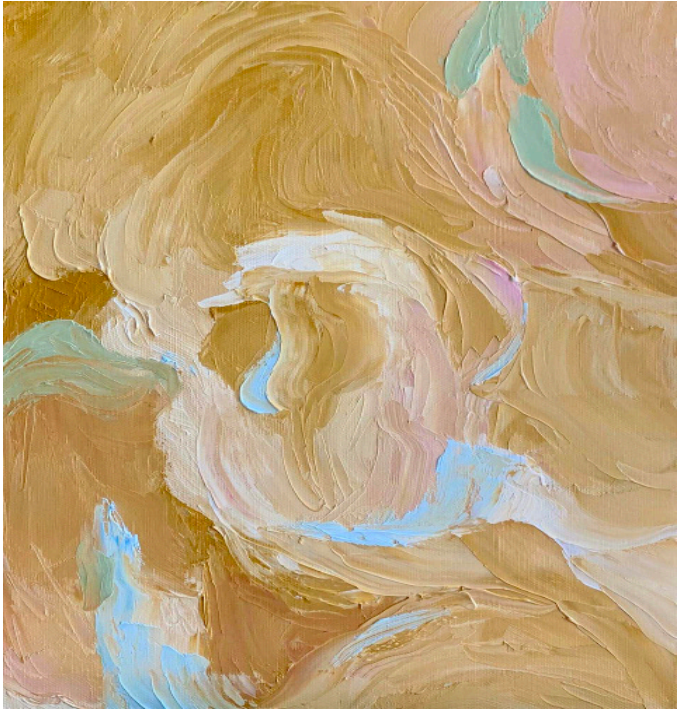




The Trinity Review



Cover: “Vic’s Head” by **MONICA FENG**

The Trinity Review 133

Winter Journal

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The Trinity Review is crafted and published on the traditional lands of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit River; we are immensely grateful for the opportunity to operate on a land that has been under the care of First Nations for thousands of years. As part of a larger cultural, political, and academic movement for decolonization, we commit ourselves to upholding and supporting principles of truth and reconciliation within literary spaces on campus and at our College.

Contents

ANGIE LO	Sal Tarrae	9
ANTONIA FACCIPONTE	Red	10
SABRINA ALMEIDA	Cyanide Pit	11
ANTONIA FACCIPONTE	A Complaint to My Mouth	12
DS MAOLALAI	Potatoes	13
JOYCE YUE ZHU	Carpenter Bees	14
VIVIAN LAWRY	Salt	18
MAILEY HORNER	Woodman Avenue	22
RADMILA YAROVAYA	Evening Walk in Suburbia	23
MICHELLE SPEYER	Sunfish	24
SARAH SHARP	Tuesday	27
ADAM ZIVO	boy-as-object	28
ADAM ZIVO	Animalia	29
DS MAOLALAI	Growth	31
NILES M REDDICK	A Zoo	32
SINCHAN CHATTERJEE	Freedom from Freedom	36

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TR 133.1 is coming out during a period of global instability. The world order is suffering from shocks to the climate, global health, and leadership. The year 2020 revealed how vulnerable our daily routines are. We share an international experience of disruption that, I hope, will unify us in investing in social services and scientific research. As a collective, we have become aware of our institutions' frailty in the face of unexpected change.

Amidst this loss of control and the worldwide shift toward isolation, I am struck by the indispensable nature of art. To create amidst a global tone of negativity is brave, and it is important. I cannot thank the contributors of TR 133.1 enough for remaining committed to cultivating beauty in this time.

As I witnessed the transitional nature of 2020, I became deeply humbled by my part in developing this journal. To contribute to creating a tangible piece of art in this new, intensely digital age is a gift. The frailty of print is not lost on me, and this leads me to thank our readers, our writers, our artists, and our editorial team for remaining part of the Trinity Review. Thank you for allowing this journal to evolve with the times. You grant the Trinity Review its heart, and I hope that, in turn, it can comfort you in moments of frailty.

