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REVIEW

The Trinity University Review

Spring 2008
Issue Two



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Elizabeth Grossi

Upstairs

Can you feel it wash away?
Gold dust settles on the tips of waves
while the water washes everything.
Everything except
a haunting of red lights and green trees
of sweet sweet memories
so striking in their profundity.
The flashbacks remind you of
a record forever murmuring in the mind,
a gramophone ushering in showers of dust,
slanted light
making an atypical divide
and fracturing sight.
The clunky stairs led you
to this house above house,
world above earth,
where short and staggered ceilings
ache to be part of that generous
movement we so freely take for granted.

Janet Li

Corseted Lace

Somber spaces
Somber places
My solitude sleeps
Upon lonely faces
An embrace not given
Renders an eternity of grace
Grace in forbearance
Grace in corseted lace
Bound I am
Yet forever apart I flee
Because, a true solitude
Rests upon lonely faces.

Katarina French

Finishing School

Steeped,
in years of formality
and protocol.

Irate,
I stand with perfect posture,
and a well bred nose.

Incident of the Pear

A bruised piece
of fruit.

What is the victory
for a blackened pear?

Christopher Pugh

The Sound of the Machine

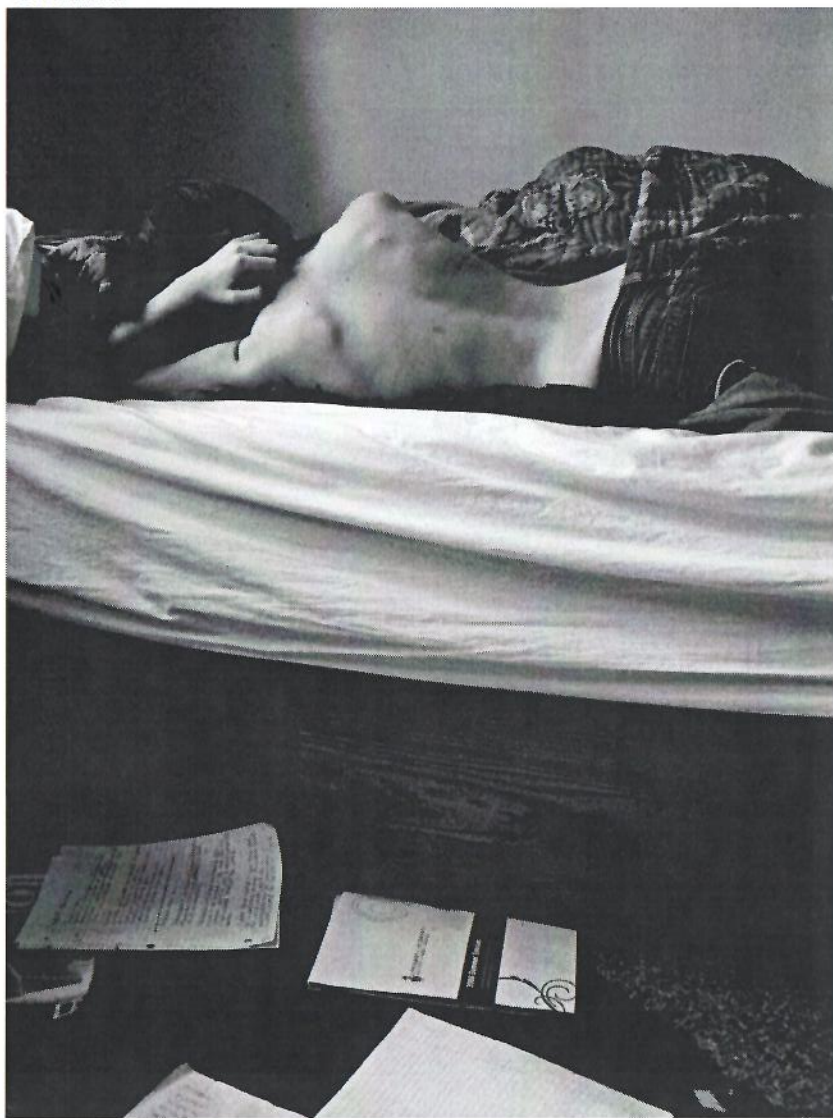
How lucky is a man who hears
The blood-flow racing in his ears,
His howling breath, as it goes
Irregularly through his nose,
The bubbles of his gastric juice,
And every gurgle they produce,
The creaking of his every part,
The heartless pounding of his heart.

All his gulps of water bring
His throat's reflexive swallowing.
It makes a damp, uncaring squish,
Like stepping on a jellyfish.
When singing, his initial note
Must slither through his moistened throat.
It echoes through his sodden spout
And through his lips it squelches out.

How lucky is a man who hears
The hinges under both his ears,
And when he moves them, scrapes and scratches
Sound from where his jaw attaches.
A noisy repetitious din
That sounds just like a plunger in
A toilet bowl, reverberates,
Inside him when he masticates.

It really is discomfoting
To hear your body functioning,
But what is truly beautiful
At first makes you uncomfortable.
So yes, I tell you, that a man
Is truly lucky if he can
Appreciate the sounds of his
Involuntary processes.

Alley Kurgan
Untitled



Alison Chapman
Selkie

The man had watched
as she slipped from her world of song and water,
slid artfully out of her oily coat
and left the glistening heap of skin on carbuncular rock.

His theft was a kind of seduction.
He had hovered over the evacuated shell,
inhaled its fishiness and mystery,
and enchanted by her naked, alien scent
he ripped her from the sea's womb.
In a way, she had deceived him:
though his heart sweated, her blood was cold.

He buried her skin by his garden wall.
On certain evenings, when the air was damp,
he thought its saline stink invaded the walls of his house.

But always he hid it from her.
For years and through birthings.
And she, a half-woman,
was embraced by new, unyielding flesh
burning and dry, with prickly hairs, that panted,
and on the hardwood floors of his bedroom, she bruised her heel.

Often she would rise early, and leaning over the stove,
crack open his window, fill her starving lungs with sea-breath.
She may have left this house,
where everything was hard against her body,
peeled from its myth—
but she knew her weak, woman knees
were made to fall on, not to run with.

Zachary C. Irving
Morning Breath

This morning, I brush the stale
camp of words from my teeth:

that colony of squatters,
growing bacteria and verb tents,

vowels set in my molars, rotting
my canines into foul lines.

I smother them with paste
until the howls turn to hush

and my breath is chemically wholesome.

