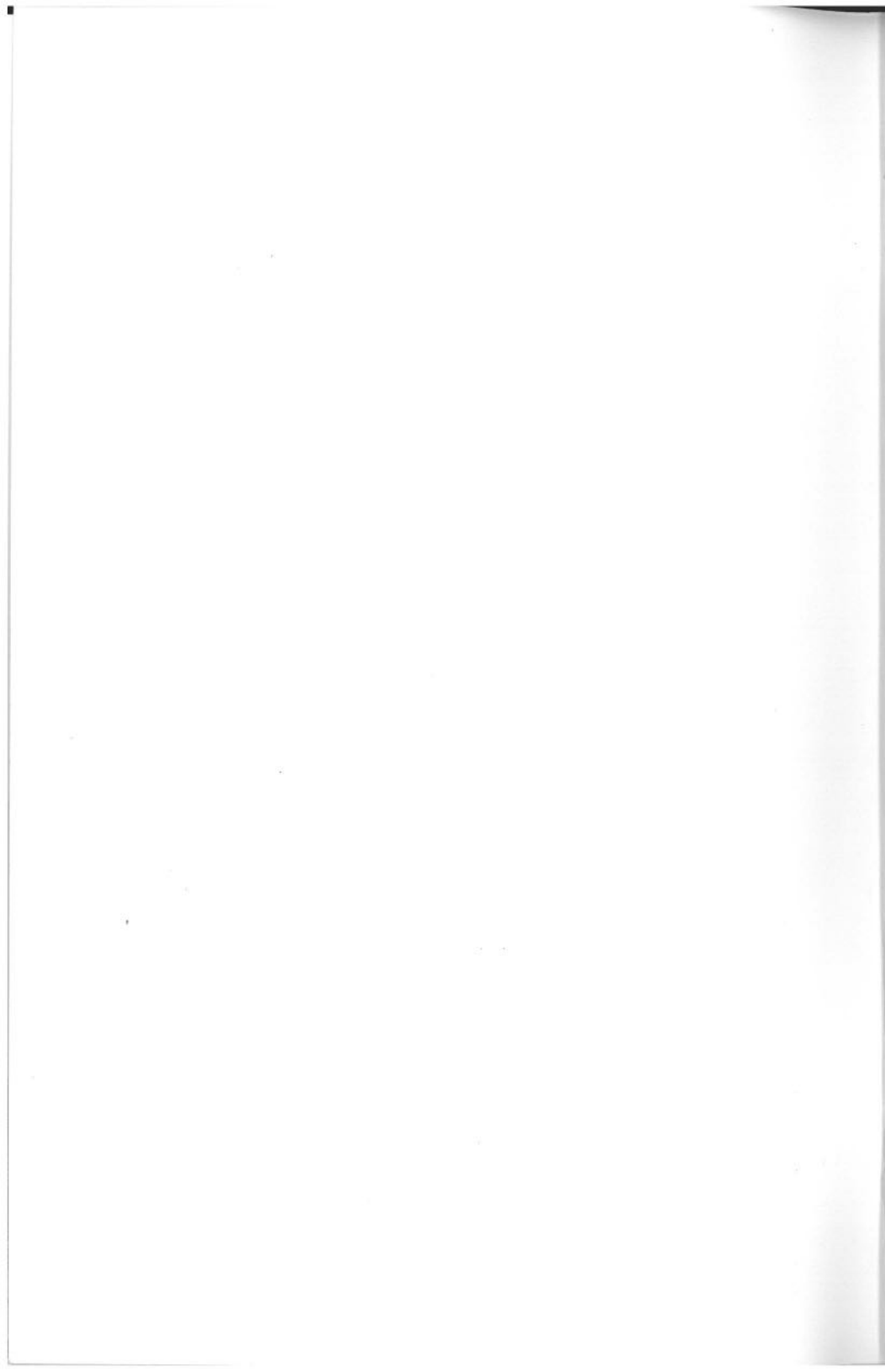


# NORTH:



## METAMORPHOSIS

WINTER/SPRING 2004



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# NORTH: METAMORPHOSIS

The official literary journal of  
The College of the Humanities,  
Carleton University

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Sandra Gazzard

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From the Editors:

Well it has finally happened. *North* is again off the presses, and we would like to welcome you to the 2004 edition. We have once again received excellent support from all years, and we especially thank all those who submitted their works. This publication only lives if interest does, and it looks like it's on a fine road to longevity.

Change is the theme of this year and we would like to take a few moments to talk about how it came about. A dear and wonderful woman, Julee Moroz, had been thinking of recent rites of passage she had been watching all around. Sandra, with her usual flair for the aesthetically pleasant, came up with the title, *Metamorphosis*, and this year's theme was born.

In our program, each year has its own series of changes. In first year, the movement from skepticism to belief, fear to wisdom, and nothingness to substance, is experienced through the material and in the students themselves. We then encounter reason's ascent to knowledge of the divine - to a revelation that makes the largest book in the course seem nothing but straw to its author. In third year, we study a man who decided to solve all the mysteries of the cosmos in nine-hundred points or less, and started the change that would lead to a radical idea: absolute freedom. In the final year, we sort of run with it, while trying to decide how we could change ourselves to fit with the world we live in. And with that end, a new start - a change into something else.

Politically, it is evident that we are living in a time of turmoil and change, and we are glad that the artists and poets of the college had a chance to record their impressions of it.

Once again, we invite you to turn the page and see what is going on up *North*.

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LEAVES  
*Krista Caron*

---

## A ROAR OF TRUTH

*Paul Knight*

The scholar is a contributor.  
He learns of life  
Weaving words with careful fingers  
Like cracks of ice they spread.

And spread they do.  
And catch.  
Ideas in soul soup  
It's a wonder how wonders are worked.

But I've felt the truth melt away.  
Felt the mob turn astray  
Racing to delusions that keep the many down.

True scholars wage a war against idiocy.  
True men of learning see through the trickeries  
And consider what their newest invention  
might be worth in misery.

The learned will always burn a way.  
Fires

Minds like flickering flames

A chorus:

A roar of truth among us.



---

THE AUDITORIUM

*José Rodriguez*

A lecture hall, a room of the painted mandala,  
Roman frescoes, and cherrywood.

