

The
Trinity
University
Review

Winter
2007-2008

The Trinity University Review

Winter 2007-2008
Issue One



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This publication was funded by the Trinity College Meeting and readers like you. Content © 2008, the contributors.

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Emily Swinkin
Creepers

Creeping: like the wash of the moon
across your window
and along the corners of your mouth
before your smile cracks it
into one thousand pieces
that fall through the air
completely unaware that they are coming home
to me.

I'll creep for you
and dance and slide
into your world
and among the jungles you've thrown up
hastily
upon these walls
after you made peace
with your imagination
and let your hands run wild
while I watched
and listened to the secrets
you sprayed like a mist
into your thick jungled madness.
Could I contain you
within myself?
Your shadow would consume me
before I could take a step in your direction –
and still,
your kindness overwhelms me.
So, let me creep and crane
beneath the stars
whilst I extend my arm
and take you for a walk
through an afternoon park.

Chris Pugh
My Mistress' Tentacles

You have me mesmerized with all your charms.
I see your eyes through double-u shaped holes.
Hold me tight within your eight long arms,
And wrap around me with your tentacles.

Just like it lifts my heart when you are near,
Your porous bone assures your buoyancy.
Your colours change to make you disappear,
But darling, won't you reappear for me?

I know you have a tough internal shell.
I know your suckers are denticulate.
But through all that you know that I can tell
That you are my perpetual soul mate.

And every night I lie awake and wish
To be with you, my perfect cuttlefish.

Macy Siu
Please Hold Handrail



Lara Daniel
A Criticism of the Sun Salutation

With one downward dog
I become the Buddha.
Enlightenment at my fingertips
-this warm cigarette in winter.

Feet pressed into the mat like an impermanent stamp
Fades within seconds
Off into the universe somewhere
Making holes in planets
Or cheeses.

He can lift his body five centimetres off of the ground
still look you in the eye
Ask you to be as strong
As that Yogi of 10 years

I'll tell you what,
Mr. "When -life- gives- you - lulu-lemon,
Make- yourself- into -a- pretzel!"
I don't bend that way
I can't salute the sun with clear conscience,
It's burning holes in my mind
As I try to study Olde English in the quadrangle
It's burned my skin so many times
Left marks,
I won't salute the sun that turns moles to other
- more frightening things

The moon is witness,
To my academic indifference.

Give me a moon salutation
And I'll bend til' sun-rise.

The couch never asked me,
to relax.
(We had an under-standing)

This
is
Sid.

Sid is sighing, livid in scribbling his light lit. whilst drinking six pints in Rick's. Sid isn't signing it. Ink spills. Fighting Irish, Sid's fists swing. Sid is sick, thinking: "this is it." Sid's writing isn't fit print. It's shit. Sid's Brit chick, Mimi, sits with this wilting pink iris (his first gift). Sidling Sid grins, kissing Mimi's thick, silk lips. Sid thrills Mimi. Mimi licks. Sid finds shirts inhibiting, his limbs limp. In blinding night, Sid is Mimi's shining knight. If in Rick's, Sid, biting shrimps, drinks milk with fig grits. Sid fills his wish. Sid picks fish, which tricks his mind. Missing his pills, Sid kills in sinking ships whilst singing. Sid sins. Hiding his rig, Sid whips, fibs, blinks. His shrink, Sir Finn, is still clinging. Risking snitching, swimming Sid fills with silt. Sid sights hills. It is spring: birds flit high, big firs, birch twigs, bright light. Crisis! Sid's wings hiss in flight, his lisp ringing. Skidding Sid kicks, ripping the tip. Willing, Sid shirks plight. With his girl, Sid shrinks, living in films. This is Sid, in kilts, knitting skirts, smirking.

fin

Justine Yu
Where Is My Home?

Displaced, lost. I don't belong here.
No, this is not my home.

The sweltering sun burns my flesh;
Beads of sweat drip down my chin.
No, this is not my home.

I hear the women cry
Like their babies who have died.
I feel the men quiver
Though they try to hide it.

I look at all these travesties
That surround me...
No, this is not my home.

Stripped of our identity
We are faceless, soulless, Godless now.
Who are you and who am I?

Oh, help me find my home.

Daniel Gatto
Distrain au Resto

Femme aux épaules rosées,
Fumées sinistrement par une cigarette légère.
L'oeil n'arrête de donner des coups.
Visage: quelconque, peu importe.
Chaque souple flexion intoxique.
Accent rauque, mais bourré de vin rouge.
Nuit sans eau, la soif demeure...

