

Jasmine Gui	4
Jessica Popeski	5
Fan Wu	6
Katrina Vogan	8
Samantha Bernstein	10
Madeleine Christie	11
Geoff Baillie	18
Bruce Meyer	21
Ariel Martz Oberlander	22
Jeff Dupuis	24
Lucas Regazzi	28
Jess Shane	30
Anna Shortly	36
Bänoo Zan	38



Editors in Chief

Adam Zachary
Miguel Gamboa

Design Editor

Camille Pylypczak

Editorial Board

Taylor Ableman
Miranda Alksnis
Grace Bannerman
Toula Nikas
Lauren Sutherland
Ella Wilhelm

Acta Victoriana
150 Charles St W, rm. 151
Toronto Ontario M5S1K9

Acta Victoriana, est. 1878, is the
literary journal of Victoria University
in the University of Toronto.

We are published with funding from
the Victoria University Students'
Administrative Council and printed
at Coach House Press, Toronto.

Acta Victoriana CXXXIX I
will be released in January 2015.
Submissions may be directed to
actavic@yahoo.ca until November 10.



In the January issue, I wrote about our responsibility to be faithful to our heritage. We must be just as careful in looking to our future; we are committed to represent not only where Canadian literature is, but where it is going. University journals are strategically positioned to do this by tapping the next generation of gifted writers, and I believe we have found a few this year. Our task is done. We have done well. Allow me to sign off on our 138th volume with pride, pleasure, and thanks to the friends and colleagues who helped to give it life.

Adam Zachary

Through our time as editors, we have continually revisited our archives, searching for inspiration in our past. We are always astonished by our findings. This journal is malleable; taking on different aesthetics, reflecting its place in time. You may be reading this on our website, where we have communized the past thirteen volumes for all to discover and enjoy. Whether you hold this issue in your hands or read it on a screen, we hope the images and words that follow will inspire the same fervour for art that has driven us as editors.

Miguel Gamboa

Congratulations and well wishes to
Acta Victoriana's next editors in chief,
Taylor Ableman and Miranda Alksnis.

not

at

body

merely

a canvas

embedded

in your memory

by someone

destined to

be defaced



Quetiapine

Jessica Popeski

Clutching white wash walls. A carousel room. Cogs stutter, engines splutter. The spin is slow. Drowsy torture. Her words are quick, rushing her river mouth. Arms, windmill blades, flailing. The clap of wings. Hovering kestrel speck. Flicker hummingbird heart, clatter against ribcage. Head hung to red robin breast, hot and heavy.

Quetiapine antipsychotic seed plants confusion and dizziness. A perennial sprouting rapid movement, increased heart rate and uncontrollable muscle spasms, jerking or twisting. Deliriousness and crimson fever blooms.

Hands wring restless rainwater. Tongue tide, lapping teeth, irritable shore palette. Pacing slips cliff edge memory. Legs, stone statue stiff oars, wade the bay of her bed. Siren singing springs. Muscles quake in fish fin flutter. Numb, not hers. She will forget, floundering in far flung pools, his voice. A nettle, stinging sleeping skin. Fainting as she stands, he tugs her blossom body plush against his wood and holds it, trembling in the navy blue night.

Uncharacteristic agitation and hostility buds. Contact your doctor if floods of confusion or memory loss. Difficulty standing or retaining consciousness wells in swelling concern. Twitching, tremors or violent tempered waves spark flares for urgent medical attention.



If Here Is as If (A Love Letter)

Fan Wu

I have lost the conditions. You are not the cause of your propensity to aggravate my weaknesses, though I can sense you knowing the hollow irony of my choice tell you now under this harsh barlight splitting the room into darkness or white men performing their dissolute lit ablutions, but you should understand that it is you who seals me into this thin and aveolic solipsism which every night lets all air from my lungs like blood. All the others who had once pitied me with viciousness sufficient to speak to me told me the same thing: you understand immaculately that I idealize you with my leaden mind and—damning for someone who prizes self-awareness as part of his identity—never am and rarely will be able to realize how casually I disfigure you in thinking you whole prior to seeing you prying madly away at the possibility of seeing you, the sound of a funhouse being demolished played reverse on degenerate cassettes, so all that could have grown or gone rotten is recuperated in a pristine stasis, the grotesque perfection of nothing doing becoming naught. Now I am caught ensnared, with you present the taste of all things about you and their goodness fall dull before me: a patience which disallows the slanteyed condescension that with everyone else I loved once or would have loved must always come in waiting; quickness of wit which, grit as crooked teeth against grindstone, has both will and way to sharpen itself; even the shape of your neck stretched against the blank black brick of the bar, musculature coiling and releasing tension across the passage of time. You berated me with this forsaken patience which, only appearing under the circumstances of what must have been an almost unbearable pressure on your self, approached a pure aggression emerging from passivity's slit throat, and I could not live under this idle hostility which I knew to be free from your intentions but which nonetheless razed my luckless ambitions into tremulous and orphaned futility. It was not you but nevertheless something unforgivably of you that abused me and let the abuse take as its form a happiness of bloated and reverential nature, equivalent to that joy which in its own breath breathed a thankfulness for your mercy allowing it to subsist, however tenuously, as the infant sparrow fallen from its nest is grateful to a



