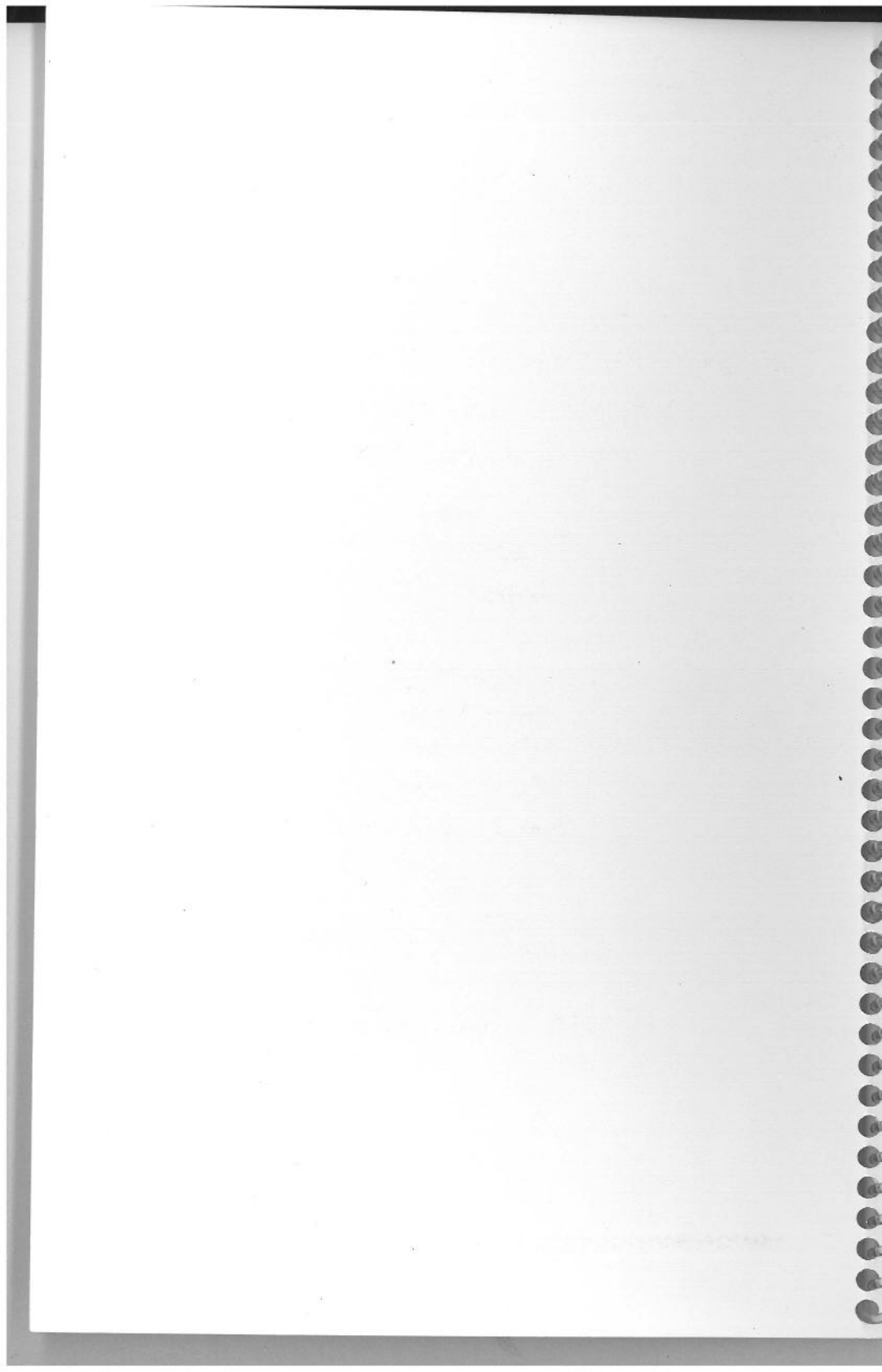


NORTH

Volume four, number one
Winter 2003





NORTH

*The official literary journal of the
College of the Humanities at
Carleton University.*

*Volume 4, No.1
Winter 2003*

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The assistance of Andrea McIntyre has been invaluable throughout the *North* process. We appreciate not only her contribution to this particular project, but also the hard work she puts in year round to keep the College of the Humanities from descending into total anarchy and chaos.

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Dear reader,

It was by no means an easy task to sift through the piles of (last-minute) submissions to choose the pieces that would make it into print in this year's edition of *North*. There was scarcely a piece that did not stir our literary imaginations, and many a fiery debate was held over the value of a single poetic image or line of text. We would like to thank all those brave souls who sent in their work for consideration and can only hope that next year's call for submissions will elicit such an enthusiastic response.

In the end, we are proud to have assembled a volume of poetry, prose, and art that reflects the diverse interest and talents of students from all years of the Humanities program. The fact that such a wealth of skill and passion for the literary and visual arts can be drawn from so small a group of people is a clear indicator of the unique, creative culture of our College: it is a tapestry that becomes richer with each passing year. This anthology represents yet another vibrant thread in that tapestry.

We hope that you enjoy reading *North* as much as we have enjoyed putting it together.

