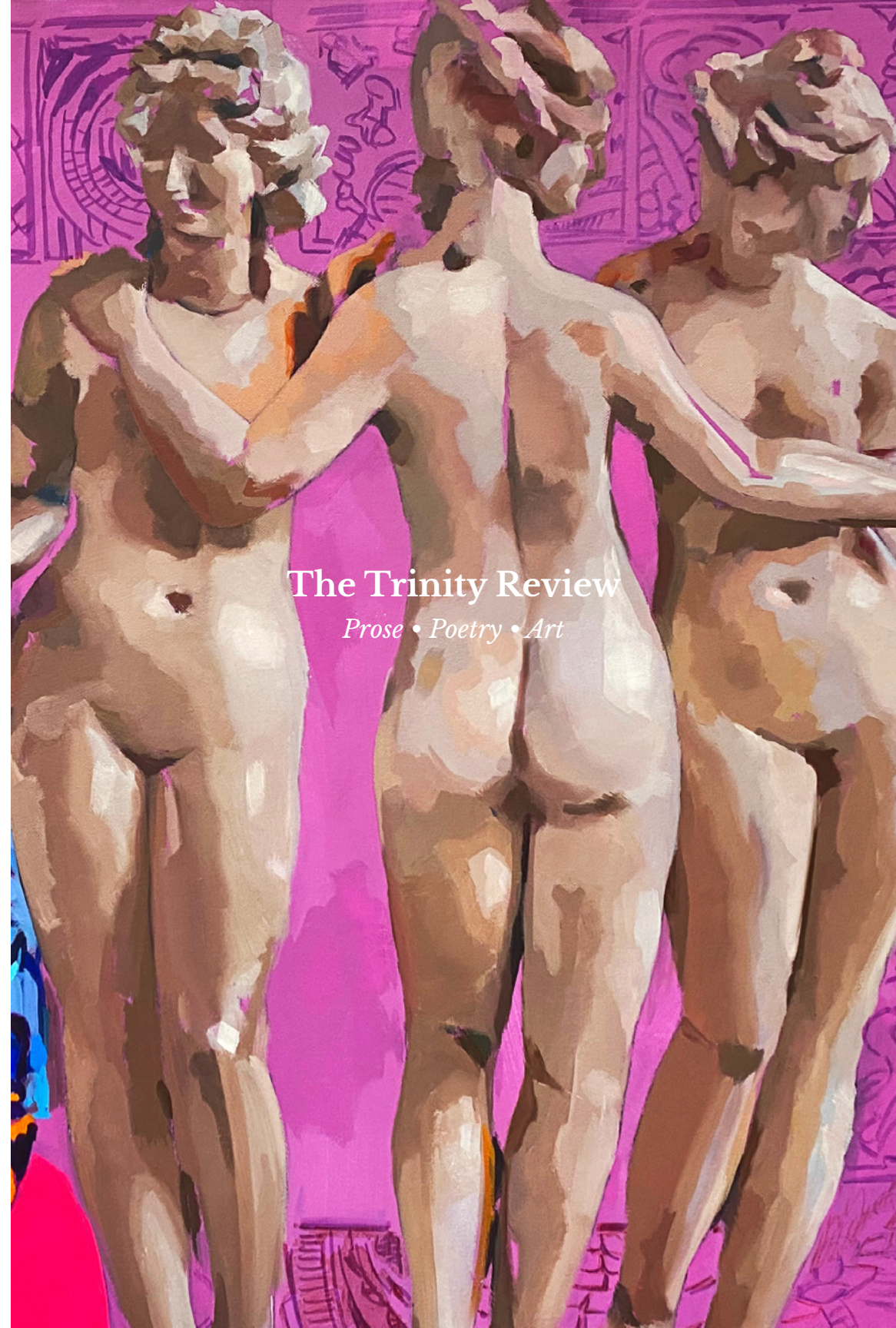




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The Trinity Review
Prose • Poetry • Art



The Trinity Review

Winter Edition

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THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW 135.1
WINTER JOURNAL

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The Trinity Review is crafted and published at Trinity College, University of Toronto which is on the traditional lands of the Huron-Wendat and Petun First Nations, the Seneca, and 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. We would also like to draw attention to the fact that the land Trinity College is currently on came to the University of Toronto through government land grants made possible by the disposition of land from original First Nations caretakers. For those of us who are settlers on this land and members of Trinity College, we recognize our responsibility towards reconciliation with both Indigenous peoples and the land itself.

