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*the
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review*



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Issue Two

POETRY, PHOTOGRAPHY, ART, SHORT FICTION



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REACHING FOR THE SKY - Siavash Golkar

PENNY - Siavash Golkar



Jennie Fiddes *Seven Cents*

I swipe the sweat off my brow with my left sleeve and curse my existence. What am I doing here? I throw my shovel into the ground and pull back the dirt. I grab a tree seedling from my side pack and shove it into the hole I just made and stamp the dirt around it. Perfect. Another seven cents. I look up and see the endless kilometres of dirt all around me, hungry for trees. I am exhausted and cold. My boots are soaking wet and my feet are aching. Is this really the place for a poor university student?

Of course it is. That's why I'm here. The money.

Tree planting. The lure of the glorious illusion of the plentiful cash just waiting to bond with the palm of your hand while you get a pleasant workout and a nice cheerful life in the great outdoors. Ha.

No one mentioned the pain of working for fourteen hours without pause. No one mentioned the constant presence of the choking, swirling, swarming, black flies that do their best to bite every possible centimetre of exposed skin. Each breath I take in merely inhales added protein. It's amazing what you can get used to.

No one mentioned the agony a planter faces each morning, waking up at 5:30am and hobbling around until the stiffness recedes somewhat and fluid movement becomes possible once again. No one mentioned waking up in a tent in the middle of the night with your hand firmly clenched in a shovel grip and the crippling fear that it will never loosen again. Claw hand.

No one mentioned the ever-present rain and the utter depression of returning to a damp tent, with damp clothes, to sleep through a damp and chilly night and waking up to a damp and chilly morning.

No one mentioned having to dig your own outhouse and eat peanut butter for two months straight. After a month, I begin to have nightmares about peanut butter and I glare sullenly at the big tub of it every day before relenting and making my sandwiches. More food means more energy. More energy means more money. But my hatred of peanut butter grows.

No one mentioned that every other planter apparently needs to get drunk or high just to relax and that they laugh maliciously when you do not

share their needs. No one mentioned having to sit up in terror inside your tent, holding the door zipper shut, in case someone outside decides they want to come in, knowing you can't prevent it if they try.

No one mentioned the intense pressure. Plant Plant Plant! Don't stop. Seven cents a tree. Any sign of weakness will destroy you. Plant Plant Plant! Anyone who plants less than two thousand trees a day does not deserve to exist. You are laughed at, ridiculed, downtrodden. Scum of the earth. Plant Plant Plant!

They've started imposing stupid punishments just for being slower than the rest of them. Make everyone's lunch the next day while they all point and laugh! Fill in the holes around the outhouses! Race through the swamp with the other slow planters while people make bets on your progress! You are not human, you are a planting machine.

Don't think about it. The more you think, the less you plant. Put all thoughts out off your head. It's just you and the dirt. Screef the duff, find the dirt, plant the tree. Start talking to yourself, sing to the world, giggle maniacally. It's just you and the trees.

I hate this job. And I love this job.

I stand outside at 5:45am and drink in the morning air. The illusive moment of silence before everyone else is awake and cursing, when the sun is rising, the fog rolls around, the birds are chirping and the black flies have yet to emerge makes my head rush and makes me proud to be alive.

I love relying on my own power, my own motivation, my own drive to gain every cent of my hard earned cash. My successes are *my* successes and my failures are also my own. There is something infinitely thrilling about getting my hands into the dirt, stamping in a tree and looking back at my progress that day. As I look back at my efforts, I realize that someday that will be a forest. I planted a forest. Someday birds will make nests in this little tree. Squirrels will be climbing everywhere, racoons will be prowling, and deer will be grazing. All through my trees, through my seven cent efforts.

Then they will all get bulldozed.

A cheerful thought. My efforts will create life only to see it all destroyed once again. But, in a few decades, there will be other tree planters here. Probably university students just like me. Out in the world, trying to scrape together enough money to get through their education, even if it means destroying their bodies in the process.

I want an education. So I'm here.

And when I go home, I will know what I can accomplish. I can survive tree planting with sanity to spare. Anything else the world throws at me will pale in comparison. I can do anything. So I pick up my shovel and plant a tree. Seven cents.

Moon Trick

BY: KSENIJA SPASIC

There is trick was taught me by my boy
For looking at the moon
When it is red as bronze
And huge and hanging low
Dying the sky in otherworldly light
"Look at it upside down,
between your legs
and you will shrink it to its proper size,
for it is just the angle of the thing
that makes it seems so glorious and strange."
So here I am
In a November field
Head upside down
The moon between my legs
And laughing

Picnic in the Graveyard

BY: KSENIJA SPASIC

We step out of our staple selves and play
The sunny churchyard on an autumn day
Has lent us children's shadows
On the branch
Just wide enough to balance on and bounce
I draw my sword
You with a pirate pounce land on the ground
The gravestones that surround us
Lean
Stone curiosities in grassy green
We read the names aloud
But cannot care
Much longer than the words are in the air

Dis-Connected

BY: ZACHARY C. IRVING

Sight

Salient glances float unknowingly
amid the room ignorant
of the impact of cats' eyes

Fleshing out my blink
I smile only when my back is straight

Stealing a glance at your feet
only long enough so that in rising
we will burn.

Smell

rotting from the pants out
leprocy splotched jeans
Sweat and Sick flaking off
you smile like knotted hair
not unhappy anymore

Touch

Ridges of your fingerprints discovered
unwittingly in the transference of a thousand millisensations
into a web of light across my brain, only lit when providing me
with familiarity; implicit memory of your skin.

I'll sense a hundred thousand things, but only recognize a
good of a whole, circuits flickering to
form the word in fluorescent cursive,
a sign with liquid constancy, parseable only with a

palm, revealing inconsistencies of heat on it's surface. As
with your spine, each notch disappearing into a curve, only
gently poking an independent form into unkneaded clay
when coaxed to the surface by touch.

City Harvest

BY: ZACHARY C. IRVING

Clinging to soles are bits,
mulled grass cut and scorched
in the sun. A reminder as faint
as city stars: foliage entering
the choking grounds of house.
Smell of dry earth and burnt wheat
rests between shoes in the hallway,
imitating a prairie fire.