This evening it's Wagner and the secrets of the atom.  
It was only yesterday that I met Plato,  
Smiling through the gadfly,  
And Petrarch, crying through himself.

First I watched the spirit pass over the waters,  
And later saw the good doctor give life to death.

And tomorrow...  
Tomorrow I will meet new friends,  
Some in person,  
Others in memory.

The day before yesterday,  
I was asked if ideas could become friends.  
Today I met them.

As night falls I will take these friends with me.  
And with the next sunrise, I hope  
In a similar room,  
I will meet new ones

And introduce them  
To you.

---

SPARK

*Catherine Holloway*

I caught his eye  
in the hallway  
that bright-faced  
blond-haired  
boy,

his dreadlocks fresh  
and the matte beads  
around his neck.

It was some shock to him;  
he did not look away  
but lingered for a moment  
or two.

I held his eye,  
no demure flutter of lashes  
but raised my chin --  
until the crowd  
filled in the space  
that our eyes had carved.

---

TO A PIECE OF PAPER

*Krista Caron*

Here is the horizon of imagination,  
the place where thought and creativity converge.

Here is an ocean of possibilities,  
where the ebb and flow of hope and freedom  
create the rhythm of Creation.

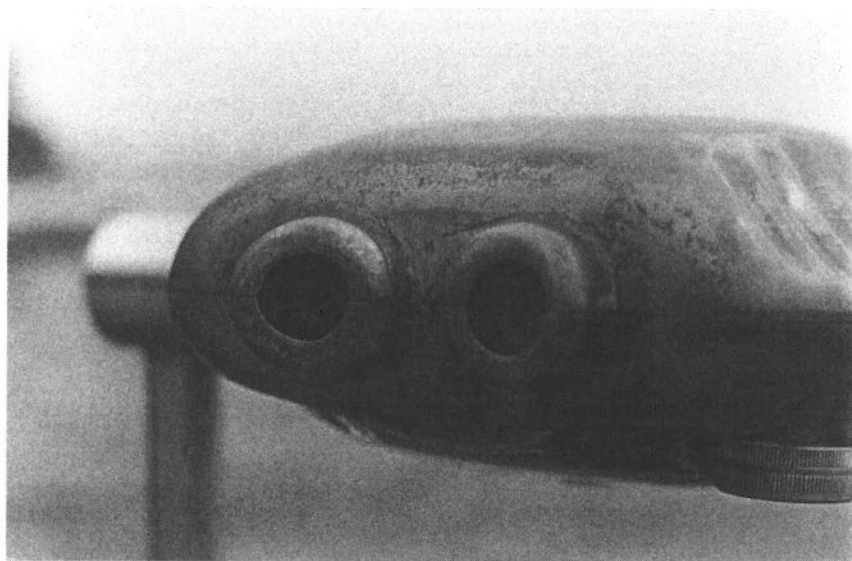
Here is the chalice of wine.

Here is the beating heart.

Here is the dew drop,  
iridescent, cascading down the well of thought  
where something unknown wants to live.

---

GOOGLE GOGGLES  
*Cam McMaster*



---

IN DEFENSE OF NON-PHYSICAL DEATH

*Ciara Wolff*

Without hospitals  
or other intermediaries between  
the known and unknown  
death occurs.

On the immediate level of the everyday  
death may be passing in one's veins  
bullying,  
choking

life right out of the them.

Death occurs here  
as here, lives moving in their possible ascent  
from plane  
unto plane  
while within  
the body racing bruised

death lives  
while dying loots  
light from under the eye  
as it does, also, in its physical variation.

---

## FIVE SANDALS

*Matthew Scribner*

Ours will be a story that is often read,  
How we came to meet in the House of Bread.  
A demon you are not, as I initially thought,  
But temptress you are, and your wares I have bought.  
The judges ruled and you had me fooled,  
Yet my verdict remains justly cajoled.  
I'll change my life; I'll learn your language,  
I'd get tricked again if it will save you anguish.  
Only the Lord knows what the future brings,  
But I think you'll be mother to great kings.  
So I'll get myself a sandal and you a home,  
If you doubted that I love you, let it now be known.

---

## THE LEARNER'S PARADOX

*Ashley Sicard*

I am put here to be filled,  
To know, to understand and to do.  
I am to have ideas.  
I am to hear other ideas.  
I am to think,  
    to wonder about what I'm taught,  
    to teach myself  
    and to make some thing new.  
I am to start empty  
    and go through life gathering,  
    picking up this and that,  
    emotions, experience, thoughts.  
I am to absorb, but I am to choose,  
    to choose what to believe  
    and what to simply know.  
I am to gain,  
I am to lose,  
I am to speak, to be heard, and to listen.  
I am to be an empty sack  
    that gradually fills,  
    empties and fills.  
And at the end,  
I am to know who I am.  
  
But I have no idea.

---

UNTITLED

*Gideon Weisman*

I

smoke rises from hand  
outstretched along the arm  
running slowly up the limb  
towards the mind which  
starts to leave and drift  
beyond the images that  
flicker.

languishing down the other  
arm the hand that crowns the end  
tapping nervously  
immersed in anticipation of  
the extinguishing flame.  
to lie to them about the time,  
promises of friendship long will rise, linger, and drift away.

II

the man beside, stumbling  
with Felicity, Patience embodied standing  
Bye.

sorry, says the sitting man,  
for you were right and clear  
in thought of this and now i stand,  
am last before you.  
but now i go and soon am gone,  
up with smoke and  
down with me.



