

north



north journal

2014

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Cover artwork by Lulu Vulpe Albari

Letter from the Editors

As the school year draws to a close, there is a frenzy of procrastinated productivity, and frenetic last-minute essay writing. There are many all-nighters, fueled by cups of tea and coffee as we stare at the blankly flashing cursor hoping for the Muses to come to our aid. Maybe they need a coffee libation? Or wine? We're not sure, but we'll pass it on when we know. But amidst this frantic whirl of activity, there is a calm. The eye of the storm, as it were -- those moments as you're writing your last paper and you glance outside in time to see the sunrise painted across the sky. The beauty wraps you up, calms your hurried keystrokes and gives you a moment to breathe.

For many of us, the past year was a rough ride. We tumbled along behind Lady Fortune as she dragged us to and fro, away from our earthly goods. We have had our share of struggles, and it certainly feels like we've been a relentless hurricane -- of trying to get stuff done and dodging obstacles -- since September. But we had our moments of beauty, in the middle of the frenzy. We had our sunrises, our brief little blisses. Some of you sent these to us, in your poems, your art, and your prose.

As we wrap things up, and move on to a summer of new beginnings, we can only hope for more moments of beauty to startle a smile out of us. As a few of us bid the College goodbye, we know that we can take a copy of North with us as a snapshot of the year -- a souvenir from an important stage in our lives. We here at North can only hope that it will always make you smile.

With love,
Your North Committee

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“Until we rise, Caligula!”

I.

Dusk Emperor, the horses of our spirits
pace the Circus of our bones –
will we then not there course the Palatine,
stretch our hands out on lusts as upon looms?
Ah, take away my wine, Caligula!
There – o'er Ostia – the slow bleed of the Invincible
into the brothel sea; therefore a bordello of every palace
we'll make on Palatine! Mars, take away my wine,
I have far to go tonight, tonight, tonight before I die.

II.

But I espied in molten pride
the Sun enthroned in black. Do not veil my face tonight,
for I breathe plagues for those who see not God in flesh!
God is flesh, and behold! In the corridors of my heart
a bell gives throat to Ira, Gula, Luxuria,
like the bitterness of swords.
Come fire and smoke! Lust is ablaze on every hill in Rome.

III.

Thus always to tyrants.
So blazed the candles over libertine feasts
set on twelve tables – but let the streets of Bethlehem
grow sick of tamer nights. I have bent my hand
upon the breast of the Moon, and flayed my slavish heart.
Be we tyrants, then, Caligula!
Until we rise, Caligula!

IV.

You know they whisper of me like lantern smoke?
Somewhere, we drew the wine of our veins in some design,
but the world has not yet twisted enough in sodomy,
Emperor, to darken half your cup with slaughter.
You know what they whisper of me, by lantern smoke?
Beneath the night's sweating body panting in climax,
I threw back the door of God.

Angus Cairnie

the fish

light shining against
whitewashed concrete blocks
there's nothing glamorous here

the desks are scratched
the ceiling's patched
and carpet's stained with tea

it smells like teenage drama
despite the adult lives we try to live

the air is thick with
laundry, dust, and permanent marker

it's a miracle
that a fish can live in this room
nevermind the humans

dreams are being crushed
under piles of research
and notebooks full of useless details
from forgotten lectures

but

the white concrete looks better
with fairy lights
and the desks connect
this child to the past

the ceiling hasn't fallen in
and the carpet is newly vacuumed

the air is thick with
responsibilities and independence

and the fish loves it
just like you

new dreams are born
in the midst of readings
and within lecture notes
new paths emerge

and sometimes
you climb into bed
and fall asleep

Sophie Crump

Autumn

Orange and red, crisp and cold
Fall is perfect for lovers.
Arm in arm, hands to hold
Innocent walks toeing the bold.

Treetops afire with blazing leaves
Which float and glide, serene swan dives.
Taking shelter under the eaves
Stealing kisses, we are guilty thieves.

Rosy cheeks, fingers twined
Sunset walks in cold autumn light.
Wasting long hours, but I don't mind
To fall's beauties I have been blind.

Wind blow and frost bite,
Rain or snow, come what may.
Your bundled arms warm the night,
We watch the stars come alight.

Isabel McMurray

Dominion

What? – does then my country sleep?
O, you have never learned to weep
from the hand of foreign master
or the blows of sundry bastards
beating dominion on our brows;
no, Canada lies there sleeping
like a tower that is keeping
a Valkyrie waiting in her chain
for Glory's face to rise again.

Have you forgotten, iron river,
at whose kiss Atlantic shivers,
have you forgotten Champlain's step upon your flank?
Lo! There above your northern bank
I discern no satisfaction, no –
blast the thought to Hell below!
Up forest's son and mountain's daughter
cutter of wood and drawer of water!

Thunder? Why then your quiet?
Behold! Montcalm defiant
holds fast at bay the rav'ning Wolfe at door,
'til the bloody Lion roars out the jaws of cannon bores,
and Abraham's scarlet fields
on scarlet wine grows drunk and reels –
damn the Lily! Damn the Lion!
Have you no better use for iron?

My friends, turn back the cannon bores!
Tyrants are what cannon's for;
yes, my sleeping country cries for more
it cries for glowing hearts to rise and forge,
to heat our souls and beat our blood
to fashion Pride from mankind's flood.
A paen to glory, an orphan's shelter
thus rise the maple leaf forever!

Angus Cairnie

Untitled

How I long to roam in freedom,
How I long to breathe the air...
To walk the boulevards deep inside me,
How I yearn to be the only one there...

To be alone inside my mind,
To be the space that creates time,
To live a life of soothing light,
To dwell in solitary delight,

How I wish to swim the seas,
Rivers, Oceans of my being,
To wade in waters all alone,
To dance to patterns of my own...

How I long to roam in freedom,
How I long to breathe the air...
To walk the boulevards deep inside me,
How I yearn to be the only one there...



Doug Dumais

First-Year Superlatives

Kicked out of the college after Formal: Thomas Milne, or Chad Austin

Pulled the most on-campus all-nighters: Olivia Sykes

Punniest: Sean Illman-White, Shannon Helm

Best laugh: Morgan Drawson

Most likely to become a professor at the college: Sam Lehman

Most likely to be arrested for protesting: Simon Coll

Most likely to become an ascetic: Simon Coll

Most likely to start his/her own religion (name the religion): Simon Coll, Quasi Queer Punk Happiness

Biggest coffee addiction: Madison Joliffe

Slept through the most classes/discussion groups: Ally Dunne

Most likely to pull out a three-course meal in the middle of class: Janna van de Sande, Caroline Williams