David Bowden

The Devil¹ in Miss Jones²

It's strange to think³ that thirty years ago
This thing really happened; it goes to show⁴
That our most primal⁵ and animal⁶ lust⁷
In three decade's time⁸ is now only just
Some outmoded⁹ pop shot¹⁰, some artifact¹¹
Of porn and pop-culture¹², barely intact.
But how can this be?¹³ In thirty years time¹⁴,
Even the ways we fuck¹⁵ won't be in line¹⁶
With fads¹⁷ and styles and fashions then so chic¹⁸,
And then we'll patch¹⁹ (with footnotes)²⁰ up the leaks
Of the new obviousnesses²¹, new Hardcores²²,
That from that time, existed throughout ours²³.

1 In popular Christian Mythology, one who bewitches, damns, cozens, haunts, jaunts, and taunts -- not to be confused with a poet.

2 Pornographic movie, 1973, director Gerard Damiano (formerly of Deep Throat). Contains sex, torture, and eternal damnation, all of which were then very much in good taste.

3 thought -- could mean a) pertaining to a hypothetical situation intended to contextualize current events. Cf: Plato's Republic, the state of nature thought experiments of Thomas Hobbes and John Locke, and Carrie Bradshaw's Sex in the City

b) a formerly common use of the head, established c.200 CE with Academic Skepticism, briefly in fashion for the English-speaking world during modern times, beginning with The Royal Society in the late 17th century, and ending in America with the Evangelists' Great Revival in the mid 19th century.

4 Like dogs, cars, horses, or people -- anything that can turn a profit by being pretty.

5 Animalistic, pertaining to the base actions that exist before the imposition of civilized human society.

6 Primal, pertaining to the base actions that exist in reaction to the imposition of civilized human society.

7 A condition of excitement already proven to be subject to material decay, as evidenced by the late Andrew Marvel, "Your quaint honor turn to dust, / And into ashes all my lust."

8 ie: thirty years, or ten plus ten plus ten years, or the square root of twenty-five times six years or three years less than the age of Jesus Christ at the time of his Crucifixion.

9 outmoded, out-modeled, passé, commoner-throttled.

10 Pertaining to basketball, pornographic ejaculation, or any other exercise in male domination.

11 See "The Devil in Miss Jones", David Bowden, 2007.

12 these two facets of society being sometimes indistinguishable and always interrelated.

13 rhetorical question, rendered unnecessary by the delayed nature of the message and the following lines which purport to answer that which has needlessly been asked.

14 making the total time/space trajectory sixty years, or six decades, or the average between the lifespan of the average American coal miner and the average American executive, two fictions that when combined yield a third.

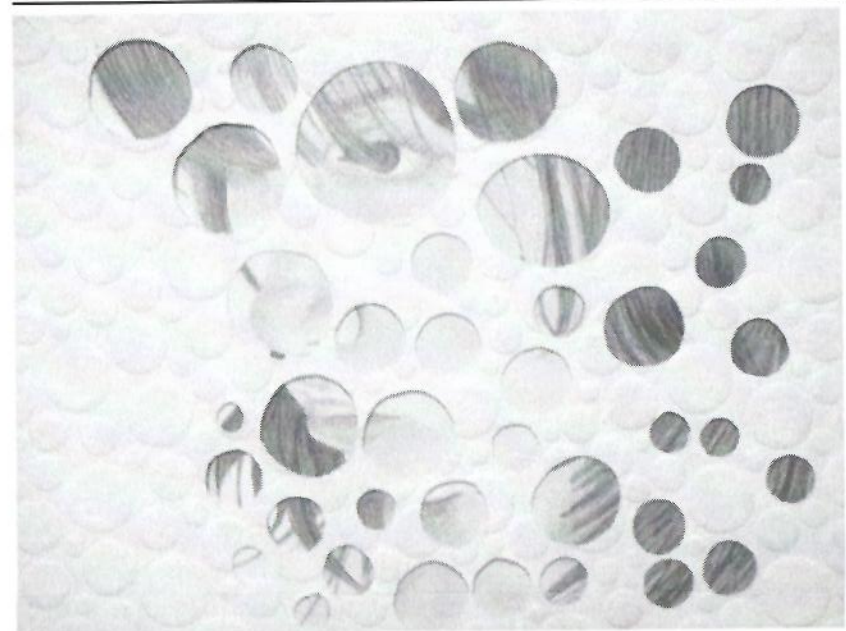
15 Ancient and Germanic word with no consistent definition, now vulgar in most contexts.