Running is Flying

BY: SUMEET BADH

running is flying on wet slicked linoleum floors
- gambling -
on gravity and propulsion
to lift.move.keep you
in arms reach of burning suns.

as
the
foot
descends.

never thought to question
the fealty of the floor,
- or thank it for breaking -
your fall.



MIYAJIMA - Janet Chow

Inbetween

BY: LEAH STOKES

The ends of conversations are always the noisiest:
A spattering of sounds as everyone struggles
To squeeze in formalities between the spaces of silence.
(the unsaid)

All you tell me with your goodbyes
Is that you belong to this agreement.

Without even a longing glance
Your eyes betray the truth
Of what lies beneath formalities
(The substance of things).

The space between
Beginning and end
Hello and goodbye
Is missed by your
Anxiousness
To approach
The end

In Bed

BY: WILLIAM BURR

I've been sleeping during the day, so I've put a blanket across the window to block out the light.

After lunch I lie beneath my quilt, sad singers and soaring electronica filling the space.

I'm full from lunch. I pull a sheet over my face, my eyes shining through it like embers. Before I sleep though, thoughts of wild things rush through my head. The pyramids in Egypt, Cleopatra, hordes of soldiers marching upright in the desert sun. Birds soar free on their wings, but I'm as free as they are, spread out in my bed.

I'm like a mound of flesh on an operating table, slowly leaking.

I reach for thoughts of pleasure.

With my body curled in a perfect shape, like an insect or a cat, I find comfort, my muscles pressing against one another weightfully.

Rosemary Bolich *The PCH*

1

"Will you marry me? Really? Good. We can live in Italy. It's my dream to live in Italy in a tent in a field. And, since we'd live in the south, it'd be really hot. And we'd be near the sea, so we can go swim any time we want. And we wouldn't shower too much. Is that okay?"

"Yeah."

"When we're living in Italy we're only going to eat bread and drink juice."

"And vodka," he adds.

"And vodka. And I'm going to wear sundresses exclusively, and flip flops. And... I think I'll work at an orphanage, even though it wouldn't make any money. What are you going to do?"

"I'll be a fisherman," he says. "But I'll have to shower."

"No!" she cries.

"Do you want me to smell like fish all the time?" She shakes her head.

"Okay," she concedes.

"Will you still have sex with me if I'm a smelly fisherman?" he asks.

"Sure."

2

She says that he's been a disappointment (they didn't get Mexican food, they didn't watch the sun set) and he acts hurt.

She meant it, too. For her, that's mean. She's vindictive, though, after a disappointing four days, a disappointing trip. And him, he's acting hurt. She's the one who's hurt. He's been ignoring her the whole time.

He doesn't realize it. He doesn't expect fights from her.

Their relationship has been like this:

They met under odd circumstances, at a fine arts camp one summer. He plays the piano and wants to sing. She was there for creative writing, but just likes the pretensions that come with anything to do with the arts.

He started it. He was relentless. He marched right up to her and said,

"Hi, I'm Alex." She (most likely) said nothing. She was overcome and conquerable. He didn't have to try. She didn't have to pretend.

His love is hand-holding and can I kiss you? He dotes on those he's attracted to. He looks at her and she loses all self-control. He talks too freely of sex. His love takes a backseat to many things.

Her love is silent adoration and a confusing mix of physical affection and a refusal to state her thoughts. She can't stand herself around and day-dreams of the future constantly. She hates this as well.

He loves her silent pleading for kisses. She loves the look in his eyes.

Everything can be summed up in one story.

They were driving down the Pacific Coast Highway, windows down, no air conditioning, because she insisted. The smog isn't going to fucking kill us, she said. They were in search of a beach, but it was Fourth of July weekend and everything was really crowded. The drive was beautiful.

They found a beach he liked and changed into their bathing suits in the car. She thought there was no pomp and circumstance about it but for once, he was shy.

They lay on the beach for a while. The water was cold, but as she reminded him, I don't live near a beach. She swam a bit, but mostly, they just lay on their towels, which were too short for each of them. They were both tired-- he stayed up too late, she was feeling jet-lagged. He actually fell asleep, but she couldn't do the same. She was too anxious, unable, for mysterious reasons, to sleep or eat. She knew what it was. He made her nervous because she didn't recognize herself around him. She could almost step outside herself and marvel at this other girl who was falling in love far too quickly.

She lay in the sun, thinking of the beauty of the landscape around them, which felt rather foreign compared to the lush forests of the east. It wasn't very warm, but the sun was bright. She chuckled to herself, remembering what she did that morning: when she came downstairs, she said, What's going on, I thought it was supposed to be sunny every day in southern California. His family was unconcerned. It's just the smog, said his brother.

As is always the case with a beach, the waves' rhythmic collision with the shore was comforting. She needed something like that to calm her nerves. The evident mass-production of the houses behind them worried her, but the people around them seemed normal and made up for it. He turned over and threw an arm across her, causing her to curl up to him. In that moment, she was happy to be there, with him.

A few hours passed, and they realized they should go. He still wanted

to drive down the coast some more. It was cute, how genuinely attached he was to the idea of this drive. They first set out to find some food, because in her excitement to go to the beach that morning neither had really eaten all day.

They ended up at some fast food place. She marveled at the kids wearing only their boardshorts, no shoes, sand sticking to their skin. He asked her multiple times, Do you want anything? and each time she simply shook her head. She felt drugged by the sun and the confusion that was surrounding her. For perhaps the first time, she felt lost-- disoriented, lacking direction, out of control, almost hopeless.

She wandered to the edge of the parking lot to get a better view of the beach. She had been here before, maybe a year and half ago, at the restaurant one block down. Ironically, she felt just as alone that time. She sighed, bit her lip. Told herself to pull it together, tomorrow will be better.

He came up behind her, said, Ready to go?

And that was that.

3

She worries sometimes that she still loves him, then she remembers that it's been over a year and half and that just can't be possible. Well, at least it shouldn't be. She also worries it will be a long time before she'll learn to accept someone that isn't him. Whenever she gets close to a guy now, close enough to think that something might happen, she pulls away. This is probably why she worries that she is still in love. She still never trusts any guy who seems to be attracted to her, though that stems from somewhere early in high school. He's the only one she's trusted. Seems perhaps like she shouldn't've. She doesn't regret anything, and she resolutely refuses to say any of it hurt more than it didn't. She wants companionship, but is scared of something that she can't articulate. Like anyone else, she wishes for sunsets spent in someone's arms, but she knows it's just a wish.