passing sadist for keeping it alive, though it senses without knowledge that it will in its turn be bent and involuted to ends dearly beyond its control. Rinsing around you in a current is the high tidal cliff of the neutral, that nullity in you I fell to love only to hastily retract my love as a child's hand blindly withdraws from hot stone, for fear of vilely destroying, in the loving itself, the neutral which the love was for; that nullity from which is constructed a prism on only a single plane, one-dimensional, which guillotines all approach with the dividing motion intrinsic to all approaching; that nullity which silences all as the third to every thing marking only the between of two as real and dissolving both sides in a vertiginous loyalty to the between. Noticing myself laying my head across rosewood, moments after the act has pressed itself into me, I prepare my isolate neck for the blade of victimless blame held by no owner, for an energy which knowing itself beyond reasoned ascription to a cause hunts for an ideal object into which to siphon, one habituated to its incessant blank and greedy martyrdoms such that it makes a life of falsely excusing others for wrongs they had never themselves even believed to have inflicted. A reservoir improbably flooding, your mind could remember the minutest detail of what you perceived in me, and not merely but also all possible ways you could interpret, violently, your own perception, such that it seemed to me in the end you had almost no memory, for what we called by that name made way and often tenderly for forgetting, or more potently dilapidation, where remembrance kept tells lies so straying and frayed you could not invert them sideways for the truth, and you reminded me of the compass you gave me as a gift whose black needle dissipated in my moment of greatest need when I could not see nor, the eye of mind too plucked out, anticipate seeing, and your face said nothing but from that blankness I read your disappointment in the mortality of my memory, and that I could not take the logic of turning north into myself disgusted you immensely. You have always been here, yet I know no water or word that could slip from my mouth rivals the succulence of missing you, of being the one to make you able to be missed, of banishing you to the outer limits of my head to receive from you the dual pleasure of your absence and when you have gathered up enough strength you would row through Lethe in broad strokes dragging the river along behind you and return to me, come back to me here where I will still be drinking myself into thirst and carry me away enraptured as the white silence of blindness I a boy listening to the sound of my shame echo through the walls of whether I live or die.



Confessional

Katrina Vogan

I feel that I want
to tell you sometimes
write it down
and leave it
somewhere you might find it
say that she breathed like this
like this
like she didn't
want to be breathing
and I could feel her
my hand on the
small of her back
and her spine curved forward into
a semi-circle that wanted
to be smaller still

I felt that she did not tremble
or sweat
she was defeated
not uncertain
steady in her own failure to stop
and there was nothing underneath her
anymore so she
looked up and in her eyes
I saw nothing and
I saw that nothing
was captured in the
knots in her hair

I feel dull but
sterile so saying something sharp
something like
for example
suicide
and then softening
the sibilant and mudding the
story
with an attempt
seems wrong
and writing it out
seems worse because if trauma
could be written out
we'd install whiteboards
on tempting bridges and
prescribe Prozac
with paper pads and a pencil
but trauma
is physical like happiness
which is physical like being
doused
with cold water from within
physical like exhaustion
physical like sex
feel it
on the skin and in the cervix and
in the small intestine
feel how impossible it is



to translate
until all that is left is metaphors
and sibilants and tasteless humour
feel that the emptiness stays

I feel it in the way I feel
my hand in the s curve
of your back and feel your
s shaped spine as I wonder
what you see in my eyes
or in the shapes in my beautiful hair
when you look down

I feel it still in your back
even as I feel you remaining steady
though you're sweating sometimes
trembling gloriously hesitant
and cautious of what lies beneath you

I could never
never
never forget feeling
her curved spine and
I think sometimes
that feeling has ruined me



Frost and Sun

Samantha Bernstein

Dread spring. An annunciation through megaphone,
a photosynthetic chorus I cannot hear: death drones
incessant in my unwilling ear, its negation
a sin. Every year
death clings to life as it is born, and fear
takes root where joy should be – desecration
of all I might see, and become, and know –
forces this abject genuflection to sorrow.

Up, off your knees. No sleep before evening.
The music will keep you awake if you're listening.
Forsythia quiver too yellow
and pierce your heart through?
Be glad, then, stalk and stem do not need you.
April's wild gait, its coltish reel will mellow,
become the long light stride of midsummer;
and fear's dead bulb will rot, quicken wonder.

“While all melts under our feet, we may well grasp at any exquisite passion.”
– Walter Pater



Bear Proof

Madeleine Christie

A stranger jogged down the pine-flanked path, hand held up to Joan. She was standing between two posts on the Phelan cottage verandah. He was grinning as though greeting an old friend.

“Hello!” he called, and came to a halt a few feet away.

“Hello!” Joan called back with more enthusiasm than she felt. She waited for him to introduce himself, but he seemed to be waiting as well. When she asked him if there was something that she could help him with, he burst out laughing.

“Joan Phelan, don’t you remember me? It’s me, Artie!”

“Oh, Artie,” she said. Now she saw it. In that instant she remembered his family as well.

“Smith.”

“That’s right.” He stretched the second word.

Artie had aged well. He had the open-shouldered posture of a swimmer who had recently left the pool for the putting green. He had also inherited Arthur Smith Sr’s taste in sweater vests. She wondered how much country grit was in his boat shoes. But how should she continue from here? Ask about his parents? What if they had died? Ask what he was up to these days? Ask about his sisters? Ask if he wanted to come in?

“I don’t know how long it’s been since we last saw each other,” Artie said. “Must be almost thirty years,” he half-groaned, then winked. “Not that you would know, to look at you.”

Joan felt she was expected to laugh at this, so she did. Artie leaned back on his heels and crossed his arms, eyes slits of boyish mirth. He rocked forward onto his toes for a second before setting himself down again.

“So you’ve moved back up here for good, by the looks of it,” he said, nodding at the cottage. “How’re you finding it?”