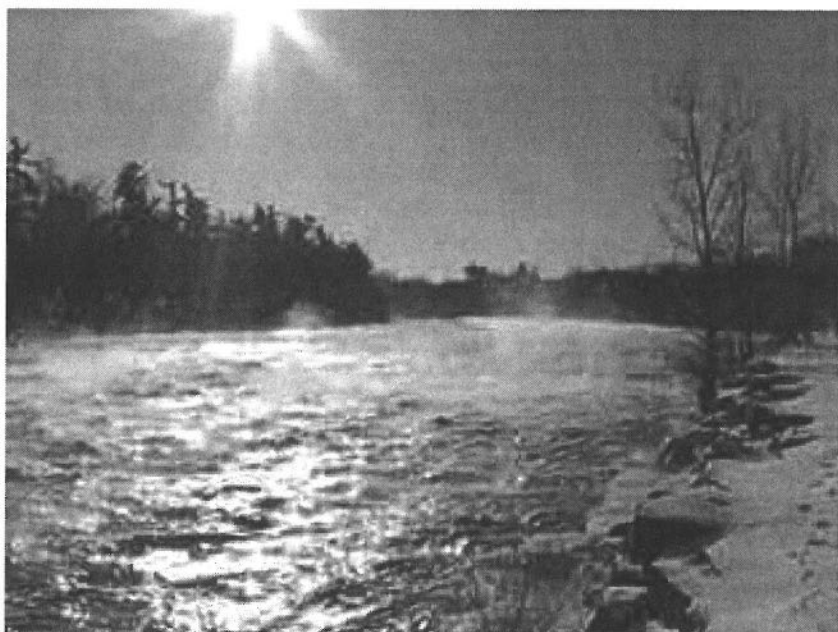
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III

time, said the standing man,  
has been to swift with these  
good men,  
now though you may think  
me too afraid, i will stay,  
stand my ground  
with you here.  
you sit upon the same  
chair which was overused  
by comrades of mine.  
know not undervalued  
was the time.  
recline, feel the pleasure  
and not the pain.  
'Good Day Sir.'  
from seated mouth  
the words worked down the arm  
to the hand that brought  
the end.  
smoke stops rising  
flame extinguished  
stops.

---

NOT THE SAME RIVER  
*Evan Annett*



---

DURING A CHRIST TO CONSTANTINE LECTURE

*Andie Pilot*

Once there was a handsome man,  
They say his name was Saul,  
He lived in the city of Antioch  
And worked in a fruit vendor's stall  
After the time of Jesus Christ,  
But before the Roman Fall.

Now all the ladies in the town,  
Gentile, Christian or Jew,  
Had their eye upon this man  
But he didn't have a clue.  
All these women, with perfume and jewels  
Just didn't know what to do.

The women threw themselves at him  
But he'd just nod and smile  
And of course these lovely women  
Got bored after awhile.  
Except for the woman Liora  
With eyes as deep as the Nile.

She dabbed her wrists with scented oil  
And tied up all her hair  
Went down to the market and,  
Saw her beloved there,  
Tried everything to turn his head  
But nothing made him care.

So she did what any girl would do  
And went to see her Dad  
A shrewd and rich tax collector,  
Often called a cad  
She told him Saul had broke her heart  
Which made him very mad.

Liora's father took some coin  
And called on the stall of fruit  
He reasoned with Saul and his boss

---

And gave them all his loot  
A new son-in-law he got  
Plus a pound of figs to boot

So Liora made a bridal scene  
Weaving on her loom  
And when her handsome man arrived,  
She took him to her room  
But very soon a glitch was found  
In the \*ahem\* manliness of her groom

So a rabbi made a visit  
to Liora's house that night,  
Saul, he gave a yelp and  
cursed his greed with all his might,  
He bled and cried upon his bed  
Until the dawn broke light.

A week and they were married  
Liora pleased with her mate,  
Saul was red and brooding  
Lamenting his poor fate,  
He looked upon his wife and home  
With a belly full of hate.

Very soon a year went by,  
Passed with little joy,  
Liora, hard to satisfy  
Was tired of her toy.  
So off she went to look around,  
And find a fresh new boy.

And our dear Saul was left alone  
At home to bitch and brood.  
He became bitter and withdrawn,  
Spiteful, mean and rude.  
Not figs or silk or gold or wine,  
Could help to change his mood.

---

---

Until one day down in  
The wild bazaar he met a man,  
So long his hair, so thin was he  
That he could barely stand,  
And he told dear Saul of his fasting  
Out in the desert sand.

The man had given up his life  
For the saint Emmanuel  
And he would fast and search the land  
For people he could tell  
To give their lives in ascetic prayer,  
Or else go straight to hell.

Now Saul knew if he left Liora  
Then he would be killed,  
Unless it was the call of faith  
From out which he was willed,  
So that the gaping hole inside of him  
Was finally filled.

So he then decided,  
To give up his whole life,  
And then went home to leave a note  
For his fickle wife,  
And set out for the desert,  
So he could pray and end his strife.

Now Liora had been out  
Playing with somebody new  
And happily she came home,  
After she was through.  
She read the letter with a laugh  
For she knew it must be true  
He had written 'Sorry dear,  
but I'm a *Christian Jew*.'

---

IN SHE HE SEES

*Julee Moroz*

In she he sees  
the maturation of one  
who's fallen.  
His eyes reveal  
anticipation  
of a soul twice-mistaken;  
Forsaken.

Naïveté lost to adulthood.  
He smells ripened flesh.  
Less sinful to be tasted,  
Desire hopes to be abated.

In him she sees  
the barren truth  
of innocence lost.  
In his knowing eyes  
lies  
the look of life:

Diseased.  
Twice-tasted;  
Believed.

---

ARCADIA

*Sandra Gazzard*

I remember you

once, on that bench in the sun.

We laughed

and I saw our reflection

in the light of your eyes.

You were blue and I was black -

we were only colours that day -

And then I knew you could not quite understand

what we were doing there.

---

## MAN'S CREATION

*Chris Reid*

Amazing -  
This day and age,  
All I have to do is sit.  
I can do almost anything sitting down:  
I can send letters  
To the other side of the world instantaneously,  
Watch million-dollar people  
Take over the world,  
I can listen to music  
Not made by instruments.  
And all this from home!

Never was there a better time to live.  
If I was dying of some fatal injury,  
It is possible that doctors could save me;  
If for some reason my heart wasn't working  
(A reason other than it being broken)  
They could replace it;  
I decide I don't like my looks  
A little snippety-snip here, some plastic there,  
And voilà, I'm someone else.  
Masterful things have we done!

Incredibly advanced are we now:  
Man has trod on the moon,  
Made a living sheep from nothing,  
Discovered nuclear power.  
Discovered nuclear bombs.  
We ended millions of lives;  
Ruined more.  
Made our driving force in life  
The desire for more.

The technology that we have created  
Could help millions  
But we forgot to develop one thing:  
Each Other.



---

All that we have created and developed  
Leads us to one end:  
Independence?



ATREUS  
*Krista Caron*

---

## THE MORE THINGS CHANGE...

*Evan Annett*

Leviathan City (Imperial NewNet) -

Violence erupted in the nation's capital yesterday, as the Sovereign Militia fought with hundreds of rioters protesting the 50th anniversary of the end of the State of Nature.

