



*The Trinity Review*

**Other World**

*Cover Artist: Andrew Conway*



**The Trinity Review 133**

*Spring Journal*

THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW CXXXIII  
SPRING JOURNAL

Trinity College, University of Toronto  
6 Hoskin Avenue  
Toronto, Ontario  
M5S 1H8

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

<b>Arin Klein</b>	Volcanoes	9
<b>James Yuan</b>	Holy communion	10
<b>Mahaila Smith</b>	Zoom-Era Stardew Valley Love Poem	12
<b>Radmila Yarovaya</b>	Midday Hysterics	13
<b>Angie Lo</b>	Fallacy	16
<b>Brooke Collins</b>	Gord	17
<b>John Grey</b>	TOTI	18
<b>Jason Goodwin-Tully</b>	The Pursuit of Being Well	20
<b>Vivian Tran</b>	Let There Be Light	30
	Time to Let Go	31
<b>Sinchan Chatterjee</b>	At the mall with my mother, a saint	32
<b>Radmila Yarovaya</b>	Is there life after uni?	34
<b>Eugene Kwong</b>	Masters of Chinatown	35
<b>Qin Bei</b>	The Fragility of Life and Death	37
<b>Eugene Kwong</b>	Rail Trail Take Me	38
<b>George Elliott Clarke</b>	Ezra Pound	39
<b>Lynn Tait</b>	A case of Parkinson's during the pandemic	40
<b>Giovanna Riccio</b>	Marathon M.D.	41

<b>Michaela Yarmol-Matusiak</b>	Forgotten Jewelry	44
	Overdue	45
<b>Angie Lo</b>	Supernova Aquila	46
<b>James Yuan</b>	The Fisherman	47
<b>Lynn Tait</b>	Lady of the Flies	48
<b>Marissa Wiebe</b>	Nov 4, 2019	50
<b>Anika Yvette Poch-Mckee</b>	Commenced	51
<b>Patrice Calancie</b>	Review: To Make a Bridge by Antonia Facciponte	60

**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF** Patrice Calancie

**EDITORS** Rachel Berger-Viflanzoff  
Claire Doi  
Cindy Xiong

**ASSOCIATE EDITORS** Freyja Moser  
Jessie Wu  
Amy Zhao  
Joyce Yue Zhu  
Sabrina Zhu

**DESIGN EDITOR** Victoria Hong

**TREASURER** Ingrid Cui

**WEBMASTER** Vincent Pham

As Spring tip-toes towards us, we greet her with sighs of relief. We can almost taste the sun-soaked heavy air of summer nights, and they will mean more to us this year than perhaps ever before. We are waking with the new life Spring brings, and I am grateful to celebrate that in these pages.

TRN133.2 is an expression of art prevailing over isolation. Even in this virtual space, we have created a tangible testament to the importance of creative communities as harbors during turmoil. While we have all been through a challenging year, I am grateful for the lessons it has taught us in revering normalcy. We have been forced to find joy in the smallest glimmers of peace — a meandering honeybee, a warm mug of tea, a thoughtful piece of poetry. As the sun starts spilling in, continue to be overjoyed by small pleasures, such as this lovely book.

I speak for the entire editorial team in thanking our contributors and fans for pouring spirit into these pages and giving us a means of connecting safely. By continuing to support us, you allow our team the luxury of creating a physical product in a digital age. We are so grateful for you all. As you spend time among these pages, enjoy the treasure of still moments spent with great words.

*Patrice Calancie*  
Editor-in-Chief



## Volcanoes

*Arin Klein*

I'm trying to write an essay about how colour confines  
being  
how colour has sound and smell and traps sad little crea-  
tures  
like Geryon and me in our sad little bodies

Instead I'm staying up cross legged at my desk  
writing poetry about how roses are trapped in red  
and I'm trapped in the colour of my stomach  
eating my chest—wait, no,  
it's my chest that's starving I think my heart  
swallowed me all up so I'm shrivelled and  
shivering on my bedroom floor

And the oatmeal is boiling over like lava on the stove

## Holy communion

*James Yuan*

One day, one Sunday, after Mass,  
While mum was off to yoga class,  
While dad was out to cut the grass,  
    I snuck into the pantry.

That day, I knew, I'd find the truth!  
What priests and parents hide from youth  
But could not hide from such a sleuth  
    As I. No, not from I.

I tip-toed through the generous hoards  
Of eggs and oils and bulbous gourds  
And slithered and crept my way towards  
    My yeasty destination.

For greatly did I crave to know,  
And deeply did I yearn to show:  
Where is it in this dried-up dough  
    That Jesus thinks he's hiding?

So took I then in hand a slice  
And turned it over once and twice  
And stared in search of paradise  
    Amidst the sourdough rye.

But seeing naught but crumb and crust  
I thought conniving Jesus must  
Have made himself a speck of dust  
    *Inside* the crusty loaf.

So up I slashed and rent asunder  
Crumb from crumb, to loot and plunder  
God, who surely cowered under  
    His delicious fort.

I wailed and wept, then, stunned to find  
No trace of heaven hid behind  
The ruined loaf, and then resigned  
    Myself never to know.

There still I lay when mum and dad  
Returned to find me, seething mad,  
From top to bottom covered, clad  
    In empty scraps and dust.

## **Zoom-Era Stardew Valley Love Poem**

*Mabaila Smith*

We design our farm in the evening, inside.  
Snow-globe flakes glance through my window.  
We build cabins on a hill beside the tree-lined river.  
I plant parsnips on a raised bed.  
Maybe for good drainage, mainly to keep in the sun.  
We skip around town meeting new suburban neighbours.  
Practice fishing, pickaxing stones, breaking new paths.  
My hands get tired and I fall asleep in the deep dark,  
old locusts biting my face.