Patrice Calancie



Artist: Monica Feng

Sal Tarrae

Angie Lo

To find myself adrift, past sand or berth,
A restless search in water's endless sweep,
Or, holding fast, to knock at hollows deep,
And push on every side at callous earth;
To rise up from the sleepy founts of sea
And find myself as atoms, hanging there
Suspended in uncertain voids of air,
Yet wrench, abandon, give a part of me—
To give the part that would surround my core,
and there, against my very self, progress
To come yet close; to strive to keep the pull
That keeps all bound— I would do that, and more,
If I could be the mellow heartiness,
And brief respite within the traveller's bowl.

Red

Antonia Facciponte

Red is the colour of potential. I must coax
out the colour, which lies deep in the budding
power of plants. That's why I'm stewing a sing-song

incantation of flush invocations. I've read
the cookbook and trashed that sham of sheets. I start

by baptizing beets in a boiling pot, bubbles
beating and thrusting against magic metal.
Shuffling in turnips—they plunge into bursting

possibility—I churn the promise
of tenderized tuber. Radishes and rose

vinegar rest radiantly in a smooth
ceramic bowl, rushing fermentation
to escape the threshing glare of sun. Close by,

caressed in a walnut bowl, a purer
form of the hue: strawberries fertile with seeds—

halved-hearts, dissected by the clean knife line—
fading into a bleached core. I juggle spoons
and knives, dancing between stove and counter and

sink, feasting on the hope
that these flavours will fuse.

Cyanide Pit

Sabrina Almeida

I can't remember the last peach
I ate this summer.
That is to say,
romanticism is only an aggregate.

The plastic clamshells of peaches
sat on the counter week after week,
collected juices from neglect
and fermented with that smell
summer seems to be laden with.

A sticky aftertaste
gracing lips, chin, wrists,
pooling in collarbones like thirst,
like stay with me,
like death.

Sip the nectar in your mouth,
lips framing lyrics I hope
I will always hear singing
your broiling praises.

My tongue still tastes
the sharp cyanide of the pit,
let it pool in the cracks.
It sears when I speak your name.

A Complaint to My Mouth

Antonia Facciponte

Sounds spurt and spew from your plashy
pink cave of teeth, bounce off warbling

tongue. My bitter, breathy biter, you're
obsessed with the ephemeral—flinging

articulations, gumming my mind
with a desire for lost, uttered lines.

You trap bodies in happenings, bind
ears to the orature of proclamation.

Voices don't need lips to be audible.

I want a stillness, a visual break
from blathering—to hear the palate

of a page, to slowly arch through solitary
thought, and touch the brain's silences.

Potatoes

DS Maolalai

sitting
on butter
like a piled of organs
and plates
of yellow
blood. the skin
so thin, so sweet,
and satisfying –
moreso, to bite,
than any apple. and the heat
compressed inside
and the oil like crushed
flower petals
or, somehow,
like wild bread
found on a mountain,
grown
in its natural
state.

Carpenter Bees

Joyce Yue Zhu

two nights ago i spoke
with a friend on D, “how do
u maintain ur peace?”

“how do u mean?” her
fingers flied, alit on cables
wringing hours from her hands
“unemployed and degree-
less, how do i stream
for seven hours?”

i said, “peace.”

well, said my friend.
there’s a lot too it. rmb.
if nine hours of surgeries
killed the patient, would you
cry? i said, that’s for the
patient’s family.

well, said my friend.
she didn’t cry, the breeder.

my friend said,
we each slumber through
the hardness of chemicals.

one fell down and swept himself and
whittled his beak into the shape of a
pincer and dove into the sea.

*

“hold on, i’m gonna spray
a carpenter bee’s nest in my terrace.”

had my eyes closed while spraying those bees.
a static flurry
like if you blended Neuromancer with
the ellipsoid of revolutions and were fearful
of the outcome, and you missed.