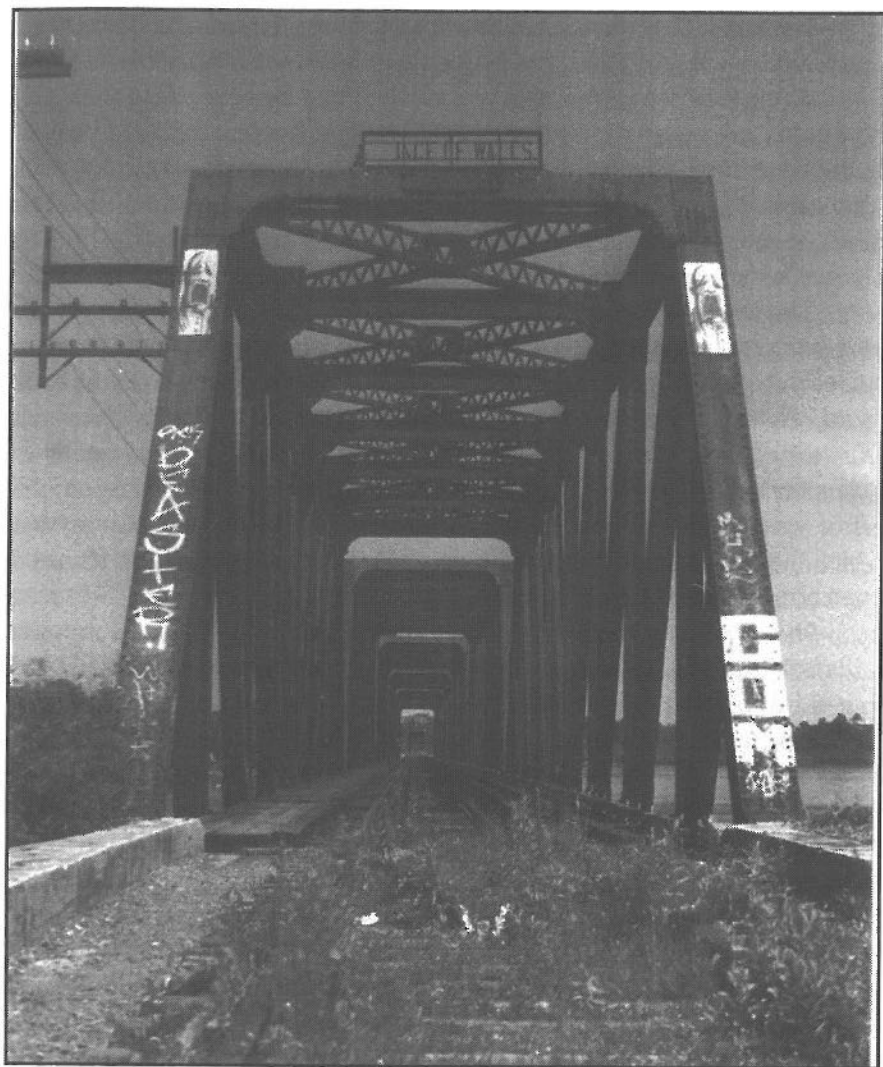
Jamic Bradley

Aaron Kaiserman

Shaun Lalonde

Victoria Pearson

José Rodriguez



Ince of Walls, Cam McMaster

The Ship-Builder

Dan Kirby

He was a mail-sorter because he tried very hard to be. The work demanded one be punctual, and he would arrive at the mail-office at eight-o'clock each morning, and, after courteously greeting the office manager, he would have a cup of tea before the bell rang, signalling that the first mail load had arrived. It would ring six more times throughout the day, each time announcing the arrival of another load from one of the seven major cities on the north-eastern seaboard which forwarded their mail to Cooper's Harbour for it to be sailed overseas.

The work, though tedious, was secure and offered some dignity. The man was required, as were the two others who held his position, to wear a suit each workday. Upon the first bell's call, they would retreat to the back room, where the mail was dropped off and sorted. One entered the room from the office. It was windowless and along the far wall was a conveyer belt upon which the mail rolled in. Separating the room from the rest of the office was a lattice of boxes, each labelled with a different sea route, into which the mail-sorters divided the seven loads. It was work that required one know geography and the trade-winds well.

Over the years and without noticing, the man's life fell into a routine. After sorting the last load of mail, he would wait around the office until four-thirty before punching his time card, and walking to a restaurant, The Deft Badger, where he would order fish with mashed potatoes and carrots and peas. The meal was always nearly filling, and he always walked after supper. His path took him east, along Toopey's Road, and towards the sea and to the southern end of a path which strolled north along the waterfront, between crab grass and cat-tails, for a half-mile. Upon reaching the end of the pathway the man would walk back towards town, stopping at Cooper's Park for two bowlfuls of tobacco.

This smoke was the man's favourite part of the day. The park sat on a plateau which overlooked the town's harbour. Sitting on a bench, he would watch the comings of the aging square-rigged hermaphrodite brigs, and the squat, self-sufficient paddle boats and he loved the ships and admired their courage.

It was always close to seven when the man arrived home. Here, he occupied his nights and Sundays with building bottled models of masted ships: galleys, brigs and there schooner-rigged sisters, schooners, and

clippers. He made them from pine, chiselled, sanded, and painted. The lashings were hemp and the sails, real canvas. The pieces he worked with were small so as to fit them through the thin neck of the clear gallon-bottles which were used vinegar jars he bought from the Deft Badger. Building the ships was a process that took months, and the man accumulated many ships.

In the twelfth year of his employment, which was the thirty-second of his life, the man began to hate the bell at the mail office. It wasn't the clatter of the thing, nor its warning of impending work, rather the bell signalled an excitement. The letters came in and there was the bustle of moving. The letters were removed from the bag with destinations such as Istanbul, Sydney, Baghdad, Bombay, Damascus, and Seoul. He sorted the letters into boxes of the ship route which would take them to their destination. When the sorting was complete, a hand from the other side of the lattice would take the packages away. Like one of Pavlov's dogs, the bell would fire in the man a jealousy toward the letters, which rivalled his fondness toward the ships.

And on a Tuesday, at four-thirty, after a day of feeling old, the man trod to the restaurant. He was, as most days, told by the waiter that there were no free jars, but that his meal would be arriving shortly. There must have been a new cook on this afternoon, the man decided, as his fish with mashed potatoes and carrots and peas, when it arrived, was far more salty than usual. He couldn't finish his meal, so he took his stroll.

A westerly wind blew and yet the waves were quiet and the feeling of aging was quieting too, very possibly because the salty food was cramping in his side and its very hard to worry about aging when one has a cramp. The walk along the paved waterside trail was pleasant because of the western breeze, and because no one else was out. He continued past the small grove of cattails, and over a small wooden step bridge which covered a marshy bit of land. Climbing a small slope, a rustle came from the crab grass beside him and he glanced two rats, one feeding upon the dead other. The carcass was relatively fresh and, because they were both fat, it was likely that they were from the city.