Spent the most \$\$\$ at Mike's Place this year: Cody Pelletier

Biggest optimist: Lauren Morry

Biggest cynic: Cody Pelletier

Biggest romantic: Will Coffey

Most athletic: Ronnie Kunkel

Most likely to leave everything they own in the lounge: Jeremy Bider

Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: MacIsaac

A Defense for the Humanities that Completely Violates Copyright

Shout now you Muses – rightfully pissed off -
Of the anger of the Student of the Humanities
since this afternoon when first there stood a division of conflict
between the bright-eyed Academic and the much-too-young Cynic
who brought to battle the opposing majors
and learned smartly the wrath of a Humsian scorned.
What question was it that set them together in bitter collision?
It was the Cynic's who, in anger that another might take pleasure in
academics,
Took it upon himself to destroy the sanctity of schooling;
As a lawnmower cares only for the accuracy and precision of a
clear-cut field,
Neglectful of the enjoyment to be found in the variety of flowers,
So the Cynic determinately eradicated all else from mind.
Tell me now, you Muses who have your homes on Olympos,
Who was the first to come forth and stand against the Cynic?
It was the wide-eyed Humanities Student, Paterson Hall's progeny,
Who was reared on the third floor among his fellow kin
Until that day when the land was stripped of its precious resources
And the coffee-drinking Humanities Student was forced into
foreign lands
To use a microwave. Many times in his bravery he bore down on
that territory,
But the region's gods, in their might, erected an omen of death,
Sluiced with the pink highlighter ink, to any who dared cross the
threshold.
It was this Student of Humanities, enraged in the heart,
Who did not want to keep veiled the truth but rather to speak it
plainly.
Then in answer and in kind intention he stood forth and addressed
him:
'You have bidden me, Cynic beloved of the Sciences, to explain to
You this decision to study within the glossy-halled College of Hu-
manities.
No, it is not for the sake of some gleaming prize of great value,
But rather for the sake of my own enlightenment.

As one on the final brink of life is wont to reflect upon his days,
Like two opposing looking glasses ebb ever deeper within one
another

And look therefore at once backwards and forwards,
So I see myself reflecting upon my life and its depth.

O what shameful it is to pass a lifetime of verbose woes,
Consumed merely with the care of an ever-faltering bodily veil
Of no substance but mere weight.

For I know this thing well in my heart, and my mind knows it:
It is the core of humanity that undercuts all of historical literature.
As little effort reveals the roots of each plant you are intent to
mulch,

So too is this truth easily revealed and used as a cure for ailment.
I myself desire that I waste neither time nor riches;
All these things are in my mind also, Cynic; yet I would feel deep
shame

Before the mirrors and the trailing reflections within them
If like a coward I were to shrink aside from the quest;
And the spirit will not let me, since I have learned to search.
If this pursuit be not noble, if it not be worth the cost,
Then none but the gods can declare what is.

So he spoke, and all of them stayed stricken to silence in amaze-
ment at his words.

Four Poems

Half the shells are gone from your beach,
a white sand beach of whispers twice heard,
one lasting horizon

A salt marsh, a pear tree,
a blue sky and the hanging day
in tangles and tatters ...
your voice echoed by the untethered stars

We shudder when a gauze of air
is cast and there's nothing beneath us

*

I am listening for silence,
I am talking to myself.
You are looking at no more than air.
I put words on a page
and forget them.
Everything is on the verge
of being nothing.

When we smile we are lifted ...
but in what direction?
I fear the answer is far simpler
than we can say.

*

A harbour is drawn
in the shadows of a map,
the most secluded terrain.
Fog rises
from the parchment.

Distance with no scale,
I fold it up slowly and understand.

In the end, lover,
we blunder through, as if at sea
and unequipped.
Yet never pretend our days
are numbered,
for neither are the stars.

*

Least understood
is the statue of Time
on the wide lawn

Royalty lives in that
sunset home
where the poplars end

Night opened her eyes
on the earth
when we parted

Angela Weiser

Untitled

found a sick muse
in his
alcohol breath
she claimed
“down in this city,
chivalry is dead”

so his room floods with coffee cups
lipstick stained by sirens that could give him love

Natascha Ramos

Second-Year Superlatives

Kicked out of the college after Formal: Will Potchska

Pulled the most on-campus all-nighters: Maddy Panza, Cody Pelletier, Isabel McMurray, Natalia Pochtaruk

Punniest: Maggie Dewar

Best laugh: Keegan Wight

Most likely to become a professor at the college: Alex Pilon

Most likely to be arrested for protesting: Keegan Wight

Most likely to become an ascetic: Keegan Wight (Hon. mention: Gabe Hunt - because he did)

Most likely to start his/her own religion (name the religion): Keegan, the Keeganites (Hon. mention: Adam Finlay, Findleternet: connecting everyone)

Biggest coffee addiction: Henry Bertoia

Slept through the most classes/discussion groups: Roy Sengupta

Most likely to pull out a three-course meal in the middle of class: Isabel McMurray

Spent the most \$\$\$ at Mike's Place this year: Maggie Dewar

Biggest optimist: Xander Galbreath

Biggest cynic: Will Potchska

Biggest romantic: Doug Dumais

Most athletic: Maddy Panza

Most likely to leave everything they own in the lounge: Isabel McMurray

Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: MacIsaac

City of Shades



Forrester Dunbrook

Elysian

I sleep in your golden memory, I am at ease in the curls of your mind.

She is all I need, all I want. She is the seed that grows in my heart. In an Elysian field She sings, and I am fast asleep in the ring of Her melody.

She is peace, She is harmony. She is all I desire, all that I see. But when my eyes open She is gone. She is the love I can never love. She is the shadow in my periphery, She is oblivion. Her sound, nothing but a cool breeze. Her song, the wind through the trees.

She is a lie. She, is my lullaby.

Jeremy Bider

Sunday, 8:00am

My love, you are the bright and shining day,
when all I need is darkness, peace, and calm,
for I still feel the dull and pulsing ache,
of toasting Dionysus until dawn.

You are the taste of stale gin on my tongue,
that lingers on and makes my stomach churn.
Your voice: the song that played when night was young,
and now assaults my ears, and makes them burn.

For I could no more rid my heart of you,
than shower, drink a coffee, and be well.
My love, I cannot hope to end pursuit,
as sure as devil's water leads to hell.

For while my love for you brings only pain,
hope tastes so sweet, so I shall love again.

Kathleen Smith

Jackie Wallace

Old man on your tractor,
turn your eyes on the Sun
swift rolling over you,
and crease a thistle-smile
on the fields baked dry.

Old man in your barn,
with your sweaty crown
and sunburned soul,
your life was words and words enough
in eloquence ten thousand leagues above
all my own damn clumsy sophistry.

But wherever you are going,
old friend, down the dirt road
of the Dark, keep a place upon your hay wagon
for me to stand and sweat
and work again the furnace field of hay.

Sang the Lion to his Lover

In the caravanserai of my heart
grown austere, the desert sings
in the bone-bruising cold –
deep, O darling; I have prepared thee
a place in me for thy soul.

In the garden of my heart
grown profound, I wandered
through the naked leaves, looking for beauty –
stay here, my heart; I have prepared thee
a jest in me for thy soul.

In the hidden places of my heart
grown refined, the quiet waters
pour into your cup (and you pour into mine) –
drink here, bright star; I have prepared thee
a feast in me for thy soul.

