



The Trinity Review

Prose • Poetry • Art

I Can't Wait to Meet You, and I Will

Cover Artist: Eli Moser



The Trinity Review 134

Winter Journal

**THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW
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.

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Time is dragging its feet. It shuffles wearily on while the world languishes in apparent monotony. In this time of tedium, I find myself turning within and searching for past moments of happiness. As you read through TR 134.1, you will be enveloped by an overwhelming sense of nostalgia. Childhood keepsakes, conversations with loved ones, and sunny afternoons with pets are artfully articulated and commemorated in this journal. Although time seems to repeat itself, reliving cherished moments of the past is always welcome. After all, to remember the past is to recognize growth within ourselves.

As the Trinity Review proceeds into its 134th year, I am beyond grateful to our past and present contributors for their continued trust and support. The works presented in the journal are those which we love, those which we cannot let go of, those which we return to again and again. I hope this journal will bring you comfort during these times and recall back feelings and memories, although long lost but nevertheless precious.

Furthermore, I would like to offer my sincere gratitude to my editors Patrice Calancie, Freyja Moser, Jessie Wu, Joyce Yue Zhu, and Sabrina Zhu. We also welcomed four new—and indispensable—associate editors this year, Eugene Kwong, Tara Parsons, James Yuan, and Carson Zhang. I am deeply grateful to our design editor, Victoria Hong; our treasurer, Ingrid Cui; as well as our webmaster, Vincent Pham. TR 134.1 would not be here without their passionate participation and tireless dedication.

Now, I must leave you to the journal and all its intricate artistry. TR 134.1 has been a labour of love, and I hope you will find it worthwhile to re-read it time after time.

Amory S. Zhao
Editor-in-Chief

AfterBirth I

Mailey Horner

Gummy baby; still a clean, pink organ,
purr like a goat; bleating, again, again,
our feral mother bleeds,
her stomach a balloon fed all winter—
deflated, kicked by little feet.

Her voice dripping sand and cough syrup,
yellow wool sweater slipping, —
wrapping you up and smelling your head. So clean,
so new— a fresh commodity; I want more! more! More!

JustGirlyThings

Katie Minacs

I come from the wrinkled sheets
of bachelor pad beds, from
Trick-sleeved chivalry
Served under the shade of paper umbrellas
and maraschino cherries.

I belong to desperate
Right-swiping hands
Well-versed in unhooking,
unbuckling, and “accidental” screenshots.
Fingers lacking manners
that creep inward on thighs,
that—at first—seem light
enough to swat away before the grabbing starts.
Before my frame is swallowed whole
like a wire-hanger suffocating
under an itchy wool coat.

I have nothing but a nightstand
graveyard of juul pod skeletons,
some diaries, and a few umbrella garnishes.

Shopping List for the Lonely

Elaine Lee

I would like to buy a pair of thermal socks.
I would like to buy a set of mini racquets
with which to play badminton, make a small racket,
in the cousins' backyard. I would like to buy
birdies with plastic plumes to go along with them.
We could go to the dollar store on the corner
when the weather gets warmer
and the sun rusts the pavement red.
I would like to buy a canyon into which I deposit my dreams
like sediment, wait for them to settle in a cloud of fairy dust,
wait for a voice that leaps across its walls,
telling me what they mean. I would like two
mosquito bites on my ankle to go away. They have been
swelling like hills, greased-up spearmint hills
after I put toothpaste on them, kissing at the valley.
I would like to buy the abstract concept of a mother
and by that I mean an organic moldable shape
like well-oiled dough, the fuzzy heat at the nape of one's neck,
the beckoning of a bedtime story. I wouldn't mind some black coffee.
I was thinking that maybe, just maybe, we could go to
one of these dreamlands
where paper cutouts hold hands,
indelibly linked from their origin.

Gap Year

Gene Case

I wanted a year I could sleepwalk through. A year that goes hazy in memory—elapsed time.