“Well, I—”

“I’m happy to help with anything at all. How’s your plumbing? Are you winterized? How’s your well working? We’ve got this Swedish contrap-

tion on ours, and I swear to God I've never felt cleaner after showering." He laughed. "I'll never understand those people who think all water tastes the same. All they'd need is one drink from my tap and they'd change their tune."

Joan waited a beat to see if he would keep going.

"We're winterized. Or, I am," she said, because there was no 'we'. Still the word felt right, as though Joan were partnered with the cottage. "I haven't noticed trouble with the well, or anything. I sent someone up to take a look before I moved."

"Great," said Artie. "Really great. The heating, too? Is that all working? Maybe I should take a look." As he spoke he was coming forward, eyes on her screen door. Joan stepped aside, let him past, paused, then followed him in.

"I was just about to boil water for tea," she said. "Should I add more?"

"No need, no need," said Artie, crouching by the wood stove. "You don't have to bribe me. I'm more than happy to help."

"Oh. Well, thank you." Joan arched an eyebrow at his back and turned to the gas range where she'd left the kettle, clicked the knob, turned it up to high.

She watched for a little while as he examined the boiler, checked the chimney flue, knocked on a few pipes here and there. Soon she let him be and took a slow walk around the cottage. Her cottage, now that cousin Grant had died. The two-room structure had about as much space as the downtown condo she'd just sold—maybe less—but she felt small in the center of it. She had only ever been here when the sleeping cubbies had been at capacity. Now the space was full of boxes rather than Phelans.

The kettle shrieked and Joan started. She had forgotten about it like an idiot. She ran back to the stove, twisted the knob, set the kettle on another burner and then realized this wasn't necessary on a gas stove. She would remember next time.

Everything seemed to be in order, at least according to Artie. She wasn't sure how much of his expertise was genuine and how much of it was testosterone, but she wasn't about to question him. She had learned to let her ex-husband go through his own investigations long ago. Truly, men like Artie were mostly harmless. Joan resolved to find a plumber in the Arnprior directory.

"Listen, why don't you come by for dinner at the Big House?" Artie said, wiping soot from his hands with one of Joan's dishtowels.

"Oh," she said, and settled back against the counter. She had encountered men like Artie in the years since Rick had left—and during her marriage, truth be told—but she had rarely indulged them. Well, perhaps

a couple of times. Although Artie was attractive, the thought of spending a night alone with him in his behemoth cottage was not. “Right,” she said. “Um.”

“Why not tomorrow? I’ll go tell my wife right now,” he said, jerking a thumb towards the Smith land. “She’ll change up her menu. It won’t be a problem. She’ll be delighted.”

Joan berated herself for being shocked. Of course he was married. She hadn’t bothered to check for a ring but there it was, clear as day. She had never thought she’d be relieved to find a man was married—not that that had ever stopped Rick.

“Come on,” Artie said. Perhaps he winked again, but Joan couldn’t be sure. “We’ve got so much catching up to do. Might as well start now, hm?”

Come on, Joan. Mostly harmless. “What should I bring?”

Joan’s wilting arugula was as overdressed as she was. She picked her way down the fernchoked walk that travelled from the cottage to the road. Her feet carried her up to the Big House (its nickname still made her cringe) as if by some reptilian memory. The Smith cottage had been designed to loom, or so it seemed. It reigned high up on a hill of manicured grass. Seeing the hill, she stopped for a moment to collect herself in the onslaught of memories. Memories of watching Artie’s father mow the grass. Memories of finding a crack in the sun-baked tennis court and feeling a shameful pride. Memories of too-sweet lemonade in the too-sweet gazebo. Then, as she reached the two-Lexus driveway, she remembered she had never actually been inside the Big House. The mansion had served as a backdrop to play dates with the twins, a reminder of the little Phelan that she was. But Joan wasn’t bitter.

The Big House was the kind of cottage that had a doorbell rather than an open screen door. Joan shifted the salad bowl into one hand and pushed the button. She took a step back from the door and practiced a few different faces. Artie’s wife, she assumed, opened the door. Her smile stopped short at the teeth; had she been practicing, too?

“Hi,” said the wife. “Joan?”

“Hi, yes. Joan. I’m so sorry, I don’t know your name.”

“Sheila,” said Sheila.

“Sheila. Nice to meet you.”

“Come on in,” she said, opening the door up wider. Joan shuffled sideways to get inside.

“You brought something,” Sheila gushed.

“Well, Artie told me not to, but I didn’t feel right. It’s just a salad, but there’s pumpkin seeds and pomegranate.”

“Great,” said Sheila, taking the salad bowl. “Really great.” Joan wondered which of the Smiths had started saying that first. Sheila had high heels on but she insisted Joan take off her pumps and leave them by the door, ‘for the sake of comfort’. The cold tile of the entrance floor bit through her pantyhose.

Joan trailed behind as Sheila guided her through the Big House. There were Hudson Bay blankets draped here and there, dark wood floors and paneling, high-design light fixtures. There was no dust suspended in the streams of evening light. Artie greeted Joan warmly in the dining room with half a hug and a glass of Merlot, neither of which she could refuse. Sheila placed Joan’s attempt at a salad on the table, displacing the copper birchbark centerpiece to its cabinet. “It’s alright,” she said to Joan’s apologies. “They’re meaningless trinkets anyway. Artie’s always buying them at antique shops.” Artie chuckled, eyes on Joan.

All evening Artie tried to get Joan to remember their summers together. Joan, being six years his junior, had never even been acknowledged by him, had only ever played with the younger twins. She had stopped going up to the lakeside enclave when he and his friends had been teenagers, yet Artie presented her and Sheila with story after story. Joan had only ever heard about these things from other kids.