Angus Cairnie

My Weapon

Writing is a gun; smooth, sleek and hard. It's always searching for its next target; no one is safe from it. Through the scope stories are sighted, selected, profiled and then executed. It is a defense against reality; it is every man's weapon. Used in every conceivable sector of life; it is a necessity to living out a balanced existence.

Those who are lost in the pit of despair make use of it because there is nothing else left. It tells them what they are using to kill their pain and informs their loved ones as to why they could no longer deal with living. A way out is what it gives. It provides a sense of security to those who live alone or spend their days rushing around worrying about everyone else. Peace of mind is born of its presence. Portable and lightweight, it fits perfectly into a pocket or purse. Bullet shells lie piled up in corners; unused ideas that no longer serve a purpose.

Yet when a target is hit dead center, joy, an unadulterated and inextinguishable feeling erupts inside. The feeling of it solid in your hand speaks volumes of its age, its potential and your own power. Beginners are intimidated by the energy and dedication required to succeed. Amateurs practice sporadically, some take no precautions and end up suffering. Nursing wounds of failure that could have easily been avoided by safely following protocol.

It will not co-operate if not taken care of properly. If you do not clean it periodically, it will rust, become damaged or stiff. Shots will not ring musically one after another in a line across the page but rather they will end up falling short of the target. Pros know how to be in tune with it. They set aside time everyday to practice and perfect their form. This results in bulls-eyes almost every time. However, to make use of it spontaneously or irrationally will surely produce chaos and explosions of massive proportions.

It lends you power and authority where you hold none. It intimidates, impresses and renders others awestruck. The make, model and serial number are personalized; they make up your style and project an image of who you are to the world at large. Dangerous but useful at the same time it must be used with caution and

only when appropriate. Personal works like hand guns are generally kept in drawers, hidden until required. Others prefer to put their work upon display; it sits upon shelves surrounded by that which they have produced and collected. Responsibility for work is solely yours. The messes you make must be cleaned up. Whatever is shattered by it must be rebuilt, replaced and redone. Corrections must be made all the time or your form will suffer. No matter what precautions or limits imposed upon its use, its best work will always be done in the glow of immediacy provoked by instinct instead of constricting regulations.

Sam Lehman

[coming].

people find it
difficult to accept
that the tile floor
has become hard
on their knees;

they ask for
the certitude of for-
giveness only to
find that it is not
possible to recreate
what has been
long gone for
a long time,

Katy Belshaw

Shooting Star

Last night I dreamt I saw a shooting star,
Its radiant beauty did the darkness marr.
Its sweeping tail across the sky
Dropped stardust of days gone by.
I know I closed my eyes to wish
Tightly did my eyelids squish
But ere I woke I could not see
The gift the star had given me.
Forgotten in the throes of sleep
A promise the star could not keep.
And while I bathed in that starry glow
I remembered the wishes of forever ago
Granted or not I could not recall
Naïve and hopeful one and all.
But the wish I wished 'pon that tail
That shard of hope, however frail,
Might save a life, end a war,
And though it sounds a frightful bore,
I did not seek to discover gold,
Nor mend some broken hearts of old,
I did not hope for fame and glory,
Nor adventures deep in forests hoary.
Mayhap I don't recall the line,
Nor the sound of this wish of mine,
And though precisely I do not know,
But in that glorious star's dusty glow,
I wished to be happy.

Sahara

Death I am become you
I am a child of Sahara
And a cast upon samsara
Dancer, stranger, weaver of gold
Destroyer of worlds
Crescent moon swing low
sun become mine eyes
Heaven's weight come down on me
Rain down over thee
Breaker, creator, spirit of stone
A running man
Drifting ice I carved the shores
Beautiful child of the Sahara
Beloved I do not depart

And the Moon said to Midnight

And the moon said to midnight
'Linger on this night oh blackened one',
and the witching hour did heed.
Nature has fallen in sway
She said 'I'm ready to die',
And her crescent face slipped away.
'Let me be a hole in the sky'
'Yet rage against this coming storm'
Spoke a moment in time
'From your mother you'll be torn,
Never again will the night shine
The tides will lock and the wind will stop
For here we are at the end, soft white rose
From the heavens the angels drop
Is this the fate you have chose?'

William Patton



Alex Pilon

father

It's imperceptible, really

I want to have guns and keep them in my car and never turn off my scowl

I don't want to hurt anyone, I just want to walk with a stride

I want to stare at a stranger and blow smoke into the air

I want to only wear black jeans and white shirts and be known for being steadfast in this completely trivial way.

I want to taste blood.

I want to treat you like shit and have you think about me.

I want to have a daughter with blond hair and a floral dress.

I want to be quiet, and only say things that impart a weight into the air.

I want you to thumb the books on my shelf and think about how sad they must have made me.

It isn't fully thought through.

I want freedom, or a difference, or something other.

I want a home, and a fridge, and lavender drying over the oven.

I want to fuck no one but myself, and cum on a kleenex I can throw away.

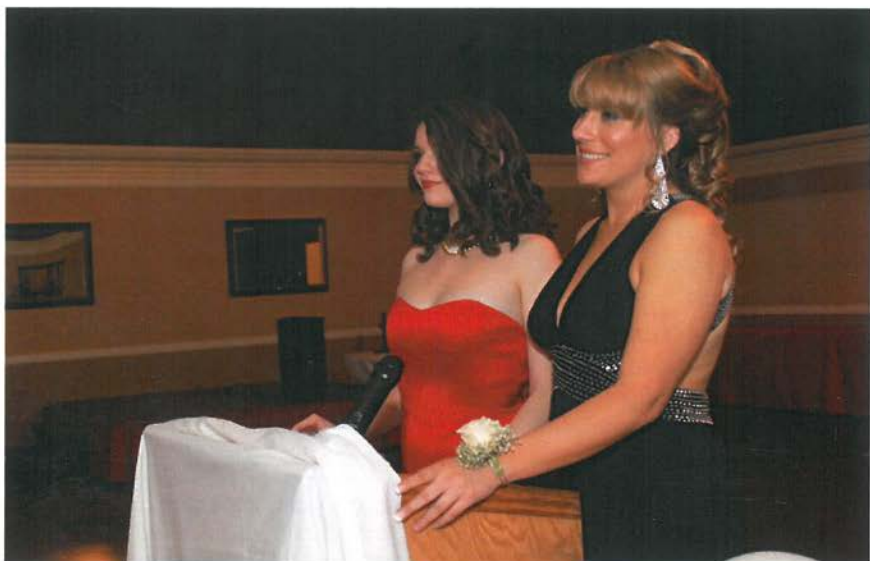
I want to sit in the back of a church and listen, above it, aside from it, turning everyone's eyes away.

I wrote it down but i only meant part of it.

I want to sleep next to him, but not love him or fuck him, or run my fingers down his back.

I want to end up at a large body of water and consider swimming until my arms go limp and I sink.

I want to look you in the eyes and have neither of us form a single thought.