Rattle Face

That vibrant terror

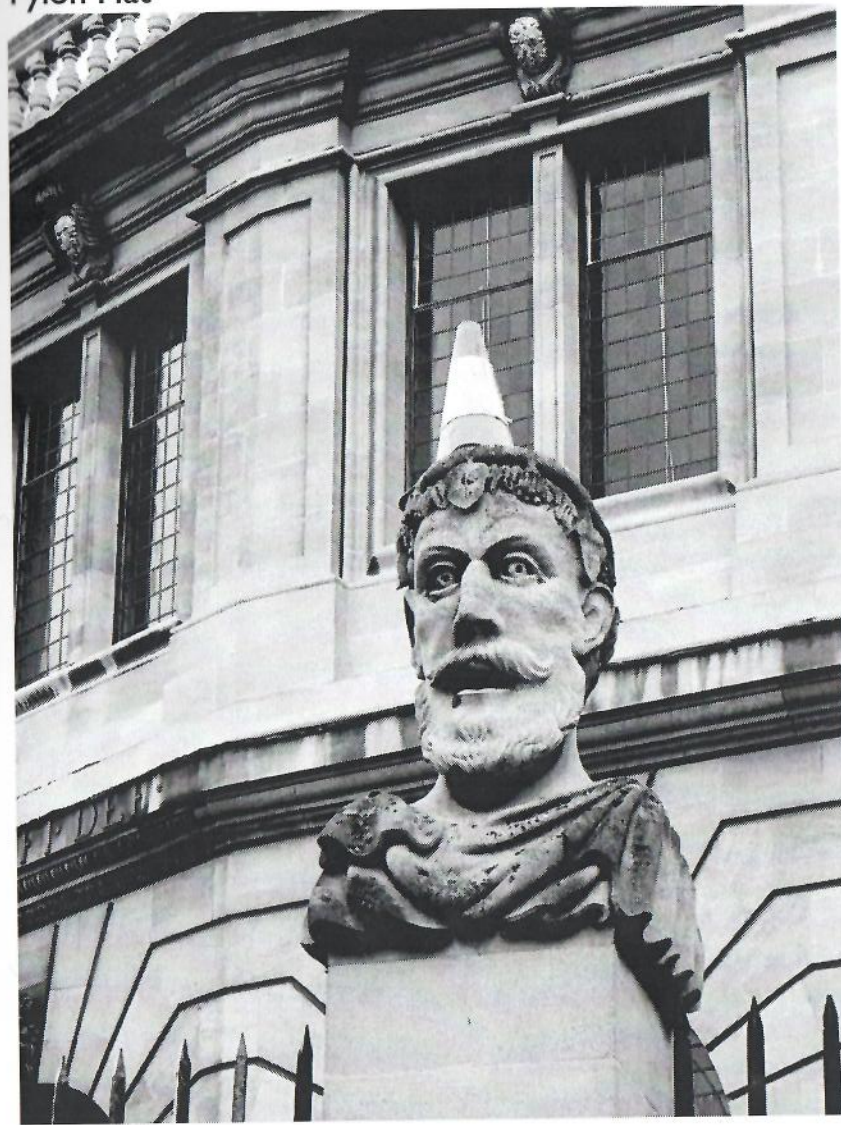
when a subway stops too long between stations
and the conversation rises and falls toward the silent fear
of nothing to think about

and faces take on the look of a black-haired buck
who learned to run for life.

The terror of a shadowed fleet beast
with teeth full in the flank
just after he gave up thrashing
and just before he accepted it.

With great brilliant orbs and a throat
rattling in spite of the world.

Stephanie Gouinlock
Pylon Hat



Kristina Francescutti

Twelve, Eleven, and Nine, Eight, Seven, and Four

Six little children in six little beds
Six white sheets pulled over their heads
Sixty little toes still
One mother and six little pills.

On the first of May, in a burning town,
trapped between fire and ice,
the children sing, with a golden voice,
the love of the Third Reich.

Underground, we are safe down here,
the little boy exclaims,
and hears the sound of guns and bombs,
tanks and airplanes.

Six little pills in six little mouths,
held by two gloved hands,
that no doubt loved their children,
sacrificed lambs for the motherland.

Emily Swinkin

Orange Trees

Last night,
I planted an orange tree
in your backyard
so that after I have gone
you might wake up one morning
and find a surprise
blossoming in your garden.
And then, for years later,
you will eat oranges
that have come from my hands.

Emily Swinkin

I Thought About You in the Library

And, wouldn't you know it,
they were talking about poetry
down there
in the bottom of the library
in whispery voices
that tickled the spines of the old
cracked books saying things like:
"my love is a red, red
wheelbarrow"
and laughing
because they thought they knew
what it meant.
But my love wasn't red.
It was the green of the slave grass
jumping slowly
beneath your feet as you ran
up the hill
into the darkness of a certain storm.
Breathless.
That was me.
Me,
the spontaneous river that I am,
unstoppable, unknowable,
standing
still at the bottom of the hill.
(Watching
you leave me like that.)

Lina Moudrina

Untitled

Unable to awake from nightmares of recurring sunsets,
My city sighs
And in the chilling morning hours
Full of insomnia
It sparkles.
Neon lies
 Are bright and empty.
Dying streetlights blink
Alone on their deathbed,
Shining their last in pools of ink.
Soon sun will bring them rest and then
The concrete will be forced to live again;
For now it mourns its dead
With tears of black plastic
And wide-eyed Barbie heads.

Katharine Howard

Crownman



Justine Yu

That Sticky Web

She spins her web
of love and affection.

It's sticky,
that web.

I'm stuck.

Keeps spinning and spinning
Until it entangles me,
Suffocates me,
Intoxicates me.

But I'm a dependent
Stuck on that sticky thread
Can't free myself
-Unravel these tangles!

But she's a dependent
Must spin that sticky thread
Doesn't want to free herself
-Unravel those tangles!

It's so sticky,
that web.

I'm stuck
and she's stuck.

It's just so sticky
that web.

Jennifer Loeb

Little Red and Ben Wolfe in the [Liberal] riding of Hood

A parody of *Little Red Riding Hood*

Once upon a time, at home in the Hood,
Little Red the baller was up to no good.
With green fishnet stockings and crazy red hair,
her outfit screamed "Christmas!"; but Santa beware.

Little Red was a gangsta, she swaggered along
mean mugging, while holding her neon pink bong.
In a black plastic bag she bore cookies for Gran
iced with some magic - too green to be bran.

En route to Gran's crib Ben Wolfe said, "Shalom,"
as he brushed his thick hair with his thick ivory comb.
He rambled and rambled, like a lawyerly tout
until Red yelled, "Shut up, you stupid Boy Scout!"

"Relax," the Wolfe stuttered. "Do you want to go?"
Red laughed at the Wolfe and delivered a blow.
"Oy vey!" cried the Wolfe. "You actually hit me!"
"Ya man," Red reasoned. "You could have bit me."

"I can't bite you Red; the munchies can't set in
until you open your bag," Wolfe suggested with a grin.
"The goods are for Gran," Little Red hollered back,
then she looked at her watch as Wolfe looked at her rack.

Left alone to continue, Red got to Gran's pad
Where she forced a smile and said, "Small pox isn't bad."
But Gran looked so hairy, her nose seemed quite big
Her hair was disheveled, her tongue like dried fig.

With the black bag of cookies, Red entered Gran's room.
"I've brought the goods, Gran. They'll send you to the moon."
"Thanks Red," she replied. "And word to your mother,
props to your sister, and shalom to your brother."

"Did you say shalom?" Red cupped her left ear.