Absolute Sovereign Ragnar III harshly denounced the protests, saying such violence is inexcusable, especially on a day when Leviathans are meant to celebrate the order and progress of the post-Social Contract era.

"These fools have said in their hearts, 'there is no justice,'" His Excellency said in a written statement. "I say to them that, since the Social Contract was signed 50 years ago, there has always been justice - the sovereign's justice. They have desecrated the memory of that glorious event, and those that survived yesterday's outrage will be punished accordingly."

The protest started at 7:15 p.m. on Imperial Avenue, when close to 300 protesters began chanting anti-Ragnar slogans and throwing rocks at the windows of government buildings. At 7:48 p.m., Militia officers formed a blockade at the intersection of Imperial and Main Street, but protesters did not stop marching - provoking the Militia to open fire.

Of the 300 protesters, 45 were killed in the initial battle with the Militia, and 153 were arrested and charged with sedition. The Militia is asking all citizens for information that might help in apprehending the estimated 100 protesters who escaped.

"These people can run, but they cannot hide," says Capt. Michael Rasso, chief of police for the Leviathan City district. "No one can expect to insult the Sovereign's laws and get away with it."

---

The protesters who were arrested are now awaiting execution at the Leviathan City Penitentiary. Spokesmen for the protesters are circulating a public petition to ask Absolute Sovereign Ragnar to pardon them.

Capt. Rasso, for his part, scoffed at the petition. "Those protesters," he says. "Always thinking of themselves, aren't they?"

Only blocks away from the protest, thousands had gathered for a big Social Contract Day party in Sovereign Square, organized by the Association of Veterans of the War of All Against All. Spectators and veterans alike said that they were angered by the protesters' actions.

"The whole point of the Social Contract was to put an end to war, so this country wouldn't be a neverending battlefield anymore," says Linnea Koga, 76. "When I saw those fools fighting with the police, it was like the State of Nature had started all over again. It made me think, you know? What has really changed?"

---

IMAGINED ABYSS

*Catherine Holloway*

It was the end of the world.  
Everyone was scurrying and hurrying  
about.

There was no fire, no brimstone.  
Just that perpetual hurry that had  
Inhabited our lives for so long.

We were frantic  
To get together  
To leave a trace  
To distract ourselves from that  
imagined abyss.

It was a bright, clear day.  
The grass was green, the sky, blue.  
The old people went about their leisure  
unconcerned  
while we were scrambling  
Back to our homes  
To await death.

---

FOR LINDA

*Julee Moroz*

It soars,  
Free, yet precise -  
a bird in a Breugel landscape.

It carries her name,  
a whisper of grace,  
Quiet  
as the life that's gone,  
slipped away  
after a second of violence.

It circles wordlessly,  
her spirit,  
Free, yet precise,  
her memory etched  
in brilliance  
on sunlit blue.

She;  
a soaring raven,  
silent in the sky,  
seared on my heart.



UNA LAGUNA EN LA MANANA  
*Schuyler Playford*

---

SUNFLOWER BUD

*Krista Caron*



---

## I'M NOT A SCIENTOLOGIST

*Dan Parker*

In the university tunnels I was addressing the student body about a leftist media convention: "MediaMorphosis: learn how to change mass media for the public good!" Hundreds of students wearing different fashions ignored me and my OPIRG t-shirt. A chemistry student named Arun stopped to listen to my sales pitch, and then he asked me why people would get involved in this movement when it would do nothing to benefit themselves directly. He views life as a survival game. 'Idealistic activities' are too time-consuming and stand in the way of getting straight A's. He needs to make money and provide for his family, so he plans to make profitable mental-health drugs. What's funny is that he thinks that anti-depression drugs replace the void of faith (he's Roman Catholic.) I thought he was an interesting specimen, but his condescending smile repelled me from wanting to get to know him.

The next day I saw him by Chance in the library sitting at a desk. As if we had never stopped the conversation, he pointed his finger at me and said: "It's unnatural to devote your life to changing the media or fighting against oppression. What's that going to give you? Everything in life needs to be a win-win situation, for you and your loved ones. Focus your energies on attaining the best livelihood. Don't be a fool fighting for some pointless movement." Disgusted by this hunger for prosperity, I glanced through his chemistry book to avoid his argumentative stare. Sadly, I almost agreed with this capital-driven Christian.

In the moment, I always follow emotionally-charged reasoning without criticism. I become amazed at the amount of effort it takes any human being to be loyal to one opinion. I sympathize with them, and so I try on the ideological garments that they offer me. I always appreciate their tradition of fine craftsmanship, but rarely enough to buy it. I don't believe in anything; but what brought about this whole conversation was my decision to sport some leftist apparel in the university tunnels. This pragmatic Papist is addressing me as if I were loyal to my fashion. I'm not a real leftist. If we had met later on in my life, I may have been dressed up in an anti-abortion suit while I passed out flyers with dead-baby rhetoric. I'm an ideological slut.

In a trance of self-scrutiny, I gave back Arun's clothes and returned to my desk. I was studying Scientology, the sci-fi pyramid