Photos by Bee Russell-Petigrow

Sword and Tie



Alex Chaffey

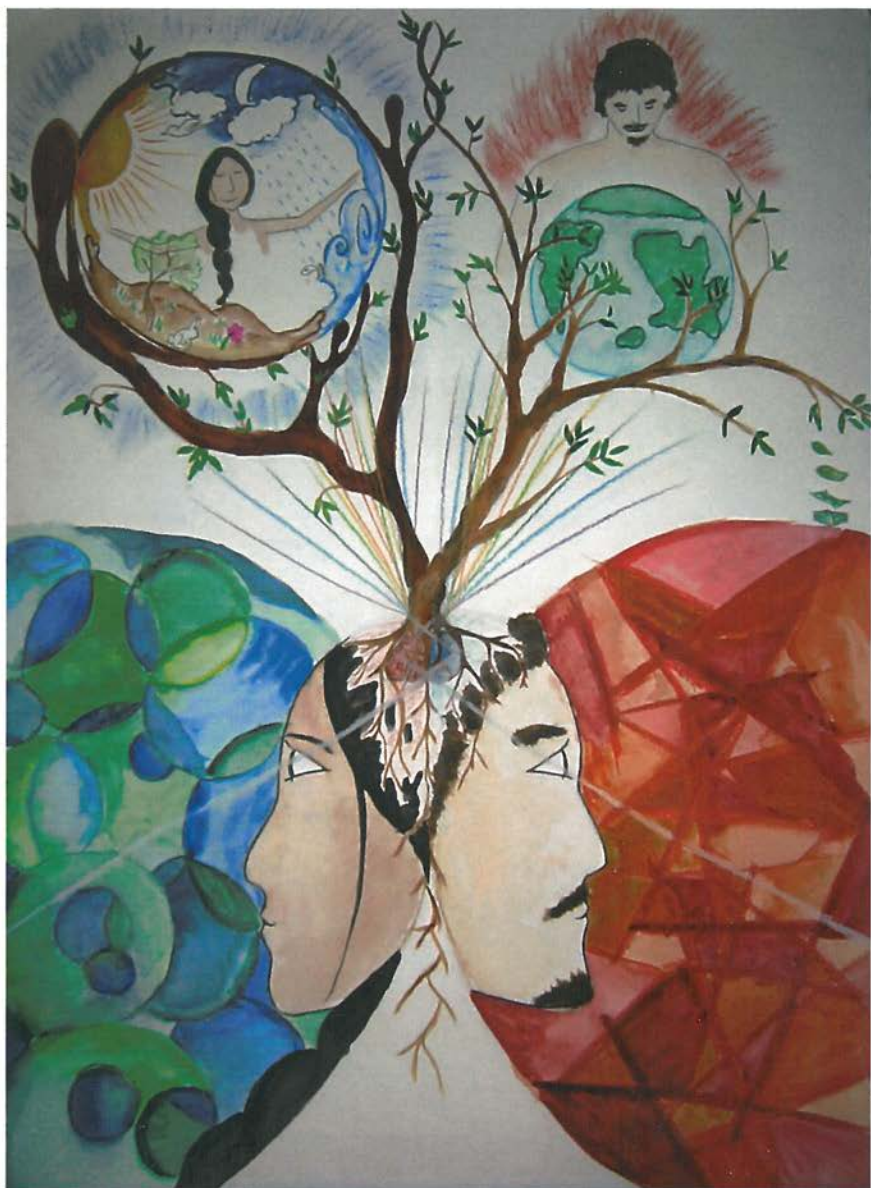


Lulu Vulpe Albari



Lulu Vulpe Albari

A Symbolic Dichotomy of Western and Indigenous Perspectives on Ecology



Ruchi Mathur

Corno Revisited



Hwayeon Hong



Photos by Carly Cushing



Photos by Bee Russell-Petigrow

molasses

the liquid you poured
through my hands, swole and sore
was thick and black and viscous

and I placed there a cup
that you filled right up to
a menacing meniscus

my palms pressed together and
my fingers enlaced
still couldn't stop the drip

in the background, some chanting
and your slow soft decanting
turned into this:

all the words from a song that
had come out all wrong
though before, they were bliss

and it made me upset
I tightened the tourniquet
and I balled up my fists

and kept on imploring
but you kept on pouring till
the fluid broke the lip

spilled onto the floor
look: more and more!
mixed with my sweat and bile and spit

and blood from my tongue
that I had chewed right through
without even realizing it

Cathedral

Every forest is sacred, a house of worship.
The arches of fallen trees welcome you in
to sit upon pews hewn of trunk.
Listen as the squirrel squeaks the gospel
and a chickadee responds with a lilting psalm.
Gnarled branches bow in prayer,
their leaves whisper holy thoughts to the heavens.
Bless yourself with the sky's holy water,
fallen directly from God's hands.
And with the coming of the night, the stars will light in remem-
brance of loved ones,
memories that shine eternal.
When you leave by the trailing aisle, you might hear a lone coyote
howling in reconciliation for his sins.

Bound

I am naked
clothe me wrap me
with thoughts, words, actions
so that we are wound
unbound
I have unmade myself
tears washed
mistakes bandaged
I emulate, echo, entwine
thoughts, words, actions
to patch together
an idea of us.

Hannah Fleming

It is all the Same

Calloused kisses
fall from hardened lips,
they touch the snow,
dripping red.

Bleed until pure,
and fall until broken,
shards of glass create
murals on the floor.

Books rest on selves,
with cracked spines
and black words,
ink runs as coffee spills.

Oil floats, bodies sink,
open mouths swallow whole
oceans engulf waves,
as salt water stings.

Mechanical parts emote,
and, as always,
we must locate,
in space and time.

Third-Year Superlatives

Kicked out of the college after Formal: Maria Bajwa, Carly Cushing

Pulled the most on-campus all-nighters: Alex Chaffey

Punniest: Chris Love

Best laugh: Josh White

Most likely to become a professor at the college: Alex Chaffey

Most likely to be arrested for protesting: Carly Cushing

Most likely to become an ascetic: Sophie Crump

Most likely to start his/her own religion (name the religion): Simon Zeldin, Synagogue of Beyoncé

Biggest coffee addiction: Sarah Cook

Slept through the most classes/discussion groups: Deepro Chowdhury

Most likely to pull out a three course meal in the middle of class: Alex Chaffey

Spent the most \$\$\$ at Mike's Place this year: Kier Bisset

Biggest optimist: Sarah Cook

Biggest cynic: Maria Bajwa

Biggest romantic: Forrester Dunbrook

Most athletic: Valerie Armstrong

Most likely to leave everything they own in the lounge: Maria Bajwa

Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: Ian Cameron

Jesus and the Adventure of the Spheres

Jesus is here
and he's flustered by all your dark little thoughts
all your little movements and head scratches and bleedings
and all your internal propaganda against yourself
it sounds like the rock dove poem but this is something new
that apartment is long gone
and Jesus made it go
Jesus is here and he's not entirely satisfied by your leg
the way it puffs out
that cloud of sick flesh
and Jesus is completely unsatisfied by Daisy convenience store
Daisy likes Maggie
but Jesus likes the life that you tried to commit
but Jesus feels an awful lot like you somehow gypped him on that
and Jesus has had an awfully hard time accepting the fact that
you have no soul
Jesus thinks you're kind of pathetic
and Jesus is going to carry you like a pathetic drunk ragdoll,
spewing vomit down his back down his robe as he pats you
and he'll grumble and groan as his bony shoulders heave your
massive weight
and you both step through this little green plane
and the 80 or so little spheres that make up each of your bodies
just start to shrink
the 20 or so leg spheres all shrink
the 10 or so head spheres
the arm spheres
they shrink and hold in place in naked air and shrink leaving
that fat space between them
and eventually they're all gone
and --