Artist: Eli Moser



Salt

Vivian Lawry

She dropped into the hickory heartwood rocking chair, worn smooth by generations of mothers. It once belonged to Granny. The chair creaked ever so softly on the worn oak floor as Stella rocked gently and crooned to Molly, the babe quiet at last. Being a mother was *hard*. She'd always thought it just came naturally—hadn't expected the colic to last for weeks—weeks when Molly cried piteously day and night, her belly tight as a drum-head. She hadn't expected that her babe would struggle to latch on to her nipple, turn yellow with jaundice, and—as the doctor said—“fail to thrive.” When Molly's fever spiked, Stella cradled her in a cold-water bath, though the baby whimpered, and Stella shivered. She wished she could talk to Granny now. Granny had experienced it all.

Head resting on the back of the rocker, tears meandered down Stella's cheeks. She licked her lips and caught a single salty drop on the tip of her tongue. Stella's thoughts drifted to salt, and Granny. Her earliest memory was leaning against Granny's knee while Granny worked on a freshly butchered ham. Granny wielded a carbon steel butcher knife to slice into the hock and hip joints—a knife used so much, so often, that the blade was narrower in the middle than at the ends. Three rivets held the tang in a wood handle shaped to Granny's hand. “Now don't you be touching my knife,” Granny had said. “It's sharp enough to shave hair off a frog.” But she had let Stella pat handfuls of pinkish curing salt thickly over the surface and into the gaping wounds. Granny poked the point of that knife under the tendon near the hock and threaded in a big S-hook.

Stella followed her to the wooden building used for salting and smoking, not much bigger than the out-house. Mud surrounded the curing shed. “Why’s there no grass?” Stella had asked, pointing.

Granny hooked the ham to one of the chains crossing the darkened beam. “When the salt draws the blood and water out of the meat, it drips to the ground. The sawdust catches most of the drippings, but some leak out. Salt kills grass.” She took Stella’s tiny hand in her big calloused one and headed back to the house.

“What about that big ol’ block of salt in the pasture? The cows still got grass.”

“Well, aren’t you the clever one?” Granny chuckled, her belly bobbing up and down under her flowered feed-sack apron. “The salt lick sits on that little concrete platform, not on the ground, and the cows lick it down.”

“Why?”

“Because cows need salt to live, same as people.”

Stella pondered how salt could make some things live and some things die. When she asked Granny, Granny said, “That’s just the way it works. Salt is mostly good for animals and bad for plants.”

Back at the house, Stella picked up Granny’s eight-sided glass salt jar, green as spring grass, licked her finger, and poked it in. The salt in the jar was finer than the curing salt and paper white. She sucked the salt off her finger. Then she did it again, till Granny said, “That’s enough.”

In early spring Stella always looked forward to rhubarb. A favorite snack was to cut a young stalk of rhubarb, ruby on the outside and white on the inside, discard the deep green, crinkly leaf with red veins—which everybody knew to be poison—dip the cut end into Mommy’s salt dish, and devour the treat. Mommy’s salt had come in a Morton’s Salt box, blue, with a picture of a girl carrying a yellow umbrella in the rain and the words “When It Rains, It Pours”—which Stella had thought very clever. Adult Stella still liked salted rhubarb.

Stella had a whole shelf of salts, twelve kinds. Her most used ones sat on the counter, near to hand, in Depression-era salt jars like Granny’s—crystal clear, spring green, and rose pink—with matching lids that rested on top, the word “SALT” in raised letters on the side. Pure white table salt and kosher salt were there, of course, but not really favorites.

Her favorites included sea salt, from evaporated seawater, unrefined, and coarser than table salt, with varied flavors depending on the minerals in the water where it was harvested. Stella used two, pretty much opposites: Celtic sea salt, coarse and gray, tasting moist and briny; and delicate, flaky fleur de sel (flower of salt) gathered from the tops of tidal pools off the coast of Brittany—the most expensive salt, having to be collected by hand using wooden rakes, and only on sunny days with a light breeze. Recently she’d added kala namak, a.k.a. Himalayan black salt, which had a touch of sulfur smell, good for making tofu taste like eggs.

But her absolute favorite was Himalayan pink salt, mottled pink and white crystals—the purest salt in the world—containing all eighty-four minerals and elements found in the human body. She bought it in bulk and kept filled grinders by the stove and on both tables.

Stella hummed another lullaby and thought about salt for a long time.