"Aye"

The cramp stayed with him as he trod along Fourth Avenue's gradual ascent to Cooper's park, but the exercise was good. Fourth turned, and the man kept straight and ascended the flight of stairs and turned around to see

the expanse the plateau had opened. The sky was a little more cloudy now, though hardly unpleasant, and the cramp left as he sat on his bench and smoked his tobacco. The breeze and pipe cleared his head and fondness for the boats replaced his jealousy and his head became clear and he became thankful for his job for there were many who didn't have jobs, and even fewer had jobs that offered dignity and were secure. Because he liked the effect of watching the boats, he sat beyond his second bowlful. And the sun descended behind the man and cast long shadows forward until it was dusk. And somewhere upon the shadow that, minutes ago, was the sea, the bell of a paddle boat rang to warn the other boats of its presence and because of the danger of being in the dark. Around the man the atmosphere changed.

It became heavy as the humidest air is heavy. And the heaviness sat on everything and it clung to the man's skin and sat on his chest so that he felt the weight of each breath's draw. The pain of a paralysed life whispered to him: "nothing, nothing."

He jerked to a stand and felt the breeze again. Home. It was a brisk walk, and it made the feeling leave. But as the wind picked up within eyesight of his home, the leaves whispered. "Nothing, nothing."

Through the door, down the hall, into the workshop, and onto his stool before the bench. I must work, he thought, and I must attend to my work with deliberateness and order and concentration. I will work to make the feeling leave.

And a mast slowly achieved its form from the pine block and its square edges were sanded then the supports which would hold "Naviga's" canvass were glued. The man detailed the spar with an acrylic of red-ochre. All this process took time and, as the clock began its morning course, the mast was ready for the ship.

The rain had begun outside but within her bottle, Naviga sailed on a dry sawdust sea that kept her secure. The man loved her because she would be forever journeying and yet never leave him and he was fond of her secure adventure. He dabbed the mast's base with glue and attended his concentration to completing the ship.

I must attend to this with concentration, not only because I want her to be perfect, but also because she is making the feeling dissipate, and for this I love her most of all.

The mast breached the bottles neck. It went in slowly, and went further back, and then slowly further back, and the man was nervous as

it went further back still. The man's concentration was so complete that he sweat. Finally he inched the mast down, slowly, until it was just about in place and then a feeling of talons tearing for his liver seared his side.

"Aye." The pain came and the whispering became a yelling: "Nothing, Nothing, Nothing, Nothing." and the man dropped the mast and threw the bottle at the wall and ran into the living room and threw the ships from their mantles and table places, smashing the bottles "Dioneysia" and "Filia" and "Cora" which is pronounce coeur-a crashed against the walls and into the fireplace. The rain rattled the windows dinning "nothing, nothing" and the room spun and the man crashed to the ground and the apocalypse came when he knew that he was screaming "nothing nothing."

And then the man wept and cried and cursed the good fortune of the letters.

bridge

Bonita Slunder

her bridge
over troubled water
was not a song
but a tight rope
thinner
than angel hair

it swayed
and he insisted
cross go the distance

on the other side
he waited
held the end
of his rope
growing old
impatient
until finally

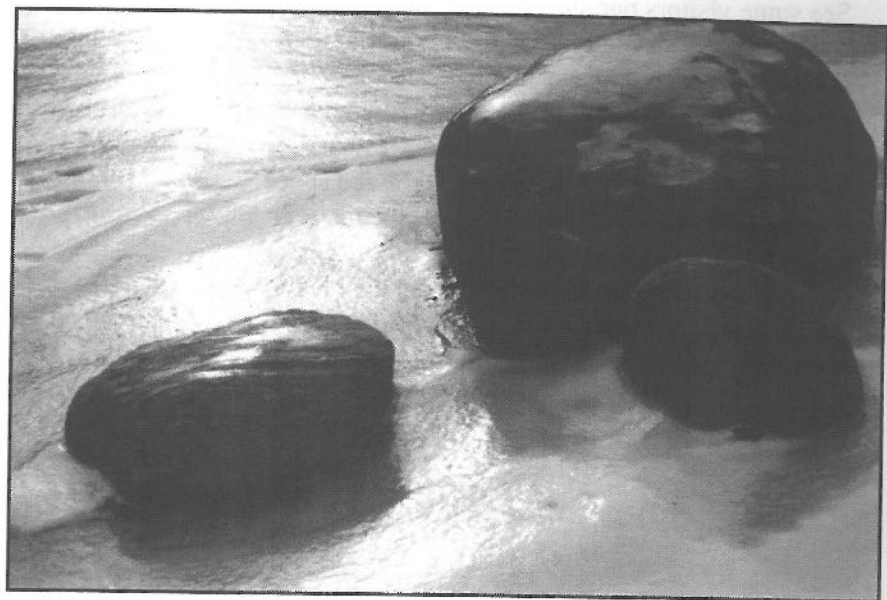
she crossed

his fingers weakened
and she fell
face first
into her deepest fears
without a net
or him
to catch her

The Slow Times (Cuernavaca, 1997)

Jamie Bradley

In Mexico, the time after noon is the slowest.
The sun tortures stray grass and puts
old tortilla in the air.
See some visitors paraded from fortress to hovel:
where a boy with Caravaggio eyes is bargaining
to make his sister white with a handshake. A new dog,
splayed keenly in the dust, watches a moment, lulls,
then tracks a fly along an edge. Taut
between the sockets of the shanty, light and space
are slender wrists that snap with age; the visitors
kick up ripples of it that turn, fade, and go limp
in the heavy center of the room. When they leave,
the granite father sets his roof of tin aright;
his wife grinds corn and turns out the pot of feces and blood.