“D’you remember skinny dipping off Snake Island, when Julian Scott ‘lost’ his clothes? God, I’ve never heard louder shrieks than I did from you girls that night.”

“Oh, I think I was gone by then.”

“Come on, and he had to canoe back to shore buck naked? It was hilarious. You were there, I’m sure you were.”

All Joan could remember was her monstrous crush on Julian’s younger brother, Eric, and how she had never even spoken a word to him. Probably for the best, as the Scott cottage was only slightly smaller than the Smiths’.

All of Artie’s weight was balanced on one side as he leaned into Joan’s place setting. Every question he asked seemed to imply complicity. Sheila stretched across the gulf of the table and asked Joan what it was she did for a living. “I help multi-branch companies with general expense taxes,” Joan said, relieved, and shifted to face Sheila more head-on. “I help them evade taxes, essentially.”

Artie nearly fell out of his chair, laughing. Sheila hummed across the rim of her glass. Joan asked each of them what they did. Sheila had owned a boutique in Ottawa but Artie had helped her sell it, “When the time came.” Joan did not ask what that time had been, but judging by the artfully-fanned onion garnish on the potato-corn croquettes, it must have come a while back. Artie gargled something about hedge funds through a mouthful

of his mustard-crusted tenderloin. Shifting his weight back to Joan, he said, "That's one more thing we have in common; using other peoples' money to make our own." Joan glanced at Sheila, who was smiling at her wine.

"Garbage collection is tomorrow, right?" she asked, addressing both of them.

"That's right," Artie said. "Can't believe how long it took to get the truck to come along the road. We used to have to get someone to cart our stuff to the dumpster by the highway. You Phelans must have had to do that too, eh?" Joan remembered fighting with the cousins over whose turn it was to bring the garbage two kilometers down the dirt road to the dumpster, then fighting again for the two-dollar job of taking out the Smith's. Her smile teetered on the edge of grim.

"And now it's like in the city," Joan said. "Though, probably, the raccoons here have bigger fish to fry than my trash."

"Oh, up here, it's not the raccoons you have to worry about," said Sheila. She still wasn't looking up at either of them. "It's the bears."

Artie looked at his wife for the first time all night, and he nodded slowly.

"Right," he said. "That's right." After a few beats of chewing, "This is delicious, honey."

"Thanks, Artie," Sheila said, gripping every consonant. "Well, I'll start cleaning up." She quickly got up from her chair and took Artie's not-quite-empty plate from under him. Artie leaned back in his chair, folding, refolding his napkin. Joan stood up reflexively and reached for the tureen, but Sheila shook a French-tipped hand at her, cradling the plates against herself. "No, please," she said. "Please."

Joan sank slowly back to her seat. With Sheila in the kitchen and Artie breathing her air, she felt a lick of nausea.

"Don't mind her," said Artie.

"What?"

"Nothing," he said, and this time he winked for sure. "Listen, why don't I come over after dinner."

"Look, Artie, —"

"I can help you out with that bear proofing," he grinned. "It can be a real hassle to do it on your own."

"I can imagine," Joan said, her eyes on the table.

"Great," he said. "Really great. So I'll see you soon."

"I think I'll just go help Sheila in the kitchen," she said.

Artie shrugged as if to say, your funeral.

When she walked into the kitchen, she heard the hiss of a tap and turned to find Sheila staring at her. "You're not his usual type," said Sheila.

Her black hair shone blue in the harsh kitchen light. Joan almost said, It's not what you think, but how many times had she heard those very words drip from Rick's mouth? Every second secretary.

"I don't know what you mean," Joan mumbled, hating herself.

Sheila threw her head back, presented a surgically tightened neck. She forced laughter through her wine-stained purple teeth. When she stopped, it took a while for her chin to come back down.

They locked eyes again.

"I mean he usually goes for blonds. Young blonds. The man is a walking cliché," Sheila said. Her voice was deeper than it had been at the table. "Listen. The sex will be embarrassing. He's fatter than he looks and he gets tired quick. When he says he's going to leave me for you, it means you've got about two weeks left. Don't come to me with your confessions when it's over. Don't return his gifts. Don't make me say I told you so, I'm saying it now." Sheila plunged her fists into the sudsy sink, turning her back to Joan. Joan set the dishes down on the counter.

"Thanks for dinner," Joan said. "It really was delicious."

"I'll walk you out in a moment," Sheila said.

At the last second, Joan decided not to tell Sheila about the woman Rick had left her for. At least Joan had never had to meet any of Rick's other women (not that Joan was Artie's other woman, for chrissakes). Even if she had, she would never have been able to do as Sheila had done. Dignity was maybe the wrong word, but something like it pervaded the stainless steel kitchen. Suddenly Joan felt she had no right to be in there.

Mr. and Mrs. Artie Smith followed closely as Joan padded to the door. Artie said to Sheila, "What's the time? I said I'd meet Julian for a paddle." Joan twitched but she did not look back at them. A few pomegranate seeds languished in the dregs of the vinaigrette in her salad bowl.

Sheila said, "It's almost eight."

Artie said, "Perfect. I'll go by in a half hour. Where's the flashlight anymore?"

Sheila said, "..."

Joan turned to face them. "Thanks so much for a lovely evening," she said.

"It was our pleasure. We'll do it again," said Artie. "Soon."