As a literary journal we would also like to express our gratitude for the stories which Indigenous storytellers, authors, and peoples across Turtle Island have shared with us. Our editorial board commits itself to listening and learning from these stories; we ask our readers to do the same.

In Tkaronto, these stories might have been told in languages such as Wyondat, Seneca, and Anishinaabemowin. Many of these languages need greater protection and UNESCO has declared 2022-2032 the decade for Indigenous Languages. We call on the University of Toronto to fulfill call to action #16 of the TRC.

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In a world inundated with endless streams of information, we often find ourselves lost, adrift in a boundless sea in pursuit of an elusive something; perhaps it is the intangibility of it all that evades our grasp. Against this backdrop, books present a sanctuary, a realm of tranquility and contemplation amid the tumult of everyday life. They invite us to find the time and space for contemplation, for understanding others and ourselves through the ideas and emotions that have been entrusted to these pages.

So consider this journal an invitation — an invitation to discover our underlying selves and those features that connect and divide us. Within its pages are voices asking and pursuing the same intangible something: is it acceptance? Camaraderie? Love? Advocacy? Human connection? Whatever it is, we welcome you to meander through your memory and imagination as you sit and contemplate. Its meaning is, ultimately, up to you. What will you make of it?

Let us wander together in search of answers — and if no answers appear to us, then in search of more questions. Curiosity, after all, is the most powerful trait we have.

Jessie Wu and Freyja Moser
Editors-in-Chief

Atlantis Above Water

Cameron Boese

something lost,
returned to you in crimson petals
dashed across your doorstep
enduring the tides of wind pulling back and away,
in countercurrent to your own gravitational pull:
everything you lose will seek you out in the end

and you're back at the shore again
sifting through the cast-aways,
searching for something dropped too hastily
and praying to the ocean to power the briny water mill
that turns time backwards with the coming of the tide
turning over the silt and revealing what lies beneath

deep secrets linger at the bottom of the drain
the decayed, the rotten; the too easily forgotten
all the lives you've lived tucked into last year's donations
underneath the books you only now want to open
and fragments of words that didn't use to make sense to you
a handwritten history, washed away

so back to the sea we travel
everything she spits up returns to her in the end
heads sinking below a wave of lost things
searching for Atlantis; for a way back home
distorted beneath the shimmer of choked rays through the surface
and when you find it, it doesn't quite look like how you remember

like peering into a mirror
your length and depth wrong somehow; changed;
a sea creature swimming in the space beneath the glass
spine-stolen, carried along only by the current,
washed out to sea, lost
stranded in an alien ecosystem, forever underwater

waterlogged books line your shelves
pressed petals, ruined, forgotten between the pages
offerings cold in the chimney
alongside the ashes of letters so lovingly written
and voiceless confessions like the wail of the siren
and the drowned sailor

everything you wanted, at the bottom of the bathtub
and the pruned fingers grasping for the plug
time washed over you before you could grab a towel
and your clothes have been stolen away by sea urchins and crabs
looking into the puddle at your feet you find a flower
planted into the hair around the face that used to be yours

mementos piled at your back like a procession
you see yourself in the faces of the babies in the bathwater
all the lives you've lived: returned to you in corpses
Atlantis washed ashore, but drained of flowers and their stems
the dying crimson petals come to greet you as a friend
and everything you lose will come to haunt you in the end

Cracking Walnuts

Ollie Cadete

Your mother loves walnuts.

When you were little, you'd sit on the stool at the kitchen island and watch her crack the walnuts for the week. You'd never seen your mother light a candle at church before, but you imagine if you did, her fingers would look the exact same as they do cracking walnuts.

Your mother has abnormally wrinkled knuckles, and you'd watch the loose skin fold over and stretch as she situated the cutting board to get to work. Her raw, pink, soap-scrubbed hand would reach into the top drawer and out would emerge the coveted walnut cracker. Your mother cracks walnuts only with one hand, the other firm on the wooden cutting board to keep her steady. Her left elbow planted on the island, your cheeks in your hands as you leaned forward, she would pick the first walnut from the mesh bag and place it in her right palm. With a precision only mothers have, she would place the divots of the hard-shelled walnut into the metal teeth of the cracker and push down.

Crack.

