited love when the leaves returned home. It remains a disgustingly beautiful sight.

As I passed through Ulster Road, it was all there. Every scrap of it the same, and every shred of it aggravating. I had come to hate it, and I had come to expect it. And I hated this dependency in me.

My neighbourhood lies adjacent to the Portuguese section of town, and like living near any major artery, smaller veins are inevitably bound to protrude outwards into unexpected places. So while my neighbourhood is not predominantly Portuguese, Ulster Road, the errant vein that cuts through my neighbourhood, predominantly is. The lawns are well groomed, the Virgin Mary's well polished, and the sidewalks no cleaner anywhere in the city. Also, the vast majority of houses I've noticed as I head back and through to work contain a glass enclosure around the porch. Biospheric.

All the seasons, I hear them saying, sit and whisper, wilting, waiting.

Each of the days I leave in the morning, and each of the days I return in the evening, each of the Saturdays I'm off grocery shopping, and each of the Sundays I head off cycling I see them there. I see them there the same. And it never changes. And I shouldn't find it so aggravating. I recall when I moved to my neighbourhood and being pleased by the quaintness of it all – so old world, so antithetical to city life. My smile began to fade as I saw it all the more. There was now something about it – something almost unnatural that struck me. These people – these elderly people who sit away the days, every days, Tuesdays, birthdays on the porch, never talking, simply looking. What are they doing? What are they seeing from behind the glass? Why glass? This is merely taking your casual porch perching to industrial proportions. This, with the installation of glass, elevates the individual operation to all-seasons gazing. I could not understand. My breathing was shallow.

All the seasons, I hear them saying...

This was the third Friday afternoon of the month, and I was off work early. My transit haze had lifted, yet my vision was cloudy. I walked along the street behind cars, looking at the elderly people behind their glass enclosures. I crept between the trees with their lovesick leaves until I was only inches from the sidewalk parallel their houses, hiding behind their cars, fogging up their mirrors. Head rising slowly, I saw them. I saw their immobility, and their lack of verbal dialogue. This was not communication, no time well spent. I was moved to sadness that invoked irrational action. I was saddened, but still bothered. Pitying, but livid.

On the third Friday of each month I treat myself to dinner alone at this out-of-the-way Korean place. They have a table ready for me. I eat alongside single fathers and their children on visitation days. They fumble with pointed chopsticks, their children embarrassed with competent forks. Awaiting fortunes that never arrive, they miss their father's domestic attentions. They forgive historic misdoings, and relish in his hesitant smiles. He tries. Whispered words of mommies new friends. I pick a food off the wall each time from the characters that I cannot decipher, printed on multi-coloured Bristol board for people in the know. I typically spend \$6.50, and if I'm feeling generous, I leave them something extra for their help.

As I sat hunched behind an aging Valiant I gave a moment's thought to dinner tonight. Would tonight be neon blue or green? Pink was terrible I remembered. Tofu dish – all onion. For a moment I thought I heard a sound escape from behind the glass, but I had too little chance to turn and catch it from the air before it was gone. Their mouths were sealed again. Chairs squeaked and the birds whistled past, I shuffled my feet behind a rusted grey Valiant, but never a sound from the glass.

Sit and whisper, wilting, waiting.

Without thinking it through, I suddenly stood and approached them. My arms were sweating. Strangely, I straightened my tie. It seemed regardless of what I was about to face, it ought to be met with a sharp tie. Perhaps, I thought, the glass was meant for looking in, not for their looking out. They were presenting themselves to the world, via Ulster Road, as living testaments to their own longevity. These people were living plaques to a 60th anniversary or an 80th birthday, missing only the seal from the provincial government and the signature of the Premier. Or perhaps they sat there as an interactive exhibit in a Museum might, immobile only until initiated, before springing to life. I decided to initiate them.

The Valiant's licence plate denotes some love for birds.

I had squared my shoulders automatically to align with the cracks in the sidewalk, facing as directly as I could the house in front of me. I saw staring

out from behind the glass. They may have been looking at me. I might have had lint on my shoulder which caught their eye, I cannot say. We looked in each others directions for another moment without recognition. We were three people staring at everything and nothing, each other and around us, through and beyond. I would surely have appreciated the simplicity of the moment had I not been absorbed into it. Had I not spoke.

'Is this what you do with your life?' Even I was surprised I said it.