Jesus and the Unexplored Depths of April

Jesus is back
and he hates your insipid little metaphors
he's furious about the curve of your eyebrow
he wants to you to do something drastic

jesus is waiting for your first night in ottawa
so that he can pry open your mangled mouth and enter the sad
alcove of your interpersonal affairs
he wants to take those pictures and do the thing you can't seem
to
burn them
burn them for the mistaken scraps of false pathetic pathetic
fallacies for the weather outside
jesus is entirely unsatisfied with your poetry
and he hates that line where you say "head mostly full of
clouds"
jesus is ready to kill you
jesus won't bring you to heaven
jesus is going to look you straight in the eyes and explain your
mistake
jesus is going to show you the long black rat snake you should
have been born as
jesus is here
and he's tired
and the dark circles under his eyes are painted by the dark
little beings of the untamed night
the undiscovered depths of April that show themselves in a wet
panoply of lights and corruptions
jesus is pointing you in a direction
far away from him
jesus is done with you
jesus is going back to heaven
to kill himself

Jesus Goes to the Amazon

there's no desire left anymore
the heat is drinking our bodies
elemental forces conspire to make you look like an asshole in
front of all your friends
elemental forces shake you violently to wake you up from a dream
but the dream is of palm trees
and that won't do in this heat
in this place
in the eyes of this nightmarish severed top of Christ's head

with crown of thorns wounds oozing green goo
night time visions
acid fantasies
death is somewhere far away, riding a unicorn under a rainbow
this is the grim and savage landscape of life
life is worse than death for 3 reasons
1. life hurts more than death
2. life, unlike death, is trying to be something; and the root
of all mockery is in effort.
3. life is where the leopards and hitler both came from that
winter morning

today i
today the window opened and fourteen doves entered on foot
white doves, mourning doves, pigeons
they stood around in the room and ate the seeds off the ground
they ate the damaged decrepit flies that died in this room
they formed a line and parted into two single file rows
and a 6-inch tall christ in majesty slid across the floor,
shining
he gives applause
the doves flap their wings
and the room begins to soar
and it flies to south america where it is deposited in the place
that was carefully determined to be the absolute nucleus of the
Amazon rainforest
Jesus stands to his full 40-foot height
he produces a canteen full of over-proof rum
he drinks the entire thing and throws the canteen over the
mountains into the famous Amazon river
where it lands with a splash and floats away laden with tourists

New York, Street



Doug Dumais

You've Found Me

if i had to pick one thing from my collection of knick-knacks,
it would be either my wooden owl, knitted giraffe or those green
glass lilacs
i don't think i could do it though, so many treasures
full of endless pleasures
for hours i search through the flea market and thicket of all things
useless,
to find that one exquisite
figurine of a bandit,
i need things unto which i can give my affections,
i want to fill the bedroom and the basement,
i'll never need anyone,
and when i do, i can talk to my statuettes,
or drive for two hours and end up in a familiar stall full of musty
air,
find a jar of buttons to fill my heart
or perhaps an old box of postcards,
run my fingers over the words,
all the notions and thoughts that i've never heard,
but i'm brought back here to my own silence,
i'll cover it up with that new afghan rug,
my idea of an addicting drug,
i could have been a doctor, a lawyer,
maybe a person that talks to people, someone who's not antisocial,
have the neighbours over for a pot of tea,
see, but the thing is, they don't deserve to touch my painted ancient
china,
it'll just be me, sitting alone in the living room,
surrounded and tucked in,
contentedly keeping guard over the objects that tightly grip my
heart.

Katy Belshaw

it was then i think i realized that things change only if a part of them passes away the way fog lifts off dawn's rivers sinuous and curving past dark greens and gold foliage. in that very second a delicate moment lingering suspended rolls over buries itself, lets dirt wash over like a tidal wave and gives up that last Breath were all holding on to . its a plain truth plain as day as real as me or you or any other thing on gods green earth and To say other-wise is a damn lie. so what if i get a whipping for tellin it maybe lashings are part of a man and if they arent then so be it that isnt the point because the allowance of being Wrong is what lets many men mend after losing them selves as means to ends. throw your whole billfold in the Riverbank and it wont get you closer to the one youre missing. grave should be divine giving up the ghost *keep seein' that jesus man up there on the cross* divine dripping like a gas leak hanging his head hair turnin white women cuppin soil sobbin singin *he should get up offa' there* cloud of smoke hanging over the crowd burnt up tinder heatin the sky up *kinda like magic* a bit less jesus that cross those nails *musta hurt* least hes movin on jesus christ that poor man *musta had a sore back diggin all those graves* proceedin like a funeral. mail off every damn prayer in the world he could use em all. buncha collective exhales just treadin water above wooden crosses like a dim purple hue offa fresh snow hangs real iridescent and pretty perfect so perfect you can feel it all kinda choke you up like a lovers hand squeezin yours both trippin in dirt piles smilin all the while *i bet he woulda loved that* breathin like a train breathin tranquil verbose eloquent body language languid limp left nailed up there *just roll the rock over* spend time touchin scars comparing lashings being Wrong caught river now its gone grace with god. *exhale*. dig. you cant be every thing if some things are always gone -

what a shame to love something that runs faster to Death than it does to your arms

Mason Krawczyk

Penniless in a Penny Filled World

Mrs. Edna White, a woman of about seventy years, stepped slowly out of her vehicle and onto the newly paved grocery store parking lot. With all of her strength, she closed the door behind her, barely producing the click that indicated it was shut.

She gripped the strap of her worn, leather purse tightly and determinedly began her lengthy trek to the building's entrance. Although Edna had parked her car in the closest spot, it still took her nearly five minutes to reach the sliding doors. She took a basket, from the pile beside the carts, with the food company's logo on the front.

As she exited the foyer and entered the main room of the store, her nose was assaulted with the crisp, light scent of newly cleaned fruits and vegetables. From the bins, she selected the smallest and lightest pieces, and placed them gently in her basket. Although their prices only continued to rise, the consumption of fruits and vegetables was a necessary indulgence—she could not afford to fall ill.

Edna moved onto the bakery. The sight of the chocolate chip cookies made her smile. "These are my favourite, Mama," her little boy, Andrew, used to say. "I wish you'd make them everyday." These memories of her now forty year old son's childhood were what brought her joy between his visits at Christmas and Easter. She placed a tiny package of the cookies in her basket, deciding that the added expense was worth what memories they would produce.