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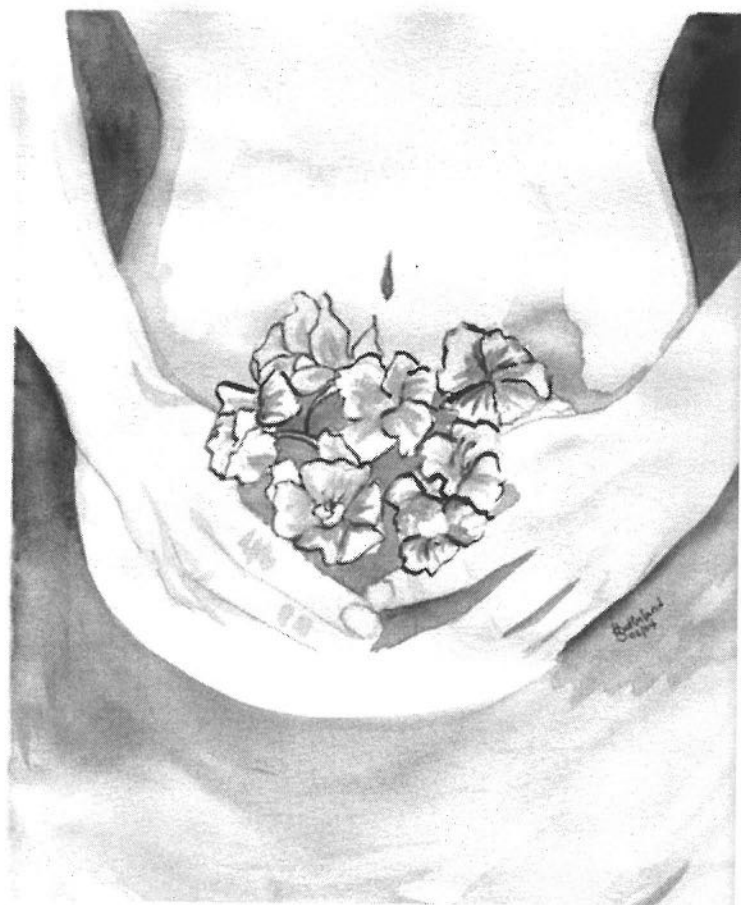
scheme where you pay for expensive courses to gain new titles of enlightenment. Ugly and powerful promise-based institutions intrigue me.

Five minutes later, Arun comes by my desk with a horrified expression on his face. "You! You're the one who is reading this poison?" He was referring to the Scientology book I had on my desk, *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health*. "I was going to sit near this desk, until I saw that filth. I didn't want to sit near a Scientologist. I was afraid you'd hit me in the back of my head with your desk," (he demonstrates by lifting my desk and hitting his hypothetical head.) "What's wrong with you? Haven't you read about this cult? Don't you know about the woman who they fed to cockroaches? Do you believe that you are truly an alien? Why are you doing this? You're an intelligent person. There's free counseling at Carleton. You should seek help."

I proceeded to tell him a mish-mash of stories about Scientologists' successes, pretending that I was a Scientologist. "I joined a year ago. Ever since then my IQ went up, I got straight A's, I gained new friends..." He freaked. He put on heavy layers of Catholic clothing to protect himself. "Jesus is God, Mary is the mother of God... all other religions are founded by infidels". He then tried to sell me some argument-garments, but his sales pitch began to sound desperate... even threatening.

In response, an authentic human feeling swept over me! We stared into each other's eyes for a lifetime while I tried to express it wordlessly: "We're all one, stop this nonsense. I'm not a Scientologist, and you're not a Christian. Take off your clothes. We're both human beings." Suddenly Arun threw himself back a few steps in a defensive stance. He thought that I was performing Scientologist witchcraft: "You Scientologists believe that you can kill people with your minds! Don't mess with me! Don't sell me your leftist cult poison."

At that point I feared for my safety. After asking him what he wanted from me, he demanded that I throw the book in the garbage. "I won't be doing that," I said, "please return to being a cash-making Catholic back at your desk." He walked away blessing me and praying that I will see the light. I looked at the Scientology hat that I wore and laughed at how it clashed with my leftist t-shirt and my anti-abortion shoes. I couldn't help but laugh at my terrible sense of fashion and faith.



TRANSFORMATION  
*Heather Sutherland*

---

## ODE TO ZARATHUSTRA

*Justin Hunter-Bechard*

Awaken eyes!

See clearly the path which lies before you.

March boldly beyond the frozen winds of good and evil,

Stare fearlessly into the piercing gaze of truth.

Let her be stern with you, tremble before her awesome voice.

Heed not the cry of her cruel serpent;

Welcome knowledge, entice its bite.

Allow the intoxication to seep deep into your bones.

Watch as powerful coils encircle deadened flesh,

Venom dissolves skin; ornate scales obscure perception.

Awaken mind!

Free yourself from the serpent's clutch,

Destroy it with the wisdom it has nurtured.

Stand naked, as only the free can in the presence of truth.

Love her with the respect that belongs to hatred,

Enfold her warmly in the unity of your embrace.

Climb with her upon the mountains of reality.

Sing to her the glorious songs of life.

Listen as she whispers her most sacred word.

Awaken self!

Never again shall my eyes tire.

Blessed laughter resonates through me, and puts my feet to motion.

Joyously I shall dance to truth's sublime melody,

until her voice is a dim echo in my mind.

Reaching the mountain's solitary summit I shall stop,

stand upon my toes, and reach beyond the sky.

Here I shall sing the song of myself;

here I shall mock all before me.

Here at the boundaries of man I will exalt in the glorious word:

Further

---

LAYLA'S THRASHING

*Beesan Sarrouh*

I whisper but it comes out like a choking cough,  
"I can't help you with this," I say. But he waits expectantly for me  
to pull miracles from my hands.

Hands so pale and shaking, his voice weeds out all his discretion,  
his reason,

"I need to talk and think." He says.

But he revolves his mind around memories that have long been  
put away, in soft and imaginary places, where people still laugh at  
things, that should never have been.

He stamps his feet with his voice that says,

"Why did you leave me?" In a pleading sound, a hollow noise,  
that wakes me up in the night, resounding in my ears, drying on my  
lips.

But my voice is hush as I describe memories that dissolve with  
time, and niceties that crust and curdle.

But he pulls out his maps and he traces our route.

"You ruined everything." He says. "Now I hate you."

So do I. I don't say.

So I pull seashells from my worn out pockets and I place them in  
his unopened hand. And he tosses them back. This doesn't change  
anything.

I can't tell him that my two step pattern has turned into something  
sensual. That my comfort has become a seething, brooding  
boredom, that eating me alive, I can't tell.

So I give him something of me that I shouldn't. So he won't  
crumple in corners and call me sobbing in the night. And now he is  
attached,

And I regret that day that we met. But not really,

Lost in transition, in escaping and regret,  
I sing to him Norwegian Wood. (From that time, at that place)

---

"I don't like that song," he says, his voice rising.  
"The name's dumb."

I tell him that it's also called,

This bird has flown.

As he stares at his feet.