I was not quite yelling in my opinion, but others could judge far better than I. I had been startled by the urgency in my voice for an immediate response. This was no casual question, but of seemingly far more crucial consequence than even I had imagined. Is this what you do with your life? Where had this come from?

I had registered a response at any rate. A woman behind me on the street had stopped peddling by with her baby strapped behind her to witness the elderly woman stand and push open the glass door. She may have thought I was some anxious relation of the old woman's, returning home after years of silence. That may have made for a better story. I had gotten in over my head. I had hoped this exhibit was broken, unable to initiate. I had wanted to push the button, and see it glow without recourse against me. Now the machine was in gear, and I wanted to walk away.

Eye-witness reports claim that when the woman asked me what I had said to her, my curt reply was something to the effect of 'You Heard Me,' which does not sound like me at all. I do remember her asking me to get off her property, which I clearly wasn't on. Sidewalks are city property – everyone knows that. But I stepped back a pace onto the street and repeated my question with renewed enthusiasm.

'Is this what you do with your life?' Even I was surprised I said it, again.

And this time she looked at me as I said it. I had surprised them before, but with repeating myself, she was gazing at me. Staring at me in the same manner she beheld all else, and I was disarmed. I was no different than the tree opposite left of me, only I was challenging her. I was challenging the manner with which she differentiated the passing objects within her world. I feel I should say in my defense she never appeared angry. There was no strip torn from my side, no harsh words hurled at me through the glass and across the lawn. The Virgin Mary's ears remained virginal. Rather, I believe she had been inoculated now. Plain and simple. And it hurt.

I heard something about the police from the elderly man as the woman turned to step inside. It might have been to get the phone, but somehow I don't think so. I could not have said it a third time, which was just as well. I had lost my taste for this exhibit. It was clear I was not about to receive the answer I did not even know I needed, and so I wanted solely to slink past.

Which I did with deft swiftness. Shafts of light began to tear through the twilight, as automated timers across the city reminded streetlamps to punch the clock. The birds were making their urgent left onto Ulster Road to settle in for the remaining sunlit evening. I felt something equitable with shame as I walked towards my house. Perhaps it was relief. The woman on the bicycle with the girl strapped behind her looked at me in disbelief as I walked past her. She may have said something about monsters to me as I passed, but I'm not sure. I heard her little girls laughter mix with the sunlight above their heads as the birds flew about in rewarded ecstasy. I was.

It was a full eight days later when the leaves began their blissful descent to the ground and littered the street in floodwater browns. Steam rose from the roughened concrete and one could swear they heard the exasperated sighs of reunited lovers when they stepped outside. Few in my neighbourhood left their homes. They were optimistic the sighs would recede with the first snows and awkwardly awaited winter. The night began to provide the only respite from the everlong heaves of passion. My neighbourhood became nocturnal. People passed each other in the night without fear, comfortable in the trade off we had collectively orchestrated. Day for night. Silence for sighs. We revelled in our silence. In much the same way, people avoided one another in the night to maintain the silence we had traded so much for. Pupils were never wider. Lives never so blissfully disjointed.

It was the eighth full day since I had taken Ulster Road home from work. It was midnight and I was off to the market, now that they remained open later to uphold the nocturnal business of our sleep-deprived neighbourhood. I had one shoe secured when the doorbell rang. It is not that doorbells at night are unusual, especially not since the fall was upon us. They remain a disarming experience, nonetheless. Alarms in daylight.

Silence fluttered in on the shoulders of the police officer. He had arrived unannounced as was the custom. They elude invitation. He took a step or two in my direction, escaping the stifling silence for the noise of my home. The television welcomed him with an advertisement for impotency drugs. Instinctively I reddened, but I own none of the product. It was a contractual response. I had been caught off-guard, and felt some shame for his presence.

I had one shoe on. Left. Brown.

He asked me the standard questions of name and residency before getting down to his point. He had no interest in me, but formalities kept him here, and kept me from the market. I was terse, but not rude.

'I'm here following up a complaint from a Mrs. Simoes on 88 Ulster Road. Says that' – he looked at his note book here – 'eight days ago, you stopped by her house.'

'I wouldn't say that I stopped by –'

'But you did speak with her at her house?'

'I, well. I asked her a question, but we never so much spoke.' I had no intention of lying to the man, but I felt I had to be precise. I imagined myself on trial for some much grander offence, organizing my strategy for court, and saving my final lines for the Justice of the Peace. My brilliant deductions of the situation would be lost on this low-level officer. He wrote parking violations. He answered petty personal complaints.