"Yes," Gran replied. "Happy Jewish New Year!"
"We're not Jewish Gran. God is dead - you know that!"
But Gran shook her head, so Red grabbed a bat.

"Holy Crap," Red exclaimed as she let the bat soar.
"You're Ben Wolfe, not my Gran - dude, this means war!
Take off that pink bra and that bonnet of red
And pray to your God that I won't make you dead!"

But Wolfe didn't care, he just smirked at Little Red
as he tucked himself deep into Gran's cozy bed.
"This house is now mine," he smiled and reclined.
"Section seven of her Will has my inheritance, enshrined."

"My Gran is not dead, don't mess with me fool!"
"Oh but she is, you see, I threw her in the pool.
She didn't float well, and she didn't quite sink,
she just loomed in the middle of her blue chlorine drink."

Red looked at the Wolfe, quite dazed by his story
of a murder so shocking, chlorine filled and gory.
"Dude," the Wolfe howled. "Your cookies are chills.
I guess Gran will never know of these magical thrills."

Andrew Johnson
Traffic



Anita Li

Oh
Rob,
I
Express:
No
Torontonians
Are
Like
Shih Tzus

Max Thomson
Print

The sending of unknown work
Of papers left to scarlet fate
A life unkempt to destiny
Unwritten ink and pigment scorn
Within the willows pulp still lies
Watching with forlorn eyes

Vanessa Purdy
Convocation Hall

One thousand students
Typing on laptops, at once
Sounds a lot like rain

Weronika Czapla
ECO150



Shawn Mitchell
White Nights



The Cathedral of the Peter and Paul Fortress pierces the night sky in St. Petersburg, Russia as a riverboat glides past on the Neva River. Thanks to its high northern latitude of almost 60 degrees, St. Petersburg experiences "White Nights" each year during the weeks around the summer solstice. As this photo demonstrates, the sun does not set until around 10pm. Founded in 1703, Peter and Paul Fortress is the original citadel of Russia's Imperial capital.



Emma McKee
Huge Man

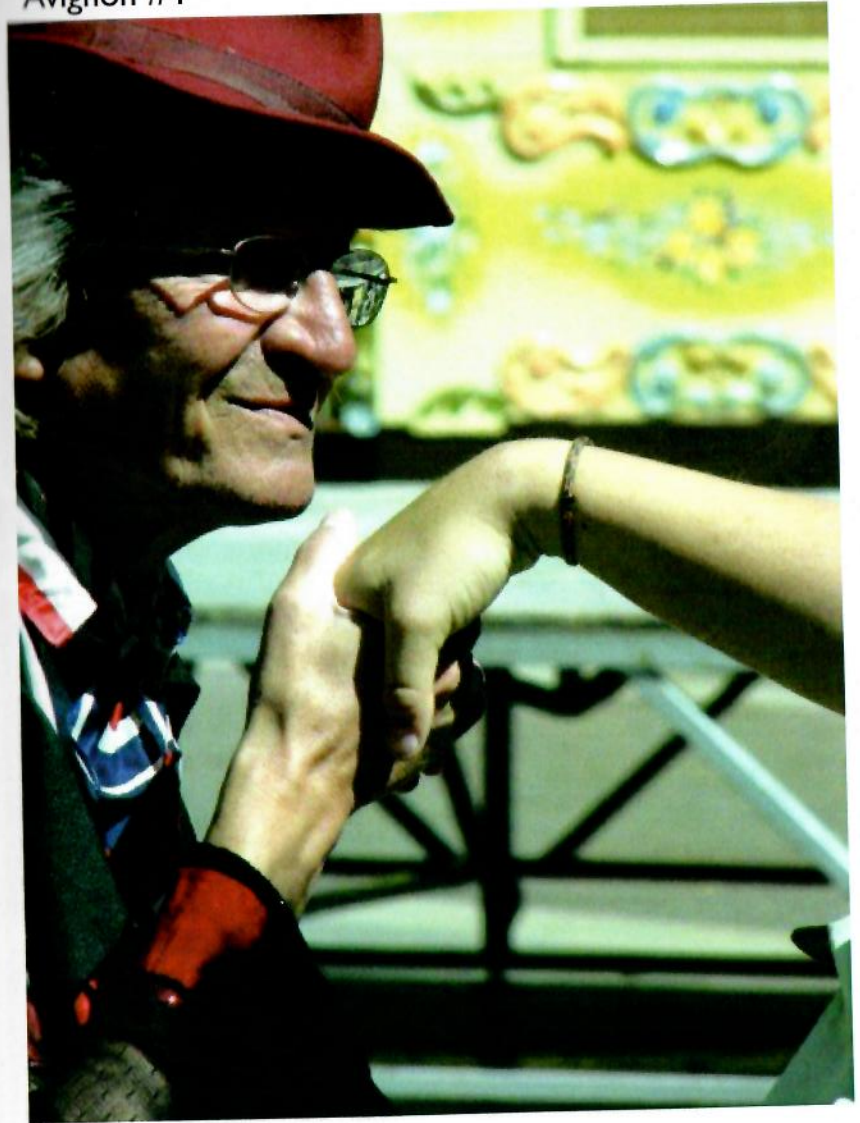
John Ginther
Dogs of War



Fariya Mohiuddin
It Had Been a Shotglass Sunday



Katharine Howard
Avignon #4





John Ginther
Monastery Island

Joanne Fenton
Orange Flowers



Elena Soboleva
Artist's Reflection

Amelie Meyer-Robison
What is East?





Hilary Peden
Camel Shadows

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Stephanie Herold
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Improvisation II