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MY LOVE IN PHILOSOPHY

*Linda Bolton*

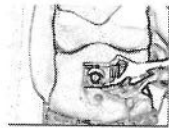
Tell me  
your cause so that  
I can know you  
Just like I'm trying to remember justice

NEVERMIND

Give me your principles so that  
I can explain how you went  
from  
loving me  
to  
not loving me  
all the while remaining yourself

METAMORPHOSIS

*Linda Bolton*



---

THE RUSTLE OF A SONG

*Shaun Lalonde*

The day shies and blushes black a little more  
For we, the wind and wings of an hour's rest,  
We brood on dreams which are a sleeplessness,  
Which is a joy of sleeplessness, for avoidance  
Or flight, or what is called the heart's pretension,  
In its reddening glory, burning on or out,  
Avoids the postured day: a man at ease,  
A sea long painted and now dry.

So lovers wish to sustain their friction  
Which is the brush fleeing the board, which is  
Paint dripping away from its place,  
Sustain above the miracle of knowledge,  
Above the safety of all done and given,  
To embrace all other drowning limbs  
And in doing so, to steal sustenance  
Awhile before their shivers warm.

---

ON CHANGE

*Jeremy Fradkin*

It's weird  
You tell me that I've changed  
And I say "no, it just seems that way"  
And you say "no, you really have"  
And then I have to consider it  
And I say "ok, maybe I have  
But I like this change  
And that's the way it is"  
Maybe I'll even tell you to follow  
"Change will do you good," I say  
And you don't, and I just smile

But then one day you do change  
Or maybe it just seems that way  
And feelings that I thought were gone  
Come back up to the surface  
And I feel sad that you're different  
Or maybe you're still the same  
But it feels different  
I guess I always figured you to be unchangeable  
I figured you would never change a thing  
Even if I asked you to change for me  
It's not the sort of thing that you do

I shouldn't have a double standard for you and me  
If I can change, then so can you  
But deep down, I always hoped you'd stay the same  
Because then that little part of me would never die  
You would remind me of what I have been  
But I can't expect you to do that

Those days are long past  
So I guess I should accept it  
Punch you lightly on the shoulder and say  
"You'll make it, kiddo"  
Or something of that sort  
Because I know that you will  
And I'll just have to realize that



---

I can't help you figure things out anymore

So change if you must

Just take care of yourself while you do



UNTITLED  
*Liz Chiang*

---

BEYOND THE PEN

*Pete Anderson*

A journal into the mind  
Lays open and incomplete  
Gathering dust on the frozen floor.  
Passages unread  
And chapters unillustrated by song.  
It is so alone  
Opened and untouched  
Attractive and repulsive.

Piercing eyes  
Look at the silver,  
Watching beyond and always within.  
Her hand moves and plays a game  
Called death,  
Progressing forever to sin.  
Sampling the air,  
Touching upon new sights,  
A sacristy now long gone  
Her breath is held in silence  
And the forgotten pages are read.

"Here we stand  
Without a thought  
Thinking forever  
About nothing.

"Obscured by the sun  
And forgotten by the moon  
Our blind wanderings  
Set us forth.

"Deep into passion  
Unbound by our mind,  
And free to endure  
Its wretched pitfalls.

"In the thralls of  
Our depressions

---

We are found in wilderness  
Alone in the arms of the trees."

She checks her breath and her heart,  
On the pages below  
A pair of eyes peer upon her soul.  
A blink of her teary eyes  
And the spell is again cast on her.  
Now, from above the dusty book  
She draws its spirit into her own.  
Words long written are read,  
Forcing her mind beyond itself  
And passing into darkness,  
Into the absence of her patron, the moon.

"Lost in trails of lines,  
Straight and unwavering,  
Corrupting tears streak  
Unthought-of on our face.

"Streams here converge  
Unaware of the plight  
Of our souls  
And our heels.

"Never do we think  
Much of them  
Though they push us along,  
Allow us to walk.

"Nothing written here  
Is really written,  
In silence it kills,  
For words are but lies.

"Down into darkness  
Alone, without the moon,  
We tread, you and I,

---

---

Abandoning logic for reason.

"The writer is the guide  
But the reader is free  
To wander alone;  
Yet remember always I am near."

New images develop  
Alongside the cryptic words  
Of her thoughts  
Wandering alone with this guide.  
Here tears offer true freedom.  
She hears his voice  
Yet without image he haunts her.  
His words lure her  
They take her offered hand.  
Now with him she steps forth  
Into the lands painted by his blind pen.

"Silent explosions  
Guide the way forward,  
Deeper into our mind.

"Shared it is between us,  
In my words lay traps  
Of a lucid bond.

"Above is my canopy  
In its dark rich shades  
Of all life's colours

"Stars and leaves  
Lure our sight,  
And are mingled in smiles.

"Their hearty laughs  
Promise to last forever  
Dwelling apart from me.

---

"No colour, nor sight,  
Remains objective for long,  
They blur along with our eyes.

"Dreams mix with reality,  
Screaming with such beauty,  
A violating silence.

"Fear nothing that can be seen,  
And watch for that which you cannot:  
They bleed diamonds dry

"Crossing over, forward still,  
Our feet feel no time  
As they refuse to touch the ground."

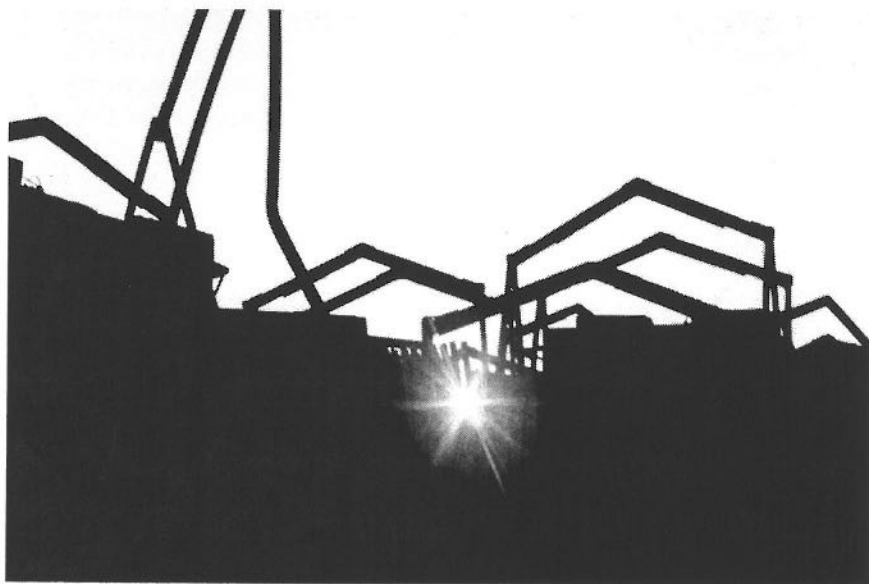
Nothing is felt  
As her eyes cease to scan the page.  
Icicles hang silently,  
Making her limbs into branches.