Joan climbed down the hill on the gravel path. The forest around her was hazy in the dusk, but she trusted her feet on the uneven Phelan footpath. She had left the porch light on to guide her home, and she flicked it off on her way in. Soon she built a fire and tucked herself in beside it. Once her grandmother had presided over the cottage from this chair, then her aunt, and then Joan had stopped coming; yet now, here she was, tired and

alone but full and flushed. The fire cracked. A stiff wind ran through the trees. A choir of pine needles hushed the evening.

8:15. Joan lifted herself up from the fireside, surveyed the cottage in a slow circle. Still so many boxes to unpack, but there was enough space for it all. She should take the day tomorrow. She wouldn't touch her laptop, and maybe she'd leave her phone off. It wouldn't take more than a day to partner herself with the place. Maybe she would take an hour tonight, after sending that pathetic man back to his bloated house, to research bear proofing. Despite everything, Sheila had sounded sincere.

8:26. Joan put the kettle on with enough water for one mug. After a moment she realized she was gripping a dishtowel, steeling herself. The kettle sang and Joan smiled as she turned the burner off. If nothing else worked, at least she had a cup of boiling water. Outside the kitchen window, the world was black; then, the yellow beam of a flashlight came swinging through the pines.



Titan of the Dawn

Geoff Baillie

This is a 100% true story of my Grandpa.
How he grew up in in the thirties
in an Ontario fishing town on
the Michopeccoten River.

When the river froze he played hockey with his friends
using phonebooks as goalie pads and a frozen piece of cow shit as a puck.
One day his friend Douglas fell straight through the ice
and my Grandpa grabbed him under the shoulders and pulled him to safety.

He had five siblings apart from himself.
Their father worked construction and their mom was a mom.
At Christmas she laced ribbons to the mantelpiece
that would slowly unfold like bitter prayers.

When my Grandpa was eleven years old
his dad was working at a job site on a bridge above the river.
It was there that misfortune buried him in falling rocks
and orphaned all of my great aunts and uncles.

He drifted away with the river phantoms
while his body was surrounded by puzzled workers
who couldn't decide whether they should keep the shattered helmet.
No salvation would come to them.



His wife was given no government money
and she had no way of looking after the kids.
So she sent them each to stay
with a different relative or neighbour.

But my grandpa was the oldest and there was nobody to keep him.
He didn't want to trouble his mom
so he held his pride to his chest like a crucifix
and went out into the woods to make his own.

In the early mornings he dug worms out of the mud
and sold them from buckets to the fishermen at the harbour.
He sliced them down the middle to double the profit
and when asked his name he said Tutenkhamun.

Later in the day he severed berries from their stems
with his exceptionally dextrous fingers.
In a stillborn reality that coincided with his own
he was a harpist playing Debussy's *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun*.

Late one night he climbed aboard a harboured fishing boat like summer thief.
He took it up the river and filled the nets with sunfish.
The drone from the engine sounded like the hum of an aluminium string
until he cut the gas to break the cellist's hands.



He glided across the starboard with Michipicoten stoicism
in a henley undershirt dyed beige with sweat.
His pants were hiked into his ribs
and his rail track arms were all copper and tendon.

My eleven year old grandfather raised his grey hands
to deftly cast away the shade of the moon.
When he summoned the acrylic sunlight from out behind the birches
there was never a thing brighter.



Destinations

Bruce Meyer

Think of ways to explain
where we are now on a highway

at midnight north of Toronto
as we run at a curtain of snow

and standards on the median
are king palms ripe with light

and lamps on the sideroads
are thin nuns bent at vespers

as the stacks of dark factories
are men smoking in doorways

and imaginary bridges float
above us to connect those places

that have not yet been imagined;
yet this is the way we find our way

and everything is as real as love
and as determined to advance

because what is true is true
no matter how it might be said.



before you go

Ariel Martz-Oberlander

before you go I demand one thing
that you and I return to the forest

[where all those faded nights ago
the velvet moths in brushing whispers
told me not to leave your side
and the sun in skeins wrapped my
fingers like the ring you were supposed to give]

to where we began.
and before you leave
I demand you and I
dismantle the house we built

[from hay and limerence
deconstruct piece by coronary piece
of the structure that at once gave us life and limits]
well placed, the beams will lie belly to ground
no artifact will stand
and so nothing will have the chance to fall.

Photograph by Ariel Martz-Oberlander





The Hank Aaron of Mourning

Jeff Dupuis

Nadia is good at funerals. They say everyone has a talent; that's hers. Since her dad clapped his hand on his heart at the dinner table when she was ten, she's been a pro at coping with death, the Hank Aaron of mourning.

The Seahawks were facing down the Steelers, Super Bowl XL. Half a dozen guys were drinking and eating nachos and wings in my basement while Nadia and I shuffled past Sandy's casket. They had painted her face with pink lipstick and violet eyeshadow, two things she never wore, and she looked more alive than when she was living.

The Super Bowl party had been planned months in advance, and Sandy, my boss's wife, died less than a week before like she had done it on purpose. I didn't know her well, or at all, really; our relationship consisted of Sandy inviting me to have dinner with her and Tom, my boss, and me putting it off and putting it off. It was for Tom that I came to the viewing, and for show, to do what people expected me to do, to do what is 'normal'.

Nadia showed up at my side door around two in the afternoon. She had told her mother she was taking the early bus to Guelph, where she was finishing her master's degree. She wasn't completely lying; she was taking the early bus, she had just lied about the day, or omitted it. She called me from the mouth of my street. I waited by the side door for her. I turned the old deadbolt slowly, softly, smothering the telltale click that echoed through the stairwell and told my dad and his girlfriend that I was letting someone in the house. It was a strange Morse code rhythm, the slow pull of the door from the frame, the rapid widening and narrowing, then the slow closure once again; slow-quick-slow. I was good at it by then. Nadia and my family didn't get along, hadn't since we'd met and dated in high school, so I had a lot of practice sneaking her around the house.