The tendons on the back of her hand would relax and restore as she unclenched her palm to reveal the cracked walnut. In between the beige wrinkles, she would pick at the darker and flakey chips – the walnut's membrane, you thought vaguely – and pop the first halved walnut into her mouth.

The other half went to you.

You meet her at an intersection that means nothing to you; this was intentional.

"I think we should grab a drink first," you say.

She rolls her eyes and reaches to light a cigarette. You notice how she calls it a 'fag' now and you struggle not to laugh at that: she isn't even British. Then you feel upset at yourself that you'd think of laughing at her like that. Then you feel ashamed you're thinking that.

"I think we should go straight to yours," she replies between the inhale and exhale. The smoke is getting in your eyes.

"Come on now," you attempt a laugh, waving the smoke with your hand, "I'm not a common whore."

"Yeah, well, I am."

Her dismissal drapes over your shoulders like a coat and you think about how things feel normal. You know she thinks you want to take her out on a date but that's not true. You don't tell her that you'll need to be drunk for what you're about to do because you know it'll hurt her feelings. You're itching to say it though. You don't. The image of the pain flashing across her face at you saying it, however, is enough to sustain you while you walk to the LCBO.

When you kiss her after she's only let you have one sip of your beer, there are no fireworks. There is no revelation or enlightenment. It just feels like a kiss. She cradles your face in both her open palms and kisses every part of it: your lips, nose, cheeks, forehead, and the space between your eyebrows. You feel far away and think, briefly, that she may not be playing fair.

"I missed you so much," she breathes out.

"I missed it too," you mumble, desperate to get back to kissing so you don't have to hear her voice.

When you take her downstairs and she's kissing you against the doorframe etched with your shaky pencil measurements, you open your eyes and look around, thinking about how you cleaned your room because you knew she was coming over. The thought stings like hydrogen peroxide on an open scrape, so you slam your eyes shut and continue.

Afterwards, when you're lying in bed, you both cry.

"It's never been the same as it was with you. The closest I got, I almost said your name to her," she says.

You think about how she really does mean that as a compliment and wonder if these are the only types of compliments you'll ever be suited for; your name, only half-spoken.

"Every morning I wake up," she pauses as her voice cracks, "miserable that I ruined the best thing that ever happened to me."

Her saying this is all it takes.

You're lying in your childhood bedroom with your watering eyes set on the spot of the ceiling right above your bed. She says this, and the hand she has around your waist feels cold. Her slender fingers become rigid and augment into metal teeth. She's gripping you in her palm and the rivets are digging into your side, squeezing you. You get smaller by the moment and feel your organs shifting as her grip grows strong. She's still speaking but her voice sounds like it's hovering near the spot of the ceiling you're staring at. You exhale and interrupt her:

"But," a pause, you feel like you've gotten too high and you're starting to get scared, "do you love me?"

She props herself up on her elbow and looks down at you, crying harder than ever now. You know what she'll say and you don't know why you're asking her to say it. What's the definition of insanity again? Doing the same thing over again and expecting different results.

"Not like that," she gasps for air.

Crack.

You have a new boss this summer.

She doesn't take things too seriously, which you like, but she's also attentive and she does her job, unlike your old boss. You respect her. You like her. Things are running smoothly.

It's mid-afternoon on a day in early August and she's standing

next to you. You're taller than her – which is rare for you these days – but her personality measures up for the height she lacks, so she feels tall.

First, you're talking about the weather. Then, suddenly and without you realizing, you're telling her about what happened. She keeps her face neutral the entire time, nodding and humming at the appropriate times.

"I don't know," you're finishing off, aware of how embarrassing it is that you're telling this older woman and direct supervisor all of this, but unable to stop, "I guess that for so many years we kept coming back and crashing into each other's lives. It feels like fate."

You look at her and she's smiling. With the way she's smiling at you, you feel like a little kid who has asked her something silly, and you blush but don't flinch away from the feeling.

"It's not fate," she says, "it's just a pattern."

She pats you on the back and tells you, affectionately, to get back to work.

Later on in the afternoon, you see her across from you with her two daughters. Her youngest has the same name as you, you know this because she insists everyone calls her by her name in full. Your boss brings out a snack for them both, and you see the youngest's eyes go wide and focused as she watches her mother's hands peel the clementine and halve it.

On your way home that day, you'll stop by the market for a bag of hard-shelled walnuts and call your mother.