---

A LAST BREATH OF SUMMER

*Blaine Pauling*

A last breath of summer  
has touched my heart  
with a fear and a hope  
so long absent  
I had almost forgotten;  
Can it be?  
Again, the world is proved new.



SUN THROUGH PLAYGROUND

*Cam McMaster*

---

BROADWAY STAGE

*Tuesday De Jong*

what if i string words together,  
tie them east to west  
across your sky?  
would you read them?

through all the long mad seasons  
bleed them on your walls;  
maybe then  
you couldn't help but heed them.

or maybe better to frost them  
white and pirouetted,  
late at night  
on broadway stage.

you ache for light -  
you want the grit seed  
of san francisco streets.  
here's neon  
scrawled across your sky:  
my signature of taurus.

but oh the way the light falls so,  
and on your knees  
and ready and in love.

stay by me, inside me;  
give me flesh and blood  
to sculpt a tragedy.

feed me shocking things  
to give my diary -  
never tired for work and love  
always always isn't enough.

---

PHILOSOPHY IN PRACTICE

*Aaron S. Kaiserman*

He shambles through the streets.  
The wind bites deep, stinging.  
As the weeds blow in the breeze  
Mighty trees feel a stronger gale.

Drops fall in a pleasant spray,  
Or crash down in fierce storms.  
The rain makes others run  
In frantic search of refuge.

A shadowed figure  
Plods through the storm;  
Wind freezing his face  
As rain stings his eyes.

Oblivious to the feel and sight and smell  
He treads on, caught up in thought  
Of higher places, without discomfort,  
though he stands in the darkened night.

Not even the light of soothing moon-glow,  
Now covered by heavy clouds.  
So beautiful was day's bright light  
But now is grayed and vile.

And still the wanderer continues,  
Stepping through the dreary roads,  
Through field and wood  
Never noting the darkening changes.

Because he is up there  
Above the polluted clouds.

Still, the gloomy reality pricks him,  
Makes him see what is surely real.  
And against this, he is not wholly sealed  
But lives glumly, forced inside it.



---

He would rather have the gentle breeze  
And the soothing hum of the rain,  
Taking comfort in nature  
And living in serenity.

At times there is no difference;  
Violent and calm forces are one  
No distinctions, no matter to him,  
And he stumbles on, oblivious to all.

He sees the weather, but does not feel.  
Neither pleasure nor pain  
Of the piercing elements.  
Against them all, he is numbed.

He is back to his thought,  
Contemplation that his time has bought.  
He thinks of the above  
And knows his possessions are not.

He truly lives in that highplace  
Above the drear and gloom.  
To be there without a trace  
Of his time in his mortal tomb.

If he thinks himself away,  
Content in the beauty of mind,  
He is far from here.  
He thinks, and is there.

---

## RENOVATIONS

*Matt Hopkins*

All at once  
the shape of my world changed.  
The doors blown out,  
and the ceiling ripped off,  
to display a horizon of  
wondrous splendor.

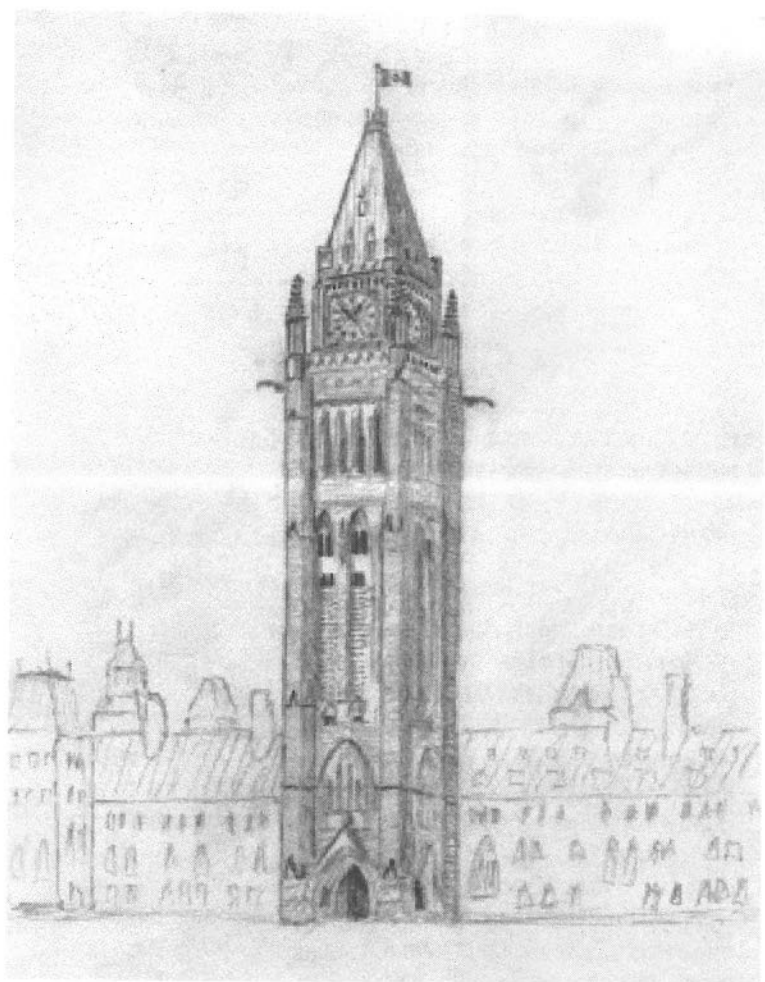
A world granted meaning,  
I saw you in symbols;  
a corpus of subtlety  
sheathed, sparkling,  
in a most glorious case.

Gestures of sublimity  
and grace transformed  
my notions of muscles,  
bone, and tendon -  
making manifest the divine.

But the world was  
built on reciprocity  
and the flash,  
without the substance,  
left a void.

And voids are filled in time,  
by will and circumstance;  
paving over the past  
mistakes of close contact,  
indecent with subtlety.