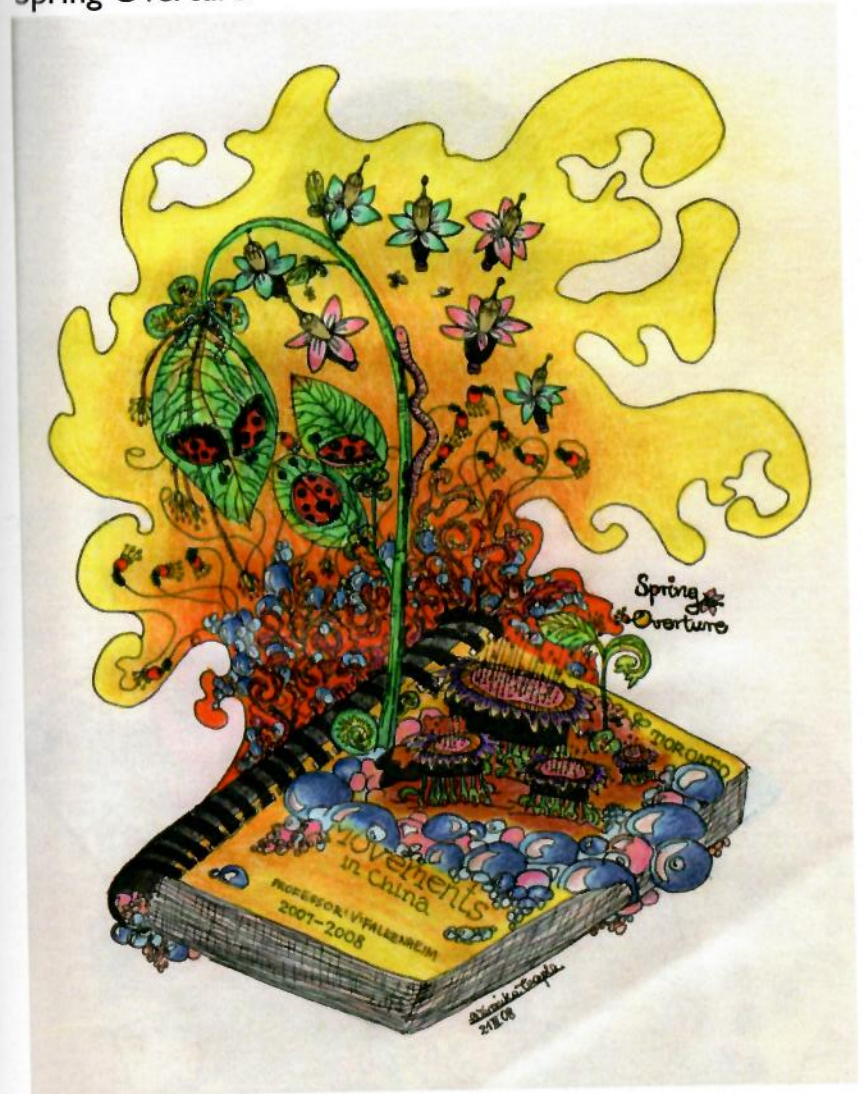
Shannon Garden-Smith
Self-Portrait



Sophia Balagamwala
Dream Catcher



Weronika Czapla
Spring Overture



Dear Reader,

For your best enjoyment

We recommend you turn
this book sideways.

That's better,

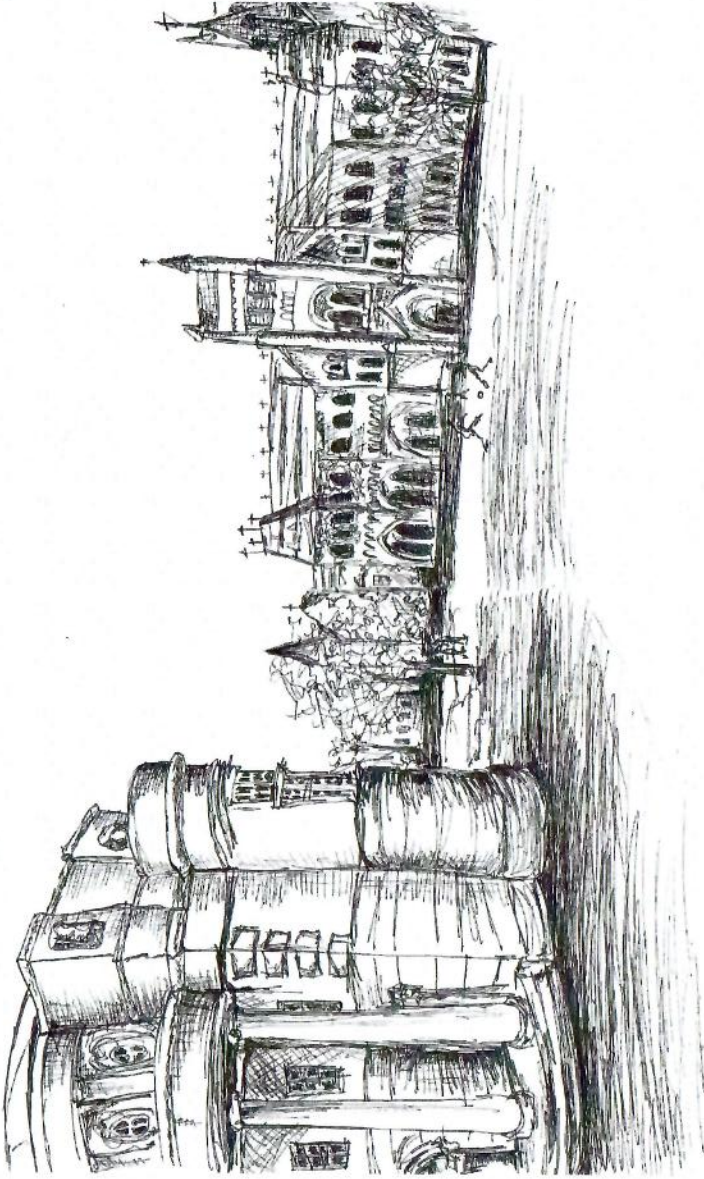
The Editors

Alley Kurgan
Finish Line



Aberdeen Berry
Institutes of Higher Learning

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... and now, back to
our regularly scheduled
programming ...

Emma Baasch
Cockney Bitch

I sat at the far end of the sofa so I could rest the large glass of juice on the side table; it seemed more polite than balancing it between my legs. She came out from behind the wall wearing only a towel, her eyes limp with the warm air and full of the budding tears of lust. Her hips swivelled anxiously around the soft fabric and her slippery fish voice coaxed a response from me. "Cockney bitch," I wanted to say, but it came out "What are you doing?" She didn't answer me with anything but a soft flick of her right hand towards where I was seated.

Dancing a slow as molasses twist she brought the dripping intertwining of flesh and hair in a gradual circle and revolved around her axis with languid sweeps from north to south. The towel did not last long. In a crumpled heap it blocked her path and gave her a new movement, more of a shimmy to the left, to avoid it. She bent over to pick it up and I could trace the sweat dripping all the way down her leg. "Cockney bitch," I repeated to myself.

Underneath the tinsel noise of the carpet electrifying beneath her feet there was the throbbing of blood, the growing rush of it around the ear and eyes. It throbbed in my pants and in the toes of my shoes. She didn't want to stop torturing though, she wanted it to last at least a little longer, so the hips kept whisking across the horizontal plane and the dripping of her body kept its rhythm. One moment she was dropped down on all knees, shaking her head back and forth to make her hair move, the next she was standing in the middle of the room still as stone while her groin pumped independently up and down. So vain a portrait she made. She danced only to please herself; for me- Ah! for me the dancing was only background.

I stood awkwardly and went towards her; a smile lashed her face open with that grimace of red and she bent towards me. Pleased to see me respond to her prodding she took up my hand and felt it with her chest, measured its weight with her breathing, and finding it accurate tested smoothness against her breast. For a minute I let her feel my hand against her flesh, she seemed so damned fascinated I had no choice, and then I pulled my hand away softly and started to pass her.

"And you're going where?" That greasy fish voice again. She was cockney- as in a thing that cannot be- and a bitch the same,

and it riled me. Trying to save herself she pulled me into the dip of her back so I could rest against her flesh and perhaps be comforted without her sacrificing anything, but it was too damp for me there. I pulled away again and got to the hall where I paused to look back at her.

Like Boadicea she ranged across the room, back and forth on the white carpet, long strides bringing her to both conclusions quickly. The curve of her was exquisite, but the shoulders too broad- they spoke of a danger and a mystery that tasted good on the tip but stung in the gullet. "I'm off, work calls."