I am trying to live at the basest level, I am learning to love the menial; complex ideas like time, emotions, and people I am trying to eschew. I had secret ambitions of writing a novel, but I'm creatively bankrupt. It's okay, I tell myself, it's a gap year. Now's not the time for self-expression. Adolescence should be for meditation: don't speak until you've had an original thought. Watch people, listen to them, learn how to be a person. Wait for maturity, that shabby cloak, to be conferred upon you.

Only I don't know what I'm supposed to do while I'm waiting.

I am working at a movie theatre for the year and, because I have no friends, my coworkers are my only company. They're around my age; some are on gap years like me. I can't stand this. I don't handle kinship normally.

There is a boy at the movie theatre with whom I have become infatuated. I wish I could say it less stiffly but I don't know how to talk about desire—is it desire when you can't even think about touching him? And is it desire if it's hardly him at all, if it's the feeling, the sheer pleasure of being in love?

I am not in love. But he gives me something to think about on the bus.

This was supposed to be a wasteful year, but if I can't write a novel I need something. Narrative heartbeat, all that; anything to give me a pulse. It doesn't have to be larger than it is—the feeling can stand on its own. Daydream, that's all, though I don't even have anything really material enough for daydream. The fact is I can hardly speak to him, and when he talks to me it's different—stiffer, but also, I think, gentler—than how he talks to other people.

He's a nice boy, and when I worked a double he said the next day, "Gene did great," and I blushed hard enough to make my glasses fog up. Here is the inelegant truth: being around him makes me feel like a girl. I don't know if I'm pleased or disturbed by the sensation; I don't know which makes me feel more fraudulent. I am not a girl, so far as I'm aware. But I was born like one.

I want very badly to be wanted, and I fear it's biology obliging me to be an object of desire. Only, when I am objectified, it is never as a girl; therefore, I am not even really desirable. But what other hope do I have? I wish I were a boy properly. I think then I would stop falling in love with them.

Last spring I told my dad I wanted to go on testosterone.

"I would fucking die," he said.

He told me that when he was in his twenties he was a drug addict. His friend Len had people who wanted to kill him for all the money he borrowed while addicted to cocaine. We are alike, my dad and me, but I didn't know how to explain to him that I'm not retrac-

ing his steps—I've emulated him as I've known him. When my high school girlfriend wanted to drink at parties, I berated her. I mete out my self-destruction into manageable portions. Alter things to avoid destroying them.

When I was sixteen, I got a stick-and-poke tattoo for ten dollars. A ringed planet and stars on my wrist: my little calculated teenage rebellion. The boy and I were working the concession stand together when he told me his friend had asked him to get matching tattoos.

"I've never thought of getting a tattoo before," he said.

I had just broken up with the only person I've ever loved. I was unfun and unsociable and wanted to be someone else so badly I could have died. I got a tattoo.

"To get a good one, it's really expensive, yeah?" he said.

"I got mine for ten dollars," I said.

That's the most personal conversation we've had, and I play it on repeat. I wonder if there isn't something predatory in loving a person like this. To take fleeting, innocuous moments and inject meaning into them—it almost feels like I'm taking advantage. Something from nothing.

I can hardly string a sentence together when I'm around him. I'm not in love with him but I've made him the centre of my life; I need some gravity, something I can chew on—a wad of gum stuck behind the ear, what else is love? I go to see movies just to see him, and during the kissing scenes I leave the theatre and stare at my reflection in the mirror of the family bathroom, and try to imagine someone touching me.

I had a dream about him. He kept forgetting who I was and reintroducing himself. He knew I was in love with him and told me he was in a "full-time committed relationship," those words exactly.

I said it was okay. I said, "There's nothing to do but be stupid at work." He's on a gap year; I think he understood.

When I woke up, someone had posted a poem where the narrator fantasizes about being turned down by the person with whom she's in love. There are no original feelings between the ages of thirteen and twenty.

I spend my mornings daydreaming, and my nights at work doing much of the same. When people ask me what I do all day I'm at a loss for words. How do I explain that most of my life takes place within myself? I can't write fiction, or make conversation, so I fantasize. I make up infatuations just to pass the time. I people-watch. What else should I be doing? I'm waiting to get old; I'm all sealed up. I watch and feel. Nothing externalized.