Tangerine Kitchen

Ella Bowles

in the tangerine kitchen on the wooden highchair
mother taught me home
dancing beneath popcorn garlands and painted pottery
she sang to the skipping CD in the silver radio
arms raised and baby fingers tight to hers
we sang a song I couldn't understand.

in the tangerine kitchen at the moonage daydream table
father built a plane
folding wings and spinning wheels
he held the silver bird high above his head
standing on my wicker chair
we went to skies I hadn't seen

in the tangerine kitchen on the aging marble counter
I learned how to try
salty damp pages and ant-shaped words
Mother read as father tried
heading hurting and hopelessness looming
I tried to learn what I didn't know

In the tangerine kitchen within the alphabet magnet fridge
Mother kept her fruits
Apples for the skin and figs for the stomach
She fed us well from her menagerie
Sugar grown from the muddy gardens
We cherished what I never tried

Ode to the Fallen

Pouria Saffaran

A plot of dirt, and dust, and mud
Lays, behind a mosque, in a graveyard
After you pass the countless tombs
You'll see it marked thistles and grot
I've been myself, not long before
I've poured ablutions on that soil
And as the custom of the faith
Recited verse that I knew not
Hundreds, nay thousands there sleep
Having sworn their oaths to keep,
Beneath that land, for they had known
The holy rituals of the free
And now, in silence, they scream
Damning shackles, gallows, and beams
Upon which they once had stood
Preaching the gospel of their Deen:
'Blessed is he who heeds the call
And cursed is he, who would not be
Amongst the missionaries of truth
Singing "woman, life, liberty!"

The Lie

Sacha Archer

It's a lie. However much you have given yourself
to believe—and because I believe it,
even now. The waves have stopped
in the bodies of water, and though nothing is preventing one
from swimming, even the delighted children
now shrug their shoulders and find games to play
in the dunes and on the concrete embankments.

Bathwater

Ollie Cadete

“This feels biblical,” she says.
My eyes are closed.
She cups bathwater in her palms.
She pours water onto my chest.
I'm leaning against her.
Before this, I was facing her.
We like to do that.
“Because of Levinas,” she says.
He was a philosopher.
She has read him. I learn him by listening to her.
He says face-to-face is crucial.
I love her face.
She says she sees God in mine.
I never believed in God.
I understand her though.
Because, yes, her face is holy.
This moment is sacred.
“It is biblical,” I reply.
I never thought I'd wear The Cross.
Then, she told me something.
Something about Jesus' lover kissing his feet.
Now I understand.
Somewhere deep inside me,
I understand.

Hot Rabbi

Victoria Mack

“You know, Time Out voted Rabbi Zach the hottest rabbi in New York.”

Becca had been scrolling Instagram, only half-listening to her mother’s voice on the phone, but this was such a surprise that she shut her laptop. “That’s a thing?” she asked. Suddenly going to temple for Yom Kippur didn’t seem so bad, although she didn’t want her mom to know she cared. She sighed loudly. “Ugh, fine. I’ll go. But I’m not fasting.”

“Fast, don’t fast,” her mother said, and Becca could visualize her throwing her free hand up in frustration. Becca’s mom did this frequently, using both hands in person, as if she were gathering all of Becca’s bullshit and flinging it out on both sides.

“Are you fasting?” Becca asked.

“Yes, Becca, I always fast. Day of Atonement, remember?”

“I just don’t get how that atones for anything. Maybe instead of everyone skipping a few meals they could, I don’t know, free the Palestinians from Israeli apartheid rule? Just a thought.”

Becca heard a faint sigh. “Okay, Becca, point taken. I look forward to hearing how much money you’ve donated to the Palestinian cause when I see you tonight at shul.”

“Happy to fill you in,” said Becca.

“Sounds great, Becca. See you at 6.”

Becca put her phone down, irritated. Her tips from the West Bank Café barely covered rent and food; how exactly was she supposed to fund the anti-Zionist movement? And why could her mother never believe in her? Her dad had understood how good her intentions were, even if she couldn’t always come through. “Someday, Becks,” he’d said, “you’ll tear it all down from the inside.” Becca smiled,

then frowned, wondering if she ever really would tear it all down. And what exactly was the “it?” Would she tear anything down?