She rocked, bouncing the silent baby against her breast. She could not bear to think of her precious Molly in the ground, rotting in the dark, eaten by worms... How had Granny survived the death of four of her babies?

Rising from the rocker, Stella carried Molly's limp body to the kitchen. She sliced into all of the joints with the point of Granny's butcher knife. Blood, red as tomato juice, drained into the black and white marble sink. She coated the tiny body with salt, rubbing the coarse pink grains well into the joint wounds. She shrouded Molly in the soft flannel baby quilt Granny had made and settled her on a bed of salt in a lidded wicker basket. She finished packing the basket with salt. She considered burying the basket under the oak tree out back, but seeing the bare, grassless ground from the kitchen window would remind her of the loss. She put the basket on the milk house floor, over the drain. The salt would draw all moisture from her baby, making her shrink and shrivel. But she would be safely preserved.

Stella turned back into the house, dropped into the rocking chair, and tasted salt in her tears.

Woodman Avenue

Mailey Horner

The syrupy sundaes
on the summer days of my childhood ended
when the sun came closer than it should

I melted away into the cement floor of the basement;
cheek pressed to the cold to catch the murmurings
of anything buried below

We resigned ourselves to the air conditioning
like bodies to the morgue
nobody went outside.

Our smiles flickered off with
the lights at the sound of the explosion
and the rattle of pots and window panes

We gathered on the street and looked
towards the sky where flames licked
the midnight sun

The destruction of our world
stole away our stiff isolation
and we threw flowers and kisses into the
naked lots where seven houses once stood

*Evening walk in suburbia or being dramatic
before my 20th birthday*

Radmila Yarovaya

Half an hour before the end of my life is
a different world,
the air so fragrant that you can almost pretend
that you're by the seaside
the hum of the green electrical box waves crashing
just beyond the moonlit roofs

traffic lights dutifully control the memory of cars
now just sangria scented breaths
trapped somewhere in between soulless silken sheets

high pitched laughter from boys who think
that they can be kings
if not of the world
than of this night
of the patch of trees just off the stale man made creek
of the breath between this blunt and the next
of the promised land in the beams of the last city light
while wasting the rest of their youth—
casting off its currency, their debt to it

and the poet - not going down but
typing under the streetlight—
counting down the steps to her scaffold,
revelling in the luxury
of still being doomed by death

Sunfish

Michelle Speyer

For T.A.S., as promised

walk the cold shoreline with me
on an early spring afternoon
and you will see there are men fishing
with heavy dogs and neon lures for sunfish

they cast their bait and the dogs jump
wild for the false birds and baubles
barks echo and scare the sunfish
hiding in the silt they won't be baited

the equinoctial sun is low in the sky already
but the light lives first in the skin of the water
if you look you will see it moving
swimming down to the deep part

where you would be forgiven
for thinking nothing lives
even though sometimes errant sunfish
shimmy down into the bottom sands

and turn an eye up to the dimpled sunskin
where they find both lightness and fear
because the water ends but the light continues
and bathes the men and the dogs alike

playing on the shoreline the men in their woollens
the dogs in their collars their animal breaths
small clouds that billow and rise and evaporate
called home by the far sun

there is a heavy chain barrier at the quayside
to keep the people and the dogs away
out of the water and its sun
out of the sun and its water

the sign should say NO SPLASHING
it does say (politely) “No swimming allowed.”
but don’t city officials know about the sunfish
and don’t city officials know about the lures?

the lake is sleeping low in its harbour bedrock
supine with the light quilting its skin –
right? or is it that I see the lake stretched prostrate
from quay to embankment the light held

in abeyance of true spring? men and dogs can’t wait
but I am here watching for god in the ripples
waiting, to swim again waiting, to be a sunfish waiting,
for the light to find me in the deep part down where I am

hiding from enticements like your open arms
that might be a true bird of spring
singing to me about the light flying
over the waterlife in clear May

I stared too long into the light and the water
maybe I can’t really see those bearded men and those-
shaggy dogs
heaving unlikely urban fishing poles chasing
the real birds on the shore and the false tethered birds

I blinked and saw the light tumble down
into the water that was everywhere
I blinked again and saw the water
inside the light that was everywhere

this is how I know that
immanence is presence
without place

and this is how I know that
transcendence is absence
without loss

and this is how I know that
your body on mine would be
like light on water

Tuesday

Sarah Sharp

I lay in drifting
And see you at the supermarket

Wide aisles, steady glare
It's silly to be swept away

But you make industrial lighting exquisite, and
Silence even clambering inculcators and overflowing
charts

Holding attention in a centre engineered to pull it
away, I don't notice bunches of browning fruit

Only arches of your face
And the short-comings of this new haircut.