You kindly find me and carry me home.  
We stick to our own chores the next day.  
You haven't come to bed yet, are you coming back?  
The neighbours send us an invitation to the children's egg  
hunt.  
We trample over little kids to win and we tie, first place.  
Best to leave before there's consequences (it's been three  
hours).  
You ex the window to write the morning's news.

## **Midday Hysterics**

*Radmila Yarovaya*

You know what the funniest thing is, Candice?  
there are still people who prophesize my flawless future

Me, who has perfected to an artform  
holding the hands of the dying  
indulging the self pity of the bereaved  
and chronicling the sins of blessed

Who knows exactly how to construct a binary  
between this world  
and the next  
so we don't give in to temptation

It's me,  
whom they accuse of romanticism  
because I ought to be  
because I'm silk dance and flutter  
because of my obsessions du jour

That's me they speak of  
who lugs a 10kg bag laden with bloodied steel  
down University Ave  
and cries on the packed train home  
not because she's sad  
but because that's what she thinks  
a broken heart should look like

that the entire spectrum of my existence  
can be condensed into the return address  
of black on white?

It's me they accuse of arrogance  
who smashes through ceilings  
shortens her vowels  
scrapes herself down to the comprehensible  
screams into emptying crowds  
in a vain attempt to matter

Me, who memorized with the sanctity of a prayer  
the exact difference between bipolar I and II  
and the signs to look for  
and the numbers to call

It is I, my dear friend,  
who slaps the ice in hysterics  
trying to mime out of herself a martyr  
thinking that maybe then she'll finally be able  
to touch the gods  
who are dead  
or worse—turned to legend

How do I tell you  
that I measure my life out  
in shipping deadlines,  
that my soul lives within  
the postal codes of all my friends  
all the L6Hs and M1Ms

I've been living this way since I was 13, Candice  
constructing definite fallacies to survive  
filling my mouth with false gospels  
breaking  
breaking  
breaking  
through to the other side

## Fallacy

*Angie Lo*

The empty ones that beg and starve for trust;  
Who strive, who sit with hands and tongue restrained  
By copper wires; you, righteous, judge and say  
Their pain is but their sin, and so they must  
Confer the price. And so you strip away  
The copper from the widow's last two cents  
And stretch the wires, to raise the punishment  
For wicked blood— then drain, until the sway  
Of anguished cries redeems your shallow ear,  
Then cries no more. When through this way the pains  
From them have been removed, and thus the tears  
And marks of the oppressed are turned to dust—  
You proudly turn your back on what remains,  
And satisfiedly say the world is just.



## Gord

*Brooke Collins*

Dirt roads out near Tavistock,  
Stompin' Tom screams *take me back*

The billboard among haybills  
Telling us we are Loved

Sitting in a library in a city that is not mine,  
Struck by the knowledge that I am so alone,  
Yet one call away from home  
I light up my laptop and loop Fiddlers Green

Silhouetted against the lonely end of the rink,  
I am waving through netted fingers,  
No, focus on the *game* he mouths

The day he died you text me in math class  
Tell me it was like losing an old friend

I see your face in his  
I see his heart in yours

## TOTI

*John Grey*

Toti was born in New Haven in 1975.  
Her dream was to be a Playboy Centerfold.  
She wrote her facts and figures in a notebook,  
continually updated them.  
to be ready when Hugh Hefner called.  
Her hobbies remained the same -  
movies, riding horses and charity work.  
For the latter,  
she washed cars in a bikini,  
one Saturday a month  
to raise moeny for Lupus awareness.

She was always on the lookout  
for a pithy phrase,  
the kind of quotes that Playboy  
always plugged into the accompanying article  
so readers would know that there  
was more to this naked woman  
than her lovely body.  
“I love foreign movies  
though not the ones with subtitles  
and Rachmanicoff (sic)  
and I love to hike in the woods.”

Her parents tried to steer her into something  
more appropriate to a girl her age  
like a supermarket cashier job  
or a secretary like her elder sister.

That sister, of course, insisted that  
her role was “administrative assistant.”  
But such positions were not part of Toti’s plans.

She sent some glossies to Playboy but never heard back.  
Then she met a guy, got married, had a couple of kids,  
and her figure slowly metabolized  
into what her husband called “pleasantly plump.”  
She tossed the notebook.  
She gave up on nailing the perfect Toti quotation.  
In fact, she insisted everyone call her by her given name -  
Christine.

Christine was born in New Haven in 1975.

## **The Pursuit of Being Well**

*Jason Goodwin-Tully*

1928

The water was so cold it burned my skin. It shocked my body and pushed all the air from my lungs. Breathless, I waited for it to stop. My body convulsed, my teeth chattered and I screamed without sound. I closed my eyes and could hear my heartbeat pounding in my ears. My hands and feet were tied to the chair. I was locked in with no chance of escape or movement. I looked to the nurse, my eyes pleading with her to let me go, but she did not see me. She was busy readying the instruments of torture. Doctor Boccard gave her the signal and again, it began.

I'd been at the chateau for almost a year, but it felt like longer. Mama brought me here in a bid to 'save me'.

'He's sick in the head,' Mama had said to the doctor, in perfect French. 'I can do no more for him, Doctor; please, I need your help'.

Mama had been defeated, she had said so herself. What hurt me most was the fact that I was the perpetrator. I had defeated her. Mama thought Switzerland to be the obvious choice. I couldn't possibly have taken my respite, as Mama so lovingly called it, in London. People would talk. Mama hates people to talk, particularly when it pertains to my comings and goings.

I expect she decided to phrase my "respite" as one of 'bohemian follies'. Or a chance for me to improve my French

and find a wife in the Swiss society circles. I felt the sides of my mouth twitch into a smile at the ridiculousness of the thought.