Becca walked to her closet. She wanted an outfit that wouldn’t attract stares from the bubbies, but would attract the rabbi. Which was dumb, because how hot does the hottest rabbi even have to be? Who was his competition? Wasn’t every rabbi a hundred years old, with a beard of biblical proportions and a hundred grandchildren? If he was under seventy he’d look like Harry Styles next to the rest. She rifled through her dresses and settled on a black skirt with suspenders. It was chaste, but in a sort of slutty, ironic way. Perfect.

Two hours later she sat on a folding chair next to her mom, peering at the strangers around her. “Who even are these people?” she asked.

Her mom breathed in sharply. “They’re Jews, Becca. Perhaps you’ve heard of them? Jews.”

The woman directly behind Becca was saying loudly, “He just heard back from Harvard and Princeton, and guess what? Acceptances from both, can you believe it? Talk about an embarrassment of riches! Harvard, and Princeton too!”

“Wow,” said Becca.

“What?” asked her mother.

“It’s just so exciting to be in the midst of such an ancient people.”

Becca’s mother stared at her for a moment, and then looked ahead, shaking her head so slightly it was almost imperceptible. Becca studied the head of the man in front of her. He had dark brown hair under a navy blue yarmulke. Her dad had gone totally bald in middle age, but he’d still been so cool—shopped at thrift stores in the East Village, listened to old punk bands on vinyl. It sucked that he wasn’t here. He’d been so funny about Judaism—“BECCA,” he’d said in a comically bellowing voice at his last Passover seder, “GOD

COMMANDS YOU TO EAT THIS MATZOH.” Becca tried to imagine him watching her from above. She looked at the ceiling. The temple wasn’t wealthy enough for their own synagogue, so they had rented out a high school gymnasium in the West Village, and the ceiling was just rows of rectangular fluorescent lights. Christians have better ceilings, Becca thought wistfully. She imagined her dad, bald with Buddy Holly glasses, wearing his favorite Clash concert tee, floating just under the gym ceiling with little angel wings fluttering behind him, and she spurted out a loud laugh. The man in front turned sharply to look at her. She looked down at her prayer book as if greatly interested in what it held.

At that moment a door in the far corner of the room opened and a youngish man with dark brown hair under a gray silk yarmulke entered, holding an instrument that looked like a guitar with the neck bent back. Becca noticed he was barefoot. He walked to a stool set up in front of the congregation and sat. “Hello everybody,” he said, smiling warmly.

Presumably this was Hot Rabbi, and Becca peered at him, her forehead wrinkling thoughtfully. Okay, yes, he was cute. “Hot” was an overstatement, but he was cute. His hair was the same nondescript dark brown that Becca and a million other Jews had; Becca called it “shtetl brown,” and joked that it was the color of fear. He wore a white tee-shirt under a light gray blazer with matching gray slacks. The no-shoes thing was a nice touch; it was a real “not-your-mother’s rabbi” move.

“I wrote a new song this week,” said Rabbi Zach, and the door opened again and three other men and one woman, all barefoot, filed out, holding various instruments. “I’ve got the Epichorus here again, guys. I’m on my trusty oud,” he said, caressing the instrument in his lap, “we’ve got Priya on vocals, singing in Hebrew, Hindi and Aramaic,” and the woman, stunning in a bright red dress, with black

hair and light brown skin, waved. “Josh is on upright bass, Ben’s on violin, and I know you’ll be thrilled to see my friend Imam Jamil on hammered dulcimer.” Imam? thought Becca. *Oh god, it’s an interfaith band. Hell yes, Hot Rabbi! Get it!*

The music began with percussion, and then the other instruments wove in, followed by the woman’s voice, which was rich, low, full of sultry trills. It was like nothing Becca had heard before. It felt ancient and sexy. She could imagine women with long scarves dancing to this music. She could imagine camels, jugs of wine, animals roasting over an open fire, roads winding up a mountain. Everything about the music felt full of curves rather than straight lines. Rabbi Zach leaned closer to the mic and Priya’s voice became a soft hum. “I want you to sing with me,” he said. “Listen closely. The words are *Be’ev-ra-tov ya-sech lach ve-ta-chat-ke-na-fav tech-seh*. Say them with me.” Becca joined the congregation in repeating the difficult words. She had no idea what they meant. She’d quit Hebrew School the day after her Bat Mitzvah, and had quickly forgotten everything she’d learned. “Now we’ll sing together,” said Rabbi Zach. The congregation listened as Zach and Priya sang the melody and then joined in. Becca sang along, first tentatively, then louder. “*Be’ev-ra-tov ya-sech lach...*” The driving percussion, the moan of the violin, the chorus of voices surrounding her, the repetition of the strange syllables, all filled her head, making her slightly dizzy. Her father would have loved this. He’d loved anything to do with what he called “real” music, by which he meant that it had to be made by real people using instruments, not created by machines in a studio in Laurel Canyon. He’d always refused to accompany her and her mother to Shabbos at synagogue, but the place she’d gone to as a child had been so different—long sermons that never seemed to teach anything except the importance of following rules, and prayers set to the same dull melodies, sung without passion. Music like this would have changed everything. She remembered