Her next destination was the cereal aisle. Since her last visit, the boxes of Cheerios, her cereal of choice, had been moved to a higher shelf. Stretch her arm as she might, Edna could not reach the boxes. She turned to a statuesque lady next to her who appeared to be trying to decide between chocolate cereal and a box of low fat oatmeal.

"Excuse me," Edna said, gently tapping her on the shoulder. "Could you grab me a box of the Cheerios? I cannot seem to get it on my own."

Instead of deigning to respond to the elderly woman, the lady offered only a cold, condescending and walked in the direction opposite of Edna. The latter sighed and decided to grab a lower placed bran cereal.

She methodically made her way through the aisles, putting only the bare minimal into her basket. Following the accumulation

of a couple of premade dinners, and a tiny carton of eggs, Edna made her way to the checkout.

Luckily, the seventh lane had only one other waiting customer. She took a place in line, carefully placed each of her items on the belt, and took her tiny, coin wallet from her purse. Edna patiently waited for her turn to pay.

"Hi," the cashier greeted her cheerfully, a smile on her face.

"Hello, dear," the elderly lady responded, her lips curving upward. The young girl was the only pleasant person she had seen all day.

Her items moved swiftly past the scanner. Edna bit her lip nervously as the price on the screen grew. "Eighteen dollars and thirty three cents is your total," the cashier informed her after all the groceries had been scanned and packed.

She regretfully took the cookies, and one of the packaged meals from the bags the girl had placed at the end of the lane. "Could you take these off please?" She only had fifteen dollars to spend due to the bills she had to pay for her car and tiny apartment.

"Certainly." The happy look upon the cashier's face turned solemn.

With the removal of the items, her total was brought down to just over fourteen dollars. Edna handed a ten and a five to the girl and received a small handful of coins in return. "Thank you," she said to the cashier, as she took a grocery bag in each hand. "Have a lovely day."

As she made her way out of the store, Edna fervently hoped that next month would be easier.

Empty Voice

An unforgiving frost licks at my face in the glow
of the sun's own reflection off this expanse of snow.
Unending white, a blank canvas for two hearts at chase,
there's one leaving lines for the other to trace.

A single cawing raven circling high up above
the blackness of its wings eat at the white of a dove's,
And in its eye, a black beacon of my refusal to know –
a portrait revealed in brushstrokes in the snow.

The desolation of a tundra, a loneliness I can't heal,
The swiftness of my flight upon these two blades of steel.
I am moved – my resolve to seek what I cannot hold
grasping at the air.

Can you hear me now
I'm silently calling out.
Can't quiet the sound,
no rest from these baying hounds.
Please silence the beasts, bring me peace,
my empty voice cannot compete.
I've become a ghost;
I'm bellowing for my host.

I leash my body to the dogs and I am pulled uncontrolled
toward this incandescent light shining so brightly in the cold.
And my eyes are transfixed on this beautiful flame
And my voice it cries out to the light with no claim.

I feel the soft brush of feathers against bare skin I've exposed
to this biting of a black wind, oh this pining I'm disposed.
Growing dim. As my breath dissipates in the cold
that distant sun is setting and I'm another day old.

My eyes have lost the light;
I'm alone on this sea of ice.
A ceaseless pursuit for black smoke in dark –
no plastic flame could nourish a ghost heart.

Don't loosen your hold on me.
I'm afraid of your cruel release.
Caressing the sun please swallow me whole,
and exhale this cold breath – oh God come home.

Josh White

There are days where winter hides in the corners,
And days where it sprawls itself out along the floors.
Mornings, which come when the sky gapes and yawns
And stretches the sleep out from its limbs.
Mornings which I've spent curled in the space behind your ears,
And you've spent curled into my chest,
Breathing,
Like the fox in the mothers womb.
I run my fingers through your hair, through its fur,
warm and wet, from the way you sweat in your sleep,
warm and wet, like sticky kisses down your back.
Lazily letting limbs fall,
we toss and turn, and roll,
In and out of our selves.
with soft light and heavy breathing,
we drift off, slowly,
To sleep in the spaces between the falling snow.

Keegan Wight

Bang Bang¹

He shot me. I didn't think he would do it, but he did.

He shot me. And now I'm just hunched against the wall, bleeding. I'm drenched in my own blood, clenching the red brick of our house. The skin on my fingers is torn and my nails shredded. It wasn't supposed to happen this way. We were supposed to run away together.

But he shot me. I was slipping, being dragged to the ground by my own weakness. Blood bubbled into my mouth and I choked. Blood sputtered out of my mouth flecked my knees, dribbled down my chin.

He fucking shot me. He grabbed my gun, and shot me. Stray strands of hair were caught in my eyelashes and clung to my face with the sticky, bloody glue. I gazed through the haze of strands, trying to look past the bars and focus. Find him. Look him in the eye.

"Where'd you go, huh, babe?" No answer but the rasp of my laboured breathing nearly lost in the ambiance of a spring afternoon. Birds glided back into the trees, chirping excitedly. I hear them, they're singing and they're singing for me. I can hear the cool breeze rustle through the newly budded branches, like wind chimes. But I couldn't hear him. I heard the shot again. As though for the first time, I heard it ringing through my ears, that awful sound. I felt the pain afresh; rip and pulse through me with that awful sound. I pressed myself into the brick, against that solid, strong brick wall.

"Babe? Where'd you go?" Blood seeped from my stomach. I brought a hand up, starring at the flowing blood, dipping my fingers in, and bringing the blood closer to my face. It was so warm, so red, so thick. I never seen so much blood. The grass tickled the exposed skin of my back, where my shirt had ridden up. It was strange. Why should the prickly tongues of the grass penetrate my nerves when I have just had my body ripped open by a piece of metal? Maybe this was my body's way of staying alive, strengthening the connection to the earth. Yes, that must be it. I can feel

the rough surface of the brick against my shoulders. I can feel the hot sun on my face. And I can feel the goddamn grass tickling my back. This wasn't supposed to happen.

"Why'd you shoot me, babe?" My head rolled along the lumpy surface of the brick. The suitcase was still there, the money. My money. My new beginning. Our new beginning, if you count the kids. I was supposed to get away. I would have taken the kids, yes, I would have taken them with me. But not now. Not now that he shot me. I stared at the suitcase, the money, still in the hands of that bastard. He was going to steal my money. But he's dead now.

I shot him. I shot the bastard when he tried to leave with my money. But then I was shot.

"Huh? Why'd you do it?" It was getting harder to breathe. And while I could feel the sun bearing down on me, a chill ran up my spine. The breeze caught the drops of sweat on my back and brow and turned them into ice. I shivered and choked. Blood spurted, drizzled over my legs, dribbled down my chin. I rolled my head back round and there he was. Shaking and shivering before me. He looked scared. He should, he shot me. His cheeks were streaked with dirt and tears. His yellow hair had fallen in front of his eyes, his beautiful, big, blue eyes. His lashes were still wet; I could see the glister from the sun. He loved me. I know it. I know he loved me. And I loved him.