No more slimy vowels castrated her gaze this time. Just in turning to the door I saw how she pulled something out of the air and rushed forward. It shot through me, the thing she had pulled out, and where I put my hand by instinct there was only blood and it gushed too quickly for tissues or gauze. "Where did you get that?" I asked, concerned with the location and tactic of her pounce and not the sentiment of it. She was not a girl of sentiments.

I fell to my knees and caressed the gushing fold of skin, the feeling of liquid on my hand both surprising and a little comforting. First she put the knife in a newspaper that was already lying on a chair and then took it into the kitchen. As she left, silence fell over the room and I could just hear the passing of cars outside. They would have loved to have known what was going on in the red house, number 56, right then; it would have been a grandkid story and a party favourite. "I saved a man who was stabbed in number 56 du Plessis Avenue, he was almost dead when I felt something strange in the air. I pulled over, like I was psychic or something..." and then would follow the gruesome embellishments, all of them focusing on the girl in the kitchen and the ever flowing blood that seeped through the carpet and dyed a patch of it brown.

She came back and sat down on the sofa. I looked at her immediately, waiting for the pity, but she just focused on lighting a cigarette and picking something out of one of her nails. It had been a couple minutes and already I was dizzy, letting my arm down from the gash I propped myself on it awkwardly so I could rest my head a little. The exhaustion of being cut is extreme.

The smoking was the worst part because I really wanted one, not the least because it was forbidden in her house usually and now that she had broken her own rule I wanted to too, but I couldn't ask her for a cigarette- she would have laughed and said no emphatically. So watching her puff puff was all I could do for the time being; after

all one cigarette never makes a difference. I would wait until she offered one.

The minutes I counted couldn't be right; I was just hanging on there waiting for the smoke for so long. Her face seemed to age right before my eyes, the wrinkles popped up and the hair turned distinctly grey and she was old all of a sudden, like she would be in forty or so years. I wanted to be old like her, but I didn't seem to be ageing just then. My head dropped onto the wooden floor boards and I hoped for a pillow, none came. My hand fell into the pool of blood after it had dried and I hoped for a towel, none came. So I looked back at her and dreamt of smoking and watched her age into a crone.

The sun was shifting west and it slanted a little across the floor towards the place where I was lying. The pain was almost entirely gone, but I was freezing cold so the sparse shafts of light were welcome warmth. I kept laughing at the red wall colour; it was so well chosen to match the sofa. But then why had she bought a white carpet? Nothing seemed to make sense about her, not even her decorating. Or the galoshes on the floor beside me, it never seemed to rain enough for her to need them, but they stood like sentinels at my side and watched and waited.

She was on her 5th cigarette; her prerogative was to be selfish so the Cockney bitch didn't give me one. Not that she was cockney, because it isn't a thing. There was a tightness in my chest and something gradually getting ready to make me cough. The blood was pooling in the crevices of the wood floor and soaking into the carpet, and still it kept coming.

"You know what," her nasal voice intoned, "you know what my little pet boy? I was seriously considering using a gun. Thank God I didn't! What fun this has been. Sometimes I thought that the moment would never come, I just kept worrying you would get away somehow, that I wouldn't be fast enough, but goodness how easily you fell. A hundred men couldn't have done it faster. But you won't like me saying that because it just isn't the truth. And you love the truth. And the truth is I am happy I didn't use the gun because this has been a great load of fun and I hope you appreciate that at least."

I did, just the way she knew I would, the waiting there on the floor and hoping for a smoke- when I knew I wouldn't get one- and watching her taking it all in. The pleasure it gave her seemed near well worth the bother.

Janet Li

To the World from a Dark Cave



John Koziar
Sleeping Dargons

The train was a magical thing for the little town. People didn't get used to things there, so although the train had been puff-puffing through for many generations, it was still cause to put down your work, go to the station, and watch, when it did.

The train came into the station, slowed to a crawl. Winston, the train man, came out to deliver the mail, the only thing the little people got from the outside world. He said hello politely, dropped the mail in the box for the townspeople to sort, then hurried back on. But, as he hopped aboard, the train stopped. It was broken, stuck in town until such time as the engineer could fix it. "Go and get some lunch, bring some for me in an hour or so," the engineer said, "This could take awhile." Winston was fearful; he did not welcome the idea of spending the afternoon in the little town. He left the train to see that the crowd had grown. What was this steaming beast and why had it chosen here to die.

Winston too was a strange sight for them. Outsider that he was, they did not know what to make of him. As Winston passed seamlessly through the crowd, a matron called to him: "Ho! I am the lady of the diner. I'll see that you trainfellows get fed."

Obliged, his reply came "thank you Miss Mann."

At this she shot a cunning look through his face. "How did you know my name, lad?"

"Oh well I noticed one of the letters I delivered today was addressed to 'The Diner,' I guessed that the name on it was yours."

"You're rather a swift fellow!" They walked along a path. The town had been built before the railroad, and the people who placed it did not take into account the railroad's convenience. There were woods to pass through, dark green places matted with leeks and violets; and brooks to cross over, quaint bridges and fish underneath. The town started with a wispy cottage, then the path grew into a main street as the habitations grew in frequency. Nearing the diner, Mann, who had been perpending some notion, said "Perhaps you ought to move into town, take up maintaining the train station from old Tiber." Winston blinked.

"Oh no, I'm not one for small towns."

Inside, she sat him down with tea, pointed out a menu painted on the wall, and attended the other customer: a youngster. Miss Mann left the boy and bustled into the kitchen. The boy left his

seat and approached Winston. "How's there! You new in town?"

"My train's broken down, can't leave until it's fixed. I'm Winston, the train man."

"Well, I'll show you around town after you're done eating."

Winston was to make a negation but the boy was insistent. They finished their lunches, paid. Miss Mann said "I'll bring the roast beef to the engineer for you, you two enjoy yourselves, and don't forget my offer!"

And so the two went about town, meeting the grocer and the tailor and the rest, and they came upon the hospital. The hospital was a two-floored building. The doctor, away on vacation, lived upstairs. Downstairs was two rooms and one patient, both tended by the nurses, the doctor's wife among them. The inhabitant was a cancerous lady named Muffet. A nurse quickly shooed them into the back as they entered. "Who has come to see me?" Her voice was a croak, her face regal. "Ah, it's you, boy. Have a cookie."

"And I'm Winston, the train man. My train is broken and I'm passing the time while it gets fixed by meeting the townspeople."

"You have a cookie too. Sit down, talk awhile."

"Things haven't been the same since I took ill. Can't cook my own cookies anymore, have to buy them from the baker. But he's a nice fellow you know. Hold my hand Winston." Tentatively, Winston offered his hand, the sour taste of the cookie still in his mouth. She squeezed and rubbed his hand affectionately with her thumb while the nurses rustled in the next room. "Tell me about your family."

"Well," blinked Winston, "I have a wife and two kids at home. My parents work in the big city and my grandparents are dead."

