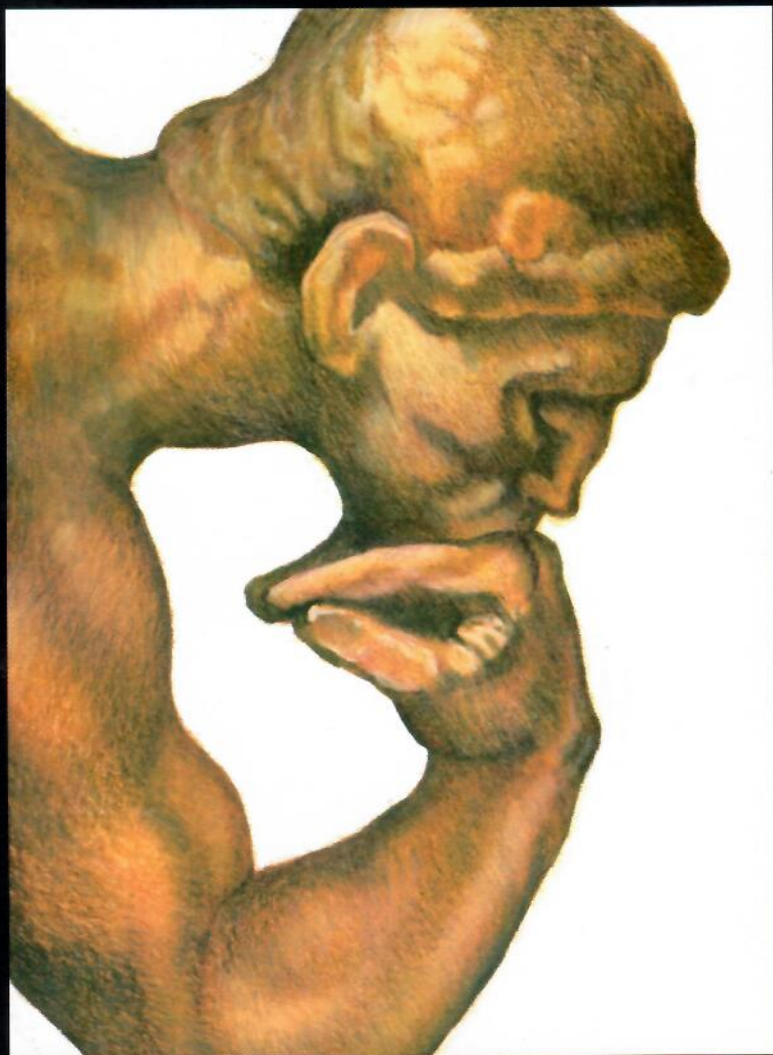


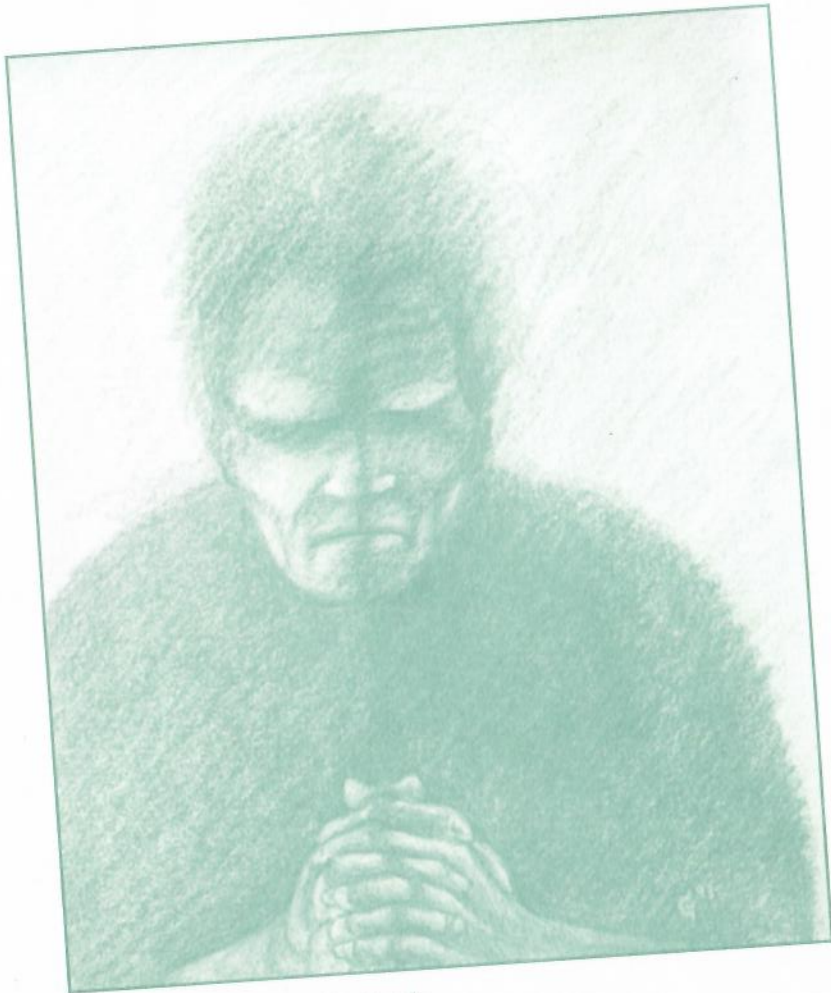
**THE
TRINITY UNIVERSITY
REVIEW**



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CHRISTOPHER WOLFE *Praying Hands*

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Cover Art: CHRISTOPHER WOLFE *The Thinker* (Winner, Art Prize)

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Le Poète est semblable au prince des nuées
Qui hante la tempête et se rit de l'archer;
Exilé sur le sol au milieu de huées,
Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher.

Charles Baudelaire, *L'Albatros* (1857)

March Poem

By ANDREW WALLACE

When I was a boy I played shuffle board
by the sea. Hungry sea-birds (white gulls) soared
in the blue March sky and cast black shadows
on the green grass. The cool wind that blows
now in the evening blew then in the morning
and I awoke each day to the grating
ring of the front-desk's wake-up call.

My days
were spent outside: shuffle board in the hazy
noon-hour sun followed mornings on the beach,
and I licked the iridescent insides of each
half clam-shell as it surfaced in the tide.
I hunted for hot pennies in the sand, and I
fell in love with the wind, and the sea smells,
with the thrill of discovery ('Seashells!'),
and with a girl named Sarah from Maine.

Six days in Florida (three nights of rain)
passed slowly like calendar weeks. My shoulders burned
in the dark as they exhaled the day's heat, and I earned
my mother's attention at night by avoiding it
during the day. She brewed tea, and when it
had cooled, dragged the clammy bag across my
back. It soothed and softened the tight red skin and I
listened (eyes closed) as the quiet evening showers
cooled the sand, and fed the flowers,
and flattened Sarah's castle on the beach.

A Lament

By JACOB ROSS

James Bond, he had a pond
of which the environing fauna were fond.
He sat there and watched them, and later he yawned
And rested his weary head.

James Dean had a trampoline
For he loved going high, yes, he loved being seen.
So he took a trip in a flying machine
And rested his weary head.

James Joyce said "I've made a choice.
I shan't let the world hear my literary voice."
So he rode in the back of a shiny Rolls Royce
And he rested his weary head.

James was here, James was there,
James went a-walking `round the central square.
But now, though you seek him, though you're searching everywhere,
He is resting his weary head.

On her Mine Eyes have found Repose

ANONYMOUS

On her mine eyes have found repose
And never more shall they e'r close
For beauty's vision stands in sight
And shines as pure as morning light

