

TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

Volume CXII
Number II
Summer 2009

**The
Trinity
University
Review**

Vol. CXXI No. 2

**Trinity College, Toronto
Spring 2009**



Trinity Review

Editors

Editor in Chief Lara Daniel
Creative Editor Zachary C. Irving

Review Board

Emma Baasch
Sophia Balagamwala
Kira Wronska Dorward
Jennifer Fernick
Shannon Garden-Smith
Katie Jordan
Mike Kryluk
Elisa Pelaia



Contents

	Cover
<i>Untitled</i> , Barbara Dunlop	4
<i>What it Says About Us</i> , Mark Kingwell	8
<i>Tidal</i> , Allison La Sorda	9
<i>White Surface with Obstructions</i> , Angjelin Hila	10
<i>In Words I Possessed it</i> , Eric Foley	15
<i>Little World</i> , Eric Foley	16
<i>Introduction to Aba Bayefsky</i>	17
<i>The Tastemakers</i> , Aba Bayefsky	18
<i>Portrait of R. Kieth Hicks</i> , Aba Bayefsky	19
<i>Untitled</i> , Katie Reingold	20
<i>Study of Birds in Flight</i> , Rosy Rong	21
<i>At the Menil Collection</i> , Julius Tapper	22
<i>A8B</i> , Konstantine Polyzois	23
<i>Untitled</i> , Elisa Pelaia	24
<i>A Selection from "Of Relevance"</i> , Katherine Hong	25
<i>To The New Breadlines</i> , Mike Kryluk	29
<i>September Walk Along the Humber</i> , Lara Solnicki	30
<i>The Homing Pigeon and the Talking Parrot</i> , Anastasia Shteyn	31
<i>Candy Hearts</i> , Kira Dorward	34
<i>One of Four Scenes from a Family Life</i> , David Stokes	35
<i>Sleep Content(ion)</i> , E. A. L. Jordan	36
<i>Phenomenological Study of Self</i> , Angjelin Hila	37
<i>Patrick</i> , Victoria Hetherington	42
<i>Robert*</i> , Victoria Hetherington	44
<i>Taxidermist</i> , E. A. L. Jordan	45
<i>Closing</i> , Katie Jordan	45
<i>My Roommate's Cough</i> , Eric Foley	46

*continued from our Winter issue

Mark Kingwell, a Trinity College Fellow, is a Professor and the Undergraduate Chair with the University of Toronto Philosophy Department. Kingwell has published twelve books and his work has been translated into ten languages. He has written on a variety of subjects in philosophy, art, architecture and culture, and his books include *A Civil Tongue: Justice, Dialogue, and the Politics of Pluralism*, which won the Spitz Prize for political theory in 1997 and *Concrete Reveries: Consciousness and the City*, shortlisted for the 2009 Writer's Trust Non-Fiction Prize. He is currently working on a biography of Glenn Gould for Penguin's Extraordinary Canadians series.

Kingwell is a contributing editor to *Harper's Magazine*, literary quarterly *Descant*, the political monthly *This Magazine* and the *Globe and Mail* books section. His work has been published in dozens of prestigious journals including *Auto Racing Digest* and *Gray's Sporting Journal*. Kingwell's frequent interviews on television, radio, film, and in print were the inspiration for his new poem *What It Says About Us*, read at the 2009 Leacock Summer Festival and published below.

What It Says About Us

In common with other academics who are not dismayed by the presence of a microphone, from time to time I am asked to comment on cultural trends or events of the day that some chase producer believes might be related to my published work. Owing to an unfortunate willingness to do a lot of this earlier in my career, especially when it came to Marilyn Manson or the millennium—remember that?—I get more of these calls than anyone could reasonably wish, and on topics that range, to say the least, widely.

In the fall of 2004 I started keeping a tally of these requests, the large majority of which I declined to answer. I wish I had started the record earlier. As of this writing, the full list of requests numbers 487. Dividing this total by the time covered, that works out to an average of 2.1 requests per week, or 0.3 a day if you count both days of the weekend; if not, the number rises to 0.42 a day. In short, a request every two or three days, depending on how you count, for five solid years. I have to say that not responding favourably, indeed in some cases not responding at all, to the requests seems to have no effect on the rate or volume of their arrival.

In almost every instance, no matter how apparently strange the topic or minimal its relation to anything I had written or been known to care about, the request involved some variant on the following desires: to 'pick my brain'; to 'get some philosophical background'; to 'understand' the wider implications'; to 'know what it says about us'. The answer to the last of which is, of course, that we are a sad and silly lot. But with flashes of redeeming intelligence, despite the hard truth that there is no philosophical significance to the lives of celebrities.

The following is a found poem of selected media asks, 2004-2009:

American Idol, Friends, Sex and the City
Jeopardy, Antiques Roadshow, Hockey Night in Canada
Oh no, The O. C. is cancelled

Einstein, Kierkegaard, Bernard Lonergan, and C. L. R. James
Walt Whitman and Michael Jackson, more than once
Don Cherry
Don Cherry as a moral force
Bond, James Bond
Cardinal Ratzinger, likely pope, as thinker?
and Marshall McLuhan is a famous Manitoban

the Boston Red Sox
honour and its decline
male bonding
is there killer architecture in China?

iPod
jPod
iPod zombies
digital photos can be altered!
yucky internet videos
reality shows, dating shows, horror films
billboard ads, Superbowl ads
email spam
Facebook, Twitter
pro video gamers, video game addictions
and does Grand Theft Auto IV make people kill?

the cult of celebrity
the death cult of celebrity
fan fiction
erotic fan fiction
Roberto Clemente death plane!