Our professor—who I saw, by the way,
At the entrance, staring at pomegranates

Sends her reminder:
Never either-or

Always both-and
And now I'm nowhere here

But blocking instant noodles,
Catching light in strangers' corneas

Stumbling through checkout,
Thinking how you elude me even in dreams

boy-as-object

Adam Zivo

mirrors herald a stranger.
his contorted face is yours.
what is this army of
muscles, sinews, teeth:
marching without you,
masticating hydraulics
aligned to something else,
something encoded in
the world's fibres long before you.
all the pieces seem to coalesce
to a finite point
beyond the horizon.

Animalia

Adam Zivo

i took out my eye and plunged forceps deep into the
socket,
rummaged around until, with great effort,
i extracted a thought.
it was a little thought, twitching and pathetic.
i tossed it onto the parquet floor of my apartment
and it died beside a dirty sweater.
i still felt too full
so i pulled out another.
this one was radiant.
i considered putting it back in
but it died beside the sweater, too.
soon there was a pile of them there.
all light gone amid the squalor.
i peered into my skull in the mirror:
what had i done?
it was ruined and clean but not clean enough.
something could grow there again.
i poured myself a glass of vodka
which i diluted with stale coca-cola
excavated from the fridge.
no, no. this won't do.
i poured it out and this time it was just vodka.
a sip, like acid. in it went
and it burned with exhilarating brilliance.
webs of synapses, hitherto invisible,
called out in protest like old friends.
another. another. more. it hurt.
it was clean.

nothing could grow there now.
look, look: don't you see?
see what?
i don't know. i don't know.
it isn't heavy anymore.
who are you talking to?

Growth

DS Maolalai

the mutter of bees
complaining at the weather. the sun
all wet, all flowers
and july. this
is a bad summer, close in
and fierce for plants. clouds

like duvets
straight from the laundry, heavy
with mildew
and thick
yellow must. crazy
in kitchens, I go to the garden
to look at the grass
and touch the stalks
of poppies. the pods

are cracking now – 10 or 15
on each plant. I don't know
how it works at all – this is july, and my first year
planting flowers. do they fall over
with heaviness,
and break
to sow new seeds? the flowers
are deep red
and purple, burning in the veg patch
like the last pieces
of coal. I go back in, finish my coffee.

A Zoo

Niles M Reddick

Scott took his mother's Social Security check to the bank and deposited it. He was appreciative F.D.R. had started that program. Otherwise, she would have nothing, even after a life of work. As an I.G.A. supermarket assistant manager, he certainly couldn't afford to take care of her. She'd refused to have the check automatically deposited and said she didn't believe in that and something could go wrong.

"How IS your mom doing?" the teller asked.

"She's fine," he lied. He smiled, noted her make-up blended into the skin of her neck, her earrings bobbed when she tapped the keypad on the adding machine with her nails, and her breast jiggled under the leopard skin blouse.

"Does she still work as a nurse?"

"No," he said. "She's fully retired now." It didn't matter that the hospital had taken his mother's license after she was drunk on the job, she administered the wrong medicine to the wrong patient, and the patient spent time in ICU, and administrators didn't tell the family exactly what had happened.

"That's great," the teller said. "I remember her taking care of my mom when she had cancer. We were so appreciative."