And so the doors are drawn shut,  
and I spend my evenings  
fixing the roof,  
and putting back  
all the little pieces  
that I tried  
to give away.



PEACE TOWER  
*Nik Zuchowicz*

---

AFTER DYLAN IS GONE

*Katy McIntyre*

this is the history of the days we left  
remembered by a ghastly attempt at understanding  
i'm trying to cope with dark shadows on cave walls  
i'm praying that night is more than just absence

let's have a holy moment  
let's lie naked with dylan  
allowing headlights to stream over our bodies  
my listless eyes can't see beyond these stone walls

again,  
i have a bird caught in my throat  
its freedom beats through clenched teeth and parted lips  
but its wings are stuck on consequence

illumination is so easy in the dark  
but light is not freedom  
and seeing is not knowing  
and still i pass through this cycle of changes  
the world cannot be beyond access  
our apathy prevents us from taking that first step  
but,  
once you do, there is no more fiction  
the truth (if you care to be so abstract)  
is glowing from every edifice not shrouded by feathered wings

devotedly i decode strange thoughts written in eidos  
and i see how they create the world but also stand far beyond it  
i begrudgingly realize that i am not  
so let's spit convention in the eye

and embrace the tender chaos we have made  
roll in the mess and find the sky  
taking steps towards clarity and light  
speaking words to articulate new postures  
making actions to conquer the divide

---

our small is our small and history is gone  
the moment it comes is the day it leaves  
and once again i return to familiar shackles  
enlightened in a word of ignorance

---

## CONTRIBUTORS

*Pete Anderson* is 18 years old and a first-year at the College. He is involved with OPIRG, and is interested in a wide range of topics, such as comparative religion and strange music.

*Evan Annett*, in third year, is a professional amateur who has smuggled his writing into the *Ottawa Citizen*, the *Hill Times*, the *Charlatan*, *Carleton NOW* and a corporate newspaper in Georgia (the state, not the country). Incidentally, Georgia is now his favourite font. He thinks it's spiffy.

*Linda Bolton* is in second year. She likes writing, deep thoughts, and the colour blue.

*Krista Caron* is in second year. "Nothing but stillness can remain when hearts are full of their own sweetness, bodies of their loveliness" ~ W. B. Yeats.

*Elizabeth Chiang*, whose motto in life is: "If it moves, shoot it - and if it doesn't move, shoot it, anyway," is in her first year.

*Jeremy Fradkin*, a first-year student, is, for the most part, the product of monotonous suburban living, Dan Bern's folk music, "Seinfeld" and "Calvin and Hobbes."

*Sandra Gazzard* is a third-year student hoping to build a career in architecture if the world is ready for her (and if some kind university gives her scads of graduate money.)

*Catherine Holloway* is a third-year student with a concentration in English Literature. She likes to ride the city bus, because that's where all the people are.

*Matt Hopkins*, a first-year student, eschews the regular use of numbers. He endeavours to live his entire life using only the right side of his brain, spending his time as a photographer, poet, and aspiring eccentric.

*Justin Hunter-Bechard* is a first-year student who enjoys laughing, singing, arguing, and all other things that make him feel human.

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*Tuesday De Jong* is from Peterborough and is in first year. Contrary to popular belief, she was not born on a Tuesday.

*Aaron S. Kaiserman* is in his second year of Humanities. He hopes to see his poetry appreciated by many and inspire others. Either that or profit through it.

*Paul Knight* has been writing poetry for about five years. In only one semester he has discovered why the third floor of Paterson hall is worth 8 semesters of his life. Much of his time is currently dedicated to studying Aikido and tai'chi at the Takahashi dojo.

*Shaun Lalonde*, who is in third year, enjoys conversation with his friends. He also enjoys being right.

*Katy McIntyre* eats canned fruit at midnight and likes the sound of cutlery falling on the floor. This is her first year adventuring upon the good ship hums and she's pleased as punch.

Aside from rambling inanely about who knows what, second-year student *Cam McMaster* enjoys corrupting the youth with his ideas of lunar domination - move over Salvador Dalí. Please give generously to the cause. Heil die Federn der Muche! Heute, ich habe meinen Tag!

*Julee Moroz* left professional life to experience the Humanities. Now in her final year, she realizes this is not the end of her exploration of a larger and vastly more mysterious world.

*Dan Parker* is in third year. He advises anyone who has a favourite topic to do an independent study under a professor. Kim Stratton is his supervisor for his research paper tentatively titled: *Scientists: Converted or Brainwashed?*

*Blaine Pauling* is a fourth-year student at the college. He prefers short sentences and wants to understand religion.

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*Andie Pilot*, a second-year student, likes rhyming and taking historical liberties with her writing.

*Schuyler Playford* is a second-year Humanities student and an insatiable adventurer.

*Chris Reid* is a second-year student attempting to do a combined Honours in History. Chris can often be found sitting in the Humanities lounge in a suit, trying to work, talking about sports, or, if you get there early enough, sleeping.

*José Rodriguez*, in fourth year, was born in a parking lot, by the side of a well used-mustang. They missed. He was found in the college lounge in similar circumstances, befuddled and wondering if the whole adventure might not be cosmic misfire. Once again, janitors all, thanks for the cleanup.

*Beesan Sarrouh* is a second-year Humanities student who likes looking out of windows, road trips and sleeping. Her favourite authors/poets include Pablo Neruda, Kurt Vonnegut and Mordecai Richler.

Once there was a boy who burst forth from a cosmic void. He looked around and saw that he was the supreme, the ultimate, the shiznet. I don't know that boy's name, but I'm *Matthew Scribner* in first year Humanities.

*Ashley Sicard* is a starving second-year student and a Labatt 19th birthday delivery girl. She looks like the perky head-cheerleader from high school, the one who always had a boyfriend and long blonde hair. But give her brains, self-respect, and humility, and you've got her. Oh wait, give her gas problems too...that's a little more accurate.

*Heather Sutherland* is a second-year Humanities student by day and a dread cookie god of old by night.



---

*Gideon Weisman* was once lost in the Sahara and all he had to show for it were trousers full of sand.

*Ciara Wolff* is a fourth-year Humanities student also studying English. As you read this she is wondering if you expected to find a biography in under thirty words.

*Nik Zuchowicz* is a first-year with an unfortunate penchant for useless dead languages and deeply obscure trivia.

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