sitting up late with her father when she was a teenager. She'd wanted to learn about the blues, and he'd pulled out his vinyl collection: Robert Johnson, Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters. It had felt holy, sitting on the floor with her ear next to the speaker while he sat in his armchair. Her eyes began to burn. He would have loved this; he wouldn't have made a single joke. She felt her mother take her hand and for once she didn't tense up, but instead allowed her hand to be clasped. "*Be'ev-ra-tov ya-sech lach*—He will cover you with his feathers," said Zach over the music, "*ve-ta-chat-ke-na-fav tech-seh* —under His wings you will find refuge." She could almost believe in God right now. Becca began to cry, but she kept singing, letting the tears fall into her mouth.

The Ear

Samuel Barnes

I fear you took the razor blade
Unlock the door at once
For if you do what I suspect
They'll sneer at such a dunce

Ruhflektuhd in thuh luking glas
Mistuk yoo left fur rite —
Fur heer yoo rashlee tuk yur rite
Thuh Duhchmuhn buht hiz left

Lone deer among fog

Cristiana Da Costa

lone deer among fog:
the dust, whirling in the mind
longs to speak greyness.

say, can this suffice?
the paint has been left out long.
scraps—now infrared.



Untitled

Alexandra Timofe

Ach-y-fi

Conor Sinnott

My caterpillar fingers rootle round
The muck left sprouting in the sink
For the gem that shot from its ring
As I scour the late crockery.
If he had cared to scoop the coffee grounds,
Mustard, oxtail and their familial stink
I might have kept it. But always something
Kept him spirited, jotting headily
While our mother crouched at shards we found
Questing in our booties by the rink.
Her smacking hand splayed like a wing
Balmed and stilled for lepidoptery.
Only his mutters touched us, in soft swoops
That turn to spit as I peel off the soup.

Pilgrimage

Jonathan Fletcher

Step by step, step by step,
you move on blistered,
sunburned feet. For most,
one pair of shoes per soul,
sometimes plastic flip-flops.
Many tiny sneakers.

It's enough to make anyone turn around.

Delayed in Mexico,
you wait and sleep, wait and sleep,
outside overcrowded shelters—
atop sizzling sidewalks,
inside makeshift tents.
Visa applications in hand,
you ration the small food packs.

It's enough to make anyone lose the faith.

In further debt, out of patience,
you head northward to claim asylum,
cross the Rio Grande at night.
When you surrender at the border,
you're arrested, processed,
transferred to ICE. As you await
your appearance in court,
your days in detention drain you.
It's enough to make anyone kneel and pray.

Sonnet for You

Ottavia Paluch

There were nights where you couldn't fall asleep.
You would get up and fold the map so that
Australia met Argentina, or
something like that. You watched as both ends of
the Pacific consumed everything, each
and every country you wanted to see
but had never visited. The only
place you had ever truly known was one
that you invented, with neon green skies
and navy-blue grass and clouds that were formed
by magic. It's funny. You always thought
of yourself as a magician. How you
wanted to make the oceans disappear.

micromanagement

Diana Vink

i have nothing that is meant to belong here anymore. the dishes are
clean, the clothes all folded, and my body is slumped over like the
browning plant on my windowsill.

i pull a picture of you off the wall, fondly, and tuck it in a unlabeled
box for the attic. there is a burning feeling in the back of my head, an
aching below my eyes as the time digs its trenches as sullen eyebags
on my face— i have not slept in two months. the floors are swept, each
hole in the wall patched, their wounds dressed with spackle and plaster
so the house does not bleed.

i am holding my arms out in front of me, fully extended, studying my
hands like they have the secret of composure laced in the fingerprints.
my life is colorless, sparkling, and my eyes still trace the walls,
scratching for a secret that should be visible by now but is stowed
above my head in a sea of other blank cardboard boxes.

so each window panel is crystal clear, fine. white windowsills are
brushed clean of dirt, spills, and oozing plant guts. my body lies face
down under the light of the dawn in the living room, sprawled out
across the floor— i am nothing that is meant to belong here anymore.