"A fine and proper setup you have. You bring your folks and come live with us here," her grip waxed: "Don't go."

"I'm not one for small towns."

"Don't go."

"I think I should leave, the engineer might be done by now." He wrested his hand from Muffet, strode quickly thence, followed by the boy, through the many nurses and out the front door.

After them came "Come back soon, I have more cookies!"

At this point, Winston was quite upset; but there were a few more stops, the boy told him. Two of them, butcher, baker, uneventful. At last came a wispy old house: small, hardly there, white slats of wood being the outer walls. On the porch an old man sat still in a rocking chair, next to a long and comfortable-looking bench.

As they approached, the man stirred as though from a stupor.

John Koziar
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And so the two went about town, meeting the grocer and the tailor and the rest, and they came upon the hospital. The hospital was a two-floored building. The doctor, away on vacation, lived upstairs. Downstairs was two rooms and one patient, both tended by the nurses, the doctor's wife among them. The inhabitant was a cancerous lady named Muffet. A nurse quickly shooed them into the back as they entered. "Who has come to see me?" Her voice was a croak, her face regal. "Ah, it's you, boy. Have a cookie."

"And I'm Winston, the train man. My train is broken and I'm passing the time while it gets fixed by meeting the townspeople."

"You have a cookie too. Sit down, talk awhile."

"Things haven't been the same since I took ill. Can't cook my own cookies anymore, have to buy them from the baker. But he's a nice fellow you know. Hold my hand Winston." Tentatively, Winston offered his hand, the sour taste of the cookie still in his mouth. She squeezed and rubbed his hand affectionately with her thumb while the nurses rustled in the next room. "Tell me about your family."

"Well," blinked Winston, "I have a wife and two kids at home. My parents work in the big city and my grandparents are dead."

"A fine and proper setup you have. You bring your folks and come live with us here," her grip waxed: "Don't go."

"I'm not one for small towns."

"Don't go."

"I think I should leave, the engineer might be done by now." He wrested his hand from Muffet, strode quickly thence, followed by the boy, through the many nurses and out the front door.

After them came "Come back soon, I have more cookies!"

At this point, Winston was quite upset; but there were a few more stops, the boy told him. Two of them, butcher, baker, uneventful. At last came a wispy old house: small, hardly there, white slats of wood being the outer walls. On the porch an old man sat still in a rocking chair, next to a long and comfortable-looking bench.

As they approached, the man stirred as though from a stupor.

"I'm Tiber; old I'm called." He was not more than fifty. At the name, Winston's manner changed. Earlier he had been anxious and fearful; he became wolvern.

"Have you come to buy my house?" he peered Winstonward, cunning.

"No, I have no interest in your house, I was only passing to say hello."

"But I, and my daughter, are wanting to leave, we are looking for a buyer and would give you an excellent rate."

"No!"

"But my daughter—"

"Fuck you and your daughter!"

Winston ran away from the gawping boy and the grim man, ran all back along the path to the station. The earlier crowd had dispersed, and left were just the two trainfellows. The engineer, inside the train, did not notice Winston had come. Winston gritted his teeth, suspenseful, waiting, thinking of some sort of barricade, how might a barricade be made from that bench and these tools. This wondering passed the time for Winston, the long waiting time, this afternoon he was spending in the little town, those months he had already spent, and at last the train was fixed, no one more had come. Its red eyes reopened, victoriously exuding steam. Winston hopped hurriedly aboard, and they were on the way they had been intending all day, to the city.

Winston wound down in the sorting room; the engineer now breaking sat with him. The engineer was a funny man, named Feldor, bulbous of nose and torso, thin in the neck and legs but round in the arms. He had bright yellow hair, the colour of a daffodil, and a matching disposition. But he never said anything the straight way around, having chosen the twisty path. He was strikingly handsome, and young.

"Dragons," he sighed. "when I was young it was all dragons and damsels I got from my parents. Perhaps you had dragons in your youth?"

"You are wrong," Winston understood the question correctly. "One might sit in a train for hours, sorting mail. One might stare at the countryside, finding interest in the speed of its passing, or one might spend her time looking elsewhere. But it's the waiting I hate. I can't stand the waiting."

"Sleeping dragons, then," said the engineer, nodding off to the rhythm of the passing woods and brooks.

Kira Dorward

The Church of Auvers-sur-Oise

Marie Gachet was not a woman to make small concessions. In whatever she did, she was beyond reproach. She had been born and raised in Auvers-sur-Oise, the valley town beyond the hills of Paris. Upon the hill of the town rested the church. From its vantage point the church surveyed its hamlet of loyal patrons. Within its stone walls lived a constant watcher; His vigilant eye forever focused, all knowing, His judgement their failings.

And that was where Marie carried herself now, up the path leading from the town to its church, her carriage heavy with Catholic guilt. The steps on the path were deliberately raised high, the extra lift penance for those who were unworthy to make their way to this house of God. Marie pushed the heavy wooden doors of the church open and their creak announced her presence to the empty chapel. The air was weighted with the scent of pine and atonement. She did not have to search; she knew where He would be. Pulling aside the red velvet curtain with her weathered hand, she took her usual seat in confessional.

"Pardonnez-moi, Seigneur, parce que j'ai péché."

Forgive me, Lord, for I have sinned.

"It has been two days since I last confessed."

"Continue, child of God. Confess your sins and repent."

"The man returned last night, that sinful painter. I begged Paul to keep the door shut against him, leave him to the night where such people belong. He brings his ideas and he possesses *mon chér* with them. They are not right with the church, *seigneur*, they are heresy. They drink the devil's drink and laugh at sacrilege. Paul expects me to serve Satan's dog. And he is my husband, *seigneur*, my master. But in serving him I betray the highest of authorities, *mon Dieu*. And then he tells me he is to be in one of *his* paintings! What would you have me do?"

"*You* are on the path or righteousness my child, you do not have the eternal fires to fear. It is for your husband we must pray. It is for him we must act. He is a good man, but without our guidance he will not be meeting you in the glorious afterlife, and will find..." Marie clasped her hand over her mouth as a tear streamed down her anguished face, tracing the sagging line of her chin, "...eternal damnation like all fallen souls."

Marie slowly nodded her head in assent, her eyes shut tightly

as she rocked backwards and forwards on the hard wood of the confessional seat. Père Vieilli was revealed as the confessional barrier flew open, his face, usually as blank and lined as a piece of canvas, suddenly animated when faced with the threat of a heathen amongst his flock.

"We must not let that happen to your beloved."

"The great fool would have me believe you are the devil incarnate, *mon ami*. I was told under no uncertain terms by both him and my wife to never see you again, for the sake of my eternal soul."