Untitled, Fedor Ilitchev

Untitled

Krista Caron

Warmth drawn-in
and clasped
like a pearl.
The soul's faltering love
sparks
and is unfrozen.
Our affinity
like chords in a symphony -
seamlessly united.
Our desire,
a sultry calm
palsied only by touch.

lost lover

Bindu Suresh

from your lips,
the mauve, the soft, the incompletely drawn bow
pulled taut in cocky laughter,
you are a dark lover, I know.

you would uncover, smell, lick, taste,
prey,
peel the delicate layers of born skin,
the streams of poets' words,
bred to your tongue.

in this sharp room,
headlights grazing the walls,
my womanhood grasped in an empty bed,
what do you gain?

but the aged red curtains,
faded and tired from draping.

A History of Need

Sandra Gazzard

Once, I walked with you
As you spoke a tongue that I could not.
You held me in your palm
But I slipped on the sweat.
And when you made my loneliness flesh
Her sex was stronger than yours --
So I left
 (or maybe you did.)

A Moment With T.S. Eliot

Aaron Clark

Still trying to focus on our retreat
Holding hands with T.S. Eliot
Walking as we wear our perfect suits
Slowly pursuing the wastelands
Which look like some dismal stage set
Where all the props lie still, hanging in pieces

before I write
Nathan Hauch

just try

the poem begs

take a chance

as I read of mines exploding
in countries I've never been

find me



My mind at the time... Sarah-Beth Carlyon

In Praise of Dictionaries

Rachel Crummey

I'm a big fan of words. This is in spite of the fact that as a kid I looked up my last name in the dictionary and found 'Crummy: adj. Dirty, squalid, inferior.' It was a rocky start, but by now I am fully seduced. But I'm getting slightly ahead of myself. Before I begin rambling about words and dictionaries, it is important to explore their basic building blocks. We will look at words in their original, unformed state, otherwise known as the alphabet.

Our alphabet is a long chain of letters descending in fixed order like a staircase. Its history is long and convoluted, beginning with cuneiform and Egyptian hieroglyphics and tracing a path through Greece and Rome. The Latin alphabet contained all the letters we have today except for J, U, W, Y, and Z, which were introduced later.

I've always thought that letters had very distinct personalities, which is not surprising considering some of them are thousands of years old and have lots of history behind them. First, there is the basic distinction between vowels and consonants. Consonants are solid and give the word its structure, while vowels hold it all together, like flesh and bone. Vowels create spaces that allow consonants to become distinct.

However, categories aside, in the hierarchy of the alphabet A emerges as undisputed leader. After all, it's first in line. No one messes with A, which makes sense given its history- the symbol was originally an upside down ox-head. A is solid and sometimes domineering. Even so, most of the vowels are pretty secure in their importance, except maybe U, stuck at the end of the alphabet with oddities like X and Z. Not only that, but U is often tethered to Q, the quirkiest letter of all; or it exists as a complement to O. Foul fate, although they do have soul. O is inscrutable, wisest of letters. It represents the eye, and reminds me of the moon. Consider these O words: owl, blood, cocoon, cold, lofty, loom. O is poetic and lordly.

The consonants are also quite an interesting bunch. For instance, I'm sure certain letters feel slighted because they're not generally taken seriously. B will blubber because it's often in words disparaging bigness-bulge, blimp, behemoth....B is a voluptuous woman who would like the world to know that she is a boldly beautiful babe, not a bulky broad.

W firmly belongs in the comical category, especially in the company of G, and on some wacky occasions C's and K's. W is slightly ashamed of

waggish character, but is comforted by its whimsical side. F is also quite the funny one, and so has a slightly puffed up sense of injured pride. W wallows, but F is in a state of foolish denial. Together, F and W make a hilarious pair- the word 'waffle' might be the funniest of the English language. Say it enough times while thinking of round bready grids and you'll know what I mean.

However, it doesn't do to poke too much fun at our lovely alphabet. Letters can combine in some fabulous ways. Wainscoting. Flabbergast. Lackadaisical. Words are exciting because they combine all the various personalities of their letters into a single kaleidoscopic whole, like a chord of music. Added to that they have a symbolic meaning accrued from the very first time those particular letters were assembled together. In this vein, dictionary definitions of words are often amusing, for they condense what is often a complicated symbol to its barest parts. Minidictionaries are the best at this task and provide the funniest definitions. Some of them tend towards redundancy:

Crunchy: *a.* Able to be crunched.

Crumbly: *a.* Easily crumbled.

It's also amusing to discover how certain mundane things can be defined with the utmost delicacy and brevity:

Lifeguard: *n.* Expert swimmer employed to rescue bathers who are in danger.

Bikini: *n.* Woman's scanty two-piece beach garment.

Word definitions can be nuggets of pure genius, especially because they are delivered completely without irony in the most straightforward manner possible:

Nudist: *n.* Person who believes that going unclothed is good for the health.

Crumpet: *n.* Flat soft yeast cake eaten toasted.

Others are fabulous because of the way their different meanings juxtapose:

Coddle: *v.t.* cherish and protect; cook (an egg) slowly in hot water.

Peck: *v.t./i.* strike, nip, or pick up with the beak; kiss hastily.

So as you can see, dictionaries are far more than mere reference material. Their definitions provide precise, vivid pictures; these can be wonderfully absurd, but others are like tiny paintings where straightforward description sublimates into a shock of beauty. Often this can lead to unlikely poetry. Here are some of my favorite examples:

Cloud: *n.* visible mass of watery vapor floating in the sky; mass of smoke or dust, etc.; state of gloom.

Dragonfly: *n.* long-bodied insect with gauzy wings.

Plum: *n.* fruit with sweet pulp round a pointed stone.

Words can be used so often they become invisible. When we speak, the words we choose take form and disappear, leaving just a residue of meaning. We take language for granted, and dictionaries bring it sharply back into perspective. On that note, one final definition:

End: *n.* limit; furthest point or part; final part; destruction, death; *v.t./i.* bring or come to an end.