The first time we broke up, Dad gave me a speech about the amount of fish in the sea and the level of darkness just before the dawn. He was happy Nadia had dumped me and tried not to show it. From that moment on, I never introduced my dad to my lovers, and when my big sister



moved out of the basement apartment I took it over and concealed all women so well from my family that Dad worried that I was gay.

Sex was never assumed, at least not by me, when Nadia came over; whether it was to spend the night or just the afternoon. Nadia reminded me of a chickadee that once landed in the palm of my hand while I was hiking through the Rouge Valley. I stuck my open hand out to the beautiful little bird and it flew from its branch to peck my skin gently. Had I tried to close my hand, I tried to keep the bird, I would have lost it. Just like Nadia. All I could do was enjoy the moment and then let it go.

Before walking to the funeral home, during the pre-game show, we were funneling cheap beer through the Frankenstein's monster that BK had pulled out of his mom's Honda Civic and carried up my driveway like a venomous snake. I wasn't drunk, just a little unsteady. I'd bought gin for the game and had planned on drinking only Tom Collinses, but when that funnel made its way into my basement, I was powerless before it.

Tom wore a navy suit and a navy tie. His glasses were tinted and covered half his face. The soft light of the funeral parlour dimmed the reflection on his bald head. I'd never seen him without his baseball cap on. I introduced Nadia as just that, Nadia, and left him to draw his own conclusions. He muttered something, which I assumed was thanks for coming, but he was hard to understand. Tom didn't seem devastated, or even the slightest bit broken up about Sandy's death, and I wondered if it just hadn't hit him, or if when you reach a certain age you accept death like you would winter.

Nadia looked striking. She wore a long black skirt and a black turtleneck. It was simple; she didn't dress like it was a fashion show. She didn't want to be noticed, especially since she had never met Sandy, but everyone noticed her anyway. Nadia's biracial beauty, her uniqueness, was part of it but her poise, her tall, steady posture, her youth, the sense

that she understood the situation, stood out like a beacon in that room of retirees and other misfits who no longer served the mainstream.

Marc was in the laundry room when Nadia and I got back, running water in the sink, flushing Grant's vomit down the drain. Grant himself was laying on the cold tiles of the bathroom floor, his head by the toilet and his feet in the shower stall. The first quarter had barely begun and one of us was already down. Most of my friends weren't that into football, or any sports, and the Super Bowl was just an excuse to drink. The injection of a funnel into that equation, with two two-fours of James Ready which only cost twenty-five bucks at that time, ensured that disaster was guaranteed.

Nadia and I sat on the death-couch, a Salvation Army special with springs pointing up through the fabric, sipping on gin and watching the Seahawks getting beat up by bad referee decisions. Marc, BK, and Beaumont had decided they also wanted cocktails and I was out of club soda before halftime. BK, who drank nothing but the shittiest beer - James Ready, Carling, Yankee Jim - decided to use beer instead of club soda in his cocktails, and the drink ended up looking like urine when the person urinating has been drinking only black coffee.

Marc, the only one of us who I'd consider a true football fan, was for the Chicago Bears. We were only rooting for the Seahawks because we used to smoke pot in Mike's backyard with Mike's dad and then play Madden '97 on his Playstation as the Seahawks. They were shit in '97 and it was kind of a joke. I like to think that we liked things ironically before everyone else started liking things ironically, but that's what teenagers do, isn't it? They think they invent everything.

Fatigue snuck up on me and my interest in the football game waned. I leaned back into the death-couch and my empty hand slid from Nadia's shoulder, down her back, until it sat on the cushion behind her. It seemed like a good idea to caress the patch of caramel skin on her lower back where her sweater and skirt parted. Nadia turned and slapped me right on the cheek. I looked around to see if anyone had seen what happened, and both BK and Beaumont had a dull, dog-like look of aggression in their eyes, the kind drunks usually have when they feel something is disagreeable rather than actually thinking it is.

"You embarrassed me," Nadia said, once the boys had left.

"How so?"

"Tickling me in front of your friends."

"I was trying to tickle you."

"Well, you did."

"And you hit me in the fucking face."

Grant had stolen one of those Viagra knock-offs from his dad, or that's what he told me when he handed me a sheet of pills earlier that week. I was more likely to get laid than he was, so I was the guinea pig. Our buddy Reggie had used Viagra once in concert with weed and described the experience as being 'the rock awesomest', so I was eager to try it out. I did, and aside from the minor feeling that my heart might explode, it was pretty awesome. Sex with Nadia was like our own personal invention, a secret we hoarded from everyone. I've had good sex, even great sex, with other women, but never any that left me feeling as though I'd done something special. In the morning, lying in the few beams of sunlight that reached the basement window, we talked about trying again, a relationship, for real. More than the sex, it was Nadia standing by my side in front of a casket that made me see that she was the one, that I'd marry her someday.

We ate cinnamon buns at the bus station and I walked out of the sliding automatic doors after she'd boarded her bus with a fresh sense of completion. Like the Pittsburgh Steelers, I had won the game's greatest prize. A week and a half later, I got home from work and called Nadia. It was Valentine's Day. I called her again. I left a message. I called her again and left another message. "I love you," I said into the phone.

I called again.