"Your eternal soul would be lucky to escape an eternity with your wife's, my good Doctor Gachet," was the painter's reply. His subject chuckled, but the doctor's clever eyes also darted about the room with a sudden rush of guilt that the painter had seen before, when he had painted the church on the hill and witnessed others, like Marie, on their way to an absolution. Scoffing, the doctor leaned back onto the sofa on which he posed, rather uncomfortably, with his elbow on the table and a good part of his torso suspended between the two. His artist friend assured him that the forced perspective employed was absolutely necessary, and not even the master painter could imagine the visual variables without this lengthy exercise. "Be still, or you will ruin my masterpiece," he reproached with a smile in his eye. "I may not be a theologian *comme* Père Vieilli, but it sounds as if Marie believes she is nearly as qualified to deliver such a judgement as he."

"Well anyway, that explains why we were forced to paint here," the doctor said indicating the inn's room in which the master was now at work. He looked away from his friend as he said this, his tone and look avoiding that steady gaze, well used to seeing what was hidden to others. "I'm afraid you are *persona non grata* at the Gachet house, though not by the word of the master himself."

There was a pause in the conversation. The painter dreamed silently in watercolours and the subject dreamed lazily in the mid summer haze. The heat seemed to have settled about the room like dust; and the very air, in the inn and filtering in from the town, discouraged too much unnecessary movement.

A bumblebee oblivious to this universal mood wandered in through the open window as the breeze would not, and circled around the portrait subject. Paul Gachet swatted it about and in

so doing shattered the established tranquillity of the afternoon. He laughed as he missed it and sent it off course to thump into the closed half of the inn window. The painter sighed and thinned his lips together in frustration.

"Oh, Vincent, it would not ruin your *chef-d'oeuvre* to hint at having a sense of humour. You are too serious about your painting. Try to enjoy some small part of life."

Vincent seemed to consider his friend for a moment. He raised his prominent brow, his eyebrows a defiant ginger like his hair and the beard which traced the gaunt outline of his face. Gachet met the sad eyes he had come to know so well, that would always keep people at a distance with the respect that such subtle, visual misery commanded.

"I am an artist, Paul," he responded, in a way that did not address any direct question, "I paint people and landscapes. What I see and feel already exists, captured by my mind onto a canvas. I can imitate and perhaps enhance life, but if some seed of it were not already there I could not create it. I cannot put something into being if I do not have the muse." There was again a stillness about the room, though this one was markedly more uncomfortable than the one before. Gachet shifted slowly from side to side in his position, rocking about in slower intervals, constantly readjusted his arm as it grew increasingly tired, and made more audible noises of irritability. The artist grew angry and threw down his brush.

"We will finish another day—"

"—My wife will be expecting me home."

And the painting would be finished. But contrary to his prior statements to that effect, the artist now seemed to be willing and able to visualize his subject without his needing to be present at all. Months passed before communication was reduced to a meagre note accompanying a covered piece of canvas, without a frame, delivered to the house of the good doctor reading: "To my muse. Vincent."

"Dr. Gachet, wake up, *Monsieur!* You are needed in the town."

The messenger ripped the duvet off the portrait sitter. Probably in reply to the look of indignation he justly received, he continued, "There has been...an incident. At the inn. *Allez-y toute*

de suite!"

Gachet needed no more prompting from his bed.

With an overcoat too light for the November weather flapping around his knees Gachet burst into the room that had served as the setting for his portrait. Its painter lay in the bed with a stain of red sheets as his cover. From the evidence lying crimson beneath his feet the doctor ascertained that his patient had staggered in and about before collapsing into the bed.

"Vincent," he said running his hand over the forehead glistening with perspiration, "what have you done *mon ami*?"

"*Le fou* staggered through my whole bar in that state," said the obviously uninterested and irritated landlady. She had seen too many 'incidents' come and go through her establishment to be anything else. "Put the other paying customers right off their mead. I won't have him getting some strange disease and infecting the whole place now. If he dies he does it without a fuss."

While the proprietress had been loudly voicing her annoyance, the doctor had been assessing his patient.

"Looks self-inflicted. I do not think the bullet can be removed considering its final location. Too near the artery." As he said this, the shape beneath the crimson-stained sheets groaned in sheer wretchedness. "Probably not much more than a couple of hours. Send the boy," he nodded at the messenger who had woken him from his sleep, "to Père Vieilli. Do not elaborate on the circumstances and I will give you what it is worth in francs."

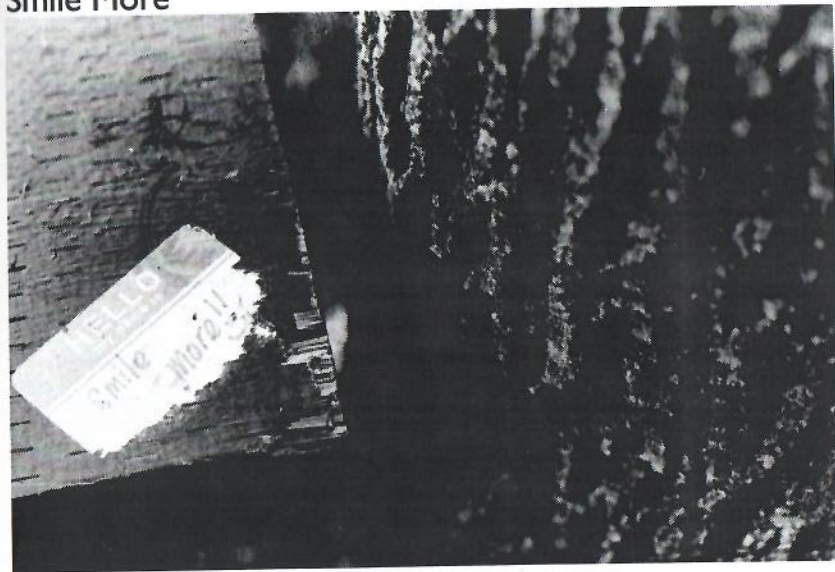
When Vieilli swept into the room, Bible in hand, and daunting wooden cross tucked in the folds of his billowing black cloak, the doctor rose from his post beside the bed to his feet. There was a tremor of excitement about the priest now; in presiding over matters of such seriousness he was most aware of his position of power over the realms of the living and dead. No souls from his parish would pass peacefully into the afterlife without his permission.

"*Mon chér* Paul, I am not too late, am I?" As he said this he glanced over at the occupant of the bed, and in an instant thinly veiled disapproval clouded over his face, the apparition of storm clouds visible in his brows. "I would not have expected such nerve from *you*, Doctor Gachet."

"*Mon Père*," Gachet expounded, "remember forgiveness and the teachings of *notre Seigneur*. For this too is one of his sheep."

The shuddering, wracking gasps of Vincent was then the only sound in the room. The priest considered him a moment. Without another word to the doctor, and still with thin-lipped disapproval, the priest bent over the man lying near death and performed the last rights. Only Gachet and the messenger boy would be witnesses to these final moments of the painter's life, and later the same party were the only ones to attend the funeral. As Père Vieilli chanted the last of the Latin hymns, the winds of an autumn night, death transcendent in the very season, curled around and swept off the soul of Vincent Van Gogh.

Yixin Xie
Smile More



Contributors

Spring 2007-2008

Emma Baasch is an English student with a tendency towards wordiness, she has finally got her act together and started writing... again. Much to everyone's distress this means she is never around. She intended to be a poet, but fiction fever gained control of her mind. Its return heralds the start of a war twixt the demons of succinctness and the Gods of narrative. Who will win? No one knows.