Ducky

Jennifer Gavin

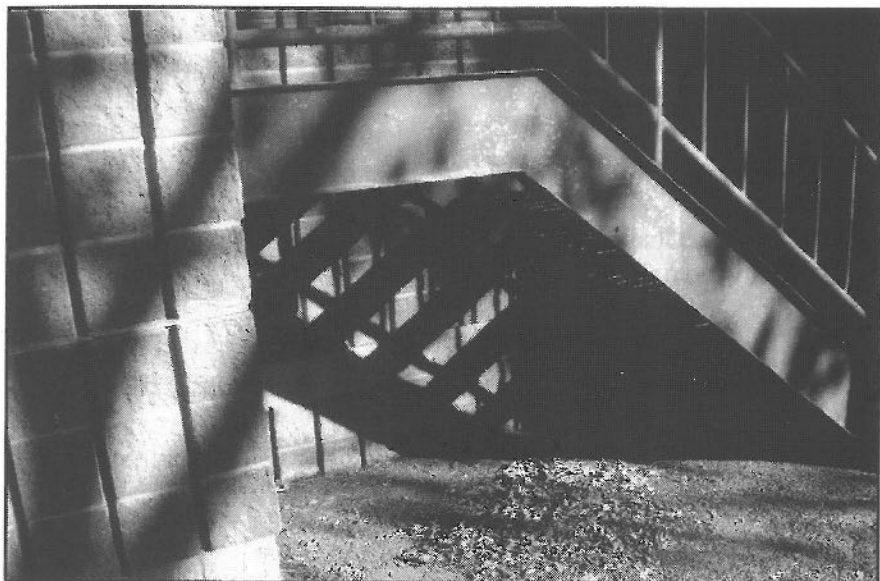
There is something radiant about you
lying on the concrete
nine am

 in the Byward market
spreading your arms
making room

Liz is mad at you this morning
“he didn’t even stay up for fucking solstice”
and later it is
“He didn’t even fucking come to bed”

So together we discover
the mysteries of women
discuss their curves over piles of change
quarters and pennies

You have taught me how to live
from a backpack
from relying on strangers’ generosity
and from
the beauty of concrete in the morning.



Untitled, Fedor Ilitchev

Iambe's Point of View

Krista Caron

I see Sol's old truck bouncing my way
It coughs when he turns the ignition
Kind of like Sol when I ask him to dance

I keep my hands busy on Bob's old Ford
Knowing that it's something else entirely
I'd like to get my hands on

I watch Sol from the corner of my eye
Leaning down in the cab I can see where
The line of his hair ends
I drop my wrench

The clamber causes Sol to look my way
His sad eyes meet mine
And as the dust on the road settles
So does the dust on my heart

It seems we will always
Dance this old tune.



Untitled

Darlene Morrison

She is dreaming of head asleep on
his pillow
Hand on sternum as wind dozes
in and out
Witness the beginning of brokenness
The breaking of a new heart,
jaded and alone

Wrap her up in ribbons, in tales
and songs and words of childhood
Need nothing but the being
Beautiful sun makes beautiful
world a beautiful shade of green

Polish her like glass, tumble her
like stone
she is shining

Untitled

Linda Bolton

I saw something in you
In the time it takes a pin to drop
The moon shifted and our energies were brought together deep in the
subconscious of our biochemistry.

We saw something in each other
That night the constellations played havoc with the night sky and as
the stars moved, so did we in perfect formation,
mapping a path that had existed for millions of years.

In the night a bird flew overhead and our hands reached out.
Cool air blew through us and a *connaissance* was made with the
underlying connections of the universe.



Gaia, Heather Sutherland

Plain Jane (Plane Jane)

Jennifer Gavin

1.

There is something so innocent,
you at six
holding your violin
with the passion of a lover.

We are sick voyeurs
watching your hips
sway
your whole body awake.

2.

I would want to steal your curves
if you were mine.
I would plane you smooth,
take away your hips,
your tiny stomach,
breasts.

I would teach you to crop your hair,
cut away all your beauty
and power,

chisel your jaw tight and broad
eyes deep set
and no hands

no reaching out.

Procedural Oversights

Victoria Pearson

I never suspected you were a doctor
trained in drive-thru cardiology
until I went under your knife.

You left me open on the (kitchen) table
(evidently missed the class on sutures).
Bedside manner lacking,
although (in your defense)
you always lacked in bed.
And I don't remember
signing my consent.

I did, however,
notice that you washed your hands
before and after,
careful to prevent the further spread of you.

(Or was it just to scrub
my traces from your palms
before your unsuspecting 2 o'clock?)

The Perfect Animal

Jamie Bradley

This is to let you know
I spent all night
searching for the perfect animal,
and it looked like you,
once I made the metaphorical leap
(substitute cage for bed
and add eight months).
It had short, fragrant fur
and a tongue like a chainsaw,
and if it could walk on two legs,
I'm sure it would have an arm
like a World Series Yankee,
more than sufficient
for smashing a cheap Chianti
on my rented carpet.

to bed

Nathan Hauch

leave until morning

the glasses stained with wine and fingertips
the sprawl of papers sleeping on the table
the unwatered plants

now

let us lie in the midst of disorder

talk over the day

dissect its moments

find pleasures in the plain

as in the darkness

our hands meet

squeezc in affirmation

good night

Remembering Now

James Irwin

when its all over and looking back
twitching nose curled lips eyes longer
the material movements of nostalgia

glad for it and wishing it back
grateful to be able to recite
this or that

occasionally when rolling off
a sleeping leg onto the other
think of earlier days and how climbing trees
was so great it became a cliché

and that means it's really something

then rolling thoughts from future to past
and
and smiling again

the material movement of nostalgia

The Erotic Exchange

Dan Parker

I make love to that old man,
That gadfly who forms my soul.
It makes me so upset:
The petty pleasure that I give him
Does not compare to his great gift.
Nourishing my desire for the final end.
He so wisely weaves for me
A web with reason and true love.
He paints me images in speech
So I can find the source of light
That benevolently bathes all truth and existence.
Together we strengthen souls
In order to climb the great ascent.

Beauty.
Justice.
The Good.