Britney
Britney and Lindsay as bad girls
celebrities are being ignored (or, why did Britney shave her head?)
Britney's cooch flashed as she exits vehicle!

slowness; newness; business; happiness, more than once
happiness in the workplace; in Brazil; in Ottawa
Ottawa is the rudest city in Canada
economic happiness
happiness and Gross Domestic Product
selfishness, manliness, singleness and the city, more than once

porn actress donates to Greenpeace, how about that?
Michael Jackson goes on trial
12-year-old smashes Soulja Boy's bus—why?
Harry Potter vs. Narnia—the judgment
and is The DaVinci Code important?

children have dark fantasies, who knew?
more girls than boys go to university
what are the popular baby names?
Benazir Bhutto has been assassinated

increasing number of food bans
Canadians complain a lot
what? Toronto and Montreal not included on list of 'liveable cities'!
Virgin Mary image has been spotted in Scarborough tree!
and the changing depiction of Jesus in mass culture

Google street maps are surveillance technology, no?
museums are more important than art in them, no?
parsing Eliot Spitzer's resignation speech

Princess Di death +9 years
World Wrestling Federation +15 years

new Batman movie is disturbing: when clowns go bad!
why are clowns scary?
'downer' movies, why do we like them?
Friday the 13th on Valentine's Day—good date?

does god exist?
shoes in popular culture
error
prolific females in popular culture
the decline of civility
the kids are hooked on Twilight
god and war
Harrison Ford still sexy at 65?
ethics without god?
dating techniques

hunger strikes, gas prices, bisexuality, celebrity ads in Japan
is there more male nudity in the movies?
the human condition
stress, home, water, torture, daylight savings time
the appeal of minutiae

How David Hasselhoff changed the world
on being nice

Tidal

Colours collide in the swell of water,
like a highway pile-up. An impassable
mud shoal, harassed by choppy junkyard waves,
built into an Atlantis of vacated shells, plastic bags,
sandcastle shovels, and sea glass.

Kelp and crustaceans do the tango around nets
and the sparkle of scales
encircles the broken claw
of a loser crab.

Dead fish float on the surface,
poached in the sun,
eulogized by calls of seabirds,
then laid to rest in the pouch of a pelican.



White Surface with Obstructions

[Angjelin Hila]

In Words I Possessed It

It was early June and I found myself in Olomouc, a mid-sized town in the Czech Republic. I was halfway through a three-month journey that would take me overland from Istanbul to Beijing via Eastern Europe, Russia, and Mongolia. My marriage had recently come to an end, and I had just received some funds from a trust that my grandparents had set up to be given to each of their grandchildren on his or her twenty-fifth birthday, to be used towards their "education".

Walking through the common room of the hostel I saw a young man sitting at a table quietly writing. I asked if he knew how to get to the lake outside of town and he drew me a crude map on a piece of scrap paper: through the old fairgrounds, follow the stream, etc. A green book lay open on the table: WORDS, poems by Robert Creeley. "Whose Creeley is that?" I asked. "Oh, it's mine", the young man said, "but you can take it with you if you want".

I bicycled through the fairgrounds, along the stream, and across a meadow until I came to a small blue lake surrounded by fields of tall yellow canola flowers. Families and teenage couples sat by the water. I rode past them to a place where the trees clumped together and I could see only lake, birds, canola fields, and sky. I sat down on a log, opened the book at random and read:

It is possible, in words, to speak
of what has happened—a sense
of there and here, now
and then. It is some other
way of being, prized enough,
that it makes a common
ground. Once
you were
alone and I
met you. It was late
at night.
I never
left after that,
not to my own mind,
but stayed
and stayed. Years
went by. What
were they. Days—

some happy
but some bitter
and sad. If I walked
across the room, then,
and saw you un-
expected, saw the particular
whiteness of
your body, a little
older, more
tired—in words
I possessed it, in
my mind I thought, and
you never knew
it, there I danced
for you, stumbling, in
the corner of my eye.

(Creeley, 122-123)

Something in the writing registered immediately, a sense of sadness and experience behind each word that drew me in on a deep level. It was revelatory to find things so simply put, seemingly lacking in concrete or descriptive detail, yet so beautiful and emotionally affecting. Later I realized that there was concreteness and detail, but of a different, more interior kind, as if the poem were the evidence of a tracing of the internal process of the writer. With those first lines: "It is possible, in words, to speak / of what has happened", a door opened within me to a place of simplicity and directness that has come to be increasingly important to my own writing.

I had spent much of the previous winter walking through the Mount Pleasant Cemetery listening to audio recordings of William Carlos Williams, and Four Quartets read by Ted Hughes. While these restored my sanity on a daily basis, gave me much to think about, and may have even saved my life, they were not modes that I was comfortable following (though certainly I made attempts). I viewed poets as the world's great dispensers of wisdom rather than as people just trying to get by on a day-to-day basis, struggling with the same basic concerns as myself. I had never taken a poetry course, and felt I hardly knew, formally, what poetry was. I loved Rilke, I loved Neruda. Words, images, ideas—these things excited me and gave me a sense of great possibility. My idea of contemporary poetry, however, was that it was either Allen Ginsberg or Margaret Atwood. Creeley revealed a space for me in words that I recognized

[Continued...]

immediately, without ever having quite been there before. I felt comfortable and at home in the quality of thought and emotion. "This is something I can listen to", I thought, "this is someone I can follow".

On a train from Warsaw to St. Petersburg, weeks later, passing through Belarus, small blue and white farmhouses dotting green hills backed by dark forest, I reread the author's introduction to *Words*: "Things continue, but my sense is that I have, at best, simply taken place with that fact. I see no progress in time or any other such situation. So it is that what I feel, in the world, is the one thing I know myself to be, for that instant. I will never know myself otherwise". This articulation stunned and moved me. I found (and continue to find) Creeley's great willingness to admit how little he actually knows about the world, how little he can actually be sure of, immensely appealing. To read his poetry is to experience a man grappling with the most basic elements and conditions of his existence. He takes nothing for granted. When I read, on that same train ride: "Tonight let me go / at last out of whatever / mind I thought to have / and all the habits of it" (Creeley, 23), I knew exactly what he meant. What else, after all, was my trip about?

Paradoxically, Creeley's work has taught me that perhaps the only way for someone like me to come close to getting out of my own mind (without ending up in rehab) is to go further into it, to examine those images and experiences that most recur, most resonate, and see what is yielded in the process. By tracing these things in words, maybe some kind of knowledge or peace can be found. "It's all an attempt to articulate some complex of feelings that are gained through the writing, that otherwise are not to be gained" (Creeley, 50). This is the act of writing as the act of discovering what one has to say about something, writing as trying to gain "an articulation of what confronts me, which I can't really realize or anticipate prior to the writing" (Creeley, 46).

My preference in poetry has usually been short pieces that grab me immediately, perhaps because I have a short attention span. Words gave me a sense that often it was enough simply to see or feel something, and describe it - one didn't need to constantly strive for strikingly original statements, grand unifying theories or consciously "poetic" language:

A PICTURE

A little
house with
small
windows,

a gentle
fall of the
ground to
a small

stream. The trees
are both close
and green, a tall
sense of enclosure.