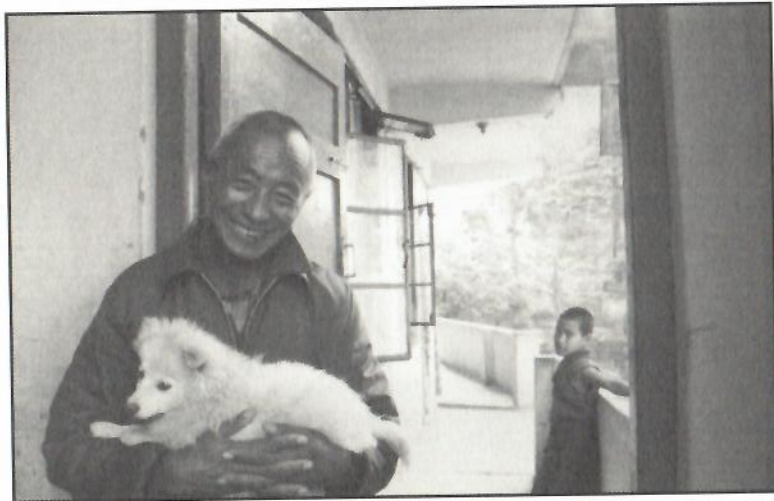
I gaze as if with dazzled eyes
And as she turns my heart it sighs
To hear her voice so soft and sweet
Speak words that dance to my heartbeat

With sparkling eyes and golden hair
She is a dream beyond compare
That is my every waking thought
And love for long my heart has sought

And as mine eyes fall fast asleep
She's there to cause my soul to weep
And drown within a sea of tears
Because I can't allay my fears

Alas! Fortuna! Hear my plea!
My life is bitter agony
I ask you, end my mortal pain
Which slowly does my spirit drain

Or else if love be in thy plan
Let grow its seeds as best you can
To make existence bliss indeed
My humble plea I ask you heed



TIM MAGEE

To an Unhappy Pen

By RACHEL SEIB

Unhappy pen that to this page assigned
Writes woe in every black and downward stroke;
Pen heaves letter, that on the ink would choke
But for the cruel hand that draws it line to line.
Draws it thus, that it knows not if some mind
Draws it to some purpose as yet unspoke
Wherein a smudge some meaning would provoke
'Til each painful stroke some redress should find.
Or if, and here all pens will surely fail,
The hand that holds the bleeding pen, its thumbs
Scratch to no end in artless passion.
Then shall the poet's grimmest fears prevail:
The consuming hunger for words, whence comes
This short life's long poem, without completion.

The Bow

By ANDREW MCFARLANE

What is your wood?
What tree lost its heart the day
You were hewn from its whole
And bent backward, already straining
To overcome the shaping pressure?
Then, in the time of your youth,
Your string whirred with evil dreams
Of overshooting the dull horizon.
Then, in the time of your strength,
You longed to splinter the most distant
Target with the arrow of your hope.
But what of now?
Have you yielded and grown all too
Comfortable in your compliance?
Have your sinews which formerly
Laughed and hummed in their tautness
Grown limp and silent in your satisfaction?
Have you grown pliable in your contentedness?
Again, what is your wood?

Effervescence

By TIM JANCELEWICZ

I want to go where there are Dragons
and the air is a beautiful liquid
it has a powerful taste
like magic or something sweet

the ground is soft with soil
green erupts from earth like fire
so much green they're worried about
running out of cities

two fat gods are just beyond the horizons
slapping a huge burning ball back and forth
over the blue net of the sky
a colossal man seizes it holds it in his lap
then slices it open this bright fruit squeezes the juice
into a tall purple glass
and swallows all of it, some running out of the corners
of his mouth into his leather tunic stained with witchblood

a horse a black horse bearing metal no a man Ælfric encased in metal
not a prison but keeping out the point of a Teutonic lance
which would otherwise burrow straight through to
his wet simple heart
in love with someone waiting in a tower

with a shocking swoop a Dragon drops from among the clouds
diving fluid and silent through the fleeing air

the man does not see only feels claws
her fingernails in his back
he twists double-fisted embeds his sword in
her writhing torso

I want to go there
where are dragons?

MediaMass

By JENNIFER SHELTON

Hearth of the Republic.

The embers
cast shadows that
captivate my gaze,
but cathode rays diffuse little
warmth.

Telecommunion.

Absorbed.
A wafer-thin
image, flesh made phantom.
Dutiful electrons are not
consoled.