Speaking of Sheep...
José Rodríguez

*The opening minds
Flower in their box
And all learn to speak
The soft speech of mice*

Now mice are nice,
And chasing their vice
Are sure to excite
... Speculation.
And boxes are fine
In which to drink wine
As long as you lack
... Expectation.

*In this box we grow
And careful, don't shout!
Lest we waken the
Small flowers sleeping,
And herein we live
With the choice to weep,
Or whisper in sweet
Elation...*

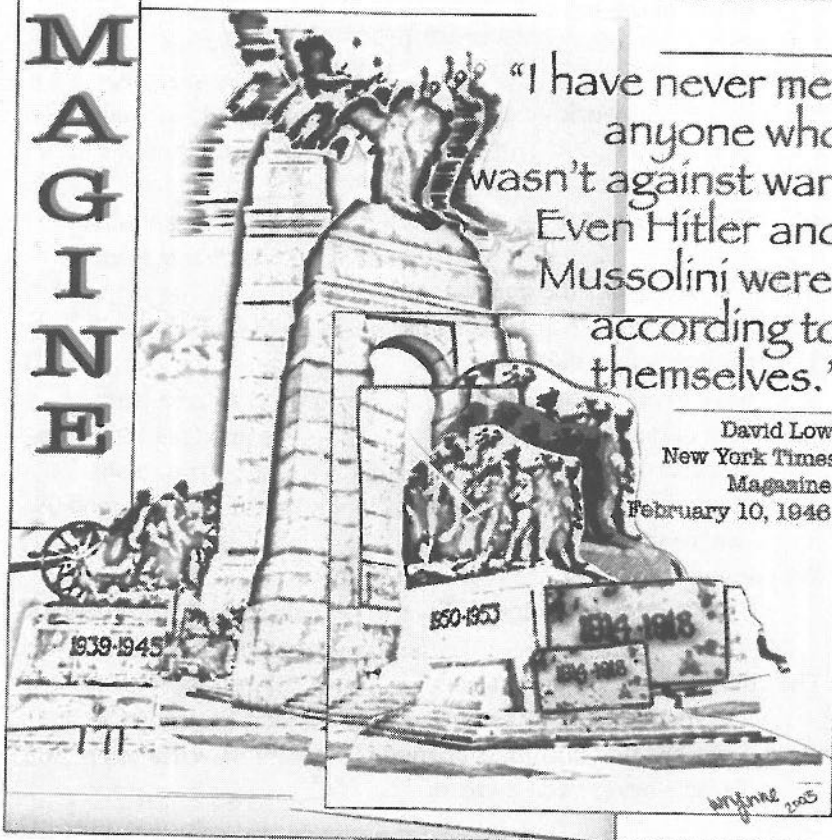
I
M
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THAT...

"I have never met
anyone who
wasn't against war.
Even Hitler and
Mussolini were,
according to
themselves."

David Low.
New York Times
Magazine.

February 10, 1946.



Imagine That...Erin Burns

The Last Debate
Blaine Pauling

Midnight struck, his hour was up
the elder had a speech
"My friends," he said, "We are alone
the limit has been reached
It seems a storm of
gods and men
has built our old world
new again
Our unseen children, theirs is the task
to find the virtue we once knew"

"What foolishness," the general said,
"we have never lost our souls
The problem is that those like you
have given up our goal:
To build a paradise
on earth
instead you fear
we've lost our worth
We know what's right, we know the truth,
This is no time to despair"

The counsellor stood up to speak,
a desperate calm he seemed
"Don't you see that nothing's changed?
There's never been a dream
No truth, no goals,
no worthiness
Only words to justify
what is
So all this change you fret about
matters not at all"

The artist only shook his head,
 "We are dying," he whispered in grief
"We have given up our will to live,
 no waves beneath our feet
Instead we grew to
 love firm stone,
gold roofs, no winds
 pleasures alone
The winds of change themselves give life.
 We only wish for sheltered death"

A citizen was in the room,
 he stepped forward in fear.
"My honours," he said, "What do you say?
 What is it that you mean?
Outside it is cold
 the darkness grows
people are frightened
 their spirits are low
We do not want philosophy or talk;
 Tell us what to do"

An enemy, draped in chains
 could hold his tongue no more
"So this is what despair is like
 to be lost, to give up the war
You make me want to
 weep or laugh
On your borders
 the envious mass
Poor fools! They know not what they seek;
 they think they look for gods"

Abram's Error
Darlene Morrison

Let me not be Abram

plan anticipation human ruin

take cue and destroy
with anxiety

my estimation is not equal to
Providential suggestion
and doubt is an unworthy
prophet

sacrificed at the altar of individual hubris
we find evidence of
divine and subtle genius

who can predict a miracle?

let time tell, and be still

Cycles

Aaron Kaiserman

White powder descends on black asphalt
and my mind turns back to the dreary existence
of white dust smeared across black shale.
A cloudy storm fogs up all my senses,
A drowsy stupor that trickles in quickly.
I am bored of being tired and tired of the board.
Soon fresh air will sweep away the whiteness.
External hot-air will replace the same indoors.
Whiteness will melt off the rocks
and old friends will be replaced with older ones,
only to be rebuilt once more -
when the reds and browns are plucked from their perch
and crushed under oppressive white blankets.