Butch

Ollie Cadete

Oh, Tiresias,
You live on in the body
Of a young woman.

Lottery

Jingshu Helen Yao

“So, when are you heading back to Canada?” he asked with the same expression the last five times he asked the question.

“In September, Grandpa,” I said. “You’ve asked me already.”

“Don’t bother reminding him,” Grandma shook her head. “His memory is rusty, leaving things everywhere in the house and blaming me when he couldn’t find it, pausing in the middle of a task and forgetting what he was doing—”

She mumbled while Grandpa’s expression remained passive. His hearing started to decline years ago. Maybe he couldn’t even hear her rant.

“—for all these years,” Grandma said, “As if I haven’t had enough.”

“September, that’s good. You need to study hard,” Grandpa nodded. “Get good grades.”

“I’m not studying anymore, Grandpa.” I reminded him. “I have a job.”

“Get a good education,” he continued as if not hearing me.

“That’s important.”

“Like I said,” Grandma interrupted. “His mind is like glue.”

“Maybe I should get going,” I said. “It’s nice seeing you both.”

“I will come with you,” Grandpa stood up with me. “I need to go to... the pharmacy.”

“What do you need?” I asked him. “I could bring you—”

“No, no, you don’t know what kind.” He shook his head.

“Well, at least let me drive you. It’s 35 degrees outside.”

Grandpa mumbled something about not wanting to trouble me while rumpling through the drawers. “Where’s my health card?” he asked.

“How am I supposed to know,” Grandma shot back. She looked at me with a triumphant smirk, her point proved. “Like I said... It’s good that you drive him, otherwise he might get lost.”

He finally emerged from his room.

“Let’s go,” he said. Then he called me by my mother’s name.

We were quiet in the car. Grandpa looked out of the window with a thoughtful look.

“Take a turn here,” he suddenly said.

“What? The pharmacy is the other way—”

“Take the turn!”

He didn’t raise his voice but it still startled me. I turned too fast and a truck driver honked his horn angrily.

“Grandpa,” I asked, heart racing. “What was that?”

“I’m not going to the pharmacy,” he said. “I’m going to buy lottery tickets. Don’t tell your grandma. She never lets me buy lottery tickets, saying it’s a waste of money.”

“Sure, Grandpa,” I said.

“I have bought one every week for the past 20 years,” he said. I watched him from the rear mirror. He wore a grin like a boy who thought himself too smart for the world.

“Have you ever won a lottery, Grandpa?” I asked.

He only stared out at the passing street, maybe he didn’t hear me. I parked outside the little convenience store. He slowly rose from his seat and opened the door.

“Go home.”

“I could wait for you—”

“No, go home and study hard for when you return to Canada.” I watched him disappear into the store, a little limp in his steps.

Grounded

Daisy Bassen

I saw a bee walking,
A fat one, in a fur coat,
And if I'd never seen one fly,
I wouldn't have believed it.
It walked slowly, no more slowly
Than a turtle—there is precedent
For just how slowly it walked, my bee,
Its bootless feet on pavement.
I can't presume it was considering
Flowers, their sweet, close throats,
Nectar mulled like ketamine,
Or the business model that yields
Honey futures. I never saw a bee
Walking for so long before;
My suppositions aren't baseless,
They're without dimension, vagaries.

I can't imagine how Sally Hemings
Left Paris, what she would make
Of the bee's sedate promenade, Sally
Liberated, made sister-less, mother to her own,
Her misery, her deliberate American love.



Life in Quarantine
Artist: Vivi Niya Gao



Life in Quarantine
Artist: Vivi Niya Gao

Survey Deficiency Free

Daisy Bassen

Our eye is made for beauty,
Not light, not shadow; it would be larger,
Then, the socket capacious as a squid's.
We'll find loveliness anywhere, homely,
Vast, Himalayan, the cunning delicacy
Of whatever is a paw or pincer, a memory
If that is better than a meadow's worth
Of gold blossom, if you need to see it
In the white screen of rumpled sheets,
The drabness of steel, poured concrete,
The skin on your forearm, the underside
That has been kept from the sun. Beauty
Is our salve, the leavening of our pains,
The sweetness every tongue would take;
Lick out the belly of the bowl, glazed
Yellow and white with slip, the wheel's
Best work. We want it so much, the beautiful,
We'll never throw it away or the chance
Of its fair return. We're blameless—
How can we know if there's anything better?