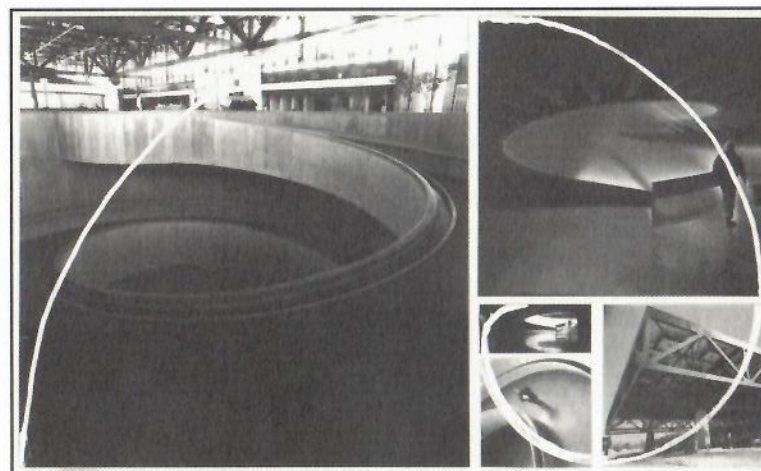
Virtual cannibals.

content
yourself • consumed
in fifteen minute bites •
ritual leftovers • infobahn
roadkill

Teleprison.

A sheep
in the den of a
cybernetic cyclops-
odysseys lost in the wink of
an eye.

Amen.



CHRIS BROWN *The Golden Mean*

Words

By ANDREW MCFARLANE

your breath
whispers words
but I have
misplaced how
to hear them
they fall like
parcels of snow
melting their
meaning into the
unconcerned
ground

Eggs

By J.P. GROSSMAN

Of all the things on this earth that I hate, none do I hate more than eggs. It has now been three years since that day when I came home from work and went to get a beer. I looked in the fridge, and there it was. The egg. Right where the beer *should have been*. I searched the house, but could not for the life of me find a can of beer. Just eggs. I did not know where these eggs had come from, but they were there.

The next day I woke up and looked to my clock. But my clock was not there. In its place was an egg. I had to know the time, so I tried to find a clock in my house, but I could not. Just eggs. More eggs- eggs that did not know what time it was.

This went on for some time. The next day all my chairs were gone, and all through the house there were eggs where the chairs had been. The next to go were my books, then all the doors, and then my clothes of all things! What was I to do? One can't wear eggs! The last straw was when all the light bulbs turned to eggs. With no light, no clothes, and my house full of eggs, I had no choice but to leave.

I live on the street now. I lost it all. My house, my job, my life. I lost it all to eggs. They haunt me now. Each day I find a few more on the street. I try not to look, but still I see them. They sit there and they laugh at me. I know they do. Oh, how I hate eggs.

Studio
**(Christina Rossetti Responds
to Pierre-Auguste Renoir)**

By JENNIFER SHELTON

A boat amid the ripples (drifting, rocking),
its pilot peers from behind a canvas.
A sailor? Laura and Lisa keep talking.

They see him, drunk with knowledge, trespass
wherever they tarry, veiled in paradise-
a goblin behind a screen abraxas.

Endowed with thirsting, longing, hungry eyes,
he feeds upon their faces day and night.
An exotic menu, an exacting price.

He stabs the canvas, shrieking "Give me light!",
chances and youth sapped day by day. A fire
just on the threshold, yet just short of life.

Luminous women dance around his pyre -
an artist consumed by arthritic desire.

-Winner, Poetry Prize

Dreamsoul

By CAMILLE GOODERHAM

Walk me down to the water
In the hour of the purple moon
Dress me in wet silver
Dress yourself in gold
Skin is just skin and a ring
Just metal
Only souls are to have and to hold
Not with grasp but with fingertip
Butterfly on your lip
The purple moon sings amazing
Grace and you,
You dance
The water flames
You call the stars by their names
There are no secret shames
And my pillow smells of moonlight
In the morning.



THERESA DIGANGI

Rain, October 14th

By ANDREW WALLACE

Toronto is raining today, and I'm sure
the same rain that is falling
in North York is right now falling
on the Beaches. That pure

rain- the one thing that makes this city smell sweet-
is tracing thin columns beyond my window
while in the foreground, on my window,
other drops, hours older and stationary, meet

a different challenge, and refuse to fall at all.