There is a sky
of blue
and a faint sun
through clouds.

(Creeley, 114)

In *Perception and Process*, Thomas Anothony Duddy writes that "Each poem, a record of a moment of heightened consciousness, is a fragment of the mind's biography...And as a fragment, the poem articulates the very fragmentation of the mind, a fact of its process which may be held to account for the brevity of most of the poems and the shortness of Creeley's line" (Duddy, 84):

THE FARM

Tips of celery,
clouds of

grass—one
day I'll go away.

(Creeley, 120)

It has taken me a long time to learn (and I am still learning, will never stop learning) the simplest things. For example, as Creeley says: "Words will not say anything more than they do, and my various purposes will not understand them more than what they say". I still don't know that much about poetry, but I know enough to write about the things that move me, however large or small, and to try to use words as simply and clearly and powerfully as I can. I feel that I am only at the very beginning of my own project as a writer, taking the first tentative steps towards learning what my words have to say.

Don't we dance
a little bit,

slowly,
slowly. My

legs
will work

to the tunes of
a happy time.

(Creeley, 123)

[*Continued...*]

I became friends with the young man who lent me the book that day. Walt was his name, and he had studied poetry at Harvard. He told me that Robert Creeley had recently passed away. We wrote our email addresses in the back of *Words* under a quotation from *The Life Aquatic*: "Have you found what you were looking for out here?" Walt left the book with me, with the agreement that I would pass it on or leave it somewhere else along my travels, and we'd see if anyone would write to us. But the more I held it in my hands and the more I read the words the less I was able to part with it. Sometimes now Walt writes and makes reference to how we're still waiting for some future reader to respond to our question, a question posed on a sunny day in June far from our homes, not just (to our minds) about the process of reading the book, but about the experience of living or traveling wherever one had been doing the reading. I haven't yet been able to bring myself to tell Walt that the only person who could possibly respond is me, and my answer would be, "Yes, I have. Thank-you." At some point in the its history, before Walt picked it up in a second hand shop, the book was owned by someone named "Dencie Munns", whose name is printed in blue ink at the top of the first page. Below this is the title *WORDS*, and below that, scrawled in penciled handwriting that is neither Dencie's, nor Walt's, nor mine, is an anonymous note:

to recognize - not create
to live in the world

Works Cited

Creeley, Robert. *Tales Out of School: Selected Interviews*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1993.

Creeley, Robert. *Words*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1967.

Duddy, Thomas Anthony. *Perception and Process: Studies in the Poetry of Robert*

Creeley, Robert Duncan, Denise Levertov, Charles Olson, and Louis Zukofsky. Ann Arbor: University Microfilms International, 1981.

Little World

When I see
an old bicycle
chained to a fence
with snow and leaves piled
against the shattered wheels, I think:
there's another little world
gone forever. Then
I pick up a piece
of dog shit
and eat it.

ABA BAYEFISKY 1923-2001

Aba Bayefsky, the internationally renowned artist, teacher and Member of the Order of Canada, was born in Toronto on April 7, 1923. Bayefsky became known for his work as a WWII artist, themes he expanded upon in his series *Reflections on the Holocaust*, displayed in the Canadian War Museum in 1998. Bayefsky served as an instructor at the Ontario College of Art from 1957 to 1988.

Portrait Of R. Keith Hicks

Throughout his career, Bayefsky found “archetypal significance” (Varley) in unique places, as in *Bayefsky at the Market* in which “figures [inspired by Kensington Market] cut hawk and haggle” (Varley) and the counterculture depicted in *The Tattoo Series*. In the latter series, Bayefsky characteristically refuses to “differentiate... between the university professor and tattooed person” (Bayefsky. 1978). *Portrait of R. Keith Hicks*, Trinity college Professor, Registrar and Dean of Arts, is a fine example of Bayefsky’s style of portraiture, in which he depicts the human form with unembellished honesty, irrespective of his subject.

The Tastemakers

Throughout his career, Bayefsky became convinced that “there are no critics of any substance – they call themselves “reviewers” and therefore have no responsibilities (intellectual)” (Bayefsky, Sept. 16, 1996). Bayefsky first attacked art critics with his piece *Viewing the Shows*, in which a famous Canadian critic is depicted as a skeleton in response to what the artist perceived as “fatuous and partisan reviews” (Varley).

The Tastemakers, “a criticism of people who did art criticism” (Bayefsky, Jan. 24, 1996) is rumored to be directed at Robert Fulford among others. Across the back, Bayefsky inscribed “then you say, then I say” to “accus[e] the cultural bureaucracy of conspiring to direct rather than support Canada’s artists” (Varley, 1989). More bluntly, Bayefsky claims the critic’s “talk was absolute nonsense” (Jan. 24, 1996).

Bayefsky’s criticisms of contemporary art are broad and stinging: “Canadian art took the wrong road after the Group of Seven. Everything was dominated by what was called internationalism; a rootless, non-committed view on art (Bayefsky, Oct. 3, 1996)”.

Bibliography

- Bayefsky, A. Unpublished Journal. Jan. 24, Sept. 16, and Oct. 3 1996.
Bayefsky, A (1978). *Drawings of the Market*. Ed. P Duval. Toronto: Can. Portfolio Ed.
Varley, C (1989). *Aba Bayefsky Revisited*, Art Exhibit. Toronto: Koffler Gallery.



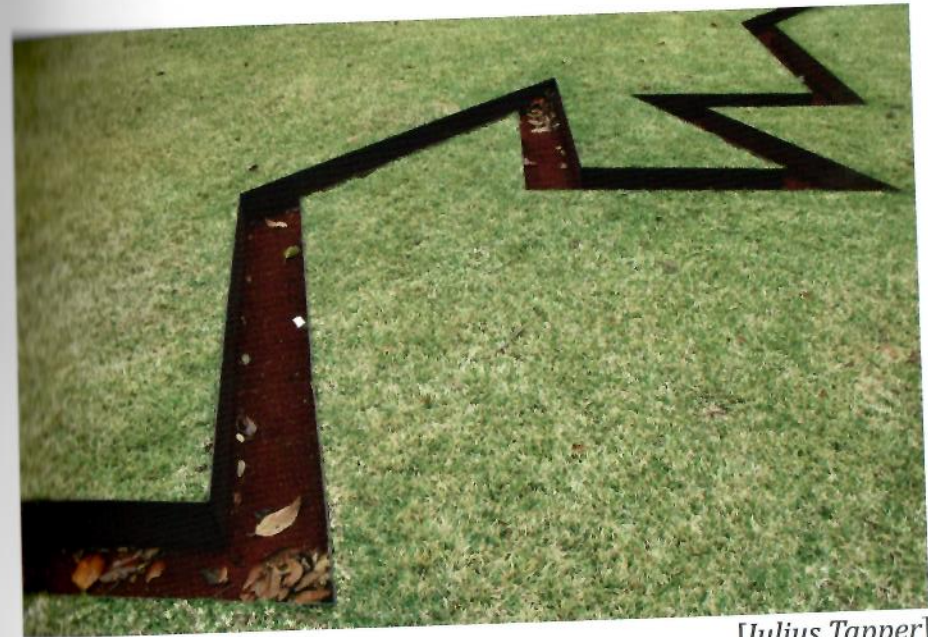
The Tastemakers

[Aba Bayefsky]