Sophia Balagamwala

Aberdeen Berry is a madwoman who thinks she is Aberdeen Berry. To this effect, she is also a first year student at Trinity College. She intends to pursue the study of International Relations and Chinese. Other interests include art, existential philosophy and debating.

Michael Braithwaite is a third year cognitive science and philosophy student who loves writing in the third person, he says. His interests include: going to concerts, clean air, donning spandex, and taking naps. He once convinced a first year student that the reason he sometimes doesn't say much is due to the fact that he didn't begin speaking until the age of ten. These are the types of things that he finds funny.

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.

Alison Chapman is a third year English specialist at Trinity College. "Selkie" was her first poetical effort, and displays all the creative talent she's managed to absorb despite studying poetry for the past

three years. Alison is currently very fond of the Canadian poet Don McKay, the last line of "Selkie" coming from his collection of poetry, "Camber." She hopes to one day be able to write a whole poem all by herself.

Weronika Czapla started learning English at the age of seven, though spent her entire life in Central Europe. Born to a family of restless artists and high achievers, she was prematurely inspired to attempt to close the entire world in one hand. She is an IB graduate and international student applying for Asia Pacific and P&C studies. Meanwhile, she transmits images from her subconsciousness onto the paper, captures moments and attends film festivals.

Kira Dorward is an aspiring writer going into her second year at UofT, where she is specializing in history. She graduated from Mayfield Secondary School, an arts school in Caledon where she studied music.

Joanne Fenton

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, after living in harsh exile, has found home. Reproductively challenged, and she likes older men. She still manages to write, esp. to provincial inmates. An epistolary novel due out Nov. 2010.

Shannon Garden-Smith likes to paint pictures. Of herself. What she would really like, though, is an equestrian statue of her—because that would be bombing.

Stephanie Gouinlock is a 3rd year Trinity student studying evolutionary biology. In her spare time she enjoys snapping pictures of everyday beauty, reading up on fashion and music, and riding horses. Most days Stephanie lives by the famous and insightful words of Douglas Adams: "the meaning of life, the universe, and everything is 42." She recommends that others do the same.

John Ginther is a 1T0 in Medieval Studies. He enrolled in a photography class three years ago, and his interest and involvement has grown continuously since that point. He would like to thank the editors for the chance to show the Trinity community some of his photos.

Elizabeth Grossi finds consolation in creating and appreciating art. She enjoys writing, and reading post-modern literature.

Marta Heckel

Katharine Howard: "Few things are worse than the Expected."

Zachary C. Irving has quit his day job in competitive debating to go pro as poet. This should take about seven years. Coincidentally, this is about when he will graduate from Trinity.

John Koziar is just a hedonist. When the end comes, armageddonist, some will wail or laugh with joy, but he'll sit and maybe add "Oh boy, what a lovely light this is by which to eat my apple pie. It seems I need not do the dishes," and then he'll off a happy sigh.

Matthew Kupfer is collecting and cataloguing the world's best onomatopoeias in a volume called the Onomatopoeia. He blogs about this project at his website the Onomatopoeiad.

Alley Kurgan would like to thank everyone who helped with the Art Show and is looking forward to doing it again next year.

Awe-some
Legal Canadian citizen
Likeable (kinda...)
Exhausted
Y-chromosome

Anita Li is an Oriental person who worked like a dog to complete her poetry submission for the Trinity Review. In fact, she slept beside her machine (an Acer laptop) to finish it. Anita would like everyone to know that Orientals are hard, hard workers. Anita suggests that non-Orientals should step up their work ethic before we take over.

Janet Li loves frolicking in the rain and gazing at the world through her sepia tainted shades. She absorbs the world through free verse, and sometimes collects these thoughts in writing. *Corseted Lace* is one of her few works that have a more rigid structure. She also enjoys the mental torture of contemplating such things as the sizes of infinity. She is a pure math specialist.

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.

Emma McKee

Amelie Meyer-Robinson is a first-year student in IR and (hopefully) PACS and is also learning Russian. She hails from Northern Germany, but likes to confuse people by wearing "I Love Copenhagen" t-shirts and sharing a name with a lovable French film character. "What is East?" was taken in Bukhara in Central Asia. Her favourite photographers are Terry Richardson and Guy Bourdin, neither of which influenced this photograph.

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 was once R2-D2, of the Star Wars hexology. To this all she has to say is: Well, I'm pretty badass.

Lina Moudrina

Talia Newman was a youngun, once upon a time. She dreamed of being an astronaut and going to the moon so she could float. But then she realized she could draw pictures of herself on the moon (or in Super Marioland) and that would save a lot of time.

Hilary Peden is in her third year at Trinity College studying International Relations and Russian Language. In her free time Hilary enjoys jazz music, cooking and gourmet chocolate. Whenever she gets the chance she loves to travel. Last summer Hilary spent three months in Western Europe and Morocco and is looking forward to spending this summer in Spain and Siberia.

Chris Pugh is a first year student at Trinity, studying philosophy and German.

Vanessa Purdy is a first year who normally writes songs and stays away from haikus, but thought it was a safe bet for her first Trin Review submission. She can usually be found thinking about everyday things more deeply than is healthy. Her dream is to spend the next ten years in school, the ten after overworked and alone, only to realize she really wanted to be a singer-songwriter, and just wasted her life.

Sadia Rafiquddin is in her final year of a joint specialist in International Relations and Peace and Conflict Studies. She loves travelling, hearing people's stories and immersing herself into new cultures. Her photo, 'Lonesome Trees' was taken in Namibia, Africa where she spent the summer of 2007 conducting field research in the area of HIV/AIDS. Sadia will continue studying and researching her core interests in global health and refugee studies with an MSc in Global Health.

Sarah Simpkin took fencing lessons last year. This led to a stint of her marking trees, fences and other surfaces with a foil-slashed "S." As result, unwitting Californians came to believe Zorro changed his name to Sorro. She gave up her fencing career for the Review. You're welcome.

Elena Soboleva is concluding her 4th year of studies in art and has just recently finished the U of T Visual Art Thesis Show. Artist's Reflection is a self-portrait juxtaposed with a detail of the original installation in the empty gallery space where the show was once held. The image evokes notions of memory and transiency that arise from the temporary site-specific installations that the artist intends to destroy once the exhibit is over.

Emily Swinkin: (noun) second year student straddling the borders between human biology, English, and psychology (verb) to spin into poetry the ideas that are better written than spoken.

Max Thomson

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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.

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The Editors would like to thank Trinity's Alumni Office for providing a link between the Review's past and present editors and contributors.

Thanks to Kenneth Opper (8T9) and John Allemang (7T4) for adjudicating our Winter and Spring editions.

Last but not least, to Conrado Dinglasan and the University of Toronto Press.

Best of luck to Lara Daniel and Zachary C. Irving with next year's publication!

**TRINITY
REVIEW**

**S P R I N G
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