For my mother and grandmother

Lucas Regazzi

remember sneaking out of bed at three AM in a sleep-deprived panic

when my parents' old and breaking hearts echoed off of the taupe walls and into

my ears, age nine.

I was fearful that it was my fault when I decided that I didn't want to do the dishes (I'm sorry).

Tip toeing with the elegance of a toy soldier; I hid behind the Christmas tree that was up one month too early for presents and

I peeked into the living room.

I was bright orange like a firefly on the wall, eavesdropping.

Half of my face was lit by nothing but the screams of the fireplace and the heat of them

trying to pick up the pieces.

I'm glad we moved away from Ravendale, into that big, new house on Jenkinson because I would have never stopped searching the floor for any left over shards.

Mom, I know you would have too, but you liked to vacuum.

As if thirty years of your life could fit inside of a two inch wide tube.

Sometimes I wonder when your love went sour or

when your heart turned bitter or when
ninety seven point nine degrees Fahrenheit became a mere
ninety seven.

Was it when he made love with his
work?

I'm sure at twenty one in a white dress and his white shirt
every love looks better in words; in a

vow to always pick up his underwear from behind the bathroom door,

but I don't think you cared much for laundry, either.

As I was in the garage just now, having one last cigarette for the evening I
remembered

what you'd said about fate, specifically ours and

that things would be different had Nora not died. That this would all be
different.

And so I romanticized about *different* like different meant better.

As if different meant perfect: I would be in New York City,
I would have never been foolishly in love, Nora would have taught her son
how to
be a husband and taught you to be happy.

When I peeked into the living room,
Grammy couldn't do much to hold me
back, but I'm sure if she were here she would have told us

that different does not mean perfect.



Tell Me What Happened

Jess Shane

After delusional plotting to attend a cleanse-based yoga retreat in Costa Rica, I realized I'd be better off returning to the city to save money and work on unfinished projects. Zev had left me five or six voicemails in varying degrees of urgency with invitations to come visit him at his new place in the east end.

Zev, Sonia, and I had lived together until recently, when we'd all had to move out. Before leaving our shared house, I had decided I hated all my clothes and stuffed them into a garbage bag by the door, then bolted to stay for a month with my sister in Portland.

When Zev opened the door, he wore a onesie with a matching hat assembled entirely from strips of my discarded clothing. He told me it didn't make sense to throw these things out, especially when he was in need of new clothes. That summer, everyone in our friend group would receive ear warmers, vests, and armbands made of the old clothes from which I had attempted to unleash myself. They will forever haunt me.

We walked to the beach. I told him I'd found an apartment with a friend of a friend, close to his new place, and I planned to make myself busy. He told me he'd given away Sonia's parrot because it barked in the night and kept him awake. I said I wasn't angry. I said I gave up anger in Portland when my health-crazed sister tried to convince me to give up meat. Zev praised my ability to be logical and focus on the present. We stopped to buy hot dogs and then spent the day making hats of seaweed and unintentionally scaring children playing in the sand. I hoped every day of summer would be as entertaining.

Yesterday I was hung over and I spent the morning in my room, reading, drifting in and out of sleep. I tried to masturbate but couldn't get my head in it, couldn't hold onto an image long enough. Think of hands holding yours down, over your head, so you can't move. Think of arching your back. Or porn. Yes, all the porn. There is a steel doorknob. The sound of a microwave. No, think of sweat. Think of sounds and words spilling out



of your mouth. Think of losing control. Sonia throwing her pillow on the floor. No. Play a record, listen as hard as you can. Don't think of anything. Don't get angry. Sonia once told me she liked to think of a camera and crew. One guy's going down on her, another guy is fucking that guy. And, okay, a woman, too. Sonia looks to the cameraman and tells the operator to zoom in a little. Get my face. Yes, now pan down, slowly. Sonia as lead actress and director. She shrugged; it wasn't something she wanted in reality, but the thought of it got her off for sure. Sonia with her dark hair and eyebrows looked like Ana Mendieta. She said that she always left an imprint on the bed. If you hung up the imprinted sheets you could put them in a gallery, I said.

I went to a rooftop patio with Anton one evening. It was Victoria Day and there were fireworks exploding all around us. We talked for a long time and he held my hands across the worn wood table. He told me he was going to visit his nonna in Florence. He felt he needed to get out of the city, as I had. He said his nonna was a regal woman who wore fancy suits and got her hair done up like a loofah every Friday and no one was allowed to touch it, so nobody knew the real shape of her head. She was getting old and he hadn't seen her since he was in his teens. Whenever he finished a sentence, someone sent up a Roman candle with a celebratory BANG! and then zeeeeeeeee oooo OOOOO oooooooooo Puhhhhhh! Oh - thank you! POP! Okay, thanks!

The four of us had come here on my birthday a few years ago. Zev and Sonia had just gotten together, we all got drunk on tequila and made exquisite cadaver portraits of each other. Sonia had been nudging Anton and I to get together ever since. When she was moved into hospital and I couldn't stay in the house, I went to Anton's. Had she orchestrated the whole thing? Zev agreed that to see us together was always in her unwritten last will and testament. It was still strange dating Anton. Having been friends for so long, there was no performing, getting to know each other. I worried that this

would make things dull, but so far it had only been good. It also meant we didn't need to explain the things we still didn't know how to talk about. Anton said my hair was getting long, that he'd never seen it stay the same for so long. I just wasn't ready for any sudden changes. He said everyone's hair seems to become solid at some point, as though a sediment of experiences pushes down on your head firm enough that, over time, it turns to rock. I asked him if I should do mine like his nonna's.