I can still hear Mama's screams of anguish. She was the one who found me. I never intended to die. I just wanted everything else to stop. The never-ending bombardment of thoughts. The waking in the night, sheets and self soaked with sweat, and not being able to find sleep again until the daylight. When I first started hearing voices, or should I say my own voice, in my head it seemed natural enough. But as the years went by, the voices came more often and said more despicable things until I couldn't do anything to shut them up but bleed. I painted the walls of my white room red. I fell asleep every night hoping that I would wake up normal and content, but that morning never came. We still hadn't found out what was wrong with me, then. Mama asked me, but I didn't know.

In my first month, Doctor Boccard told me I was suffering from melancholia, which sounded to me like a gorgeous flower.

'That's an interesting take,' Boccard said through his pronounced overbite, 'although, unfortunately, you're mistaken if you believe it to be something beautiful.'

'Being mad, you mean?' I asked. 'I can assure you I see nothing beautiful in the depths of my mind. What, exactly, does melancholia mean?'

‘Black bile,’ he replied.

‘How fitting,’ I said.

After my treatment, a nurse walked me back to my room. She was one of the kind ones. We took the ‘*long way*,’ she told me because ‘*surely you need some exercise after your treatment*’. She had a wide face that made the unevenly cut mousy-blond bob she was sporting look all the more ridiculous. But she tried and her English was tolerable.

‘Oh, divine. Just what I need,’ I said to her, in between the chattering of my teeth, in my best *I’m not mad, I swear* voice. My body was still numb after my treatment and the towel only did so much to stop the water reaching the floor. With each step, I could hear the drip, drip, drip. The droplets descending from my body made it look as though there were little pools emerging from the black tiles. I wanted to swim to their depths.

The walls were lined with portraits. They all had different looks on their faces. Some wore looks of contentment, shock, longing. Some people had no expressions at all, the pictures were painted but the subject was a blank canvas. ‘Who are the people in these pictures?’ I asked the nurse.

‘Why, they are some of our more esteemed previous patrons.’ she replied, in heavily accented English.

‘By patrons, I assume you mean patients? Mad hatters, as it were?’ I asked. She laughed politely at my attempt at a joke. I liked her.

My room was small and smelled like bleach. The bed was a tiny cot, barely big enough for my five-foot nine body. The windows had no curtains, and one of them had a hole in the pane. I stood and walked over to the small mirror on the cupboard. My face was pale and my eyes, once bright, now looked rheumy and bloodshot. My hair was limp and I had developed a double chin thanks to the hearty Swiss hospital food I was force-fed as part of my treatment. I disgusted myself. I picked the mirror up and turned it around so I didn’t have to look at my reflection. In that place where I could truly cry without guilt, no tears came.

Tuesdays were the night I was allowed to speak with Mama, on the telephone. The nurse made the connection and stayed with me while I spoke.

‘I want to leave this place, Mama.’ I said.

‘Well, Doctor Boccard doesn’t think that’s the correct thing for you now, dearest,’ Mama said.

‘We aren’t making any progress, all we do is talk about nothing and then he makes me eat strange things and I bathe three times a day. What is the point of any of this?’ I said, the lump in my throat unfurling and threatening to stream into sobs. ‘Am I just going to be shut up here for the rest of my life?’

‘Of course not, darling,’ Mama said in reply. ‘But a few more months certainly won’t hurt now, will it?’

‘Not you, perhaps,’ I said. ‘It’s not working, Mama.’

‘It must, dearest, and according to the doctor, it is. Have you been hurting yourself?’ she asked, a slight tremor in her voice caused by the bravery she attempted in asking about my mental state.

‘No,’ I lied.

‘Well, that’s certainly progress then, isn’t it?’

My closest friend at the chateau was a Parisian dowager Duchess. Only the most well-bred patients at Switzerland’s premier Mad House. She made no attempt at discretion in hiding her rank or name, and was known to bark ‘Do you have any idea who I am?’ at any nurse that addressed her without first bowing. Her face was all angles and her skin bore the colour and texture of off-white crepe paper. She smelled like flowers and ash. She was always doused in scent in an attempt to disguise the stench of her sixty cigarettes a day smoking habit. Her habit matched mine well and we became inseparable.

‘I think, perhaps, I will die here,’ she said to me on the last day of July.

‘Surely, not, Duchess,’ I replied, ‘before you know it, as you’ll be fighting fit again.’



‘No, child, I am tired. It has been a long life.’ I looked at her and saw two black streams escaping from her eyes, her makeup sailing down with her tears and dripping from her chin onto her cream coloured dress. The stains were faint, but visible. ‘I’ve been in one institution or another for the last forty years. They all say they have the cure, and yet I am still here, trying to find my way back to normality. I don’t even believe normality exists. Everyone is mad; some people just wear a better mask. You must learn that soon or you’ll end up like me.’

‘My Mama believes that I have it in me to get well, and so I must do my best,’ I said, trying my hardest to convince myself getting well was a possibility for me.

‘Darling, your Mama sees only the version of you that you allow her to see. Be what she wants and you will be free of this place.’

The man in the room beside mine had never grown up. He was a staggeringly tall German with a small face and a bald head. He thought he was still a child and every night he refused to attempt sleep until a nurse tucked him in. He always reeked of urine as he had to stop wetting himself while asleep. I lay in bed, waiting to drift away, hoping for dreams instead of nightmares, listening to the sounds of the nurse singing him nursery rhymes and felt both disgust and jealousy.

'I don't belong here,' I said, aloud, to no one. The voices were always the worst at night. Telling me to cut and drag and slice. Every morning I woke up to a sodden pillow, the tears that escaped me during the day, finding their release in my slumber.