But he shot me. A faint wail rose up from within the house. The screen door was open. My daughter, my baby was crying. Crying for her mama. Crying because her daddy was dead and her mama was dying. I shook my head, trying to shake the awful noise. I focussed on him one more time and saw nothing but a shaking, pathetic, coward. The gun clasped in front of him with both hands, his hands too small, the gun too heavy.

"Mommy's not angry. But why'd you'd shoot me, babe?"

¹ *Inspired by the song Bang Bang (My Baby Shot Me Down) by Nancy Sinatra. Story produces best results while listening to this song. Note: it is not a requirement. I am not your mother.*

Alex Nahas

Guide the Sun Aground

Ride upon the world
As it swells up to die
Seal the secret pact
Below the blood red sky

Birth the branded truth
Take the mountain reins
guide the sun aground
Swallow the light's refrain

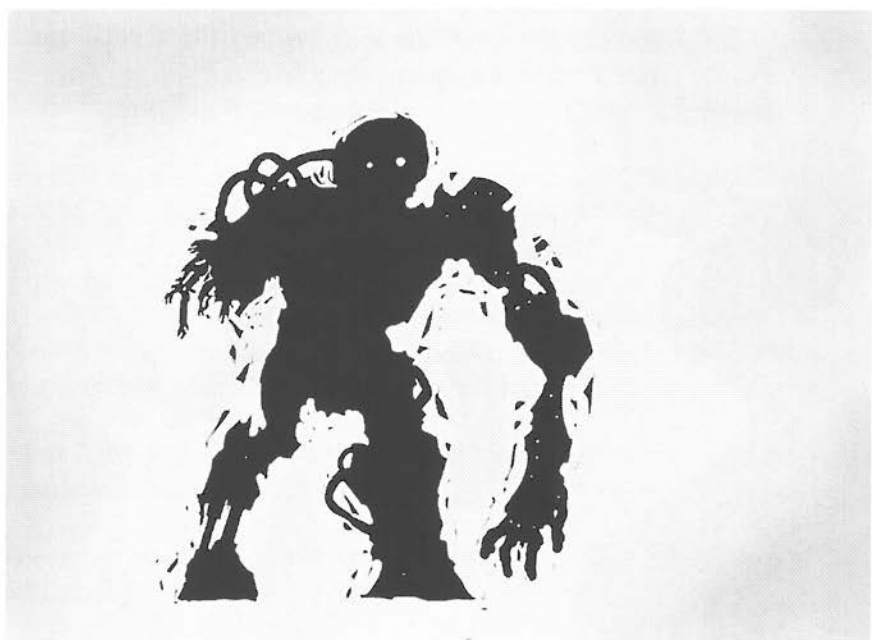
Build upon the ash
Hold oceans in tidal breath
Grow and reap its fruit
Watch its descent into death

Take heed of the nights
That bleed into day
The womb that cries darkness
To give this life away
You the streak of light
Between abyss and abyss
You the distance within
Between the stars and mist

Choose ye a strong voice
To bend the mantle and core
Becoming through being
To give name to the shore

William Patton

Torn



Alex Krucker

Evangelion

The Jackal laughs in Syria,
and the Lions throw their strength
against the ramparts of my country.
I have no more songs for you, O Zion,
and all the harpstrings, I see, are guts.

What darkness gathers strength beyond songs?
The crows pour out their laughter -
- the crows, the crows. I am a beast of the fields.
Even the salt-stiff ground is sobbing now,
"My son, my son, what have ye done?"
Ha! Sing that to oceans, my friend,
lapping at our feet. There is even time for living, yet.

And the year turned over in her slumber.
Two thousand fourteen years the West lay dreaming,
grinding her teeth.
And you and I, my friend,
we lie beside her, awake, awake.
I cannot sleep tonight, my friend.
You cannot sleep tonight.

Fourth-Year Superlatives

Kicked out of the college after Formal: Megan Nascimben

Pulled the most on-campus all-nighters: Emily-Lauren Simms

Punniest: Will Patton, Gabi Doiron

Best laugh: Angus Cairnie

Most likely to become a professor at the college: Jeremiah Smith

Most likely to be arrested for protesting: Seneca Overduin

Most likely to become an ascetic: Angus Cairnie

Most likely to start his/her own religion (name the religion): Will Patton, Whaleism

Biggest coffee addiction: Lulu Vulpe Albari

Slept through the most classes/discussion groups: Iman Mohamed, Nicole Davidson, Sam Tibshirani

Most likely to pull out a three course meal in the middle of class: Laura Mitchell

Spent the most \$\$\$ at Mike's Place this year: Nome Reaka, Iman Mohamed

Biggest optimist: Gabi Doiron

Biggest cynic: Seneca Overduin

Biggest romantic: Ruchi Mathur

Most athletic: Angus Cairnie

Most likely to leave everything they own in the lounge: Emily-Lauren Simms (was there really any other choice?)

Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: Ian Cameron

THE STREETS ARE NEVER THIS EMPTY CONTEST

WINNER: Hannah Fleming

The Streets Are Never This Empty

You are alone
Pale skin on rough asphalt
Torn feet pounding pavement
Going anywhere

Withered by absence
Wilting under memories
White knuckles clenching the past
But it is gone

They have all left
Remember soft voices as they told you why
And now streetlamps flicker
Before their bulbs burst
Leaving you blind
Groping

Echoes of unfamiliar footfalls
Sweet breath on your nervous cheek
But you are not breathing
And the streets are never this empty,
should never be
Are you alone?

THE TWELVE DAYS OF HUMSMAS CONTEST

WINNER: The 12 Days of (First Year) Humsmas, Emma Rae

On the first day of Humsmas my HUMS class gave to me:
An ancient cosmogony,

On the second day of Humsmas my HUMS class gave to me:
Two (of Isaac's) trust-issues,

On the third day of Humsmas my HUMS class gave to me:
Three nights with Shamhat,

On the fourth day of Humsmas my HUMS class gave to me:
Four golden calves,

On the fifth day of Humsmas my HUMS class gave to me:
Five (of Zeus') broken condoms!

On the sixth day of Humsmas my HUMS class gave to me:
Six of Stratton's maps,

On the seventh day of Humsmas my HUMS class gave to me:
Seven Shamans wailing,

On the eighth day of Humsmas my HUMS class gave to me:
Eight games of C.A.H.*,

On the ninth day of Humsmas my HUMS class gave to me:
Nine voice-comments,

On the tenth day of Humsmas my HUMS class gave to me:
Ten class drinking games,

On the eleventh day of Humsmas my HUMS class gave to me:
Eleven Music Nights,

On the twelfth day of Humsmas my HUMS class gave to me:
Twelve matching sweaters!

*Cards Against Humanity

CONTRIBUTOR BIOGRAPHIES

Adam Finlay is a void construct, a broken toy, a flesh dam, a cherry tree, a doubtful balcony, a laminated gecko corpse, a broken backpack, a purple breeze.