Pebble Choice

Kaila Gallacher

throw a pebble in a pond
 watch water dip.
 the disruption of matter
 a depression in space till it
 creates a small wave. ripples begin
 expand grow larger. cover more space.
 now tell me again how your choices don't
 matter. how they don't create an effect that
 will last long after you abandoned this pond.

Home Changes Too

Marie Gamboa

I'm home
but my room is short of a desk
and I didn't choose these bedsheets
A neighbourhood stroll reveals leaves
turning to gold, turning, leaving, leaving again
I slide my hand over the gaping bookshelf
dust recoiling like a child scolded
Welcome has never been spelled with such disdain
I look through my window
as if for the first time and I see
I am not where I was last year

to Chidi

Jaxzen Sandell

Is it unhealthy
That I half expect my mother to bring me a cat
Tomorrow?

Is it strange
That I can see myself breaking down and on my knees
Holding his black face
And feeling the bone behind his cheek
With so many warm tears
Thank you, thank you
And I cannot say how much this cat would mean to me
And she would know it could not be said.

Fetch

Antonia Facciponte

Tied up in traffic's mid-day
growl. I look out bus window:

a dog leaping through open
park and chasing squeaky bone.

The mutt clamps the thing
in teeth, returns its pardon

to a child in a snow-suit.
I blink. The rubber relic

flies through a sky
forever running to sun.

Does it notice the taste
in its mouth, mistaking

the return as love?

Bluey

Nicolette Kemerer

When I was eight years old, I lost my favourite sweater.

Carelessly, I placed it by my side on the bow
Of our great red summer boat.
And in my brown and pink Billabong t-shirt
I let my stringy hair, untied,
become tangled by the wind.

I let my guard down.
That's why it slipped through my fingers
And flashed before my eyes
Before being swallowed by the great depths of the endless sea.

For an instant, Bluey felt like me
With my little bottom glued to the seat with sweat
And my cherub hands extended above me,
Free and happy.

For an instant, he must have felt
The thrill of flight:
Every particle of air
Breezing through his thick polyester clouds of fluff —
Even, probably, through those tiny slits in his metal zipper.

I hoped his flight clear over mast and stern
Would be enough,
Enough to distract him from the sharp cold that came next,
And his subsequent drowning.

Perhaps his slow sinking would be pleasant,
Peaceful.
His tired threads would finally rest
After years of the pushing and pulling,
And the twisting and turning
Of putting him on, taking him off
On, off, on off.

Maybe he would feel like he was floating on a cloud
In that deep dark water.
And maybe the weeds below would caress him gently
As he came to greet their slippery roots
And the fish and clams and other creepy crawlies
Would welcome him into their home
Like an old friend.

And surely, all this could not be worse than the washing machine,
Nor could it rival the throws of those violent tumble dries.