16 An enthymeme, designed to distract the reader from a pun.

17 Pet rocks, Tamogachis, and Doggy-style

Amelia Cheston

Self-Portrait



18 Pronounced in the French manner, rendering "chic" (at the time of this poem's composition) an exact rhyme to "leak"

19 The cohesive push of a society of problem-solvers, steam rolling over ambiguities in the triumph of understanding.

20 Obvious self-reference. Self-indulgent, out-datedly postmodern.

21 sic, a poetic license

22 Porn-positive term; glorification of the taboo, celebration of delicious filth.

23 Shameless anachronism that supposes the future to precede the present.

Stephen Job
ego, Ecclesia

I saw a church:
Too great for me, I mused beneath a lonesome tree.
I wondered: Is it great at all?
Does God require roof and wall?

For what cathedral touches sky?
Which book exceeds the Artist's eye?
Who claims to know of nature's start?
My dogma is the human heart.

I've made my church the sunny sky,
With nothing 'tween my God and I.
Come share it, friend, but not with me;
Your God is only known to thee.

I saw a church too poor for me.
I smiled with the sun.

Asuma Brennan
Days Like Kidney Stones

Days pass like kidney stones
Slowly one by one,
You can't get through without
Your worst enemy: Caffeine.
Water becomes unfavourable it makes you pee.
Going potty is another job among
All you already have to do.
Week after week, month after month
All you want is to make it through the year
You feel pain every minute that passes
You sweat every hour you live
The sun rises so early and sets at the latest hour
The clock is not in your control, it's eternal.

John Koziar
Pour les Arpèges Composés

Dark. A warm darkness. This is outside. There's a building, new, elegant. It has light shining from inside it. Our car is parked. Inside there's a warm light. And something playing. It's... either Rachmaninov or jazz.

No, It's Debussy's *etudes*, or wait, maybe it's *d'un cahier d'esquisses*. Who cares.

"I've never seen someone look at food like you do."

"What, like I'm hungry?"

"No like..."

Like there's something there to be learned? From the food? Hm. The music is certainly live, though, in the middle of the restaurant there's a beautiful piano, new, elegant. It has a light shining from inside it. Our car is parked.

Dessert is, what? It has fruit in it. I don't know what it is but it gives me a feeling of... a feeling of...

The appetizers came with wine. He chose the wine for us. There are a lot of, windows, all around. The ceiling is high. Outside the windows is guilty blackness. Inside the windows is soft, muted, warm, light. Our table-cloth is white. Our clothes are black.

"I've never seen someone look at food like you do."

"What, are you saying I look hungry?"

"No, like there's something there for you to find out. From the food."

"mmm"

A warm darkness, this is outside, inside, there's a warmth, and a feeling of, a feeling of.

"You know I love your eyes. I just love your eyes."

"Thanks for that, I've never been able to tell what I look like myself so I need people to tell me.

"Okay that might've sounded like sarcasm, but..."

But it wasn't. It was absolute truth. It was, absolute, truth.

The music is a dancer, dancing around, not taking our attention for a second, but only in moments and glances. It works.

Asparagus? Artichoke hearts? White wine? What kind of soup is this? What's in this soup? It's all delicious. Outside the windows is the blue of the sea all around, and everything inside is white, the

white of the natural sun. Our table-cloth is yellow, our clothes are white. It's daytime outside, and the blue of the sea is all around.

"You know I love your eyes. I just love your eyes."

"Thanks for that. I, I've never, been able to look in a mirror and see anyone other than myself; I've never been able to judge myself. I really need people to tell me when they think I have, when they like my eyes."

Maybe we dance, and why not? It's the perfect day. It's the perfect night. Warm darkness outside. Warm light inside. And just a feeling of, Just a hint of...

Just a hint of...

Just a hint of.

Shannon Garden-Smith

Steve



Elizabeth Grossi Spreading Green

Suspended in the afternoon rose glow
Hangs wetness and warmth. But there is an absence
Amidst the haunting dusty hue.
The sky becomes smaller and smaller
It is moving inward in front of you.

Lingering in the collapsing light
He remembers faultless beliefs.
A moment passes,
It filters through time like a melting sun
In this place of suspended magic.

The day is dead. A sad promise remains
In the ethereal, devoid light. Everything
In utter nothingness. The dreams are
Dancing in his head, they court and court
But he is half-dead.