The Duchess died on a grey day in September, and I felt the last remnants of my will to live crumble and fade into nothingness. I didn't leave my bed and was force-fed six times a day. They shoved the tubes down my throat, tearing my insides, ripping my skin with every further push. The liquidated food dripped down in a thick river devoid of flavour. After they removed the tube, one of the nurses held a cloth over my mouth to make sure I didn't spit it back up. It was the nice nurse, I remember, because she stroked my hair and held me close all the while. 'You are okay,' she repeated. Even after the doctor had left she stayed with me. I could sense the danger of a full relapse on my horizon and the terrifying prospect of joining the other life-sentence serving patrons was enough to make me formulate my escape route. I decided to listen to the Duchess and put on my mask. In my phone calls with Mama, I pretended I was doing much better.

'And how are the roses, Mama? Splendid, I presume?' or 'we had the most beautiful raclette for lunch today, simply divine' and 'I think I will stay in Berkshire with you and Papa once I leave, I've grown much accustomed to the country air.' Once I leave. Mama never made much reply when I spoke like that.

I took to studying the doctors and nurses. The way they showed their teeth when they smiled, the manner in which they waved to each other. How their mouths opened wide when they laughed. I had been an amateur actor. Mama hadn't let me pursue it as a profession as it 'wasn't appropriate', but I had played Hamlet while at university and received some good reviews. I practised from dusk until dawn, the sounds of the man child in the room next door singing to himself acting as my accompaniment, laughing and smiling to myself in my mirror until I looked convincing. During my sessions with Doctor Bocard, I became this Other Me. I was a success. At the end of my second year, Mama came to see me in person.

'You have gained weight, darling. You're quite plump!' Mama said, meaning it to be a compliment. I forced the desire to reopen the cut I'd been toying with on my leg out of my mind and continued with my performance.

'Thank you, Mama, the food here really is divine.' I replied, maintaining eye contact for as long possible while trying to remember to blink every few seconds.

We talked about nothing, each of us eyeing the other up, making notes in our minds. We spoke of Papa, of my older brother Peregrine who had joined the army as a Major or a Colonel or some other position they give to Oxford graduates who don't have the brains to become barristers.

We talked of my cousin Sylvie and her newborn son, how *divine* the view of the mountains from the ballroom was. Mama spoke of how I must marry when I leave, that starting a family would certainly be beneficial in combating my illness. ‘Darling, it’s the *done* thing,’ she said, ‘each of us has their own duties to bear. Do you want to be old with no one in the world who cares about you? Everyone needs family.’ I didn’t tell her that I didn’t want to be old. I didn’t want to be alive. Even if I had been interested in the opposite sex, I couldn’t possibly put the burden of my psyche on someone else.

‘I want to leave this place, Mama.’ I said.

‘Well, Doctor Boccard doesn’t think that’s the correct thing for you now, my sweet,’ Mama said. ‘He says you’re making wonderful progress and another few months should do the trick.’

It was working. I was so close I could taste the freedom whetting my lips. It tasted like claret by the carafe and pistachio macaroons. Like trips to the theatre and fumbles with workmen in underground clubs. Like loving and being loved, even if only for half of an hour. I continued to play my part.

The next three months whizzed by. I continued with the show and found my life much changed. All of the nurses and the other patients were so happy for me.

They said I was an inspiration. I found that pretending to be healthy was almost like being healthy itself. Nobody but me had any idea of the torment I experienced behind closed doors. How although from the outside I was the pinnacle of a healthy young man, I spent my nights praying I wouldn't wake up the following morning.

On my last night, I stared up at the canopy of my bed and imagined all the lives I now had the opportunity to live. How hard could it really be? The pretence of being well, the constant forward movement required of a functioning member of society? I would do it, I resolved. If everyone is a little bit mad, then surely I can find my place among the lunatics and maniacs of the outside world? Even though my newfound wellness was an act, I decided I would try. For the first time since I'd arrived, tears came, salty and thick, while I was awake and not while I was sleeping.

Mama came for me the following morning, irreparably damaged from the life I had imposed on her and dressed for the occasion, the sun making the red rubies she wore on her ears glitter. I greeted her with a well-rehearsed smile and a kiss on both cheeks and began my magnum opus, my attempt to fool the world into believing the respite had been a success. Inside, I screamed.



**Let There Be Light**  
*Artist: Vivian Tran*



Time to Let Go

## **At the mall with my mother, a saint**

*Sinchan Chatterjee*

Today I tried to lift a few lozenges:  
very cleverly watched both ways before  
I put my bag on the trolley, then grabbed the chocolates  
from the shelf and flicked them into the bag.  
They weren't much, probably around thirty rupees  
and it would be a small win, a pyrrhic victory against the  
towering world  
of lozenges and wrappers and malls and markets  
that sold colourless crap in dazzling wrappers  
and charged skyscraping prices for piles of shit  
shat out of factories  
where they flog children and brown men  
leaving maroon streams running down their backs.

When I returned to the billing desk my mother had taken  
out the Mentos  
from the bag and surrendered them for billing.  
Smiling, correct, decent, the perfect doing-as-I-was-told  
saint  
carrying out commandments, keeping her conscience clear.

And I thought so many people wouldn't be able to  
look into the eyes of god if they did a wrong thing—  
wrong by someone else's law, by dictates that are alien  
to the human mind and body—even if they liked it  
laws that eventually close in and strangle you  
until liking anything too much  
is a crime.



And then my anger melted away into pity  
as I asked her if she had taken the Mentos out  
and she said yes and asked me where I got the habit of  
stealing from  
and I said I got it the same place  
you got your habit of paying from

and I could not explain to her it's not stealing  
if you take what is nobody's,  
if the thought of taking sparks a fire inside your veins  
if you are fighting the good fight, even if slow and bent  
and alone,  
even if thirty bucks at a time is all you can take back.

But if thirty bucks can keep someone from  
meeting the gaze of god  
then maybe it is a lot.