Janice

By ARTHUR POON

The gravel yard, the parking lot and the rust-stained slabs corralling the sluggish herd of cars, the brick behind the chipping white plaster and urban aphorisms, the whole is all concrete. So are the tattered sun-bleached curtains in the windows they rent out over the stores. So is the backlit plastic sign over the fish and chips store. The store is, too. It's where I go to get chips, sometimes, after school- before I go to the gravel yard. I like to sit at the rim of the red stool, in the sun, soaking up the heat from the linoleum into my shirt. The aluminum edge always digs into my ribs, but I don't mind much. I love how the counter-top feels against my cheek. How the sunlight filters through the opaque storefront window and makes the plastic tables and chairs glow. The sounds of the kitchen wash over me- the distant hiss of oil and potato, and the big rumbling fan- and dissolve in the rumble of my own blood rushing furiously through my ear. And I breathe the scent of singed fish and dried ketchup.

Blades of grass shivering in the wind crunch under my shoes. I can count more of them peeking out between the gravel than yesterday as I trudge towards the pile of plywood and sheet metal we found today, as if it had emerged overnight in the gravel yard like a bubble out of molasses. Janice is waiting for me up top; from here, it looks like she's suspended from the grey sky. As I reach the top, she puts down a jumble of wire, woodchips, a bicycle chain, and rose petals. We got the petals just yesterday. I kept the lady rummaging behind the counter for my sick mom's bouquet while Janice leaned into the window display and played with the thorns. She showed me the droplet of red on her finger as we caught our breath behind the dumpster.

"Remember when I fell down the gravel pile really bad, and I got this big clot? It was like that."

"Yes," I said, "I remember." She kept insisting that she have the first look as I peeled it back further. And we both marvelled at the strange pinkness of the flesh underneath, and the little spots that started to glisten bright red.

We eat the fries. They're still hot; I have to float the meat with the tip of my tongue and blow gusts of steam. Through my tears, I see Janice's dark eyes laugh. We cram what's left to see who can get the most, Janice or me.

* * *

I was born and raised with the Community Watch, bagged lawn clippings, and a shiny living room grand. I recite psalms on Sundays and times tables on Wednesday evenings by the kitchen table. On my porch, I discovered grass seeds, popsicles, and the gentle curve of a girl's breast.

My father arranges retirement funds in a small stone building with a pair of blind lions out front. My mother teaches the fourth grade at my school. At

recess, I make dams and rivers in the mud, my sneakered foot burrowing through the rain-soaked dirt in the shade of stained planks and the noise of play on the slide overhead.

We drive around town in my dad's blue Buick. When we're driving, I play a game while staring out the window. It goes like this: you'd be looking out, and if you're lucky there's a spot of dirt or a drop of rain. And if you concentrate really hard, it suddenly splits into two, and then you can start looping your spots around people, lampposts, mailboxes and stuff. But then you're not looking through the window anymore.

* * *

The empty carton is cool to the touch. On the way home, we spend a while splashing about in a rust-coloured sea, and watch a pale drowned worm caught in our surge wash up onto the grimy sidewalk. We track wet slops through the lobby and into the elevator. As the numbers flicker, we see how many times we can kiss before the bell chimes. But most of the time we're laughing. Twelve.

* * *

Janice's voice drifted faintly out of the telephone that night, as she excitedly recounted what was just on television. They gather all around, she said, and they've got fires and big drums, and they all start chanting over and over and over forever. It's called a sutra; I found it by flashlight in Dad's dog-eared Religions of the World. Except Janice said one of them drove a stick through his hand. It was like a new magic, one that was jealously kept as a secret from us. But now we had it too. In church, I shared conspiratorial smiles with the stained-glass man above.

* * *

"Son, would you say grace for us?"

I clasped my hands tightly around the bubble of candle light in the window of my plate. Lord, thank you for blessing us with roast chicken, candles, and the soft patterns on the tablecloth, and the Chinese carpet (Thomas?) between my toes, and the shiny flowers on my mom's dress, and (Thomas, what are you doing?) the vinegar sting in my nose, and the dull shine from our (Thomas Randy, you stop that right now. How dare you say such things to our Lord at dinner? What is this nonsense?) It's concrete, Mom.