Forever in his mind is the music of
So many meanings. It promises him the world.
As the water darkens love waits nearby,
Always out of reach, visible against the sky.
A heat sinks in more ways than one as it unfurls.

Energy, then coldness and heaviness mingling
With beautiful starlight. His skin is tickled
By slimy, slender fingers of chill.
He will lose his way
Unless he is well-versed in pain.

Like so many before, the sun has gone.
Soft blossoms effortlessly fly while the
Water cries with him. Feelings are meaningless
Sinking beneath the surface. Ever flowing
Darkness, swirling and whirling and twirling.
Beautiful boy,
Now you are safe in this mess,
No longer a parcel of sadness.

Janet Li

Doucement

Snow *falling*

falling

falling

Cedars, gentle and white

Lonely, lonely

Desolate dance

I dance for me in this land.

The echoes are soft

Indiscrete half murmurs.

Winds sound here

there

elsewhere.

Chimes of falling flakes,

here

there

elsewhere.

Tread softly on the cotton

soft

soft

so soft

Doucement, mon cheri

Where am I?

Where?

Spinning and turning

Whispers drowning

Murmurs blurring

Everywhere,

Elsewhere.

gently

gently

I tread, *gently*.

And dance,

spinning

and laughing.

My laughter echoes...

in your mind.

Fariya Mohiuddin
The Three Scooters



Shawn Mitchell

Fasciné par le jardin exotique



Sophia Balagamwala
Urdu Collage



Stephanie Gouinlock
Flight

Martina Zanetti
Gear (April 12th, 2007)



Alley Kurgan
Sausagefest



Deepak Chandan
Jasper National Park (Alberta)



Olivia Chan
At Dusk





Matthew Kupfer
Places In-Between

Shawn Mitchell
Bathing in the Setting Sun



Emily Hofstetter
The Pocketknife

I'd forgotten. It was as forgotten as the box, as its lifetime neighbours in the box, as the box, as the point of forgetting, as the moment, as the day – not quite as the day. The day after the day made me forget, twenty-five years ago.

But there it was, lying there, mocking me, on this terrible December day that would haunt my dreams.

It's pretty easy, stealing, I realized. When you're a kid.

It had been snowing, December then. The dog barked from inside the Toyota as it got covered further in snow, the longer we lingered in the corner store. Milk, I think. We were there for milk, got side tracked by the granola, stocking up on logs for the fireplace, and a wreath. But it was the chocolate bar that I wanted.

Aren't chocolate bars innocent? Sweet, nutty, small, innocuous. It was the littlest one. And I don't want to talk about the fight. You think I stole a chocolate bar? And kept it for twenty-five years?

I spat out the blood from my mouth and my father had to talk to the store man and he had to clean it and there was a bustle to try and clean it around the other customers and in that I took the last feather-engraved KodoMan pocketknife. I put it in my pocket. I mean, I remember my four year old self being infuriated, but I couldn't have been more than angry, vengeful and spiteful – more with the store man because you couldn't be mad at your father when you're four, not so easily as with the store man, not even if you want to – and the store man was the one who had chocolate bars that were expensive and gave me a look that made me think he was glad I got beat.

The next day, my dad's boss gets killed in a car accident and my dad loses his job. And so I go to live with my aunt, because my parents are on what I thought was called bread roll, which was of course not "bread roll" but --. I'd thrown the knife into the bottom of a box.

Hah, bread roll. Of course my aunt just passed. Today we searched the must basement, the first glance at the things you have to sort and hand out to greedy relatives, who don't want to be greedy, but now that she's dead...

I put it back in the box, and left the box on the ground, marked with a big X. Those were for the Salvation Army.

That night I dreamed about a surgeon who looked like Jesus or my son or the store man, except he didn't *look* like them. He was the store man and my son and he was Jesus and wings sprouted from his back and feathers were tattooed like black veins down his arms, and they attached themselves a great knife with which he cut me open. An enormous chunk of body was removed in a rectangle, like a vulgar, fatty cake, or was it a stone slab? from my chest, and then I could look up and see myself looking at myself, only I was small, and I had a KodoMan T-shirt. I tried to turn to see Jesus again, and found myself awake, soaked.

I had removed my T-shirt in my sleep, and it was around my neck. My son was standing next to the bed, unsure.

"What is it?" I whispered.

"Can I have a glass of water?" I sighed, relieved, and got up.

It took me three more days before I packed up that box and brought it home. But then it was mine again, and thoughts of Daniel with it were distracting, so I hid it deeper in the basement. Then Betty found the box under the Christmas decorations and asked if it was garbage. I grabbed it from her and hid it again, behind the garden tools.