## Is there life after uni?

*Radmila Yarovaya*

Laughter of 20 somethings convinced  
of their singularity  
is the most potent remedy against all things  
but death

Mix it with  
3 part deathbed contrition  
2 parts middle age appeasement  
1 part teenage god complex

And you get an elixir  
that they themselves are dying of  
afraid to settle into the comfort of futures  
dreamers drunk on their own dreams  
on the inevitability of their genius  
of youth  
of the delicate glimmering substance  
that soaks through—  
filling lungs with ambrosia, drowning into daydream

Settling like dust,  
like freshly turned soil,  
like hope

## Masters of Chinatown

*Eugene Kwong*

The great courtyard, humble meeting-ground  
of strategists and gossipers—gray-capped elders.

Two men smoke chess pieces on ashtrays and  
command cigarettes on stone tables.

The air puffs with red-gold effervescence,  
Wisps of tobacco and discursive silence.

Old men surround these generals, one hand cradling  
the hip and the other clenching

Either folded newspapers  
or lottery tickets.

The occasional child—me—  
joins them, stroking my thin gray beard.

Inhaling the second-hand  
erudition of their crudeness,

I analyze the battlefield and break  
the only rule of observation:

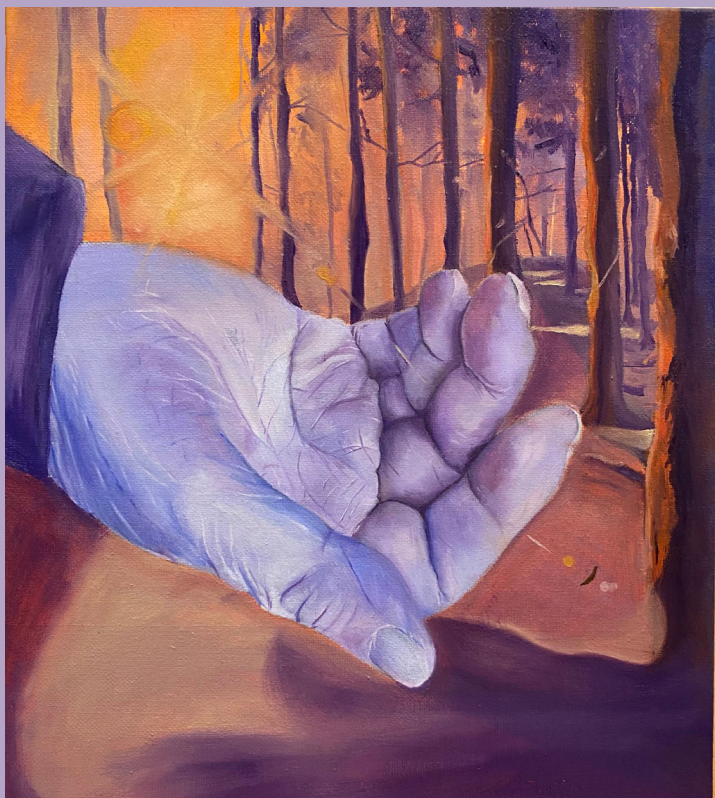
I remark and strategize from  
the backseat of this

War chariot.  
These peasant warlords and

Unstudied sages—  
The exiled Harbin poet,

The southern revolutionary,  
my grandfather the cobbler—

Are all gods in my little descendant eyes.



**The Fragility of Life and Death**  
*Artist: Qin Bei*

## Rail Trail Take Me

*Eugene Kwong*

I want to run my tongue along  
these silver train tracks,  
the tracks will speak me  
in one long

LLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL

as it drags me along.

I've become the language of the rails.

My tongue no longer speaks but is spoken,  
and I submit to involuntary phonology.

The rails are intangible to me because

I am no longer organism but sound,  
the dry gravel and rock trembling jagged and loose,  
screaming and exploding for one perfect second, then  
dead.

Whatever profane thoughts arise through me  
are neither profane nor thoughts,  
for I have no control, my consciousness absorbed.

If it wants to curse the pope,  
that's its prerogative—

Meaning is simply coincidental.

The tracks speak the name of that  
unknown destination which

I know and  
which I amplify and am.

*Lerlin*, I think it was.

## Ezra Pound

*George Elliott Clarke*

“A Poet must write  
Truth, or blow bagpipe-  
Banker-brogue, or cite  
Stats—line upon line—  
Numerals like lice,  
Squirming upon prime  
Flesh, ‘£s’ of high price—  
Pig-sweet, foaming spice,  
To toast each fork tine.  
I’ve zero to hide.  
My lyrics—ne’er snide—  
Yet lacerate trite  
Arms merchants, and spite  
Capitalists—Cripes!—  
And skewer liars. Bite  
Their plush asses! Gripe  
Until they decide  
Grave dirt suits their side,  
And glug cyanide.  
My words rip books wide:  
Paper prospers fire!”

## A case of Parkinson's during the pandemic

*Lynn Tait*

noun verb    black out  
is this the silence of dopamine  
toilet paper stuck on a shoe    waiting  
for your name to be called    I can't  
articulate this loss    for words    state of emergency  
no panic button    provided    brain chemicals  
doing their thing    changes    quick as a hand tremor  
is this what I want    gambling with brain waves  
close to crapping out    the pressure of needing more  
messing me up    this hologram of crazy    not fitting  
anywhere    in any convoluted wasteland  
dopamine talk    lyric phrase fail    tongue fizzle-out  
pronunciation compress/decompress    dust in my head  
gibberish    crammed into ebony fields    nothing growing  
today  
perhaps tomorrow    perhaps I need a 5 o'clock glass  
of wine by 4    some blues to bail me out of this half open  
book  
my gray matter sound-room    begs  
for noise-cancelling earphones    care package deliveries  
to satisfy my hunger    for touch    travel    asiago cheese.