Skyline

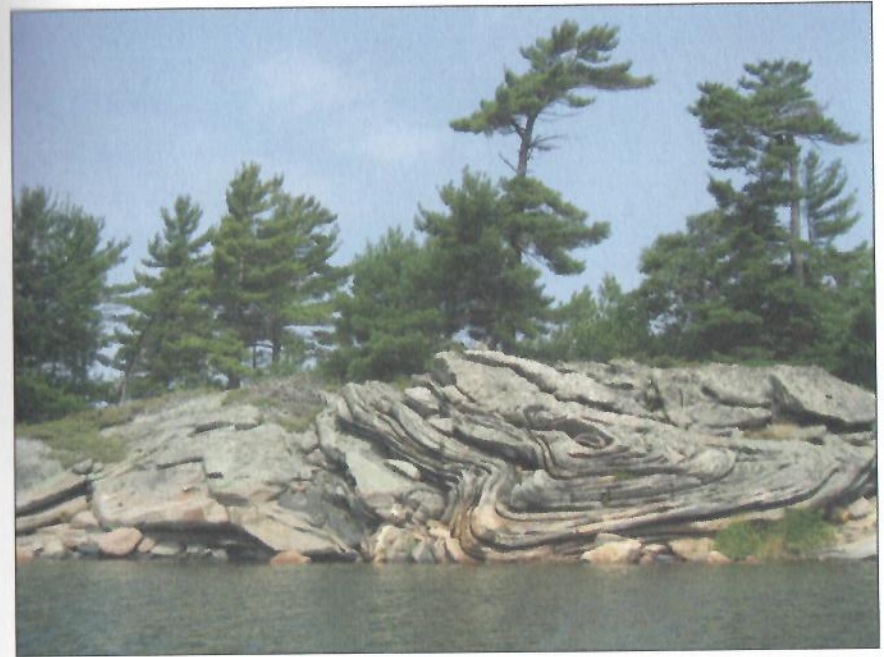
BY: KATE TREBUSS

Your edges grow razor-sharp against
the dying light
as your surface blurs
and becomes the slate-grey warmth of
dusk.

What hands will topple these
frail monuments
whose roots clutch at the earth,
soft pillars stuffed into cracks among
the rocks?

Though you push against the sky
though you scrape splinters of light
from the stars
as they turn to their places overhead,
you refuse communication
with the gods
and stand silent.

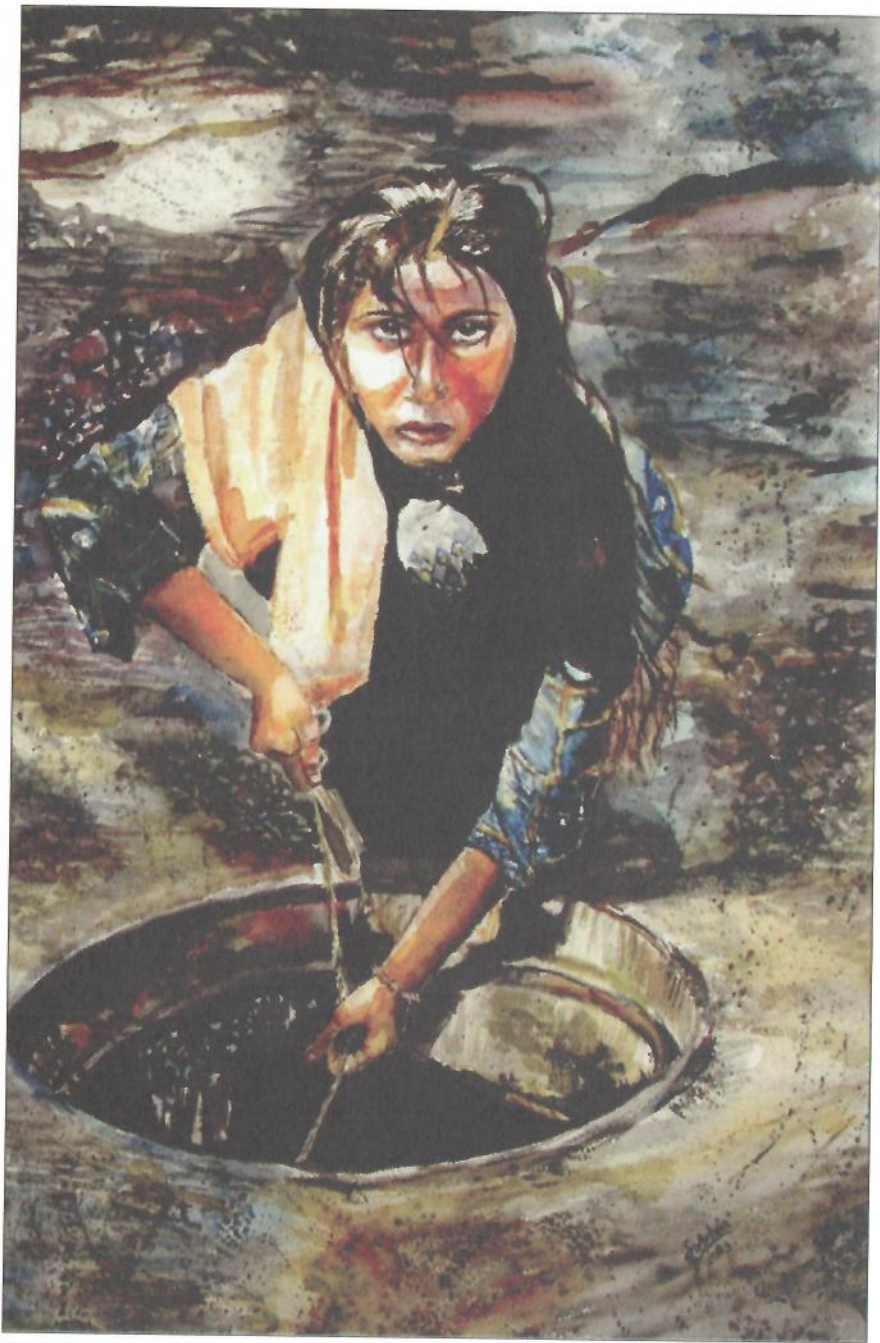
Flat-topped obelisks,
new-born monuments,
you have not yet seen the Apocryphal
fire scorching overhead
and ruins crouch still within
your brittle skin.