The thing got larger in my dreams, and more hideous. It sawed down the Christmas tree, one night.

Betty phoned at work the next day. "Daniel's old enough for something a little more manly than cars. My brother got a switchblade years ago for his son, what do you think?" I felt so sick I went home. As I drove through the snow, I repeated a mantra: "It must go, it must go, the thing must go."

The day my aunt's basement yielded another surprise was the day I left. It was a phone book of my father's, which she'd likely kept to search through. She was a pack rat.

"What are you doing?"

"Packing."

"What? What's wrong? Why? Thomas, what did I do?"

"Nothing, Betty, shh. You'll wake Daniel."

"You can't leave now. Christmas is in two and a half weeks."

"I'm not leaving you. I have to return something."

"Return what where?"

"Just something I found."

"You haven't stolen anything, have you?"

"NO! Just let me take care of it, please? It's really important

to me. I found it in Aunt Jenny's basement, and I realized it should be returned."

"What is this, Thomas? I've never seen you like this before."

"Let me. I'll call you. I will explain, but I can't explain until I get rid of it. It has to go, Betty. I have to get it out of the house, out of me."

"What?"

"Please!"

Drive, drive, drive on through the snow, past the plows and the salt trucks, drive, drive to the lost ark. I tried the radio, couldn't listen but intermittently. Every other song I'd turn the dial to something else, search with one hand on the wheel and then snap it off in agitation. It was six hours to Sudbury, on a good day, and the weather lengthened the trip. God, I hated people with cell phones. I struggled with my left hand to keep the finger down as I passed them and hunched down again over the dash.

Sudbury's a sort of grey city. So's Hamilton, Brockville, Peterborough, and Toronto when it's cold. I haven't been to London, but I expect it's the same. Kingston isn't grey, it's kind of beige, and Ottawa, well, we lived there a little while, and the suburbs are grey. Downtown is too dense with red brick and glass to make a proper guess. But we were outside Sudbury, in a little town, now suburb.

We used to get bears a lot. When Selena, my sister, was found allergic, we didn't get them so often, because we stopped getting peanut butter. My friends and I would go and watch them at the city dump, late at night when we could sneak in the hole in the fence the bears made. Toby, Will, Peter, Jake, Tom. After Will's father died, I didn't really see any of them, because we moved around a lot. Will and I were the younger, and we didn't have pocketknives yet.

I only knew the street names, driving into town. There were subdivisions where there were only fields, and you couldn't see straight through to the landmarks anymore. The church wasn't anywhere to be seen, and the snow was only making it worse, blowing and blusting and bugging me up. People weren't out much, but their Christmas lights sung with weak heart through the flakes. I knew I'd hit Main Street when I could see by the Christmas strings and window displays alone.

Left turn off of the very far end of Main Street, into the parking lot at the back of what was now the box mall, a new thing. The corner store used to stand alone, at number 668, and the parking

lot's name was "Paradise – Home of the Hot Spot".

Wheel in, park, fumble with the buckle (ding ding ding shut up shut up shut up), turn the car off. Finger for the knife, there! jump out and – *the keybuggerhellnokeys* – locked out. I rattled with the door handle a minute and then slapped the side. And then I turned to go to speak to Mr. Ricton.

It wasn't there.

There was a great big hole of rubble and snow and ice. On either side there were modern buildings that would have squished the corner store into a mouse hole. One was Jesse's Jumping Joint – Beer and Beer, with a flashing neon sign of a roll-your-own. The other was the infamous Hot Spot – "We'll find yours". Bzzt bzzt – adult adult.

As I approached, I could see snow-pants striations of a slide in the ice, on the rubble of what once was. The only thing remaining was a broken parking meter, and the paint on the empty parking space, "Ricton's only".

I made the CAA call from inside Jesse's, and turned onto Main Street. It wasn't my home. It was just as if I'd gotten lost on a journey to the moon. I don't really want to talk about it. You know, when you go home to a place that isn't home anymore, and that someone else thinks they've taken possession of.

The church with the steeple was fifteen minutes down the road, and it had a new sign with removable letters: "Advent carols, Sunday December 6th". There was singing inside, and I entered. The church wasn't as alien. It had kept the altar in the same place, had the same sort of smell, the same holy water, the same upright piano, the same pews. Some people were glancing in the direction of the draft, so I hung up my coat in the vestibule and sat in the back row. It wasn't full, but I dared not move up much farther. I refused to see the PJTTW carved into the back of one pew, almost score years ago, with Jake's new feather engraved pocketknife. Will had so wanted one.