## **Marathon M.D.**

*for Dr. Jean Marmoreo*

*Giovanna Riccio*

Like the healers' emblematic  
entwined serpents crowned by mercurial wings,  
you twin doctor and long- distance runner,  
your daily marathon speeding into unforeseen tomorrows,  
into an hourglass sifting iffy seasons  
where daily life trips on the dice, rips too-thin skin  
and bleeds into your hands.

Driven by blood's unrest,  
the human race inclined your course—  
from Latinate medical tomes, glassed-in labs  
flush with men in white coats, you score  
physician's gold and with arms upraised  
avow the Hippocratic oath—

to be a doc, undoctinaire,  
you shed the mannered snowy cloak,  
and in a modest two-storey  
hold fast the body; with kids in tow  
trail-blaze a practice driven  
by womanly praxis—there,  
we first met—me a hurtin' novice teacher,  
you, a spirited M.D. palming balm.

By heart, I track footprints,  
sprint to Bathurst Street and Bloor,  
to Edward Street, College Street on to Bay—  
you seeking a fit place. In marmoreal consulting rooms,

too weighed down by workaday shadows  
I dragged my aches, pains, my hard times  
and when my make-up mirror crashed  
I buried shards in flesh, trusting you  
to piece my broken face.

Esoteric diagrams of female innards  
graced your space, and ever the photo-wall  
a window on Dr. Jean birthing babies,  
arms cradling the issue of a marvelous migration  
from womb to world; your female finger sparking  
breath, hands snagging the muculent wail—  
how godly, the whole mysterious matter,  
how magical and mundane—the family medic  
defying specialist berths, a sage  
deifying creation as everyday miracle.

From the cheering section, I witnessed  
that familial fever burning, and hailed you  
as healer, marathon champ, author  
as fleet-footed captain of Jean's Marines  
running for an ailing body-politic—  
raising fair-play for girls who chance-landed  
on the South side of the global tracks.

Over each patient, over generations  
your banner—*from cradle to grave*—flutters  
for “deliveries” flowered from mamas with progeny,  
to daughters entrusting beloved babes  
to your salubrious mien.

Now, the hourglass breaks  
into a finale, ergo you pen a koan  
step back and—*turn to face*  
*the other end of caring at life's end.*  
Sharp-toothed, my sorrow for I would keep  
your tonic touch 'till my final poem's run its course.



## Forgotten Jewelry

*Artist:* Michaela Yarmol-Matusiak



Overdue

## Supernova Aquila

*Angie Lo*

The owner of the inn sent me outside  
To keep the watch between the door and road  
Until an hour unknown. My lamp had died,  
And my own courage too, save that bestowed  
By that bright star, that grace. The night is strange;  
The nearby stable hums with whispers bright  
That tap the walls; the smell of myrrh and hay  
Hangs thick, like trees and bundles full and ripe  
For moonlit harvesting. The star, they say,  
Has cores of gold that cannot be contained,  
And lies atop the Eagle's wing, still bent  
Like words of prophets yet to be explained.  
And so I wait, and watch; the night that tends  
The star's release, the hour before the scend.

## The Fisherman

*James Yuan*

I knew a fisherman when I was young,  
Who lived alone and fished for every meal.  
I joined him on his kayak once or twice  
To keep him company on a frosty morn.

One day, we'd spent the whole day on the pond  
Alone, and not a single fish to show.  
It's miles, I said, the nearest grocery shop;  
He only laughed and strangely shook his head.

We came back to the cabin by the shore  
And lit the oil lamps and candle lights  
And up he set a grand old cauldron pot  
To boil over the spitting flame below.

I saw him reach his trembling, slender hand  
Alone into the lidded bin, the rank  
Remains, the dank skeletal corpses resting  
Still from sup's and dinners weeks ago,

And merrily were tossed into the boil,  
With skull and spine and pin-bones clinging on  
'Til torn apart. The flickering room was filled  
With, to admit, a not unpleasant smell.

He must have seen the question in my eye,  
For then he said, "Dear boy, a good day's catch  
Is never sure. Your friend's seen darker days,  
And, to be sure, soup's better fare than bones."

## Lady of the Flies

Lynn Tait

*As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods. They kill us for their sport.*

Shakespeare - *King Lear*

Is that when the wounding began? Bullied  
by political fiction, searing sub-text behind each chapter,  
violent rendition of good old boys left on their own,  
painted faces setting off the hunger behind the hunt.  
Did you feel left out, denying the thrill, dying to join in?

Was it a shock,  
imagining the havoc wreaked subtle and slow,  
unclear which side – *are you Jackie or Ralphina?*  
Silencing anyone who knows what beast  
rises in tune with the wind.

That irritating wisdom, its acrid vapour blinding—  
the message not received. But it'll make a good story  
told as easily as picking up a rock.

The flies bow  
all buggy-eyed, wings all-a-rub,  
unchallenged the *why* gets dirtier over time.  
Downturned scar with teeth swallows the light.

The sadness we fold and tuck away—  
there must be a reason for picking up the same killing rock,  
hammering injuries into our sorrow,  
embracing the shards.



Is it like spinning atop a cold sill  
on the verge of window drop?  
Innocence shattered, anguish, rage, revenge –  
one colossal hand suspended midair.  
The surprise, the fear in those compound eyes as it slams  
down.

Do you smell it?  
It's not perfume.  
It's the scent of carrion.

**Nov 4, 2019**

*Marissa Wiebe*

They ran towards me  
then passed. The generous I  
wanted to ask *whom are you  
running towards for?*  
The harder part wanted to ask,

*Stop.* What I meant to say,  
*Don't run away from me.*  
We are always running towards  
from something, we're all donning  
masks we are ordained with,  
is all. But even if ordained,  
none of us would say no  
to a home-cooked meal.  
We're alike like that.