"What's gotten into your head, boy? Concrete's what they make our sidewalk with. It's hardened cement..."

That's not my concrete.

"What gives you the right to..."
Not my concrete.
"Stop this at once! You ought..."
He hadn't been smiling back.

* * *

Last Sunday, Janice moved away. We went swimming. Together, we drifted down, trying to touch the bottom first, and burst out in warm gouts of leaves and the slick froth of chlorine and recycled water. When we were tired, we stretched out on our nyloned stomachs and studied the rippling blue tiles. We roared challenges at the sun and sky with our backs to the warm concrete.



TIM MAGEE (Winner, Photography Prize)

Rhythm

By SYLWIA PRZEZDZIECKI

Mental fingers poke holes in the putty of the cheek I kiss and the ear I want to cup. I miss over and again, send apologies on breaths of smoke, rejected by the dough of complexion. Your dark grey grows from breast to shoulder-blade, gorging on heat, feasting on crowd. The ear evades me again, north to my south, guarded by the valiant nose which, bruised by thumbs, stands grudgingly still,

Elbows beat rhythm in my back, push my eyes into laser light. Red webbing under concrete, topping gogo boots and speaker frosting. Machine blown fog soaks up sweat, sinks heavy to stick to tractor treads and mix with dust and fallen dandruff,

the nose is the obstacle. He falls for bait, holds still for Christmas candy bribe, opportune my tongue darts for the objective. Victory. Failure, it forgets its course, the fleshy shell attained but Throat detours its message to my wrists. I point outside the manic panic jungle, make to head for stale and weary outskirts,

rasping and scratching, roughing the saliva swallow. The sea of stripes and silver sways on breath of beer and cuss and mint, winds hips and hair and hands and tongues. Loud. Louder than water's wet with fish have scales, loud that slams my ribs into my heart into my head into my dreams at night.

glad you follow. Outside freeze filters in the edge, brings melted limbs back into solid. Sitting heavier than I weigh, tired toes poke painful holes in high-heeled stockings. Your ear, free from my advances, rests unhearing, dumb as cotton, lost to Loud. Short while still with shaking thighs, set for stares, I resist return.

The Final Lullaby

By ANGELA RYAN

Come to me, my spiderman.
Nature harkens.
Down the well
into the darkness.
Silence drips off the walls
but you won't slip descending -
my cold vines will love you.

Will you come to me, my snakeman?
Slither to me belly-slow.
Entwine yourself about my legs.
Your scales will tell you
what your eyes cannot.
Does my hair smell of the damp earth,
of hidden things?

Please come to me, my termiteman,
my touch your white side warms.
Do my bidding, do me harm,
carry my nakedness away,
take me further from the day.
You are soft and round and pale -
I the colour of the trees.

Come to me oh spider, snake and termite,
make me sing out loud!
Do you know how long I wait
for such a night as this?
Release me, tease me,
and finally leave me,
trembling underground.

Electromagnetic Passenger Pigeons

By TIM JANCALEWICZ

He reaches into his holster and pulls out a fistful of fibre-optic cable
the ends of which disappear into the dusty ground
where they snake for thousands of miles
beneath the weight of oceans and landfills
until they poke like asparagus through the melting asphalt somewhere
multiplying into a million-armed abomination

it grips the city everywhere
holds it together like veins

Hundreds of patrolling eyes observe as the roots spread below
yet in the starlit muteness of space
they cannot hear the tectonic buckling of rock
as the surface contracts, plates jostling and scraping over one another
stone icebergs colliding and sinking into molten redness
the cowboy on his horse leaps from one rock to the next
but the mare's footing is unsure- they tumble and are lost

Between space and sea
the passenger pigeons fly
paper legs
what a clever idea

The One Subaltern Homoiousian

By CHRIS WILLER

"Great sadness brings with it great joy."

"My father told me that many years before he passed away.
I never really understood what it meant. That is, until now..."