'She claims that you stood on her property shouting at her until she told you to get off or she'd call the cops.'

'Seems a rather liberal interpretation of the situation.'

'Then why don't you tell me what happened.'

I thought about it a moment. The television reminded me of death; reminded me of sex in dirty hallways, and drugs on rooftops. It reminded me of things I'd never done, and places I had never been, and how strange this sense of reminiscing was about events I had never lived.

'I was walking home from work when I stopped in front of their glass enclosure. They may have had a home behind there, I cannot say for certain. I posed a general question in their direction. Then, when I -'

'What was that question, sir?'

I paused a moment. Either he didn't have all the facts, or he was checking them over.

'I asked her if that was what she does with her life.'

'If that's what she does with her life?'

'If that's what she does with her life. Then, when she refused to answer my question, she told me to get off her property. Which was ultimately preposterous, because as everyone knows, side walks are city property -'

'Then what happened, sir?'

I stopped a moment. My right foot was beginning to numb, because he had left the door open. He was a large man, and I was unable to reach around him to close it without making a scene. I envisioned myself falling into his clipboard and scuffing his badge. I was unaware if this was a criminal act, but something kept me in place. I rubbed the top of my foot with the sole of my walking shoe. It was uncomfortable.

'I stepped back onto the street, assuming this gesture would appease her. Being no longer a threat to her property, she could answer freely.'

'I take it she didn't?'

'No sir, she did not. I asked the question a second time, and met with the same response. She may have muttered something about calling the police which I now assume she must have, and disappeared from behind the glass. I walked on my way.'

'And that's all that happened, sir?'

'That is correct.'

He began writing things down in his notebook as he looked around my home. I began following his gaze, trying to interpret what he was looking at, and what conclusions he might be drawing about my character based on a movie rental, a discarded wrapper, or a shirt lying on the floor. He looked into my kitchen, up the stairs, and craned his neck around the corner. I do not know what he was expecting, but sadly, I must have disappointed him.

'Right then,' he said. 'Have a good night.' He turned to leave.

'Wait,' I shouted. He must have been half way down my front walk, but it had taken me a moment to respond. 'What are you here for?'

He turned casually. 'Woman with a kid came into the station few nights back, told us about the altercation, where you lived. Just now had the chance to come and inquire what happened from your vantage point.'

'Did you speak with the old woman?'

He waited a moment, looking off down the street. 'No,' he finally came back with. 'Wasn't able to reach her: the old man wouldn't let me in. Seems she don't leave her place no more. I spoke with the old man, Mr. Simoes, behind the glass at their home. Technically he's the one who filed the complaint, simply put it in her name, I suppose.'

'What do you mean she doesn't come outside anymore?'

'Don't know, friend. Suppose you'd have to ask yourself.'

'Did you get everything you need?'

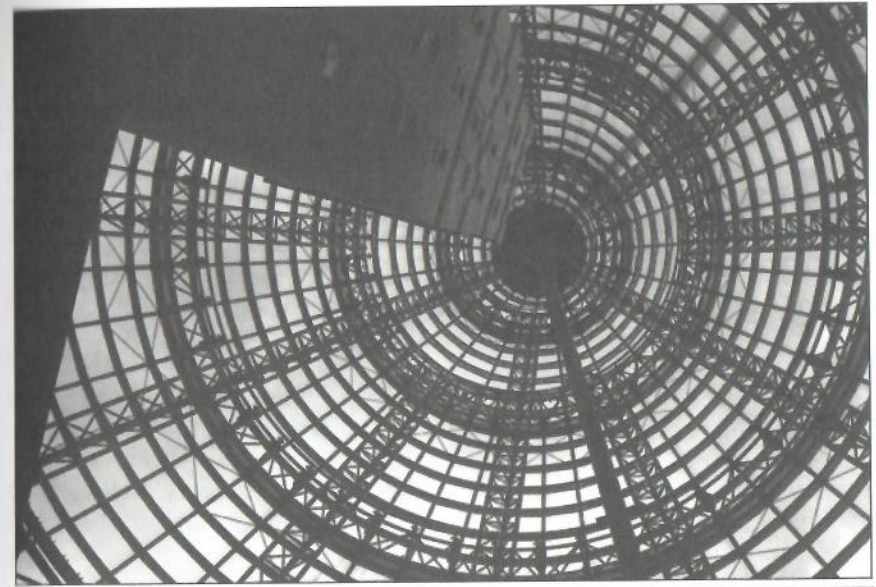
'Seems that way. Just don't bother no more old ladies, will you?'