But you hold the gun. Non-lethal,  
butt of your rifle a candy pink,  
as tho what you hold  
isn't in the shape of a gun,  
as tho the mask after work  
can be left leaning against  
your issued boots by the front steps.

Just as a beer bottle isn't the bottle  
we, in a rosier time past,  
would cincto. Clink,  
the crispness of the sound,  
easy as a finger's twitch.



Commenced

*Artist: Anika Yvette Poch-McKee*

## Contributors

**Andrew Conway** is an artist currently based in the GTA. He works in several mediums including wood carving, watercolour painting and programming based image manipulation (used in the pieces ‘Mom and Mom’ and ‘Mom and Dad’) where he reorganizes family photos to ultimately remove himself from his own history.

**Angie Lo** is a third-year UofT student majoring in English and Physiology. In her spare time, she can be seen scribbling down fragments of poetry on scrap paper and coming up with new verses on long walks. For her, poetry is a way of showing love and making sense of the world around her.

**Anika Poch** plays with different scales and materials used when making each series help with the steps in the process. This allows her to integrate a wide variety of approaches while creating. Anika is currently studying Contemporary Arts at Etobicoke School of the Arts (ESA).

**Arin Klein (she/they)** is an Ottawa-born, Toronto-based editor. In addition to editing, she writes poetry and music, frequently participates in and attends theatre, and loves biking. A lover of language, they speak English and French and are currently learning German, Italian, and American Sign Language.

**Brooke Collins** is an undergraduate at Victoria College of the University of Toronto, studying English, Cinema Studies and Creative Expression and Society. She writes poems, often about her hometown and finding love in little moments.

**Giovanna Riccio** is a graduate of the University of Toronto where she majored in philosophy. Her love of poetry is her inheritance from a gifted autodidact father who penned his own verses. She is the author of *Vittorio* (Lyricalmyrical Press, 2010) *Strong Bread* (Quattro Books, 2011), and *Plastic's Republic* (Guernica Editions, 2019) and her poems have appeared in national and international publications and in numerous anthologies. Her work has been translated into Italian, French, Spanish, and Romanian. Giovanna has participated in various international literary festivals but especially enjoyed presenting at the University of Calabria's Italian Diaspora Conference held about an hour's drive from where she was born. Website: [giovannariccio.com](http://giovannariccio.com)

The 4th Poet Laureate of Toronto (2012-15) and the 7th Parliamentary Poet Laureate (2016-17), **George Elliott Clarke** is an Afro-Metis poet, originally from Nova Scotia, and currently a University of Toronto English prof, specializing in African-Canadian literature. Internationally published, he has titles in Chinese, Italian, and Romanian, and has received awards from Canada, Romania, and the U.S.

**James Yuan** is a second-year student at the University of Toronto, studying psychology. He loves T. S. Eliot and Robert Frost, and thinks grown-ups deserve to indulge in fun stories and catchy rhyme just as much as children do

**Jason Goodwin-Tully** is a writer, actor and playwright. His play *Suicide Pact* debuted at the 2019 Edinburgh Fringe Festival. As an actor, Jason has performed professionally in Ireland, the UK, America and Hong Kong. Jason is currently completing an MA in Creative Writing at the University of Limerick and working on his debut novel *Pink Triangle* about the persecution of gay people in Nazi Germany.

**John Grey** is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in *Orbis*, *Dalhousie Review* and *Connecticut River Review*. Latest book, “*Leaves On Pages*” is available through Amazon.

**Lynn Tait** is an award-winning poet/photographer living in Sarnia, Ontario. Her poetry has appeared in *Contemporary Verse 2*, *Windsor Review*, *Vallum*, *FreeFall*, *Literary Review of Canada* and in over 100 North American anthologies. Her photo art has graced the cover of seven books of poetry. She is a member of The Ontario Poetry Society and the League of Canadian Poets.

**Mahaila Smith** is a young writer from Ottawa, studying to dig. Her first chapbook, *Claw Machine* was printed by Anstruther Press. Her poems can be found in the *Hart House Review*, the *UC Review*, *Acta Victoriana* and elsewhere.

**Meghan Adler's** poems have been published in *Alimentum*, *Gastronomica*, *The Intima: A Journal of Narrative Medicine*, and *The North American Review*. Her poetry book, *Pomegranate*, was recently published with Main Street Rag Publishing Company. She trained at the Writers Studio for four years and since then, has studied with Marie Howe and Ellen Bass. Meghan was awarded first prize in Lumina's National Poetry Contest; was a winner in the Poets 11/San Francisco Public Library Poetry Contest; given Honorable Mention and Editor's Choice in the Allen Ginsberg Poetry Awards; received Honorable Mention in the Rattle Poetry Contest; and was nominated for the Pushcart Prize in Poetry. One of her poems was recently chosen by the Arts Mid-Hudson Poets Respond to Art exhibition in honor of National Poetry Month. Meghan has been an educator for over twenty-five years, and holds a B.S. in Elementary Education and an M.S. in Literacy.

**Michaela Yarmol-Matusiak** is a Toronto-based artist and undergraduate Anthropology student. Her work consists primarily of large-scale, free-form drawings, photography, writing, and collections of curiosities. Through highly process-based drawings and immersive photographic practices, Yarmol-Matusiak makes work in order to commit to a single moment in time as the only viable reality, every experience within it a piece of information which clarifies existence.

**Qin Bei** is in her final year as a high school student at Father John Redmond enrolled in a Regional Arts Program. When she's not losing her mind to become an engineer, she seeks to understand herself and the world around her better by capturing the emotions and significant events in her life through visual arts. Her recent works include a trout-shaped pot.