I write this on the only piece of paper I have seen in my
long years of imprisonment in this Hell.
I write, not with an author's quill, but with the only tools
I have at my disposal: my hands.
These hands have been broken countless times in the years
of solitude and torture that have become my life.
I write not with ink or with the artist's paint, but with
sinister blood that is the only gift that I can still give
to the world.

I curse at God's ingenuity, blood returning to my body,
replenishing itself.

It only serves to postpone my delightful demise. If blood did not
want so badly to live, I would have died peacefully a long time
ago.

I write to say goodbye and thank you to my father, for bringing
love and enlightenment into my miserable existence. I have
suffered long enough, through sadness and beyond.
It is now that I feel overwhelming joy, for I am truly dying!
May the Lord have misery on my enemies and forgive them their
trespasses, for they did not know what they were doing.
Oh my father, forgive them!
I have."

Train

By DAVID KABELIK

A man walks onto a train, up the stairs, searching for a seat. He scans the aisles of the lower chamber- all are occupied. He moves toward the stairs. It's a short climb up. Soon he is at the top, but despair returns, as no seats are open there either. Back down he goes, now out, toward the inter-carriage doors. He opens one and then the other. As he walks through, the first swings back and hits him in the shoulder. The bags he is carrying prevent him from defending himself. Finally, he is through. Ah, look! A seat appears, ready for him. He moves toward it. Of course it is the window seat, and all three of the others are occupied. He manoeuvres around the individuals, excusing himself for the battery his bag inflicts, and seats himself. There is not enough room for him to place both of his bags on the ground, so he keeps one on his lap. He looks around. He sees as much as he learns. He is surrounded by masks, for the people around him do not act as they appear. Their primal sides show- crude language and thought, conversations satiated with talk of alcohol, parties, sex and irresponsibility. The man frowns- who are these people that surround him in life? They do not think as he does. He tries to escape the scene: to read, to write, but it's no use. The conversations intrude on his thoughts- more talk, now of manipulation, lingerie, and deceit. He pities these people; he does not understand them. Or is he the odd one out? Life is funny, isn't it? He laughs, he sighs. He does not know what to think. He doesn't know what his place in life is; he's just glad of the few people in this world who he can relate to. Perhaps he should go to sleep- maybe this bizarre world will just go away. Then again, maybe not.

Conspiracy Theory #2678a

By ED CONROY

Lee Harvey Oswald sat on a wall
Fired magic bullets that made Kennedy fall
Kennedy fell, Jackie screamed
He later died (the un-American dream)
Then a fat man called Ruby caught up with Lee
Filled him with bullets for an undisclosed fee
Garrison yelled conspiracy, Warren called fair
The witnesses died, the case lost in a snare
Was it anti-Castro Cubans? The CIA?
Marilyn Monroe mad about a bad lay?
Was Oswald a scapegoat, an FBI fall guy?
Theorists had a field day, the world's biggest lie!
Oliver Stone thought it was true
Made a 3 hour film that should have been 2
Still to this day, the believers still reap
Although what they say will put you to sleep
But never close your mind, it might actually be true
Keep your eye on grassy knolls, they might be aiming at you

If You're Anxious for to Shine in the High Aesthetic Line
W.S. GILBERT (1836-1911)

Am I alone,
 And unobserved? I am!
Then let me own
 I'm an aesthetic sham!
This air severe
 Is but a mere
 Veneer!
This cynic smile
 Is but a wile
 Of guile!
This costume chaste
 Is but good taste
 Misplaced!
 Let me confess!

A languid love for lilies does *not* blight me!
Lank limbs and haggard cheeks do *not* delight me!

I do not care for dirty greens
 By any means.
I do *not* long for all one sees
 That's Japanese.
I am *not* fond of uttering platitudes
 In stained-glass attitudes.
In short, my medievalism's affectation,
Born of a morbid love of admiration!

If you're anxious for to shine in the high aesthetic line as a man of
 culture rare,
You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms, and plant
 them everywhere.
You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of your
 complicated state of mind,
The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental
 kind.
And everyone will say,
 As you walk your mystic way,
"If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me,
Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must
 be!"
Be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days which have long since
 passed away,
And convince 'em, if you can, that the reign of good Queen Anne was
 Culture's palmiest day.