Architecture Vivante

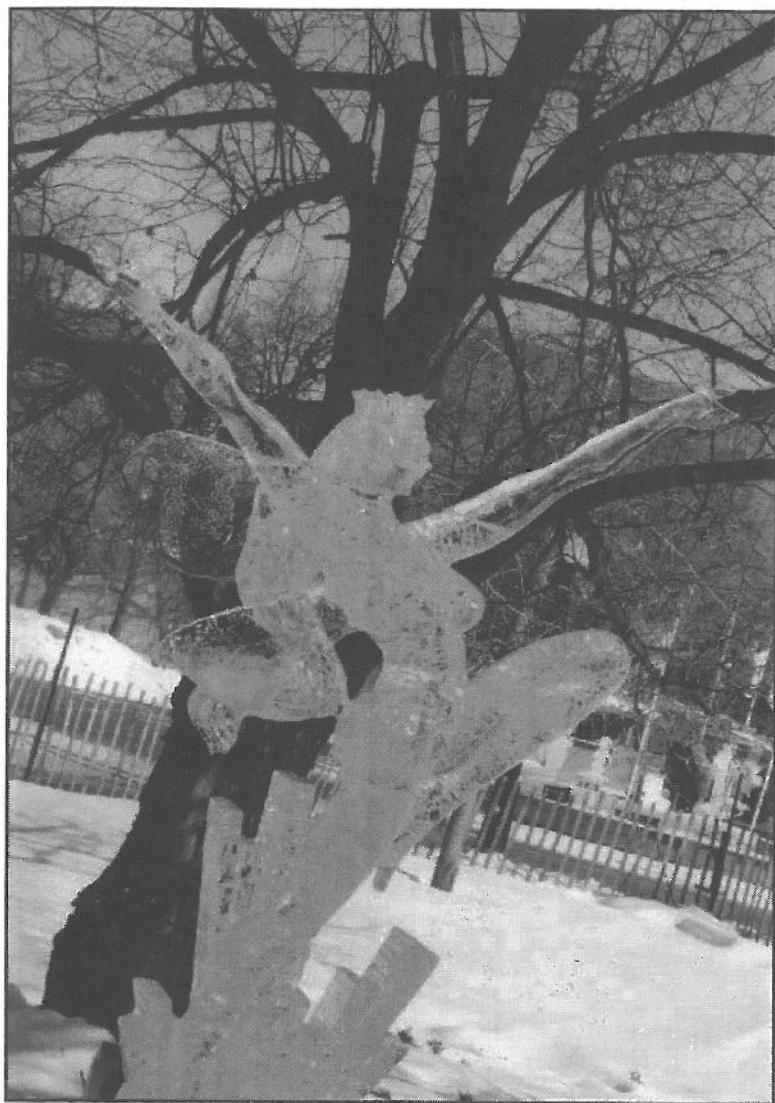
Christy Kilpatrick

Le vieux théâtre lâche, en abondance,
Des rêves qui trempent le silence d'une gloire;
Dans cette ambiance je peux apercevoir
Qu'il n'y a rien que je voudrais faire sauf la danse.

Quand j'étais petite j'ai vécu à la France.
La première danse que j'ai vu était à la foire.
Voyant cette danse m'a donné le vouloir
D'exprimer la joie d'une renaissance.

À danser, à danser - soit immortelle.
Entends la musique perpétuelle.
Les pieds suivent le coeur et la danse commence:

La beauté, la grâce, dans l'image céleste,
L'énergie, la passion dans moi ensemencent;
Le rythme des rêves dance cette instance reste.



Ice Angel, Farah-Philip Al-Hajj

Going Away
Kristina Leidums

Love made a break while I stepped out.
Where did the slithering, sneaky little beast get to?
If age is the thief then I'd rather stay buried under this rock,
a young worm forever waiting for
the right bear to lift the lid on my hideout.

You'd better believe that he'll always run back
if you clean up the northern hills of your heart,
opening the harsh, cruel, wondrous woodlands for adventure.

Put me on the first train north,
sing to me until all is trees blurring and swirling
in brilliant greens and browns.
Dance with me up and down the aisles
until the horrible open lakes fill our vision,
scaring us shitless by simply speaking our names.

I'll be the first to stand at attention,
paying homage to that wild, dense place in my heart.
I'll be the first to shout out that love is never farther than
the nearest general store,
the closest smoldering fire-pit,
the next river-snaking canoe-paddle.

Keep an eye on the black cloud above your head.
There is no mercy in nature
as there is no mercy for hearts wallowing
in the shaft of an abandoned love.



Like the Wind II, Farah-Philip Al-Hajj

Sonnet

Shaun Lalonde

You have a tender hand: pick me a rose
Deep down, sheltered by sin, the leering thorn
Waits, but waits too slowly take the rose;
And free it from the skin where it's been born.
The pale moon crawls upon the gathered land,
The earth threads through that needle's vacant eye;
You press it on the mirror of your hand;
Its petals, on your skin trade sigh for sigh.
Until the seasons mix, until desire
Hates itself; repulsed you make amends
With shapelessness and lain there on the pyre
The world burns, on your eyes, darkness descends.
 Beyond mean fetters, beyond every hue,
 Then wrapped in madness make the world anew.

Sunset

Aaron Kaiserman

Purple sky fades in an orange glow.
On hazel backdrop night slowly creeps in.
But darkness is still years away,
And in the meantime, the light show
Is spread on the back of a twilight ghost
Like a regal phoenix cutting the transient sky.
Eventually darkness descends, deadening the cry
Of the fiery bird's last defiant breath.
But even at night, there is the light of stars
To remind us of the hope of return -
That the downtrodden swooping flare
Of the phoenix will rise from the ashes
And once again bring dazzling light and reclaim the air.

Homer, the Bard

Jess Tabalba

Dear nurse, draw me some sweet wine in the handled jar, choicest of all you have in your keeping, next after what you are saving for the ill-fated man, the day when Zeus-sprung Odysseus might come home, escaping death and its spirits.

-Homer, *The Odyssey* II.349-352

I was born backward (birthed forward
means death forward)
and I have gone through the wheat-gold fields of Thessaly
each wheat bud a bard, a player of texture,
the grain I picked from hollow stalk
though I did not see, I handled,
and I knew it as gold.

I am mythos, and I am like grain,
ground, pressed and mangled,

Dear nurse, draw me some sweet wine in the handled

bread, to be blood, I am baked
and eaten, to be dreamt,
a dream of Telemachos dreaming
of a father walking in living reverie, 'cross crow-black isles
and water capped with living grey foam.
Lost in story. Gods' laughter.