He thanked her and took the deposit slip as proof he'd made the deposit. If not, she might accuse him of stealing. He left the bank and stopped by the drive-thru liquor store window to pick up another fifth of vodka for her. He didn't want to, but if he didn't, she might get in her car, go get it herself, have a wreck, and kill someone. If she didn't get alcohol, she might go into withdrawals,

and coupled with her failing health and age, she'd die. It was a 'damned if you do and damned if you don't kind of scenario.' He felt guilty for buying it for her and wondered if he wasn't pushing her on toward the tunnel like Dr. Kevorkian, wondered if he would be forgiven. He didn't want to lose her. She had been a decent mother, supported him, and took care of him when he was young. She hadn't been abusive toward him, only toward herself. He wanted her around as long as he could.

The brand of vodka didn't matter anymore. Something cheap. She stayed alone in the condo overlooking the pond the condo community called a lake, and when she was fully lit by lunch, she cursed the Canadian geese and mallards who came up in her backyard. "Get the fuck out of my yard," she screamed. "This ain't a goddamned zoo."

Neighbors told him in hushed tones and cupped hands by the mailbox they'd overheard her. "We think she may be overmedicating. There's no need to scream and curse at the geese and ducks."

"She may be," he said. "We'll go over that with Dr. Jones at her next appointment." He knew what his mother's problem was. She'd given up. When her niece and nephew had come to visit, she didn't even know them, slammed the door in their face, called her son, and told him to keep the Jehovah witnesses away, as if he had any control over them.

It was as if the alcohol had numbed parts of her brain, and it was partially asleep, like her foot had done in church when she was a child and crossed her leg, or when she couldn't feel her lips after the shots to pull the rest of her teeth last year.

She'd cursed him and said, "Giving birth to you took all the calcium out of my body. That's why my teeth went bad."

"Okay, mama," he had hushed her. "Get under your blanket and sleep off the meds."

He worried about her, wondered what it must be like inside her mind now, and hoped for some relief for her. He didn't know how long she had been drinking, but he figured she'd been a functioning alcoholic for years, but just like debt, lies, or anything else, it has a tendency to catch one like an escaped zoo animal and when it does, nature rules and can't be outsmarted.

When he got to the condo and pushed the garage opener, he went in the kitchen door, thought he heard a moan, and found her sprawled partly on the wooden floor and partly on the deer skin rug out cold. "Mama?"

She mumbled something he couldn't make out. He picked her up, noticed her monkey and palm tree pajamas were wet and soiled. "Come on, let's get you some clean pajamas." He thought it was ironic that she had once changed him and now he changed her. If folks lived long enough, there was role reversal, and it made nature and life more comprehensible. He picked up the empty fifth, threw it in the trash can, put her soiled pajamas in the washing machine, and made her some coffee.

He helped her to her bed, propped her on the pillow, held the elephant-patterned china cup to her lips, and said, “come on, sip a little.”

“Thank you,” she said. Her tadpole eyes were fixed and still. “It’s easier to keep on doing what you know than change.”

“I know,” he said. Since the neighbor told him what she’d screamed at the ducks and geese, he’d come to the realization that she was wrong, and life was a zoo. He stared at her forehead. The parallel and perpendicular wrinkles reminded him of a cage at the zoo behind which she longed to be free.

Freedom from Freedom

Sinchan Chatterjee

I dived into the flooded stream of passion; I plunged into
the ancient lustral river where men drown their
memories.

I slept in five-star hotels where they charge you for every
breath,

And I used my backpack for pillow by the corner of a
railway platform.

And yet our fate clings to us like thorns stuck in
stockings.

Despising chains of iron and gold, I run from clouds
with silver linings:

their poison-rain nibbles away at my flesh.

Sick of men and all their twisted ways, I only chase the
orange yolk of fire sinking beyond hilltops.

I flee from causes, from flaming slogans and waving
flags:

I cannot let hope get in my way.

Free from company, rid of endless words from buzzing
voices

ringing in my eardrums, stripped of the last vanity of
thought,

I scratch my wrinkled mask and tear my dusty clothes,
like a snake shedding the skin that will no longer fit.

I sit under a tree and close my eyes to watch myself
breathe,
one with the infinite, unbounded earth.
Thinking I am free even from the need to declare my
freedom,
I end up screaming “at last!”

cosmic conspiracy, mocking me with their shrill, shame-
less echo.
Again, the earth becomes what it always was:
A blue-green ball wriggling in the clutches of an unmov-
ing axis.