SLATE TECTONICS - Fiona Taylor

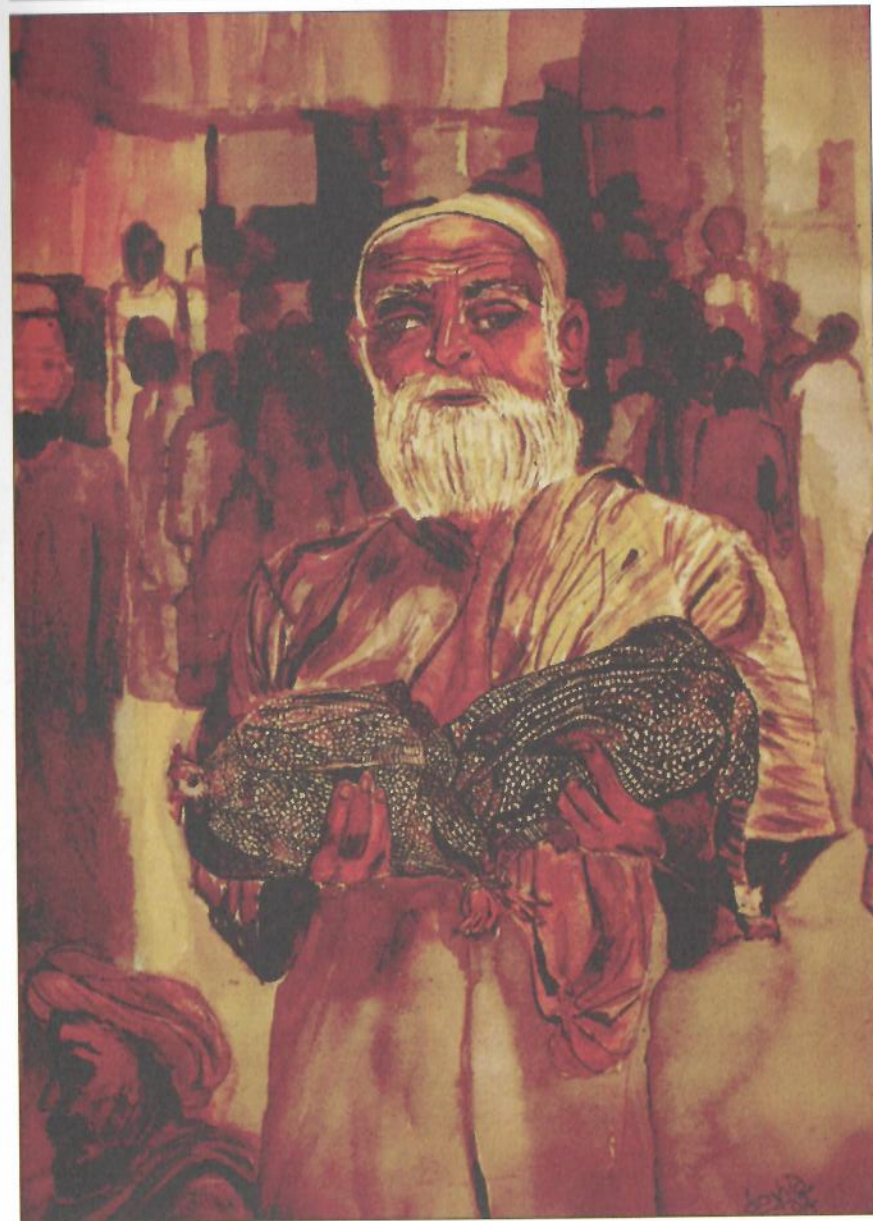


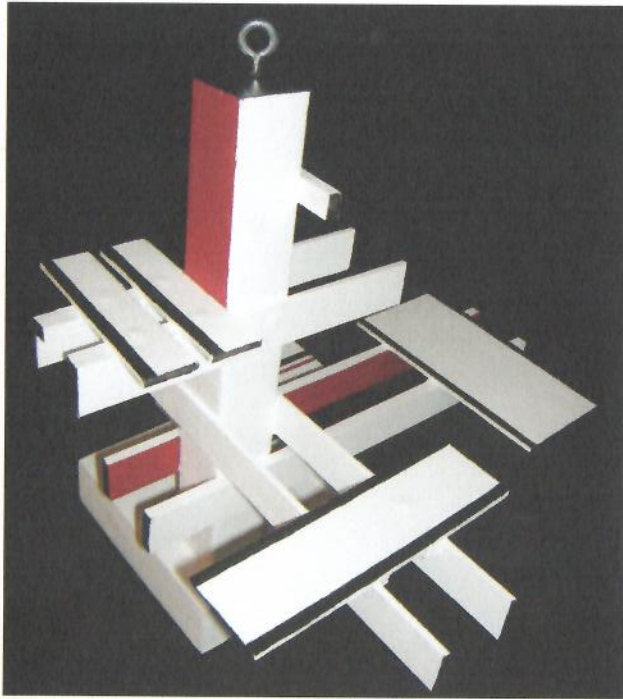
THE WASTELAND - Fiona Taylor



GIRL COLLECTING WATER - Sophia Balagamwala

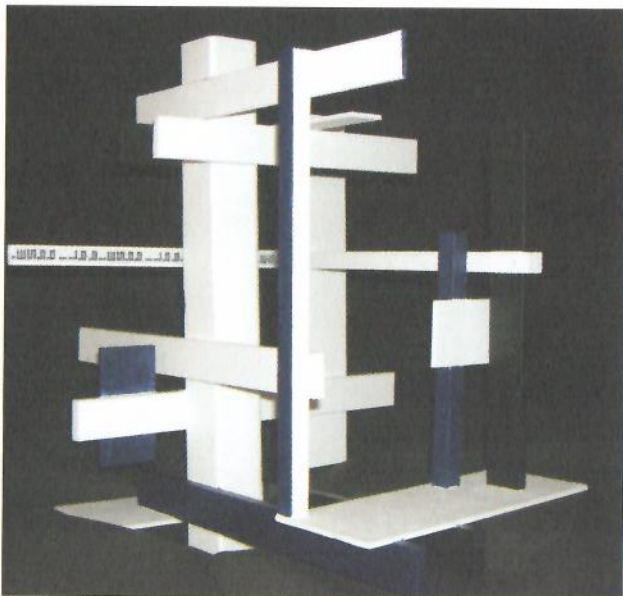
MAN WITH TURKEYS - Sophia Balagamwala





CACTUS STAND - Sarah Simpkin

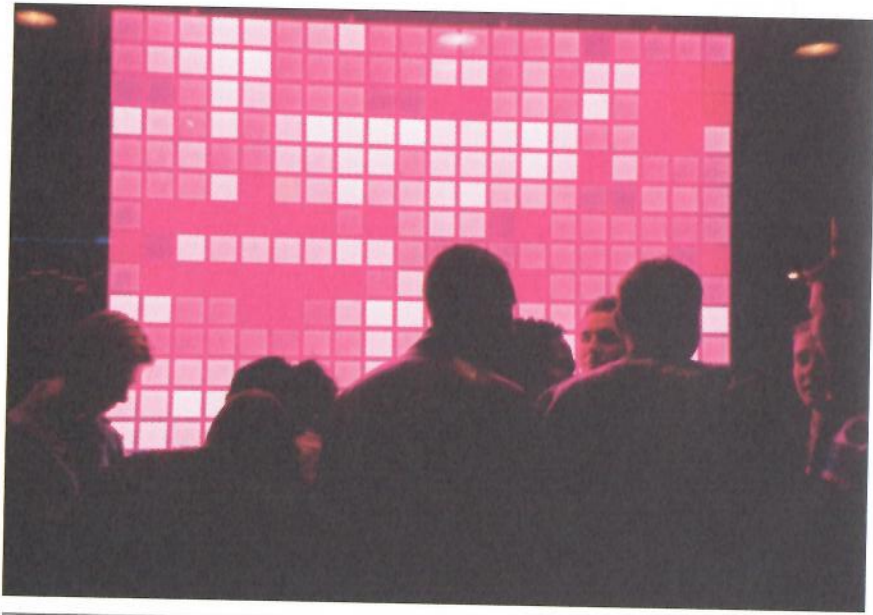
DE STIJL STUDY 44 - James Roussain



REFLECTION - E. Yeong Hwan Kwon



DAYBREAK OVER CASTRIES - Shawn Mitchell



PINK NUIT - Ana Bradi

CHILD'S PLAY - Yizheng Yang



DISCUSSION - Matthew Kupfer



ARUBAN EVENTIDE - Shawn Mitchell

Diver

BY: KSENIJA SPASIC

Are they not sweet, the masts of the sunken ships?
Tall beams, all green with wavering sea moss and the decks below
where softened holes open into the darkness of the hull.
Sunlight goes down there and minute creatures
dance in its columns,
dance also in the black.
I go above the wrecks and towering reefs,
too slow and heavy to be flying,
like a dream dragging a weighted belt;
and everything about it,
the panic which I flip away
from round my ankles,
the water hanging in the neoprene
around my body,
is wrong in this world
and so
my borrowed breaths are pushing through my veins
slowly
under the pressure of all that blue weight
through which light descends
like a dream dragging a weighted belt.
And a cloud of fish
switch in silver synchronicity.
I follow the needle on my dial down
where soft flesh floats in silken rags and feeding sharks
do not look up, lost in the red brume of their hunger.
Are they not sweet, the masts of sunken ships?
Tall beams that sigh and sway with wavering sea moss
and the decks below, light streaming through the softened holes
out of the hulls
goes up and minute creatures
dance in its columns,
dance also in the black
that floats inside the basin of my skull.

(con't on next page.)

I go above the wrecks and towering reefs,
too slow and weightless to be flying;
dreams drag me like the water drags the sand.
And everything about it,
the flutter of the silver flicker-fish
around my ankles,
the water cooling in the neoprene
above my body,
is wrong in this world
but is growing right;