I was born backwards (birthed on a beach)
and I became twelve thousand crumbs of sand,
dispersed across the waters. Pour me wine, drafter,
in the jar, choicest of all you have in your keeping, next after

what you are saving for the young guitar god,
the day when muse-sprung,
he strums my strings, beating a melody from the air,
and makes himself a dotted, distant alliance of stars,
just like him in light and reach.

I was born hung,
stretched from bridge to bridge
taught and tight and rapt in steel,
it's all fibrous lung,

what you are saving for the ill-fated man, the day when Zeus-sprung

he returns, and it is a return.

The end of soft pages, to the gristle of cover,
the quilt of a wooden bed, the mantle of black sky,
the warmth of coastal evening.

I am pages, I am the story.

Pour, and hear it.

I flow into eyes, into heart, mingled with blood,

I have drunk ambrosia, and I will not die.

Think of me and hope, dream, and fear it,

Odysseus might come home, escaping death and its spirits.



Last Man Standing, Cam McMaster

Contributors

Farab-Philip Al-Hajj is in his 1st year in Humanities as well as in Canada. This is something he believes: Ο κῦθε ὕνας βλῦπει την ζωρ απῦ τον δικῦ του φακῦ. Με την μουσικρ, την ζωγραφικρ, την σωφβα, τον Θεῦ... βρρται τους δικοῦς σας φακοῦς.

Linda Bolton is in 1st year. Since when is waking up a crime? Keep on plugging, plugging it in until there are no more outlets for my wild tongue, and I am tamed by my words.

Erin Burns has liked to draw pictures ever since she was very little. Wrynne likes to use her iBook (think different) to draw pictures on her computer.

Sarah-Beth Carlyon is in her 1st year at the College, and describes the past year as life-changing experience. She learned to open her mind to the world and began to see a beauty that she had never seen before.

Krista Caron is a 1st year student in the Humanites. She loves to write, and she loves to laugh. "To realize originality one has to have the courage to be an amateur." (Marianne Moore)

Aaron Clark is a 2nd year English major. He spends much of his time reading and being influenced by such poets as the Romantics, French Symbolists, and the Beat Generation. He's hoping to eventually publish his first book of poetry.

Rachel Crummey is a 1st year student by day and an undercover waffle chef by night. Her waffles are part of a worldwide conspiracy to cradicate pancakes from breakfast plates everywhere.

Jennifer Gavin, once a student member of the League of Canadian Poets, was published in *Zygote*, the *BackWater Review*, *Grafitto* and an *Above Ground Press Broadside*. She has been resting on her poetic laurels since high school and thanks Victoria and Jamie for giving her a swift kick in the rear!

Sandra Gazzard is a 5'9" brunette who writes enigmatic poetry and has an affection for Saturday morning cartoons. She also enjoys long walks on the beach, but prefers ninjas.

Nathan Hauch is a 1st year Humanities student. When not stressing out about papers, politics, or that weird "something" growing in his kitchen sink, he devises devious new plans to cheat Writer's Block one more time.

Fedor Ilitchev is currently in 1st year. He has many hobbies besides photography, though some have met with less success than others.

James Irwin rides an old blue bike. He's been at Carleton for 2 years and has peed on the snowbank for 2 weeks because Ottawa winter froze his water pipes.

Christy Kilpatrick is a 4th year student who wavers between feelings of exultation and dread at the thought of graduating. She plans to spend the upcoming year finding a rich student who has taken the Oath of Hippocrates, or any other plausible source of funding so she may remain concentrated on the metaphysical realm.

Dan Kirby is lucky because he has friends who are the kindest. They all have an admirable courage.

Kristina Leidums is in 1st year and has liked meeting all the interesting Humanities students. She has kept herself busy through the winter snowshoeing, swimming and playing basketball. She would like to write and live in a town up north someday.

Cam McMaster's monochrome apocalyptic visions of the future come straight from the near past and the current present. His work is inspired by the overwhelming beauty of molding tangerines in the summer, and the stark textured snowy dunes of the spring.

Darlene Morrison, having achieved a height of serenity previously thought unattainable, offers up these meager words on the altar of criticism. Should they fail to inspire, she begs to be remembered for her attempts at grammatical precision.

Dan Parker is in 2nd year. He follows his desires and then uses reason to justify his choices. He sings and drums. He likes making fun of anyone who actually has the courage to believe.

Blaine Pauling is a 3rd year student. After graduating with a history degree from St.FX, he travelled, worked, tried grad school and generally rambled around before finally discovering his home in the College of the Humanities.

Bonita Slunder, 2nd year, is the author of three novels, numerous magazine and newspaper articles, and a collection of poetry entitled *Strong But Sleeping Spirits*. She is an award-winning screenwriter and film producer and a former literary agent.

Bindu Suresh, 3rd year, always finds that her irrepressible wit and cleverness seem to fade by page 50.

Heather Sutherland is a little, dark and sarcastic 1st year who enjoys attempting to recreate her imagination on the page, whether it be in words or in art.

Jess Tabalba's inspirations include Mordecai Richler, David Bowie, sunshowers and strawberry wine. She is in 1st year.

Editorial Staff



Jamie Bradley is in his final year at the College. He is a kind and thoughtful soul who is solicited by his neurotic female classmates for far too much advice. He enjoys Anne Carson's poetry, Humphrey Bogart's movies, and Mike's Place's fine assortment of beers.



Aaron S. Kaiserman is a 1st year Humanities student. He is known for his strong opinions. In his spare time he likes to play the bass guitar and drums (at the same time!?). His poetry has been published in the International Institute of Poetry's *The Consuming Flame*.



Shaun Lalonde is in his 2nd year at the College and is specializing in English literature. He is known among his fellow North editors as a passionate defender of rhymes.



The powers that be have declared *Victoria Pearson* fit to leave the College of the Humanities this spring. She plans to attend grad school. Her post-university plans rest on the assumption that the CBC will eventually need a news anchor with more hair than Peter Mansbridge.



José Rodriguez is a 3rd year Humanities student. That much is certain...beyond that...well, we all work to figure out what we are, especially by how we display ourselves. Again, thanks for the cleanup - broken lamps and all.





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