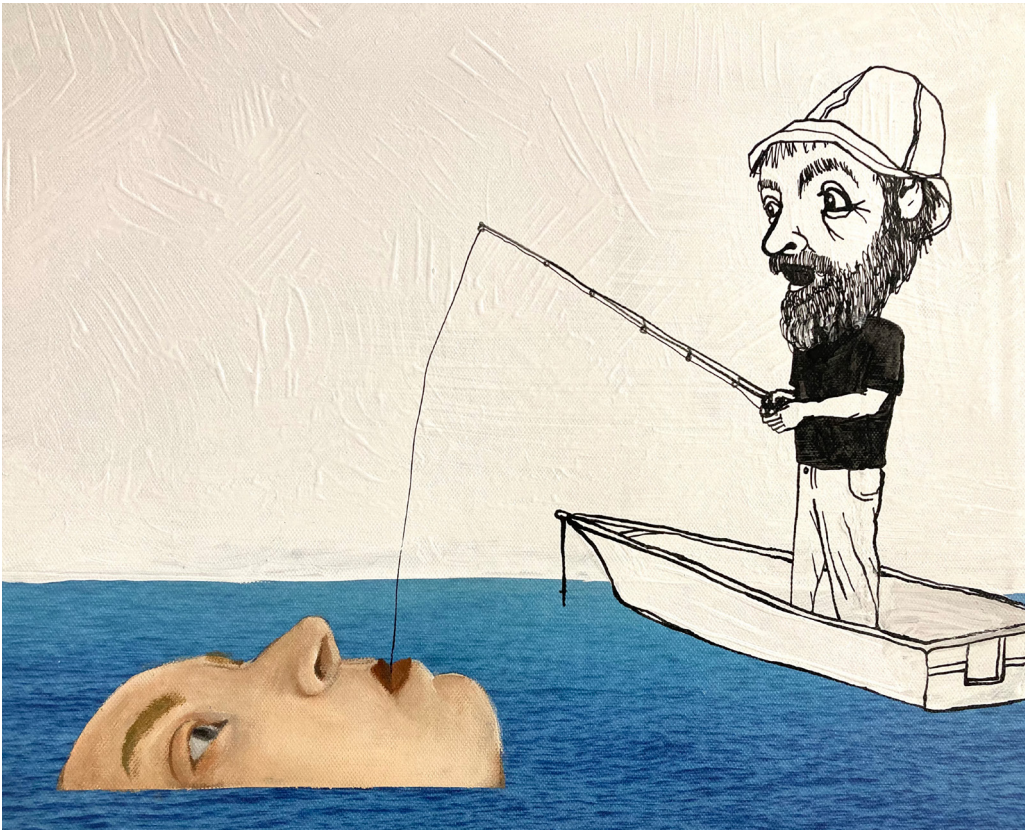
It was with only these thoughts I allowed myself reprieve.
In those first few days
Bluey's death was heavy on my mind.
I blamed myself.
How could I have been so careless?

Polly pockets were plastic trash
And every sweater scratched my skin like rough hay.
Teddy bears were hardly soft,
And boat rides, no matter the destination,
Were sorry reminders of my fatal negligence.

But eventually,
The sun kept rising and setting
And on most days it shone so bright
There was no need for me to wear layers.
Life went on.

On a comprehensive scale of time since time
Somewhere close lies a child with straggly brown hair.
In her rainbow stockings she plays with her older sister
And sunset-coloured leaves fall onto their heads from the trees above.
Sensing the breeze, her mother comes outside.

In her hands is a puffy baby blue garment.
The girl runs towards it.



Plenty of Fish in the ME

Artist: Eli Moser



i know you're lying.
Artist: Nikita Jayawardena

Linger On, Pale Blue Eyes

Genevieve Sugrue

Brand new sinews not yet snapped to warmth and all appendages gone
crystalline
In the shadow of the asphalt I see the whipping of wet tresses
The trailing veil
And hushed breath cast in a frigid haze
I see the abundant psychedelia of youth
I am the ghost
Slipping between sweet music you thought you heard
So very long ago

Cry

Mailey Horner

Crumbs on my knees and
In my lap

The air
Feels like hot skin
And I am not myself, but an organ
Pressed up against many other
Hot, thick organs
In a jar, or in a body

And really, can you tell me
The difference between a jar and a body?

The body is working against me—
No, I work against it

I love you, still

Flip the page—

Stop—

The air again;
like a room freshly painted grey in
The summer of 2009
So thick and hazy
I can barely see through it

We're driving and I'm groaning
You whisper to the steering wheel
A man walks by with his shirt open
Like Jesus
A bald woman is tanning on
A small patch of grass
Next to an industrial waste—
Factories and other old things

Hey birdie
The birds have stopped coming here
Go home birdie

And we go home because
This is the type of weather
That makes babies cry

Originally from Boston, **Tara Parsons** is a first-year at the University of Toronto, studying political science, economics, and art history. She is interested in exploring philosophy and literature in her art.