Portrait of R. Kieth Hicks

[Aba Bayefsky]



At the Menil Collection

[Julius Tapper]



Untitled

[Elisa Pelaia]



Untitled

[Katie Reingold]



A Selection from "Of Relevance"

[Katherine Hong]

To the New Breadlines

He figured he'd go to the corner and lemon yellow in the snow, and it steamed warm when he did.

"Bill! Hey Bill!"

He heard the call through the frigid darkness from across the parking lot. Zipping up, he shook his loose jeans up and around his flabby haunches, the little sunken patch where he pissed still steaming a little.

"Bill! Bill, you over here?"

The cloud of mist materialized into a second person, taller and fatter than Bill. Both were garbed in thick layers of red and green knitted toques and gloves, bright and visible in the night against their bulging frames pressing on plaid vests.

"Come on Billy buddy, it's your last night as boss. Let's go down to the harbour and look up some of those Korean hookers."

Bill finally turned around and replied to his companion's entreaties. *"No Tom,"* he said solemnly in his grizzled voice, *"not tonight, not now."*

Tom didn't press the point further. Instead, the rosy glow of a cigarette appeared in response, illuminating the pair in an almost intimate light. Bill's breaths still came out as billows of smoke while his friend began to fume tobacco.

"How is it here?" Tom asked somewhat hesitantly, gesturing to the looming neon fire of MOTEL embroidered on the clear night sky.

"Okay," Bill shrugged.

"You know it would be absolutely no problem for you to move in with Janie and me. The kids—" and he stopped to inhale a little more, the little rosebud in his mouth flaring up fiercer as he did so. *"The kids would have no trouble in the den. You shouldn't let pride—"*

"It's not about pride, Tom."

When the shit had hit the fan his wife had left immediately, but Bill hadn't realized how close she had been to doing that for quite some time. Bill didn't blame her and he didn't blame himself; the gradual decay of his marriage felt like less of a decision or mistake than an irreversible organic process that rotted his heart from the inside out. His recent mental vignettes of stacked cardboard boxes and urine-caked motel soaps corresponded very little with the endless stream of warmth that his family conjured in him.

"What do you think the vote'll be?"

"I don't know," Bill lied.

The hearing was tomorrow. He had heard the votes already, though—this sort of thing got around town awfully fast. Bill wondered if Tom was trying to be consolatory, or if he was just that stupid. The union was going to crush him and take it all away. The hypocrisy of the whole thing had still not lost its first bitterness for Bill: everybody who was in a position to be anybody in town took a piece out of the union—some sending it worse places than the cash register at the Beer Store or their kid's college fund. He had done what any of them would do and had done in his position, and now they were going to crucify him as if he were fucking Jimmy Hoffa. Thirty-one years and not a single one of them in the bunch not ready to nail his balls to the wall rather than be implicated themselves.

"I'm still with you buddy," Tom said weakly. "I know things haven't always been perfect between us, but when the chips are down..."

"Yeah."

In the thirties, when his grandfather had run a real, genuine FOB bakery it had been the Jews that everybody thought ran everybody else out of town. If anyone ever got laid off or fired or even stubbed their goddamn toe, it had been the Jews' fault—Synagogues are a fucking Chamber of Commerce for those cockroach kikes, ran his grandfather's one and only aphorism. In the fifties, he had spent countless hours listening to the tirades of his old man against the Reds—the same arguments, that same fervour of righteous hatred just with a different four-letter-word inserted every now and then. These days, Bill didn't know who to blame: governments had made the free trade deals, the companies sweated and bled for had downsized themselves and the public itself had stopped buying. He certainly couldn't blame some Mexican for working nine hours a day and bringing home eighty-seven cents to feed his kids. There had even been a time when he blamed the towelheads, but as time went on, he couldn't see what nineteen angry young men in four planes had to do with his life.

"Snow ain't quite the same, eh Tom?"

"What's that?"

"I mean, the snow," Bill said. "You know when we were younger and the snow banks would be well over our heads, and there'd be those days when the whole town shut down and just seemed to play outside all day and forget everything. Days like that are like a gift."

"Yeah," said Tom slowly. "Must be global warming or some shit."

Bill regretted that maybe he had drunk a bit too much and let sentimentality get the best of him. He wasn't sure why he associated innocence with something as arbitrary as the snow, but as he looked around him at the decrepit parking lot of his scuzzy motel, he felt that even it would be somehow romanticized under a soft sheet of fresh snow, instead of the chunky, blackened bits carelessly ploughed off to the side by the every morning. His piss still bubbled in a little concrete-stained mound of mush.

"How's the strike going over at Perkins'?" Bill asked.

Tom sighed. "Same story. Cost versus competition. Labour versus profit. Two groups of greedy shitheads diggin'-in their heels."

"Do you think they'll last?"

Tom sighed again. "Can't see it. Ever since Jones & Sons closed two years, shit falls like dominoes round here. Union walks out and the scabs line up to the new breadline."

In his father's days, there had been clear methods of control. Bill could still remember some of the drunken reminiscences between his father and his friends when he was a kid, an oral epic composed of intimidation, violence and cruelty. He hadn't understood it then. In those days, people had ways of being controlled—cops could be paid off, bricks tossed in windows, dissenters labelled as socialists, fags or foreigners. Hatred had the malleability of fear, fear the permanence of ignorance. A town was a different sort of thing back then, more than the sum of its parts instantly assembled in any setting, anywhere from the same corporate blueprint. In those days, a town was one, and it acted and was manipulated as one. "You sure you're done for the night, pal? I mean it might be your last night as the king of this town. Throw your weight around a little. The rest of the town don't know the whole extent of things yet, come tomorrow, after the vote and the report..."