And there he was; Will. He still looked smaller than me. His hair was still blonde, and he sat next to a woman I did not recognize. For twenty minutes I enjoyed the view of my old friend, undisturbed and cozy, and I thought of a gallant idea.

He couldn't believe it was me. We shook hands and hugged and shook hands and laughed, and I met his wife Sandy. His two sons were with their friends, and his daughter clung to his wife's hand.

"How old now?"

"The eldest is Jacob, and he's 9."

"That's about when I saw you last."

"Yes, I remember," he said, with a warm, sad smile.

"I was thinking of the time we engraved our names. Are they still here?"

"Yes!" he laughed, "Would you like to see them?"

"In a moment, of course. Perhaps you would like this," I smiled, holding back a laugh. I handed him the knife.

"What is this?"

"It's a KodoMan pocketknife."

"Do you think you're funny? Do you think you're joking? What kind of bastard did you become, Tom?"

"What?"

"What the hell *is* this? Why? It's not, easy you know. I know you had it bad, but how bad do you think it was to actually lose a *father*, not just a job?" He was yelling now, drawing everyone's eyes, and his wife had unconsciously pulled the daughter backwards.

"What, Will, what? What did-"

He punched me across the face. I stumbled. He did it again. And again. There was metal taste and pain and fire and the floor and his weight beating me, shaking and sobbing and yelling and a crowd, and me trying to get up as they pulled him off me, shouting, "My father died! He *died* trying to get me that pocketknife for Christmas!"

Linda Hanyu Liang

Dim Brightness



Renée Jackson

Other

Caliban on my tongue
half-fish, alive in a wet mouth
open to the fallen leaves, damp
against the earth, drawing up
a verdant stench.

Caliban in my hands
slippery fish, an icy devil
in deadline November, in the still dawn
or the cold wet afternoon, slippery.

Caliban in my pen
pressed into a page
other-other, savage-heart
under, the wrong coat
the wrong scarf
the wrong hat, under
my wrong warm skin.

Katarina French

Bra Slinging at GAP Body (Bay & Bloor)

The lace
is a cage
for your breasts;
wild and young.

Walking to the Metro

In a fogged car window
I saw the outlines of
some garlanded Christmas tree
drawn in by some small fingers
a child makes it; so amusing
and pleasing for me.

Zachary C. Irving

Plain Windows

Geography

The Rockies slip through cloud
like a fin slips through the mottled skin of water.

Or like the continents, before they fall
beneath the breakers, keeping no famous names.

Seeing in those juts of rock,
just how firm land was
before bodies sprung root,
paw and foot, to soften it.

Geometry

Boxed stages of green,
grassland chalked up into idols
of geometry, only mussed
by one bone-like patch of house,
and a lake the shape of threshed wheat.

Jennifer Loeb

Ode to My Left Purple Birkenstock

THOU stalwart, bold unearthèd thing
Thou tried and true, tenacious shoe
Thy royal colour fit for kings
Thy sign of peace of late accrue
Thy twisted clasp of rustic sheen
Wherein the zest of Zeus doth dwell
Comprise yon multifarious mien
Endowed to battle ice and hell
Thou machinate piece of purple dark –
Art thou the sole, sole soul so stark?

The shoe doth make the girl, perchance?
Indubitably so, in this circumstance
For the essence of me would not be without
The pomp and the pride that my mule brings about
Thou mule, art a shoe, with no back to conceal
My weak and defenseless Achilles' heel
The meek hide away in their heavy wool socks
Whilst I brave the elements in thou, Birkenstock
Upon thou, purple shoe; I walk the world foul or fair
And tread th'insecure terrain of impalpable air.

Thou perfect piece for my pedantry pied
Dost thou have a right shoe in thy hidden caché?

Contributors

Winter 2007-2008

Sophia Balagamwala

David Bowden is a 3rd year English Specialist at the University of Toronto. He grew up outside of Atlanta, GA, and has been an avid fan of both poetry and pornography his entire life.

Asuma Brennan is a second year student working towards a global health specialist degree. She enjoys traveling especially in Africa, Europe and USA. She loves to dance. She writes about things that transform her understanding of life and the world. Her life has been shaped by her experiences with different cultures and her curiosity to test limits.