I believe I nodded. I think he smiled as he walked away, but the silence had swallowed him whole before I could distinguish his smile from the surrounding night. I stood in my garden for a moment in one shoe. Across the street I noticed a pair of people sitting on their stoop, perching under the awning, trying to avoid direct contact with the night. They kept a light on above their doorway to ward off the silence and the night. To keep the unknown out, and invite the unknown in. To be both inclusive and exclusive of the neighbourhood, without the glass, without the fear.

Korean restaurant. Bright neon Bristol board. I felt sick.

My right foot began slowly filling with soggy ground water. It had sluggish brown leaves attached to it. They hissed at me as I lifted them off the ground, but I brushed them off quickly, hobbling up the walk and into the house. I changed socks, and got ready for bed. I slept a soundless night as the front door flapped open in the breeze.

My neighbours spoke long into the night. I was glad for them.



MELBOURNE CENTRAL - Fariya Mohiuddin

Cyclical

BY: LEAH STOKES

(I)

The exhilaration of those first fat flakes
falling slowly down from behind cold glass,
huddled inside warm.

The bundling before emerging
hunched-shouldered into the dying world.
Heads down, turned against an ever growing wind
we fight upstream.

Bicycles packed away,
mittens broken out
bones freezing over –

inside we turn for hibernation against the
coming,
growing night
as conversations seem
suddenly closer,
filled with warmth –
gaining new importance in the city's cold.

We watch
the snow build around us
our breath painting the air
children taking to the streets.

As the brave make the first ventures
across the virgin snow –
cutting the field into uneven pizza slices.
The weary will wander these paths
ever widening their stretches
for months to come,
turning them to
hardened highways.

Who will be the first to lie,
face up to the crying sky
and wipe the world into an angel?
Wait for it –
the light's beginning to fade,
darkening into the coming winter.

(II)

Forced again to walk on pavement,
now it's glistening in the streetlights
no longer threatens a slip.
The fields too soggy to tromp through,
we take the longer routes abandoning our winter trails,
and feel a sense of moral superiority
as we abstain from killing the grass.

The days still short –
but what length they possess
contains ever warming instants.

Curtains left closed
due to hectic lives are lamented:
a missed opportunity
to let energy dance with the dust particles,
illuminating the air.

Here is the birth.
Our first fighting's come back to us:
our curled shoulders turn upwards,
our backs straighten,
we peer with great intent –

As each growing plant is investigated,
at eye level,
with forecasts made and
predictions calculated
for its chances of survival.

And oh!
How important these chances are.
The whole world rests in the balance and is waiting,
an expectant mother,
holding its breath
for the coming spring.

Fly

BY: MACY OH

You revolve around me like
a crashing Japanese plane
know, I have the spray
perhaps then I'd have to play
mother –
It's like brushing my teeth
hours after I've eaten,
or sleeping with the light on.
Tomorrow morning, I will find you
by the clear stream.

Pretty

BY: KATHY HE

Pretty pretty
pretty hair
tangled tangled
tangled hair
tangled lies
over and over.
Dumb, blind deaf
oblivious.
Little black spider
spin your web
tangled, tangled
over and over.
Too many,
too little:
Pretty pretty
pretty lies
tangled
over and over.

The Bread Winner

BY: SARAH MILLER & KATHY HE

Your quail dipped in the venomous ink of ignorance
Rips my soul apart and scatters it like bread
across the tiled floors of seven hundred and fifty
corporate owned bakeries.
If your wife couldn't help you in the bedroom,
Then our canned smiles behind our steel doors
and gleaming glass counters can't please you either.

Hear the loss of Bohemia,
Drowned in the recessed lighting and syrupy background music
The tattooed- drug infested denizens of Bohemia
Glutton-free, yeastless, absentage pumpernickel/bagel
Only Improva.

Twirp, Twirp, Twirp Twirp
That was I twirking to you
Because People is our business
In rain, in snow in sleet and hail
We walk
Because people is our business.

That's right.
People is
People is
People is.

Twirp

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE CONTRIBUTORS:

SUMEET BADH, 0T9, is a quiet biology & neurology student from the heart of suburbia, living out her fantasies of being an urbanite.

ANA BRADI, 0T8, enjoys photographing small details in everyday scenes. She also likes painting and design, and wishes she had more time to practice both. She is in her 3rd year at U of T, studying Human Biology and Psychology.