"What do you want to do, Tom?" Bill replied. There was no hate or anger in his voice, just the bare fatigue of man besieged and defeated. "Go out and get our dicks sucked on skid row like old times? I'm tired, Tom. I have to start thinking about alimony payments, and where I'm going to get another job and how many coins to leave on the goddamn nightstand every morning for the maid in my fucking motel room."

Tom didn't wince at this. He just nodded, puffing his cigarette solemnly. The lights of a few cars from the highway rose up and faded away every moment or so, making the two men squint painfully in response, the toxins of gin and rum in their blood seeming to suddenly boil

under the scrutiny. Bill had had that feeling for a while, though, as if everyone was judging him. The papers would be all over him (all two local ones) and he felt awfully wily for giving a fake name when he checked in indefinitely a few weeks ago.

The best anyone can do is get by, Bill's father had once said to him when he was a child. His eyes had been glazed with whisky, Bill's battered mother likely sequestered somewhere—in those days women had two spaces: the kitchen and the bed—the snow piled halfway up the windowpanes, the fire glowing with the heat of his father's voice. Anything more is what you can take that others would have taken anyway, he had said with finality, as if it were some kind of illumination. Bill still wasn't sure.

"Thanks for the lift, Tom," Bill said softly.

"Oh yeah. Least I could do, what with...you know, and the rest..."

"You too drunk to drive?"

"Yeah," Tom said, "but who isn't? I'll be alright."

"And thanks again," Bill said. He didn't look Tom in the eye just then, but kept his gaze fixed on the cracked, slick pavement, still moist from the light snow that had gradually receded throughout the week.

"No problem," Tom coughed and he tossed the wrinkled butt onto the ground and rubbed it out. "Things might still work out pal."

"I know," he said and turned to go.

It started to snow then, the kind of lazy, thick flurry that smothered the road and the pavement within an hour. Families would be going to their living room windows, hot breath condensing on the panes, watching that kind of snow that cancelled schools and delayed traffic, not the half-hearted drizzle that had been about the town all month. His own kids would be doing the same, just like he had when he was the same age. Bill thought about that as he bade goodbye to Tom and on the stairs up to his second-level room, and for the first time in weeks, he slept easily that night.

September Walk Along the Humber

Summer has not ended.

The grass is a patchwork of camouflage,
skeletal trees
pulverize under foot.
We hold hands like an old limp chain.

The leaves are flailing themselves,
flowers continue to open, open
meeting the demands of the sun.

Weeds push past their peers
relentlessly, fraying in their ascent,
sprouting peach fuzz at the crown,
and litters of new mouths.

We pause at the river
to see a salmon tick time with its tail,
wind up the narrowing basin,
forced into itself.

A misguided butterfly circles,
flickers and lands
on the strange new breed of shrub
now mutating between us.

The Homing Pigeon and the Talking Parrot

I: The Homing Pigeon Receives a Letter

"My highborn homing pigeon,
wind in your white wings,
letters on your limbs,
and where are you now?
when they displaced you, you had
one last note addressed to me,
my megapolis, my st,
my house, my hands.
Pecking your
fodder on a far farm,
you should still have
my missing mail.
My gracious carrier,
it's linked to your left leg,
if you, for once, look down there.
I know you have faced the sky before. "

II: The Talking Parrot Retires

I had a pet of
merriment and wits,
A parrot - curious,
but cagy:
he never opened his exotic mind (or mouth)
until one day after the evening news,
he told me that the wind was southern
and the economy was bad.
On vigorous wings
he flew to the farm of
the homing pigeon -
to settle where
trees are together and
cabbage is cheap

Candy Hearts

It was eight forty-three on one of those listless March days that make one think that winter never ends, the snow never melts, and that nothing interesting ever happens. Canadian weather often has this effect on the psyche.

The weak winter light filtered through the blinds of the room and stirred Alexandra from her restlessness. She was cold, covered only by her bathrobe because the boy sleeping next to her was wrapped up in her sheets. He had pulled her into him, his arm wrapped over her, leaving her trapped between him and the wall. She relaxed for a few minutes, enjoying the feel of a human body in this most intimate of positions. In this way she forgot just whom it was lying next to her; it was just a place she was looking for.

Their night was littered all over the linoleum floor. Clothing crumpled and laying where it fell. She had shucked hers like a snake shucked its skin, moving on from something else.

She remembered the night before like a dream. It seemed to have all taken place in a warmer light. She had been sitting in front of him, drinking her rum and coke and not looking in his direction. On the way to the party he had picked her up when she'd fallen in the snow. At the party, and this is where things started to become hazy, all she remembered was somehow meeting his mouth and his whiskey kiss.

"Maybe you guys should go somewhere else," said a friend of hers. "This isn't even our party."

They hadn't realized they'd been the focal point of the room.

She'd forgotten her gloves as they hastily put on their coats and boots. That had been a difficult process, as groping was not conducive to the assembly of winter wear. But her hands weren't cold on the way home. He'd held her hand and pressed it. She looked out of the window of the taxi and watched the people they passed on the way.

"I had my eye on you," he said, as he came up behind her, their naked bodies touching for the first time. He couldn't see it as he kissed her neck, pressing his palms into her shoulders, but she smiled. She smiled because she'd known it all along. She had known he was coming home with her before they had even left. She knew she could have him if she wanted.

The most intimate parts were the ones she couldn't remember. What she did with her body didn't seem all that important. It was just the body of another that held some meaning; knowing someone else in the carnal, the most simple, of ways.

He wasn't very good, that much she knew. But she appreciated how he curved her into him, her toes curling over his at the end of the twin bed. She liked how his body warmed hers, the dormitory room under-heated, as the winter day brought in light so pale and bitter.

She stretched and the boy grazed his hands along her tensed stomach. They didn't talk. She barely even knew his name (Wilson), yet he had known the most intimate parts of her. There was nothing more to say.

She sat up and looked at him, this boy she barely knew, and traced the outline of his ear. He turned towards her and avoided her eyes, head on the pillow.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Looks like you brought the wrong guy home." His thin lips closed around this admission. Lips that couldn't kiss her the way she wanted to be kissed. Lips that pressed themselves against hers, wanting to satisfy. Their mouths didn't work in sync. His tongue never penetrated her lips quite right, representative of another problem which required a firmer grasp of things.