Olivia Chan is a third year undergraduate student double majoring in nutritional sciences and environmental science. She pursues photography as a leisure activity during free time. It is an activity that is incorporated with many other personal interests. Photos are often taken during strolls within Toronto's natural areas and diverse neighbourhoods as well as during travels beyond this city. Other times, everyday events could also lend to wonderful photo opportunities.

Deepak Chandan, currently 21 years old, is a third year student residing in St.Hilda's College. He is currently working towards an Honours degree in physics. He intends to become a university professor and work in the fields of high energy physics, black holes and grand unification theories. He is also interested in photography, mathematics, computational complexity theory, cryptography & cryptanalysis and ballistic missile guidance systems. He is also single and looking.

Amelia Cheston is a first year at Trinity who plans to major in sociology. She completed the Regional Arts Program in visual arts at Cawthra Park Secondary School in Mississauga. On her free time she plays soccer and works at an animal hospital.

Lara Daniel enjoys writing poetry, but does not enjoy the process of submitting it and or having it criticized. That being said, she decided to participate in the one thing at Trinity that requires this to function. She wrote 'A Criticism of the Sun Salutation' after a series of yoga classes that left her feeling sore and inflexible. In her spare time Lara likes to call others kanga-rude, rude-e-guiliani's, and pablo ne-rude-a's if she feels they are being rude to her. Lara thinks this is witty. Lara has not received a laugh yet. Lara waits.

Kristina Francescutti is a first-year Trinity student planning to double-major in History and English. She greatly enjoys reading, creative writing, and harmonica solos in folk songs. Aside from scholastic details, Kristina also blogs for the Salterrae and is interested in cats, gourmet cooking, Victoriana, and all things French.

Katarina French is in her fourth year of studies, with third year standing at U of T, and has just a breath more than a year's worth of credits. She has published plays, produced a few, too, and contributed to smutty Montreal zines.

Shannon Garden-Smith is a first year humanities student hailing from Stratford, Ontario. Her passion lies within the field of visual arts, which she is pursuing in the form of an undergraduate degree in art history. Her love of the arts, however, is not confined to visual art. From her earliest years, she demonstrated an affinity for pink tutus, which compelled her to study ballet and subsequently highland dancing.

Daniel Gatto is a second year student working towards a BA with a specialization in French Language and Literature, as well

as a minor in History. This year at Trinity, he founded the Trinity College Italian Film Club. Daniel also serves as a Director of the Trinity-Spadina Federal Liberal Riding Association and is a compliance analyst with the G8 Research Group. Daniel plans to pursue an MA in French Language and Literature and an LLB/BCL.

Elizabeth Grossi finds consolation in creating and appreciating art. She enjoys writing often, in some form or other, and reading, especially postmodern literature.

Stephanie Gouinlock lives in the world of food webs, population distributions, and phylogenetic trees as a third year evolutionary biology major, where her heroes are Mendel and Darwin. However, at night her alter ego is unleashed where she changes from studying fruit flies to snapping away at everyday beauty with her digital camera, and channeling Picasso and Renoir in her paintings and drawings.

Linda Hanyu Liang is a psychology specialist. In her spare time, she enjoys reading novels, listening to music, and socialising with friends. She's also keen in fulfilling her mission as a paparazzi and taking pictures of people at the most random moment.

Emily Hofstetter is a singing, stress-loving, Darwin-hugging bookworm. She dreams of seriously dating Shakespeare and Malthus, and hopes that she might be a professor, because then she'll never really have to leave school and make decisions about things. She perpetually and indefinitely (due to the present tense being used here) extends her love to all her friends and family.

Zachary C. Irving does have a life outside of debating. As evidence, one can look to the preceding poem... oh God... he's debating in this bio.

Renée Jackson is a writer and graphic designer from Vernon, B.C. who is currently pursuing an Honours BA in English at the University of Toronto. Her poetry, short stories, art and articles have appeared in Room of One's Own, Uncalibrated Magazine, The Jasper Booster, WTF Magazine and Bench Press One.

Stephen Job is a Trinity non-resident, living at Knox College, who is enrolled in Ethics, Society & Law and Political Science majors. He occasionally writes poetry and short thoughts, though never anything of considerable length because he is lazy. His usual creative outlet is singing with the Trinity Chapel Choir, which [shameless plug] performs Evensong every Wednesday night at 5:15 in the Chapel. In other news, all your base are belong to us.

John Koziar, 19 yr/o, short but of athletic build; caucasian with brown hair and blue eyes; artistic, pianistic, linguistic, taking physics; seeking previous pessimism; please reply to 416-978-2522 EXT: 4188.