Daisy Bassen is a poet and community child psychiatrist who graduated from Princeton University's Creative Writing Program and completed her medical training at The University of Rochester and Brown. Her work has been published in *Oberon*, *McSweeney's*, *Smartish Pace*, and [PANK] among other journals. She was the winner of the So to Speak 2019 Poetry Contest, the 2019 ILDS White Mice Contest and the 2020 Beullah Rose Poetry Prize. She was doubly nominated for the 2019 and 2021 Best of the Net Anthology and for a 2019 and 2020 Pushcart Prize. Born and raised in New York, she lives in Rhode Island with her family.

Gene Case lives in Ottawa, Ontario. Their writing has been recognized by the CBC, Amazon Canada, and NILVX Magazine. They graduated from Canterbury High School's Literary Arts program in 2021. Next year, they will attend Trinity College at the University of Toronto, studying Humanities. They currently work at a movie theatre.

Ollie Cadete is an undergraduate student at UofT majoring in English and Classics. She primarily writes poetry and creative nonfiction. Her ultimate book recommendation is *Kicking the Sky* by Anthony De Sa.

Antonia Facciponte is the author of the poetry collection *To Make a Bridge* (Black Moss Press). Her writing has been published in various prominent literary magazines, and in 2019, she was shortlisted for ELQ's Gwendolyn MacEwen Poetry Competition. She received her B.A. at U of T, and is currently an MA Candidate at U of T's English Dept. In 2020, Antonia was awarded a SSHRC CGS-M Scholarship for her project "Voice Formation: Reshaping Spoken Word Poetics."

Vivi Niya Gao is an interdisciplinary artist. She works in a variety of different mediums, including sculpture, installation, photography, and painting. She graduated from the Contemporary Arts Program at Étobicoke School of the Arts, Canada. Niya attends the School of Art Institute Chicago, United State, majoring in sculpture. Also, she is the founder and the curator of the Us Gallery Contemporary since 2019. Her work has been exhibited in group shows at Alberta University of the Arts in Calgary, the Albright Knox Gallery in Buffalo, the John B Aird Gallery in Toronto, Stephen Bulger Gallery in Toronto, Art Etobicoke in Toronto, and Unwashed, Kunstverein Bayreuth in Germany

Kaila Gallacher is a disabled second-generation Scottish-Canadian writer and poet. Her work has been published in the anthologies "Light", "You've Gone Incognito", and "The Hyphenated Generation" by the Soapbox Press. Her passion for writing is only matched by her love of nature.

Marie Gamboa is an undergraduate student at the University of Toronto and

sometimes takes inspiration from her sixth-grade diary.

Eli Moser is a painter and ceramicist from Southwestern Ontario, now living in Montreal. He is a recent graduate of the McMaster Health Sciences program. More of his work can be found on Instagram @elhamos.

Mailey Horner is a student at the University of Toronto studying English and Visual Studies. Along with writing poetry, she writes short stories, creates short films, and works on other projects of various art mediums. Her poetry has previously appeared in the Trinity Review, and is forthcoming publication in Mimp Mag.

Nicolette Kemerer is a third-year student at U of T. She is pursuing a double major in English and Cinema Studies as well as a minor in Creative Expression and Society. She has a 1-year-old pet rabbit named Cicely, and in her free time, she loves to sing and write and express herself in other potentially embarrassing avenues.

I'm **Nikita Jayawardena** and right now I'm making journal works relating to my childhood experiences. Experimenting with styles and subjects too. More works on my Instagram; @nottnikita

Elaine Lee is a student of English literature and public policy at the University of Toronto. You can find her embroidering flowers onto her possessions, asking people how they feel, and trying to conceptualize herself in any way at all.

Katie Minacs is an undergraduate student at the University of Toronto, studying English and History. Her writing has appeared in Half A Grapefruit Magazine and Thirty West Publishing House's Weekly Degree, among others.