Sighing, she rolled him over and straddled him, pulling him up so that her chin grazed his forehead where she gently kissed him. He wrapped his arms around her torso and pressed his face into her breasts.

"Do you know what it is to be tired all the time?" he asked, imploring her to accept his explanation. He sighed into her chest, and she clutched the hair on the back of his head. "We'll just have to do this again when I'm sober."

He squeezed her a little harder, bending her backwards towards the bed. "There will be a next time, right?" Alexandra smiled a sad smile. She wished that this boy was someone he wasn't. No one in particular, just maybe the better parts of the men she'd known. He felt so vulnerable to her, like she could crush his feelings with her whisper. In response, a response that promised nothing but left lingering possibilities, she kissed him softly on the neck and worked her way up to his ear, the way she knew he liked. He seemed to accept this as an answer.

She watched him go. As he dressed, he occasionally glanced back at her, obviously unsure of what came next. She took in his skinny body, still a boy's physique, feeling a slight disgust at how it contrasted with her rounded hip and heaving bosom. He buckled his watch, which he'd left on her night table. She recalled him taking it off the night before, methodically removing it even in the throws of passion. Somehow this endeared him to her. It was such a simple, manly gesture.

He took one final look at her. He seemed to be asking her what to do. Then he mussed her hair as she lay, still, on the bed. There was an awkward silence.

"See ya," was all he could come up with. But the truth was she didn't know how these sorts of things were done either.

She wasn't sad when he left. She was just alone again.

The day was growing on. There was more sun, but it wasn't any warmer. Her friends were waking up now, wanting her to tell them how it went with the guy. They laughed when she said he couldn't get it up. She was as embarrassed now as he had been.

Later, cleaning her room, she found a scattering of little red Tylenols on her carpet. When she talked to him next, he said he'd been so drunk he had confused them for candy hearts.

Sleep Content(ion)

In the sheets, we roll over and
over you ask, tugging at my shoulder
throwing a thigh over my hip, the bone
Where did you go just now? I was
gawking at that prowler, the moon
staring down at the racoons screeching
up their trees fucking, all night in branches
so damn proud, I can't sleep for their sound
and the fury they wail at the jealous reflections
in the window sky, I see night after night
that you write and, alone, drawl in your sleep

One of Four Scenes from a Family Life

We are friends to avocados
Mom cuts one open, and then slams the edge of the knife into its giant
seed
"To get it out" she says
The flesh has the gradients of a sunset, but in greens
It is a very oily fruit, but good for your skin
I suggest I use it in the shower
Later, I am bathing with the butter pear



Phenomenological Study of Self

[Angjelin Hila]

Patrick

The office phone rings and it's Patrick. "Ten years today," he says.

My heart thuds. He sounds like he's running in traffic somewhere downtown, where he works and lives, rising with the sun and the press of people that draw it out and the vans offering 24 HRS service and the eateries that never close. He lives in a tiny dirty knot in the midst of a city that keeps going and going.

"Why did you just say that?"

"I don't know. Guess where I am."

I lick an envelope—six piles to go. "Those kind of questions make me nervous."

"The GO bus. Well, almost, it's coming. I'm on my way up to take you to lunch."

"How do you know where I work?"

Lori, the other secretary, looks over at me and raises her eyebrows. I frown at her and hang up quickly.

I step out later and see a man standing near the car dealership, all slicked down, a blonde skull and a skinny briefcase and suit legs like pipes and then I recognize him. "How do you know where I work?" I ask again.

Patrick, watching, with his slack mouth that never closes. "Your mom told me," he says, then: "You look ridiculous."

I guess I do. I'm wearing a yellow summer slip that seemed nice on me in the morning, but not now, as I've started to get as fat as Auntie. "You look nice," I reply, going red, and he giggles and calls me a lamb. "Look at you, you're all pink and lovely," he says. "Come here." And I put my arms around him, a slack suit and a narrow body, and he holds me back for a long time, long after he discovers how sweaty I am on my chest.

They had been best friends since they were fluffy-haired teenagers, Patrick's mom and mine. My mother would drive us up to her sister's cottage in the summer, a big lady with my mother's pointy nose that we all called Auntie, who'd put us to bed after all the strangeness of the road; of fries and burgers eaten slowly with the smell of car, with the ever-flashing whip-like trees and dimly peeking mountains. Auntie would always ask how long the drive took this time, and my mom would take off her sweater very slowly, and sigh. Come on, you little bug, stay for dinner, Auntie would say to my mother. Sometimes she'd cook in her bathing suit, her rubbed-looking thighs cooked red themselves. Each late afternoon Patrick and me would sit on Auntie's picnic bench, too hot and tired to eat anything,

surrounded by a forest of wild berries and a whole wide lake behind it. Fergus, Auntie's poodle, would spend those afternoons with his four feet bunched up at the edge of the dock, jumping in and then paddling back, and at night his black curly fur would stink of what he'd stirred up down there. Sometimes we would try to feed him crackers we found in the cottage kitchen and time passed like that, the afternoons melting into nights that disappeared through the backs of our heads, clearing the way for cricket-peppered sleeps that receded in the morning.

Those days Auntie would check on us every half hour, calling us 'the death of me', calling us 'buggies', rubbing our shoulders with her wide fingers and trying to feed us those sandwiches we never touched, which had shed their crusts and grown soggy from hours in the sun, from being so near a lake that wept condensation. After a while she'd take them inside to the sunroom and eat them herself.

All the while Patrick and me would play games with complicated rules that I don't remember—making mud, pulling up lily pads. Once we crept into the bathroom and he painted our toenails with Auntie's red polish, Sensual Poppy, first my nails then his, Patrick crouching by the toilet with his white knees sticking out. Once I climbed a big willow tree with a book, to lie on a branch and read, but I went up too far. I started crying, terrified at how hot the sun was, at how many ants came out of the bark, at how small Patrick looked when he ran to get Auntie. She came as fast as she could, pumping her arms and yelling instructions. Branch by branch, foot by foot I managed to get down far enough to jump the rest of the way, her spread-out floral patterned bulk the most wonderful thing I'd ever seen up close and I cried, big sobs, sucking and howling into the thick material of her dress. She put me down quickly, and later she made string beans and macaroni and cheese the special way, with butter and batter that shone on her face, and Patrick's. I ate as much as I could for her and went to bed feeling stretched, a balloon girl, waiting for the light in their bedrooms to turn off so I could sleep too.