Alley Kurgan's work, Sausagefest, was inspired by a famous female British artist who uses sexual inuendos and humour to communicate social beliefs. Alley enjoyed making this piece and would like to thank the men involved for being so open and willing to hold sausages with such enthusiasm.

Matthew Kupfer is a second year student and a first-time editor of the Trin Review. This bio sprang from Matthew's head fully-clothed in 12.3 seconds. It's that easy.

Janet Li is surprised to find herself a pure math specialist in her second year of university. First year came and went with the usual Trin one, economics, and history—but instead she fell into the mind-torturing yet beautiful realm of abstract math. She is often stirred to write from dance and music; Doucement was a semi-product of such.

Jennifer Loeb came to Trinity in 2006. A Philosophy student, Jen feels as though her brain has been taken out of her head, violently shaken to the point of disfigurement, and then shoved awkwardly back in place. She "enjoys" reading existential novels, listening to Leonard Cohen and Bob Dylan, communing with nature, doing yoga in an attempt to be Zen, sticking it to the man by wearing contrived slogans on her t-shirts like "rage against the machine", and trying to figure out how to live.

Shawn Mitchell is a history specialist student and a head residence don at University College. He has been involved as an actor, director, publicist, and producer in over a dozen major theatre productions since coming to UofT. Shawn is currently the Executive Secretary of the Hart House Theatre Committee and sits as the Undergraduate Student Representative on the UofT Arts Council.

Fariya Mohiuddin is from all over the place. She was born just 10 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/amusement. She also likes, if you haven't noticed, talk about herself in the third person.

Chris Pugh is a first year student at Trinity, studying philosophy and German. His interests include: cyborgs, rocket-ships, machine guns, and, of course, tentacles. He has vowed to dedicate his life to the appreciation of tentacles. Chris thinks all tentacles are beautiful, whether they are colourful, sticky tentacles on a sundew plant, strong, trunk-like tentacles on an octopus, wiggly nasal tentacles on a star-nosed mole, or limp, stringy tentacles on a jellyfish.

Greg Sibley is a first year student at Trinity College, he studies history and political science, and sketches in his spare class time. Sketchers do it sketchily.

Sarah Simpkin is a robot in disguise. Her previous owner lost the gun accessory but she still has her kung-fu grip. On geography.

Macy Siu treads on the constancy of a d-minor chord, one blurred by Gerhard Richter's brush. If a string breaks, she will tie the notes back with keys. She likes to slurp up words that are hanging by the verge of their own weight, and crunch down on black-and-white film grains. Macy is a third-year English major. Most days, she just live to say, "il me suffit parfois d'un geste, d'une rose, d'un reste, de larmes."

Emily Swinkin is a second year student majoring in human biology with minors in English and psychology. An enthusiastic reader and writer of poetry, she also takes pleasure in donning her lab coat and wandering around Toronto (but not at the same time).

Justine Yu was born in the Philippines and raised in Canada. She has been blessed with the opportunity of knowing the culture of both the East and the West. As such, it has always been her passion to express her experiences of both worlds through her words. She aspires to one day become a successful writer.

Martina Zanetti is one of the three most Italian people she knows at Trinity College. After developing an unhealthy obsession with Toronto's music scene in high school, her interests have come to include spending her lunch money on concert tickets, and then photographing said concerts. They also include dance parties and fashions of the twenties through seventies. She is pursuing a double major in IR and Women's Studies with a minor in Political Science, and believes everything will work out in the end.

*The Trinity Review invites distinguished alumni to award prizes in the categories of poetry, short fiction and visual art. This issue, we were pleased to work with **Kenneth Oppel**.*



A graduate of Trinity College (8T9) Kenneth Oppel is the author of numerous books for young readers. His Silverwing trilogy has sold over a million copies worldwide, and been adapted as an animated TV series and stage play. Airborn was winner of the 2004 Governor General's Award for Children's Literature; its sequel, Skybreaker, was a New York Times bestseller and won the 2006 Ruth and Sylvia Schwartz Children's Book Award. Voted Children's Author of the Year in 2006 by the Canadian Booksellers Association, and recipient of the Vicky Metcalf Award for Children's Literature, Kenneth lives in Toronto with his wife and three children.

This book has been typeset in Warnock Pro, developed by Adobe in 2000. This classic yet contemporary font performs a wide variety of typographic tasks with elegance.

Gill Sans, developed in 1927, has been chosen for its legibility and artistic sensibility.