OLIVIA CHAN, 0T9, is a science student. Photography is a hobby she pursues in her free time, both around her hometown of Toronto and traveling abroad. With a dedicated interest in environmental issues, she especially likes capturing the beauty of nature through photos.

ALDOUS CHEUNG, 0T7, began his career as a photojournalist when he managed to capture in three frames the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand in Sarejevo. Subsequently cryogenically frozen in a Demolition Manesque prison until 2003, this is his first appearance in print since 1914.

JOSHUA ELCOMBE, 0T7, is from Ottawa. He studies International Relations and English, and is also interested in theatre and hockey.

KATHY HE, 1T0, is currently studying Ethics Society and Law. She works at a bakery, and occasionally likes to write slightly emo-angsty poems about body parts (and hair does count as a body part).

JOHN KOZIAR, 1T0, is generally regarded as a right weirdo who plays the piano. He is a student in math and physics which is why he is so skilled with the English language. If you ask him, he will humbly tell you anything about himself. He finds it very amusing that this paragraph is longer than his poem.

EDWARD YEONG HWAN KWON, 1T0, enjoys taking photographs in his spare time. He believes photography is fascinating since it allows one to capture ordinary moments in a different light. He usually captures natural scenes that emphasize specific moments, emotions, experiences frozen in time.

OLIVIA MCNEE, 0T8, is glad to be back in the publishing world. She was on hiatus since the young age of 12. During that time, she enjoyed hip hop lessons and French attitudes. She will look back on her Trinity days and know that the inspiration for her dream of being a back up dancer was born in the Quad.

SARAH MILLER, 1T0, lives in the basement of St. Hilda's. She is currently holds a part time job at a bakery in Kensington Market.

SHAWN MITCHELL, 0T7, is a history specialist and a senior residence don at University College. He is a past President of the TCDS and has been involved as an actor, director, publicist, and producer in over a dozen productions at U of T. Shawn is currently the Executive Secretary of Hart House's Theatre Committee.

FARIYA MOHIUDDIN, 1T0, is from all over the place. She was born just ten minutes away from campus, lived most of her life in the little desert town of Dubai and ethnically...well, she's Bangladeshi and as it turns out, a teeny bit Iraqi too. She loves to travel, write, read, take awesome photos, and engage in nonsensical pursuits of knowledge and amusement.

ANDREW REEVES, 0T7.

MACY SIU, 0T9, lives in the songs of a never-ending mixed tape, and spends her time eavesdropping in coffee shops. Late at night, she assumes eccentric personalities by reinventing snippets of stolen conversation, leaving her alter-ego to contemplate an Edward Hopper or Andrew Wyeth painting. Macy carries a Nikon FM and snaps when the light is right. Macy is also an English major.

LEAH STOKES, 0T7, is an avid reader, writer and biker (the pedal variety.) She is past Editor of *Salterae* and her poetry has also been published in the *Hart House Review*. She is first and foremost an environmentalist.

FIONA TAYLOR, 0T7.

KATE TREBUSS, 0T7, is an English specialist.

MIYUN OH, 1T0, is from Vancouver Island.

MELISSA WALTER, 1T0, enjoys reading and writing, as well as music. She lives in Toronto, and studies Humanities with the intention of going into English. She travelled to Tokyo several years ago, and loved the experience and the city itself, but found it strange to be unable to communicate with anyone there.

RAYMOND WU, 0T9, was born and raised in Toronto and started writing at the age of seven. He is currently pursuing a Psychology Research Specialist and an English Minor. He also enjoys singing, acting, philosophy, and photography. He spends much of his free time listening to Latin music and emulating Marc Anthony's stage presence.



Awards will be given out for the Review on Saturday, January 20th as part of the annual Trinity College Cabaret. The Right Honourable Adrienne Clarkson has generously agreed to adjudicate these awards, and her decisions will be announced for the following:

Best Short Fiction
Best Poetry (1st, 2nd & 3rd)
Best Photography (1st, 2nd & 3rd)

A second issue of the Review will be published in May. Submissions of Short Fiction, Poetry and Visual Art should be sent to:

trinity.review@gmail.com

We are particularly interested in visual art other than photography, such as drawings, sketches, graphic short stories, short comics and paintings. Do not hesitate to submit!



The Trinity University Review is a biannual publication featuring written and visual arts by the Trinity College student community at the University of Toronto.