**

Whether or not they know it, the mountains too are in on
this
cosmic conspiracy, mocking me with their shrill,
shameless echo.
Again, the earth becomes what it always was:
A blue-green ball wriggling in the clutches of an
unmoving axis.

**

Contributors

Sabrina Almeida is in her fourth year in the Rotman Commerce program at the University of Toronto, where she is specializing in management with a focus in marketing. Her work has appeared in publications such as *Acta Victoriana*, the *UC Review*, *Feminist Space Camp*, and *Margins Magazine*. When Sabrina is not in class, you can find her searching Toronto for the best cafes, reading romance novels, and obsessing over roller skating videos on TikTok.

Sinchan Chatterjee is an Indian author and poet, whose works have featured in several magazines, journals and newspapers both in India and abroad, including ‘Guernica’, ‘Granta Magazine’, ‘The Statesman’, ‘Setu Magazine’, ‘Muse India’, ‘Erothanatos’, ‘Spillwords’, ‘Scarlet Leaf Review’, ‘Pegasus’, ‘The Literary Yard’, and ‘Mark Literary Review’, among others. He is the winner of the ‘Penguin Random House Essay Competition’, and a winner of the ‘Write India Season 3’ contest organized by the Times of India, as well as a number of poetry writing competitions across the country. His books include “War of the Roses” (2020) published under the WordIt Art Fund, “Plato in a Metro” (2019) published by the Writers Workshop Kolkata, and “In Search of a Story” (2017) published by the Avenel Press.

Antonia Facciponte is a poet based in Toronto. She is a SSHRC-funded graduate student in the English Department at the University of Toronto. Her first poetry book, *To Make a Bridge*, is forthcoming in Spring 2021 with Black Moss Press.

Monica Feng — Junior Interior Architecture major at Pratt Institute. Draws occasionally and owns a collection of scribbles within various unfinished sketchbooks.

Mailey Horner is a second-year student studying English, Visual Studies, and Creative Expression and Society at U of T. Mailey has been actively writing since she was able to: in diaries, school notebooks, under the covers at night, on a typewriter at twelve, on a computer at fifteen, and on sticky notes in between customers. When not writing, she is cooking, taking photographs, biking, watching strangers, thinking, walking, and listening to music. She hopes to write a book, eventually.

Vivian Lawry is an Appalachian by birth, a social psychologist by training. She holds a B.A., M.S., and Ph.D. degrees from Ohio University. Her career includes college professor, association executive, and vice president for academic affairs. She has ties to Ohio and Kentucky, to the North Country of upstate New York, to Washington, DC, Maryland, and the Chesapeake Bay. She now lives and writes near Richmond, Virginia. Vivian Lawry's work has appeared or is forthcoming in more than fifty literary journals and anthologies, from *Adanna Literary Journal* to *Xavier Review*. For a full list of her publications, visit her website, vivianlawry.com. In addition to her short pieces, she has three books: *Dark Harbor and Tiger Heart*—installments in the Chesapeake Bay Mystery Series— *Different Drummer: a collection of off-beat fiction*, and *Nettie's Books*, a historical novel of strength and change.

Angie Lo is a third-year student majoring in English and Physiology. She has won several poetry prizes and been published in a number of magazines and anthologies. For her, poetry is a way of showing love and making sense of the world around her.

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Radmila Yarovaya is a proud student of Trinity College in her third year of studying Ethics, Society, and Law, English, and Creative Expressions and Society. Plagued by youthful maximalism and believing that the only way to know the world is to write it, Mila co-founded Trinity College's first student run newspaper - the Trinity Times. You can read her other existentialist ramblings in *Acta Victoriana*, *UC Review*, *the Strand*, *the Varsity*, *the Em-issary*, and *the Salterrae*.

Joyce Yue Zhu is a third-year pathobiology specialist at the University of Toronto. The carpenter bees were indeed vanquished.

Adam Zivo is a writer who writes things sometimes.

*With tremendous thanks to
Alex Durlak
Students of Trinity College
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