the canisters of foreign air have sunk
slowly
under the pressure of all that blue weight.
A cloud of flesh
that twitched in slivered synchronicity
has vanished,
and the leaving sharks
do not look down.

Olivia McNee *Father, Moon*

I'm in the door. I have to make sure it pushes gently. I can't wake Natalie. Not tonight. My stomach is swollen, but I'm heading to the kitchen. Oh, Nat's left some milk out for me on the table. I can't stand when she does that. She goes to bed so early that it must be warm. God, she knows I can't see milk without cupping my hands in the air to the mold of her breast. There's no note, either, just the milk. She'll smell the residue if I pour it down the sink, so I have to force myself to hold the glass. I'm shivering and the white milk, like her piano keys and her hard playing fingers, waves back in my hand.

Last night, she asked how I felt, for honest, about the last composition her fingers performed for me. The prick I am, I tightened my cheeks and gave her my poetry:

"But to me, sweetheart, there is a cackle, a hussle, a tumble, and a trickle, behind each concerto."

At that, she tied herself deep into her woolens, forced her big eyes on me, and swallowed her rage – after all, sweet little Tom must have been asleep. For all her hard notes, she can't stick up for herself. She probably spent the day spitting out at male me, trying to bring my stale words alive and into the ring. And now, she slaps me back with this stupid milk, pushing her breasts into what her fingers started.

Those breasts are no longer heavy now our Tom is almost eleven. Ever since the first pregnant tears I was part of, I've kept up making her laugh by pretending to weigh each breast very clinically with my hands. Now that she leaves me with the milk, that common laugh, like Tom's wardrobe, is all hers. And I'm on one of our scratchy wooden chairs with my feet up on a stack of her magazines, my bowl of carrots and an annoying late night radio sound. Her big magnetic calendar on the fridge shouts down at me that Tom starts Sunday School tomorrow. The radio shakes a bit; I hope it's not her coming down the stairs.