251 Sorauren
Jane Forrest



I'm Somewhere Else
Daniel Rusen-Steele

included on CBC's best poetry books of 2020 list, *KIM* (knife|fork |book), *Hydes* (nOIR:Z), *Jung Origami* (Enneract Editions) and *Immortality* (Viktlösheten) as well as a collaborative sound poetry album with nina jane drystek, *Years Between Rooms*. His book *cellsea* is forthcoming from Timglaset. Find him on Facebook and Instagram @sachaarcher.

Jonathan Fletcher is a BIPOC neurodivergent writer, currently residing in New York City, where he is pursuing a Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing in Poetry at Columbia University's School of the Arts. He has been published in *Arts Alive San Antonio*, *The BeZine*, *BigCityLit*, *Clips and Pages*, *Colossus Press*, *Door is a Jar*, *DoubleSpeak*, *Flora Fiction*, *FlowerSong Press*, *fws: a journal of literature & art*, *Half Hour to Kill*, *LONE STARS*, *MONO.*, *Moot Point*, *The Nelligan Review*, *New Feathers*, *OneBlackBoyLikeThat Review*, *Otherwise Engaged Journal: A Literature and Arts Journal*, *riverSedge: A Journal of Art and Literature*, *Route 7 Review*, *Spoonie Press*, *Synkroniciti*, *Tabula Rasa Review*, *The Thing Itself*, *TEJASCOVIDO*, *Unlikely Stories Mark V*, *voicemail poems*, *Voices de la Luna*, *Waco WordFest*, and *Yearling: A Poetry Journal for Working Writers*. Additionally, his work has been shortlisted by *Heimat Review* and featured by *The League of Women Voters of the San Antonio Area* and at *The Briscoe Western Art Museum*.

Ella Bowles is a first-year student at the University of Toronto, prospectively majoring in English with a minor in Creative Writing. As a keen reader, she takes great inspiration from both modern and classic authors, and hopes to continue reading and writing no matter how she goes ahead!

Ottavia Paluch is a first-year student at the University of Toronto Mississauga whose work has been published online and in print.

Pouria Saffaran is a current graduate student at the University of Toronto, studying developmental psychology.

Samuel Barnes is a third-year student at Victoria College.

Victoria Mack is a disabled writer, actor, and teacher who splits her time between Savannah, where she teaches at the Savannah College of Art and Design, and Brooklyn. She has been published in various lit mags, including *Minerva Rising*, *Papeachu*, *Honeyguide*, *Oyedrum*, *South Shore Review*, *Kitchen Table Quarterly*, *Oddball*, *Flash Fiction Magazine*, and *Beyond Words*. Her short play "Three Women" was produced in Philadelphia. Her work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and the Best of the Net Award. Her MFA is from NYU's Tisch School of the Arts and her BA is from Barnard College. www.victoriamackcreative.com.

Alexandra Timofte is an undergraduate third-year student in the UK. She is originally from Romania, where she started living when she was five. Although much of her work is influenced by her time there, most is linked to the experience of moving from one city to another, and the importance and implications of the idea of home, together with its effects on identity and self-continuity. Her work has been part of shows in the National Library of Romania and in the *Defaced!* Late exhibition at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

Daniel Rusen-Steele is a grade 11 contemporary arts major at Etobicoke School of the Arts. His work blends digital and traditional work together. He does this by making a collage of photos editing, warping, and distorting them to match the composition he wants. He then digitally paints over it to make it look more traditional. His username across social media platforms is *Danoja*.

Jane Forrest is currently studying contemporary art at the Etobicoke School of the Arts. She primarily works with oil paint on canvas. Her practice aims to preserve and illuminate the connections to the life around her. She has shown work at the Orillia Museum of Art & History, Art Gallery of Hamilton, and the Royal Ontario Museum. She had her first solo exhibition *What Might Have Been Lost* at Remote Gallery September 2022.

Salma Ragheb is completing a double major in visual studies and neuroscience. She is interested in the appropriation of modern and classical art in more contemporary contexts. Regarding subject matter, she is interested in the freedom of childlike imagination that is not yet restricted by knowledge. She is interested in the interaction between science and art history.

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