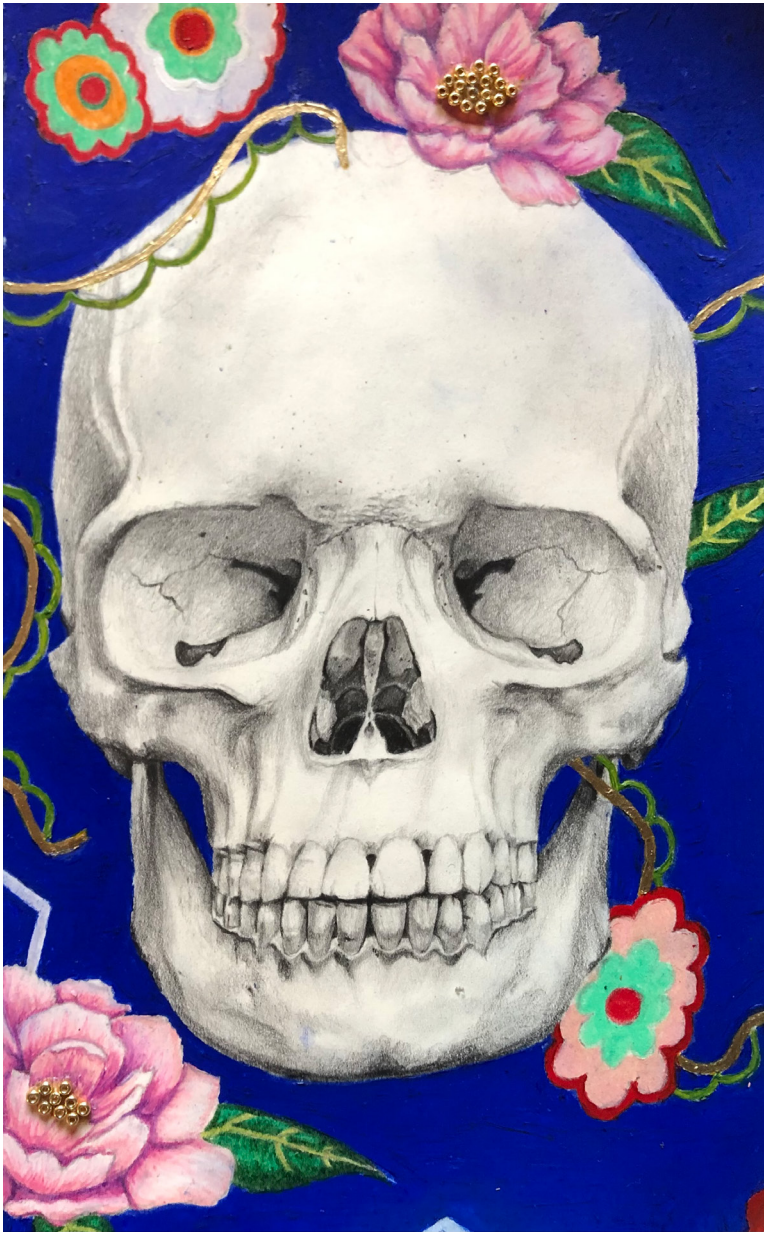
Jaxzen Sandell is a third year Philosophy and English major. He has a background in musical theatre and is looking for new ways to integrate art into his life. Poetry remains a constant joy.

Genevieve Sugrue is a first-year cinema studies and English student. She can usually be found nose-deep in her laptop, surrounded by several unfinished cups of coffee. She loves film, her friends, and her enormous, old-as-dirt dog: Rosie.

Jingshu Helen Yao is a creative writer based in Toronto. Her experience as an international student inspired multicultural themes in her writings. She studied creative writing at the University of Toronto and is pursuing a master's in Museum Studies, specializing in personal memory and oral storytelling. Her ongoing project explores the relationship between food, language, and identity through multimedia methods. She worked as managing editor at the Hart House Review. Her short story "The River" is published in Tint Journal, "Have You Forgiven Me" in The Roadrunner Review, "Zero Contact" in Kind Writers, and "Melon Face" in Block Party Magazine.

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

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I died for beauty
Artist: Tara Parsons



The Trinity Review