Tom stumbles into the kitchen with his lower lip hanging down and he's slowly opening his eyes.

"Hi," I squeeze a smile in.

"Hey," he yawns, "Dad."

"How come you're up? Mom didn't sing you a song?"

Tom lifts himself onto the wooden chair next to me, and squeaks a young grunt. He is looking straight at the window, with his car-patterned pajama legs folded up against his chest. I nudge the bowl nearer him and

Tom's hand slides in for a carrot without putting his gaze off, a new and over-practiced skill. I'm sure he's holding back a smile in case it triggers me to notice how he shouldn't be up so late. So, really, I'm trying not to smile.

"Don't you like milk, Dad?"

"Yeah, I like it, but sometimes I just can't take it back knowing it's so good for me."

"Oh." More carrots.

"You know how Mom tells me to drink milk because it makes my bones stronger?"

"Yeah," I start to answer, but he's already going without my help.

"And I eat meat to make my muscles bigger and stronger." Tom's small frame is quivering. "And I eat carrots," he waves a carrot in a sole sword fight, "to make my eyes stronger in the dark." Shoving the carrot in his mouth seems to remind him to breathe. "Well, so I'm going to discover what I can eat to make my skin stronger!"

"Wow." I swig a good chunk of my milk down; "how are you going to find that out?"

"Well, with you helping?"

"I dunno, d'you see the time?"

He tenses up.

"Tom, Mom must be waiting up for me," I wink and he sinks into a smile, relaxed again.

Tom gets off the chair and puts the milk and carrots back into the fridge and clears Mom's stuff off the table, including my feet. I guess we wouldn't want anything to distract us from our discovery.

"Okay, Dad," he announces and slows, "let's push ahead," he's serious.

"I hardly think about skin though, Tom."

"That's not true Dad, when we're skiing, you're always spreading Vaseline on our faces."

"Ha, fair enough. What about how you make tons of little crosses on your mosquito bites and then complain that your forehead is covered in crosses once the bites are gone?" I never chat like this with him. Whenever my buddies ask about my kid, I just tell them Nat's in charge, I'm not really a part of much.

"Yeah but your skin has grown out of getting mosquito bites, you don't know what it's like."

"Okay, what else?"

"Have you ever tried to give yourself a scar?"

"Who would try that? Don't you try to avoid scars?"

"Come on, Dad, just think."

"But how do you mean 'tried to give myself a scar?'"

"You know how when you have a cut, you pick off the scab so it'll scar."

"And try to make a cool pattern?"

"Yeah. Any pattern is cool."

"Oh. Was Mom's light on when you came down the stairs?"

"Nope."

"Okay, well, if we're quiet we can slip out for a walk."

"A walk? Really? Even though it's so cold?"

"Yeah, come on, let's get our boots."

Tom pulls his warm gear over his pajamas, pushes into his boots and stand to watch me bundle up. His mitts string along from his sleeves, thanks to Mom. He didn't need mitts on a string this year, little Tom had said to her; but she, with her powers, could tell he was just saluting the care she put into tying the mitts together, what a mother she has to be, she would say.

I want to wrestle Tom out the door, but I don't know how he would take it. He's small for his age, has the same build as his mom, I've never seen him fight with other boys, I don't know how to play with him. So I just walk ahead and he follows, and he shuts the door quietly like I did on my way in. Out on slick streets, we walk close and then widen with the inaccuracy of weak doubles partners trying to defend their tennis game. My kid's quiet now that we've left the house. I don't know what to say, just trying to stay pleased from our actual conversation before.

I haven't been marking our route, I've just been going where we're leading each other. Tom skips ahead a bit, and we're nearing his school. I had forgotten about the climbing structure, the witch's hat made of rope in the playground, there it is tall without trimmings. Tom runs in, runs out, of the dim accents of street lights. The climbing structure pulls him into its knots, he looks to me for a sign to leave it alone and follow our walk. But I trail and scuff my boots and don't tempt him with a curfew on climbing. Tom is pulling his way up the outside of the witch's hat. When I sit on a low rung of rope, my weight yanks the rope and Tom swerves around so he's climbing within the hat. He's okay but his face must be red and glaring. It would maybe throw him off to yell down at me, so I don't have to offer any less weight on the rope, I like the tense push of sitting on it.

"Dad, I'm coming down!"

He's at the top when I look and slides down the fireman's pole in the middle. He lands in a squat on the snow, ha! He looks ready to pounce and pounce. His eyes glare over at mine, not cruel though, just ready.

"Do you think the rink has been iced?" he brushes the snow off, stands up. We join our walk again. He holds my hand on the dark field, and his mitt molds an uneven blob in my hand. Hey, he's crossing his fingers!

"Dad, d'you see the moon?"

"Yeah, I noticed it earlier."

"D'you see where it's shining?" Tom grips at me tighter, "over there by the bleachers."

"Shh." I pull on his arm to stop moving. In the white light, a folded shape moves under the seats, and I can hear its collar, it must be the Branksome's dog. "What do you think it is?"

"A deer. I think it's a bleeding deer, Dad."

"How can you see blood?" I don't know what to do, should I let him take charge?

"The moon is helping me."

Tom's hand drops from mine, he hops forward.

"Go see what's wrong with its skin," I can feel he needs to go to it.

Tom scrunches his spine back and up, he looks like he's been hit by the cool pressure of drinking a liter of water in one go. He doesn't look at me. He crawls his feet towards the creature. The bitch doesn't seem to notice his shadow. I still can't see any blood, I'm far off. Tom walks steady onto the bleachers, and takes a seat, faces straight ahead of him, like in a classroom. In the light, I see her slink out from under him. She paws at his feet, he isn't tempted, he sits. She leaves a string of substance on his foot to her paw, it shines, maybe she's bleeding. But a cloud takes the light from us. I'm walking over, I need to hear what he's learnt. I get there and she isn't anymore.

"Dad. It was a dog. She showed me how she makes her skin stronger," he speaks direct and cool, without before's excitement.

I smile. "So what do you know now?"