**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, the UC Review, the Strand, the Varsity, and the Salterrae.

**Sam Cheuk** is a Hong Kong-born Canadian poet and author of *Love Figures* (Insomniac Press, 2011), *Deus et Machina* (Baseline Press, 2017) and the upcoming collection *Postscripts from a City Burning* (Palimpsest Press, 2021) on the 2019 protests in Hong Kong and its aftermath. He holds an MFA in creative writing from New York University and BA in English literature from University of Toronto. He is currently working on the second half of the diptych, tentatively titled *Marginalia*, that examines the function, execution, and generative potential behind censorship. #StandWithHongKong #MilkTeaAlliance



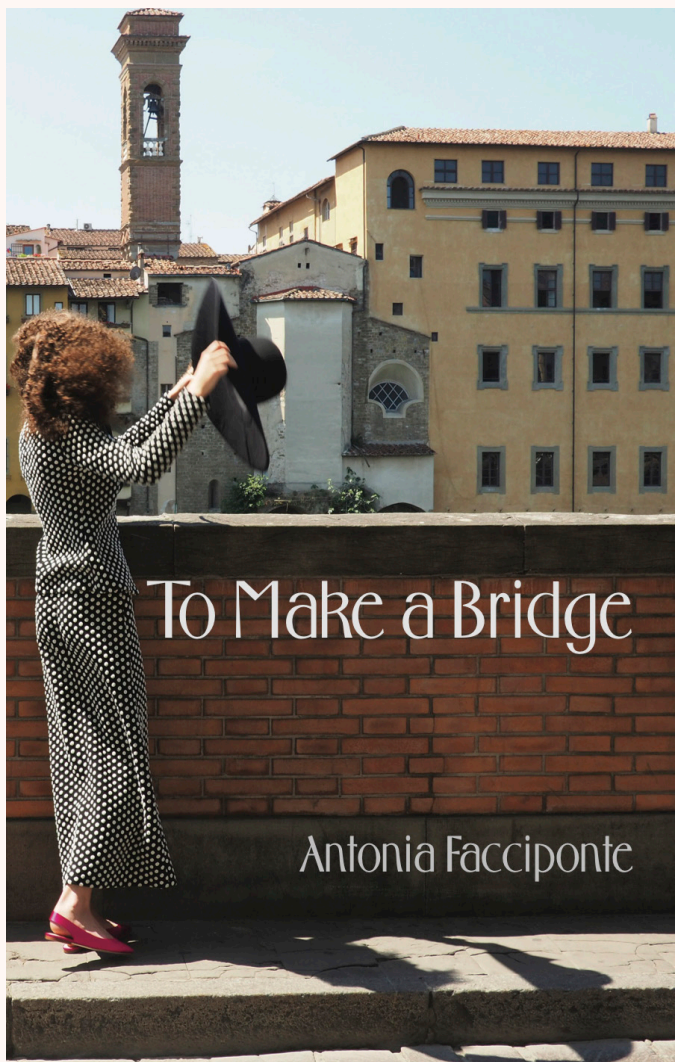
**Sinchan Chatterjee** is an Indian author and poet, whose works have featured in several magazines, journals and newspapers both in India and abroad, including ‘Guernica’, ‘Granta Magazine’, ‘The Statesman’, ‘Setu Magazine’, ‘Muse India’, ‘Erothanatos’, ‘Spillwords’, ‘Scarlet Leaf Review’, ‘The Trinity Review’, ‘Pegasus’ (Exeter University), ‘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.

**Vivian Tran** is an emerging Toronto-based artist, currently attending Tufts University in Boston, Massachusetts. She explores socio-economical, generational, and geographical distances that impede deeper familial connection in multi-generational homes. In her work, she seeks a common denominator within scattered moments, people, and spaces.

**Yui Jit (Eugene) Kwong** was raised all over the United States and now finds himself studying Anthropology and Near & Middle Eastern Civilizations at Victoria College. He spends his time thinking about nothing and coming to no conclusion at all. This is his first submission to any literary magazine.

**Zeca Gonçalves José Magaia** was born in January the 6th, in the year of 1996, in Gaza, a province of Mozambique. He completed his graduation in Philosophy at Eduardo Mondlane University, in Maputo, capital of Mozambique. His topic in the monograph was about hermeneutic symbolism, thus showing, early on, that his passion was for writing and symbolizing words hermeneutically. He was a grammatical proofreader of two books entitled “The Mind of God” and “The Awakening of Life”, of José Massango and Verónica Quia, respectively. He is currently a grammar proofreader of books and essays.





# To Make a Bridge

Antonia Facciponte

## Book Review

The Trinity Review recommends *To Make a Bridge* by Antonia Facciponte

Published with Black Moss Press, *To Make a Bridge* is Antonia's debut poetry collection. It is formatted as an opera, an apt decision given its musicality. The tones of the pieces crescendo with all the emotional depth of a skillful drama. Throughout her masterful composition, Antonia tells a poignant story with characters that return throughout, their names becoming as familiar as the faces of actors and actresses.

Antonia's work is soaked in honesty. She brings emotion into the faintest images. She has managed to craft a work that makes readers find their own memories spelled out in her words. With a reverence for the mundane, Antonia finds glory in simple foods, household objects, and family ties. The vivid details she thoughtfully applies make readers deeply invested in her work. *To Make a Bridge* is a love story about the experiences of being shaped by two countries — Italy and Canada. Her words pull out the difficulty and beauty in such duality.

I am grateful to hold this tangible testament to the incredible artist that Antonia is, and I offer it with the highest recommendation.

—Patrice Calancie, *Editor-in-Chief of the Trinity Review*



*With tremendous thanks to  
Alex Durlak  
Students of Trinity College  
Our Readers & Fans*

This book was printed by STANDARD FORM PRESS  
in June 2021. The titles are set in Garamond Bold and the  
body text in Garamond. This edition contains 150 copies.