I think I made Patrick cry that day.

We're in a restaurant close to where I work. "You want to be an art professor when you grow up, right? A painter in your spare time?" He says.

"Art history, actually, and I'm pretty grown up, Patty. Eat the rest of your sandwich, they're great here."

"You have it. I passed a college on my way here, didn't I."

"Yeah, Paul Henderson college. Why?"

"So it's on your way too? Take some night courses, nothing's stopping you."

You'd get your teaching license in a few years; you get whatever holidays... the kids get, and summers off. Paint, travel."

"I do love kids."

"You're great with them."

I chew on my cheek a bit, reaching for his half-sandwich. I see chicken bits dangling out, a wet skirt of lettuce. Beautiful.

"So would you. Be good with kids, I mean. You're so patient."

"Oh hell, are you kidding? I'm too much of a diva for kids; I want to throw my own tantrums. Do my own thing. Think I could bring a toddler on a yak-bound tour of the Himalayas?"

"Your wife could pitch in."

"My wife, eh?" He laughs, he shakes his head. "Oh honey. I do love you."

I stiffen all down my back, and swallow the last bit of his sandwich nearly unchewed. "You're laughing at me," I say weakly.

"I can't laugh at you for long, though," he says. "You're much too serious."

And he takes my hand in his.

"Anyway, what if I died - who knows, right? What would happen to the kid then?"

"You have tons of friends."

"Nah, I need to do it myself. One wrong move and my kid could end up like that." He nods toward our waitress, who, aside from picking hard at something on her lower lip, looks pretty normal to me.

"You're being unfair," I say.

"That's life," he replies.

We were all sticky after and I was bleeding so we went swimming, the two of us jumping into the water and making Fergus jump in too. I checked between my legs in the bathroom later, and was relieved to see that it had stopped. I was by myself for the first time since Patrick had started kissing me a few hours before, and everything in Auntie's bathroom - the knitted covers for the toilet paper rolls, her deodorants and the spare pink soaps, the tiny tinted window full of bluish sun and the loaded bending shelves and the yellowed sign bordered with swallows reminding me to flush sparingly in old cursive and the hairy brush, all felt different. I smushed my wet bathing suit against my face and started crying, feeling like I'd betrayed something horribly.

After a while I went outside and sat on the picnic bench. It was my fault; I'd been holding his hand all summer. I kissed his hand too when we were walking Fergus, and I even told Auntie he was my boyfriend just to try out the sound of it (she'd looked concerned and sent me out to pick basil). Patrick came outside, still in his bathing suit, and spotted me. He sat on the bench and put his hands over mine until it got darker, and then got up, saying he had to pick cherry tomatoes for Auntie. There was a wet spot where his bum had been. It got darker still and the melancholy August evening felt emptied out of everything and everyone but its thickening plants, all of them overripe and so dark green you'd think they would go black instead of red in a couple of weeks.

The next morning I woke up early and called my mom, asking her to come pick me up and Patrick left to walk Fergus, as it started to rain. I told Auntie that there was a lot of back-to-school shopping that I needed to do, and she gave me a ceramic pot full of herbed bread and kissed me stickily on the head. At home the gardens were soaked and bent in sticks and the umbrellas were beaded with water, sobbing and black and resistant. I would think about Patrick and feel sad, like I was watching spring try to grow up the side of an ice floe; sliding back and sliding back, its brief life an impossibility, a weird defiant thing. I knew he'd only want me for a short, short time, and I would want him all my life.

And here I am, a fat old secretary at twenty-four. I'm always surprised at where old friends have ended up, and I'm sure they're surprised at me too.

It's been ten years since it happened, but every summer I still get so sad in the middle of August, and I don't know what to do. My job keeps me busy, so I can keep stamping and photocopying insurance statements when I feel sad - I just do it slower. I have great waves of fondness for Patrick, and a sad sort of dull pain that follows it before I am left again in the striped shadow, in the office, a bright blue sky spread impossibly wide behind me, blazing past the car dealership and then flocks of men with potbellies - and even further still. There is a training facility past the dealership with planes and training cadets, and scruffy yellow plants filling up great big fields, and a lady's voice that comes over an outdoor intercom every ten minutes, always asking for a new person to come to the dealership office. The office must be bursting by now.

I tell myself every morning that I am safe. I take my time and there is a delicate wind sometimes - an entirely new climate it feels, facilitated by the dark, banished slowly as the summer greens grow greener with the sun. I try not to think about Patrick waking up beside a new man every couple of mornings. I tell myself I am my own woman, I am; I am. I do this by thinking thoughts that he would never think. I do this by writing...

poems he would never read, and not sharing them with him. We still talk on the phone a lot, but we barely see each other. He has his own life that I don't like to probe into, a promising life that the city must make new every morning. What would I do where he is, with his new apartments and new food and new people? I'd follow him like a big eel in a dress. I need things to be solid, reliable enough for me to hold fast to them, and sleep.

"Why was it the first thing you said? And over the phone too, in public, you just yelled it out. You shouldn't even be bringing it up."

He is paying the bill for us both, and focused on signing the receipt. "You're right. I did that, I talked about it because I just don't know what to do about it. I'm sorry about it, really sorry. I think about it almost every time we talk."

"Really? You think about it?"

"Of course. Childhood things fuck with me to begin with. I feel like I was born with this really strong ability to feel guilt about stuff that's waned over the years. I get sadder remembering the bugs I killed at four than I do about anything else."

"You don't have to feel guilty."

"It's not just that, it's like I feel responsible for you, too. Like I should get you out of this."

"Out of what?"

He wipes the crumbs off his palms and reaches across the table and fits them around my face. I don't move. "Look at what you're doing." I stay still. "Look at where you are."

Maybe I shouldn't like these twelve-hour days spent in this cold, bright place full of people, some of them as sluggish as lobsters, some of them going as quickly as they can in no real direction, burrowing sideways through mountains of revisions on buggy software, eating lunch at their desks. I've decided that it's enough, and that makes it enough.

"If you're happy, if you're really satisfied, then I'll leave it alone," he says.

"I'm happy," I tell him, and he slumps a bit. "Okay," he says.

"You look tired," I tell him, and slide my hand out from under his. We get up and walk out and he puts his arm through mine, almost leaning on me. It's rained so much this summer that patches of grass are gone in the sloped part of the yard in front of the restaurant, washed out, without even the roots left sticking up.