"Well she stretches, licks her fur, and lets herself bleed sometimes, but she isn't bleeding now, don't worry, it was just mud that she was playing in that we saw shimmer, so I guess the moon tricked us. She plays a lot and goes on adventures away from her owners, but she'll be back to see her new pup in the morning," he comes down to me, and we walk to get a look at the rook.

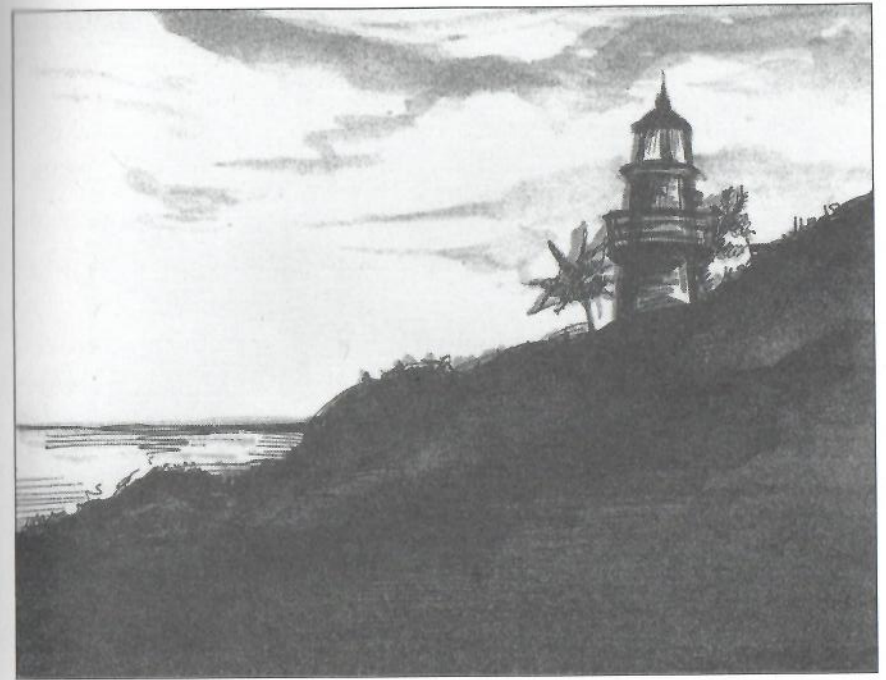
"Did you get the impression she has to think about making her skin strong, like plan?"

"Well, no. It was like she just feels that she'll be back for her pup, she doesn't over-plan."

I pick him up, let him sit on my hips and he nudges into my shoulder.

"Hey Tom, I think the rink has been iced."

But he's breathing sleep into my neck. I walk him home, tight together on the street, in the door quiet, boots off and up to bed. I slip into our bed. Nat can't hold grudges while she sleeps. I press a cold hand into hers, she smiles and she feels I'm on my way to sleep. And Tom, we'll get our skates tomorrow, all three of us.



LIGHTHOUSE - Janet Chow

HOMELAND - Rebecca Nie



digitus primus
BY: RACHEL PARIS

You say one is "all thumbs"
with more than a hint of negativity.
Thumbs are fumbling,
graceless.

Bending only twice where all others
can bend at three points,
alas, they are truly lacking.

Stubby and thick, they cannot
match the elegance of any
neighbouring digit.

A disgrace, a blemish
on the otherwise perfect
design of your hand.

But try to go a day,
just one, without these
outcast appendages.

Then will you discover
the true meaning of clumsy
as you struggle with knobs,
buttons and zips.

You take for granted the ease they give
your daily tasks and malign them with
that wretched expression,
"all thumbs".

Excuse yourself, and give credit where 'tis due.
Of fingers you have eight; of thumbs, you have but two.

Lemon Orchard
BY: MATTO MILDENBERGER

Apple trees make apples
They told me in grade school
Stern faced and tense fingered

We had a summer
Full of whistling in the orchards
Do you remember that fateful weekend?

We wheeled around with my father's ladder
Dashing and darting

Pears must go on the lemon tree you said
And apples on the peach trees

After a while we lost interest
Lofty ambitions staid
Barely a half dozen trees switched
Yet yards and yards of twine
Hanging those delicious fruits in forbidden places

But the look on his face
Coming the next Tuesday for the harvest
And finding things not where expected

He chuckled, thought the prank most amusing
But wasn't fooled
Apple trees still make apples, he muttered
Even if I pick them off lemon trees

John Koziar

A Walnut of Woes

Zooby Zooby is running running running. Running is all she does.

*

Where is Jane? Where is John? Jane and John are on the porch. The porch overlooks the ocean. Jane says: "Hi, I'm Jane." And John says: Hello, it's nice to meet you." Jane and John watch all the things that are going on.

*

The great ticker tape in the sky.

*

[INSANATICS] Hey there guys, I know I'm not supposed to be in this plot but I just wanted to apologize for the name. I mean, Insanatics? How dumb is that? Sorry you had to hear me repeating it again and again throughout these messages.

*

Boutros Boutros Ghali, former secretary general of the UN.

*

MACBETH

I have almost forgot the taste of fears;
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me.
(Re-enter SEYTON)
Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON

The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

*

And baby says: I don't want to die.
Baby sits and watches The March of the Ages. (A new soap opera.)

*

Sarah and Susan are clothes shopping with Tyler.

*

A preponderance of provision.

*

[NEWSFLASH] Mathematical Researchers today discovered that contrary to all previous information, pi is in fact a rational number. Also, there are exactly pi million billion sentient life forms living in the universe. The last digit of this number is 3.

*

"Hey."

"I read you're story."

"It's 'your' by the way, and how did you like it?"

"Why did you write 'mmm Tyler' in parentheses after introducing his character?"

"Maybe it's because I have a secret infatuation with a guy whose first name is Tyler."

"First name? What's his last name?"

"What's the hypothetical last name of the hypothetical person with whom I have an hypothetical infatuation?"

"Yes."

"Wingrave."

*

Chaos has long been our friend and ally.

*

Wazoo!

An orange carrot's my favourite kind
you trim it back and peel its rind
and when you're done inside you find
a tinier orange carrot.

*

guppy guppy guppy guppy RUNNING RUNNING guppy guppy

RUNNING guppy. (I should mention that the words 'guppy' and 'zooby' are awfully similar.)