Alex "The Catherd" Chaffey is a third year student in both HUMS and Religion, avid cat lover, and Tumblr addict. This sexy Chewbacca can often, if not always, be found in his natural habitat: the HUMS lounge. Recent studies have shown that he will stir from the lounge at the promise of free food and alcohol. More testing is required.

Alexandra Nahas

Alexandre Pilon is just some f***ing guy.

Angela Weiser *Yesterday was dramatic - today is OK.*

Angus Cairnie is an urban gorilla. There will be freedom.

Chase Langlais is a third year humanities student from Ottawa. *Ride dirty as the sky that you prayin' to.*

Chris Love is in 3rd year Biohums and plays in the band Pith and the Parenchymas.

Doug Dumais: *It's about truth, it's about information, it's about awesomeness.*

Emma Rae: Leading a life of warmth; forever known as the "sweater girl."

Forrester Dunbrook: I was born and raised in Barrie, Ontario where my parents greatly supported my natural interest in the creative arts. As of about a year and half ago I have began painting more and I have around two page of ideas, which may or may not ever get finished. While I have this abundance of my own ideas I am always willing to help with others so let me know if you want to collaborate.

Hannah Fleming is a second year Humanities and History student with a massive tea collection and a love for public libraries. She is most inspired to write in October, probably due to a heightened awareness of life's transience.

Hwayeon Hong

When **Isabel McMurray** gets to the Earthly Paradise and beholds her Highest Earthly Good, she will see a jar of peanut butter welcoming her to the garden.

Jeremy Bider I've been writing nonsense and trying to make art since I was 9, sometimes cool things happen. I love art of all kinds and I'm glad I get to contribute to it. If you like what I write let me know - feedback is always welcome.

Josh White, a third year humanities student, currently lives in Ottawa though hails from Sault Ste. Marie. Those interested may hear "Empty Voice" performed musically by his band, Paterson Hall. Upon graduating, Josh plans to -

Kathleen Smith

Katy Belshaw upon impending graduation is struck by the questions of who, what, when, where, and why, but hopes to tackle them in Arndtian fashion and with a few poems along the way.

Keegan Wight

Lulu Vulpe-Albari

Mason Krawczyk 306/613.

Natascha Ramos

Ruchi Mathur: I'm on the final lap of my four year Bio-Hums marathon. I'm looking forward to being done, for both the reflective sense of accomplishment and the promise of some time and space to explore my other passions and interests, such as artwork and teaching.

Sam Lehman: I am just your average Sam. Simple yet sometimes stressed, I am honestly amazed by the awesomeness of our beautiful little 'verse (universe) because it gives momentous meaning to every moment in time. I aim not merely to live but to thrive.

Sophie Crump is like a unicorn. She is rarely seen and also her blood has healing properties.

Will Patton

Neither high-functioning nor alcoholic.

North Napkin

2013-2014

is that
MURDOCK?
SHERLOCK?
CSI?



hello.



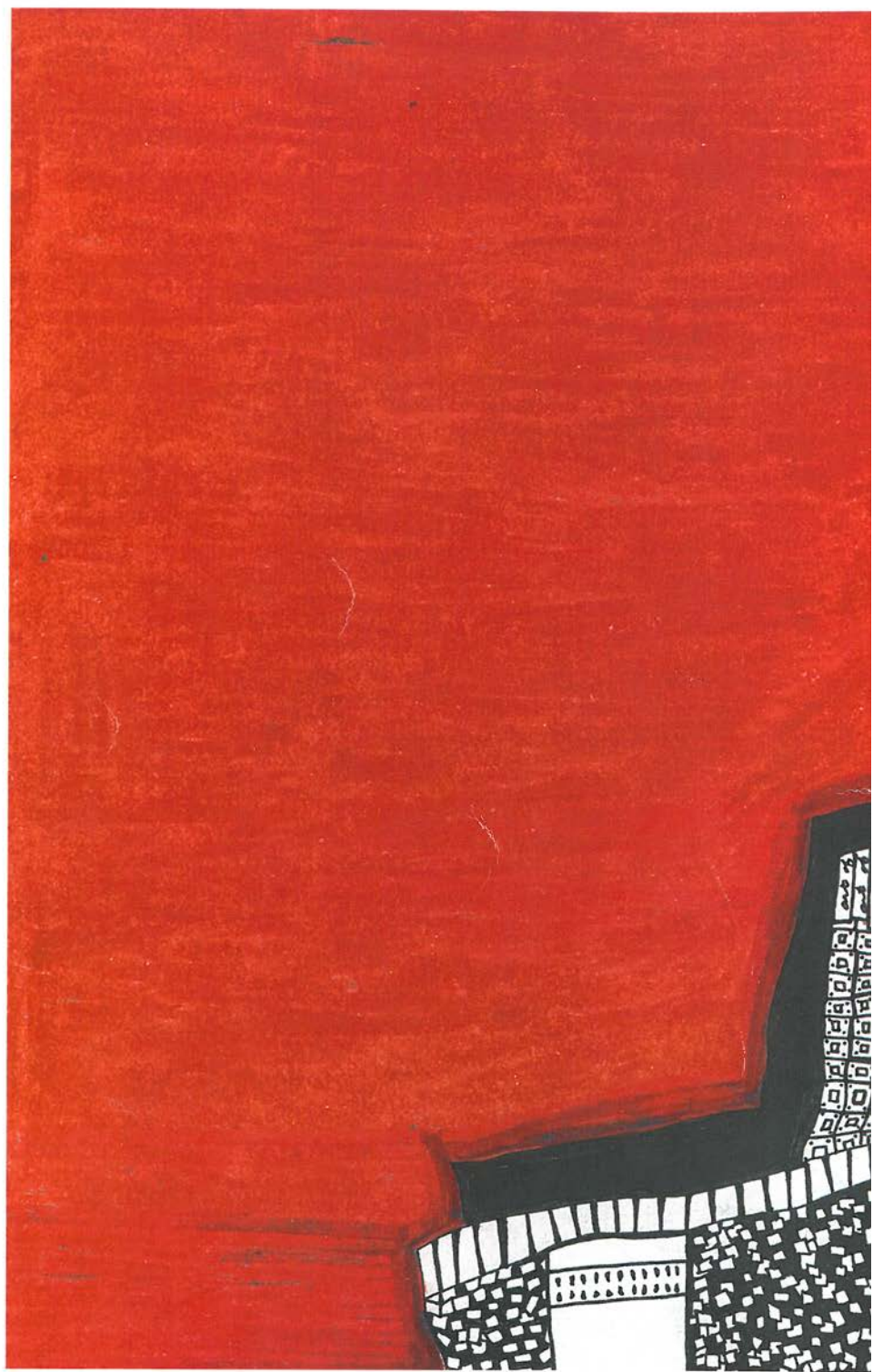
Ireland's
favourite
Drink up
the hearties

ADJECTIVITY!
#Beyonce
ALUMINUM
TRANSPARENT
HANDMADE



#stop gabi

THIS IS
SPARTAN
helpless YOLO#



north