Robert

Continued from Winter Issue

"Didn't she tell you?"

I don't say anything.

"I thought she would have, you being a woman and all."

I don't say anything. He looks up again, staring at the gate and the tangled bushes behind it, then reaches to pat Oscar. "Of course you know," he says.

"I'm so sorry," I say. Then, without thinking about it, I look over at him.

"Let me shave it all off. You'll feel so much better."

He looks back at me and slides both hands through his hair for a while.

"Lead the way," he says at last.

I open the front door as quietly as I can, as the TV reverberates and the sound goes funny in the narrow hall. I try to tread as quietly as I can, like I'm the woman who lives in the upstairs apartment, like any noise will ruin whatever you and Karen are watching or doing in the living room.

We get to the bathroom and he sits on the edge of the sink. His hips are so skinny; he is daintier than you, he has a ballerina body. I pick up my pink razor and run it under the water. He closes the door with his palm.

"Karen uses those razors too," he says.

"They're the best," I reply.

I grip the back of his head with one hand. Oscar is mewling outside the door.

"I need to know something. Can I ask you something?"

"Okay," I say. The tendons in his neck tighten up and I drag the razor along his scalp - not more than an inch at a time, because there's so much hair.

"You and Karen. Are you fucking?" he says. "I just. I have to know."

I don't stop shaving. "No, Rob, we're not."

"You think I'm joking," he says.

He lets me finish, and when it is done we look at his shucked skull in the smudgy mirror; the peeled and shiny and slightly bleeding skin that goes all the way over his head.

"I like it," I say, and pat my aftershave over his head (violet-scented) and stick bits of toilet paper to the nicks and he braves it all like a good sport, staying stock-still with his eyes shut.

"I'm sorry about Karen," I tell him.

He brushes past me gently and lifts the toilet seat, turning his back. Spots of sweat show on his dress shirt, just below both shoulders.

"Why? She isn't dead," he says. I listen to him pee, mildly shocked.

"I think I've known for a while, I just didn't put it together," he says after a moment. "I think I've known since I met her, actually. But I kept talking myself down, saying every few days, you know, 'why would she date me? Love me and hold me and talk to me and think about me and take me into her mouth and all the rest of her if she didn't like men? Don't be an idiot.' Stuff like that."

"Karen's a weird girl." In a hot rush I hate her.

"She's a wonder," he says. He shakes, zips up, flushes, and then perches on the edge of the toilet without even putting the seat down, balanced on the skinny porcelain ring. I feel an urge to do something equally intimate to make him more comfortable, to make him talk more, so I reach for my hairbrush and pull the matted hairs out (mine and yours) before I start to brush. He watches.

"Women," he says. "Nail polish and earrings and eye stuff and every little thing, every day. Who's going to remember anyway? I can barely make the bed every morning."

"It's about how it feels," I say. I'm not sure what I mean; I didn't think before I said it.

He stands up, bares his teeth in the mirror, picks at them with his nail. His head shines. "I like it. I love it. It's so cute."

"The woman thing?"

"The woman thing."

We're quiet for a bit. He is still staring at his teeth so I get out the floss, rip off a bit for him, and then look down at my piece of it, stretched between my fingers.

"You can get used to anything," I say.

"What are you referring to?"

"I don't know. Forty minutes of makeup and hair in the morning. A person in bed. As long as it's every day. And you feel like it's always been like that, and it'll never change and that if it changes you'll die - until it does."

"Until it does."

"And then there will be more days of something different, one at first, and then more and more, one on top of the next. And then you'll barely be able to remember how you lived before, when it was different."

We smile a bit, and I fluff out my hair. He looks like he is going to cry; his eyes are all big and his mouth shrinks up. I don't know what else I can do, so I rub his drying back, I rub the top of his head, and squeeze past him to get out.

You're sitting on the couch by yourself. "Karen's gone," you say, bleary-eyed like a little kid on New Year's, on Christmas Eve, waiting through the early hours of the morning. These are the hours for a child's version of adults, for their cushioned quiet and for the otherworldly too; the realm we always expect to enter as we age and never really do.

Untitled

Before, a taxidermist
mounted my head
on a plaque for me
so I could wake up and
on the advice of old men
take a look at myself
each morning I rise
It's one of those wooden
ones, the kind you get
with a surname and coat
of arms, from a cheap friend
who visited Ireland just
to get drunk last summer,
without his second wife
who dislikes the Scotch
It made a lot of sense
hanging above the bed
I'd be able to smell
a fire when my body
slept beneath, the problem
is that now I'm dead

Closing

The dish water a gathered taupe, as if
Tom Thomson rinsed his brushes in it
before taking off to Canoe Lake.

The dishwasher knows nothing of Thomson's murkiness,
of my suburban childhood on streets named
after Varley and Carr, of Kathleen Gormley's piqued eyebrows

or her elegant neck. He shakes his head
to the few English words he knows: thank you honey,
his tobacco complexion warm in the kitchen's fluorescence,

our translations trapped in the white tower of plates.
The parade of bottles behind the bar illuminates
the unoccupied restaurant. The tables set

and the cutlery coupled, but I am suspicious
of forks: pronged and secretive once washed
of ordinary mouths and their infinite uttering.

My Roommate's Cough

My roommate's cough
coming after hours of silence
broke sharply into me.

He had a beard, was a vegetarian,
screamed "fuck" whenever he
dropped something in the kitchen—
probably, I thought, because
he was thirty-two, not in love,
and wrote songs that had failed
to connect with an audience.

Yet for all this
I barely knew the man,
and did not care.

I was twenty-three and in love.
My songs would be sung forever.

Thank Yous

The Trinity Review extends our sincere thanks to Mrs. Evelyn Bayefsky for donating *The Tastemakers* to Trinity College in 2009, and allowing us to publish her husband's artwork and excerpts from his personal journal.

The Tastemakers and *Portrait of R. Kieth Hicks* are on permanent display in, respectively, Trinity College's Combination Room and Board Room.

Special thanks are also owed to Professor Mark Kingwell,

to John De Jesus at Coach House Press,
the Trinity College Meeting,
Trinity's Archivist, Sylvia Lassam, and Bursar, Geoffrey Seaborn,
and to Mitchell Gerskup for photographing Mr. Bayefsky's work.

To the Review Board,
thank you for hanging in
despite our various insanities.



Congratulations and best of luck to next years Editors,
Shannon Garden Smith and Mike Kryluk.