*

Hi, I'm the writer. Writing this right now. I'm talking to you, while writing. I just wanted to say...

Okay, we'll do this the hard way. Picture me sitting behind a desk, in front of a camera. The camera is pointing at me for an upper-body shot. Like when the Prime Minister gives a national address. To make it seem more personal, I lean forward and adjust the camera a bit. You're sitting at home, watching me.

Hi, I just wanted to say that this story you're reading is actually a film, and I am actually the director.

*

Hi this is the director again, I just wanted to say I'm sorry if the swearing offended anybody.

*

Son, take up the crown. You are the only one your mother will support. You would be a good king. I put the past behind us.

*

Okay, hilarious anecdote time. In grade six or something, I once wrote this story where. Uh... Well I don't remember what it was about but it had this large club on the front. I remember now, it was a Star Wars parody. They had clubs instead of lightsabers. I suppose I had just read Star Wars and that influenced me. You know despite having a horrible name, Star Wars wasn't at all bad. Or at least it didn't seem to be bad at the time. Any way, the point is that at one point in the story the narrative is @*&^\$@#^%@*&#\$ _____

THIS IS THE DARK LORD SPEAKING, I HAVE TAKEN CONTROL OF THE NARRATIVE. THIS ANECDOTE DOES NOT PLEASE ME, AND SHALL END NOW.

*

Where are John and Jane? They are on the porch overlooking the sea. Jane says: "This is one crazy fucked-up world we live in." John says: "So crazily fucked-up a world that a good deal of people think that everything's going to be okay. [Wbua'f dhhgngvba znexf unir ab raq naq ab ortvaavat.]

*

[NEWSFLASH] Pi million billion sentient life forms from over one trillion different galaxies and dimensions died today when the universe ceased to e—

*

Run, Zooby Zooby, run! Zooby Zooby is running.

Fridge Poetry

BY: CHANA HOFFMITZ

Cat Nap

Dreams dressed in bitter blue
[Places] still with whispered beauty
One raw moment
Smoothed of eternity
As two shadows shine lazy
Drunk with sweet wintery language

Vitreous

The bare smell of sleep
Runs honeyed and hot over your skin
Recalling rain rusted garden petals
Needlessly void of vision

Unaddressed

BY: LEAH STOKES

We will be coming
Marked with red
Stained with history's unaddressed
Past ceilings, by walls
Breaking backs, breasts abreast

We will be coming
Pushing hands back
Ashamed of no wronged
Touched by goddess tongue
We will come

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE CONTRIBUTORS:

SUMMET BADH, OT9, is a quiet Biology & Neurology student from the heart of suburbia, living out her fantasies of being an urbanite.

ANA BRADI, OT8, enjoys photographing small details in everyday scenes. She also likes painting and design, and wishes she had more time to practice both. She studies both Human Biology and Psychology.

WILLIAM BURR, OT8, specializing in English literature, is originally from Ottawa. Favourite authors include Mordechai Richler, Alice Munro, Anne Carson, and Stephen Chbosky.

JANET CHOW, OT7, is pursuing a joint specialist in International Relations and Peace and Conflict Studies. She contributes her time to various campus groups including the G8 Research Group and the Social Justice Committee at Hart House. In her spare time, Janet enjoys experimenting with various visual styles and media, including painting, photography, illustration, and sculpture. Her work has been displayed at the Museum of Contemporary Canadian Art.

ROSEMARY BOLICH, OT9, lived in small-town Alabama for a while and belonged to her school's 75 Mile Club. This meant that she ran 75 miles over the course of her 5th grade year. She now hates running and is baffled by her involvement in this organization. Instead, she spends her time listening to M.I.A. and worrying about climate change.

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JOHN KOZIAR, 1T0: If you want to know something about John Koziar, ask him. He can usually be found in the washroom in the basement of Welch, washing his hands; but not with the soap they give you here, no, that stuff's no good; with his own soap, not with the stuff they give you here, no no, that stuff's no good the stuff they give you here, no.

MATTHEW KUPFER, 1T0, was born to loving parents who kept him on a steady diet of "pencil crayons" and comic books (against their better judgment and at the mercy of his incessant pleas); Matthew was destined to pursue a career in fine arts. Never one to respond well to any authority (even that of Greek women weaving in an Athens basement), he is currently pursuing International Relations and History (and who knows what else).

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KSENIJA SPASIC, OT7: My grandmother's reddening finger traced words on the snow. In short white breaths I was dictating my first poem. I was five. Since then, the words have bred and diversified, but the puzzle of their ordering continues to thrill me. I am currently finishing a degree in English and Classics while trying to wheedle my way into a Creative Writing Masters. Lately, I've been enamored with Australia, John Steinbeck and my sister.

LEAH STOKES, OT7, is an avid reader, writer, canoeist and biker (the pedal variety.) Double majoring in Psychology and Buddhism & Asian Religions, she is past Editor of *Salterrae* and her poetry has been published in the *Hart House Review*. After graduation, she plans to pursue journalism.

FIONA TAYLOR, OT7, is studying Biochemistry, Human Biology, and Economics. In addition to capturing moments in time through digital photography, she enjoys experimenting in the kitchen, traveling the world, and partaking in athletic activities of all sorts, from martial arts and ballroom dancing to sailing and cycling.

KATE TREBUSS, OT7, is currently studying English at the University of Toronto, where she will be completing her Masters next year. She almost never does any creative writing; the only two things she has written in the past four years have both been wrestled from her by the wonderful, lovely editor of this esteemed publication; but, she is truly grateful for this editor's persistence and encouragement.

YIZHENG YANG, OT7, currently in his last year of a Philosophy and Physics degree, loves pondering mind-bending questions and sharing precious moments of life with others. In his spare time, he enjoys feeding squirrels leftover Chinese food and speaking nonsensically in foreign languages. Let's hope he can find himself next year when he moves to Paris.



Awards, as judged by Professor Randy Boyagoda, 9T9, will be given out by the Review on Wednesday, April 11th, in the following categories:

Best Short Fiction
Best Poetry (1st, 2nd & 3rd)
Best Visual Art (non-photographic)
Best Photography (1st, 2nd & 3rd)