There's a photo of Sonia and I sitting on a ledge by the ocean on a trip we took together after graduating. She is looking at the camera, flushed and in the middle of talking, her hair blowing in her face. I'm sitting beside her with my eyes closed, smiling stupidly. I can't remember what she was saying but I remember how it felt, how afterwards we went and floated in the water with our clothes on because we didn't want to walk back to the hotel for our bathing suits, and a jellyfish stung my bottom lip so I looked like I had herpes for a week. It was incredibly painful. Sonia offered to pee on my face but I declined. She said if I really loved her I'd let her pee on my face. The burn got worse the more I laughed.

June was hot and busy, as planned, and having put my nose down, I didn't notice it had been a while since I'd seen Zev. His housemate Ben gave me a call and said he wasn't doing so good, spent all his time in the vampire glow of his laptop screen. I thought for a while and when I went over there, I asked Zev if he wanted to train for a marathon with me, get him out of his room. He was reluctant but eventually I convinced him by pandering to his vanities, said he was paler than winter, scrawnier than usual, that he'd never find another girlfriend if he kept it up. We signed up. I told him I would meet him at the Portuguese bakery between our houses the next morning.

When I jogged up to the corner, he was sitting by the window working his way through the first of three custard tarts, all spindly and cross-legged, wearing my old jean shorts with cycling-dad sunglasses pushed back on his head. I asked him when he was auditioning for the sequel to Juno. He pulled down his glasses, put his nose in the air, said now he wouldn't give me a tart. We started running and we were both so out of shape that, on that first day, he kept tugging my arm and slowing us down to walking pace so we could catch our breath. I asked him if he'd been sleeping okay and he said it was getting easier. I hadn't been sleeping much either.

After an hour we collapsed in the park among the picnickers and dog-walkers, breathing hard in the warm grass, shirts glued to our bodies. I was wearing light grey and Zev hoisted himself up on his elbows to stare at my chest until I said, what the hell, Zev, and kicked him. He lay back again, hands behind his head, and gazed up at the slow clouds, remarked that the

dark pattern on my front looked like a road kill raccoon face. I rolled over embarrassed and told him, ya creep, you should be talking to someone. He closed his eyes, smiled, said he was already way ahead of me.

I stayed over at Anton's the night before he left to make sure he woke up to catch his flight. The room seemed to oscillate between too hot and too cold. In the quiet, the sound of scratching my head or shifting the covers was magnified and sobering. Once, during our fourth year of undergrad, Sonia came in late to a studio critique, her hair all mussed up so I knew she'd slept through her alarm and had been up too late finishing her painting. I caught her eyes as she slunk in around the back, then snuck an apple from her bag. Her eyes widened at me as she bit down in slow motion. I nodded as if to say, go on, it's not as loud as it sounds in your head! No one else was paying attention anyway. She always worried about unintentionally drawing attention to herself. I rolled over. Sonia had been the worst to sleep with, took up the whole bed and piled the blanket between her knees. Sometimes I'd felt I didn't deserve that kind of unconditional love. When I listened closely I could hear Anton breathing, a faint rumble on the inhale. He had this unnerving way of waking up the moment you looked at him, his eyes fluttering so you wondered if he'd been asleep to begin with. That night, he lay tight to the wall with his face cast in shadow so I couldn't tell if he was staring back at me.

Zev and I ran almost every morning for three weeks, showing up at each other's houses before the heat hit to lug each other out of bed. Our stamina improved gradually and we began to sync our footfalls on the sweating pavement, increasing our count of stop signs stationed like sentinels on our route through the wide and shady side streets. I started snapping pictures of Zev in front of his door after every run, like every finish was a grade-school graduation. I'd started feeling an itch to document, to note each day so I'd have proof that it happened. I planted rosemary and tomatoes on the windowsill. Zev decided to take pictures of me as well. They were wholly unflattering but I didn't mind.

Anton called often and also sent postcards. I checked the mailbox late at night and read them in bed.

Dear M,

You can't live in Venice. Nothing would ever be beautiful again. Both my Nonna's sisters were Venetian nuns. They survived the beauty by praying all the time, which is a non-option for me. It's good to be here for now.

Dear M,

I went to a literary festival today. One man got up to read and of course I could barely understand a word, but the way his eyes lit up when he told a story, you didn't have to understand, it was the way he told it. One poem he spoke louder and louder until he was shouting. If you can believe it, I cried.

Dear M,

I hear Spinoza was attacked on the steps of a synagogue by a knife wielding assailant who yelled, "Heretic! Heretic!" Apparently he was so shaken by the attack he wore his torn jacket unmended for years. Is Zev still wearing your old clothes? He gave me a vest and I'm wearing it to Nonna's church today.

Missing you, Anton.

The morning of the marathon I woke up with a nagging feeling I'd forgot to do something, left the baby in the bathtub. I stretched, put on deodorant, then walked to Zev's. We'd worked up to nineteen kilometers in training. We went to the bakery, sat on the patio, had eggs and bacon. Zev wore his terrible sunglasses and I squinted from the glare off of the window.

The run went as well as we could have hoped. We stayed side by side the whole time and came close to last, but we finished and were happy we had done it. I started laughing when I got the certificate of completion and couldn't stop, so we went and got espressos in our red-faced splendor. Zev walked me home, carrying his shoes in his hands because he had blisters. We passed through the fountains in the square and felt the water evaporate off our backs in the sun.

Anton was due to come home the next day so we planned to have dinner at his house. I called Zev in the middle of the night because I had a vivid dream that I couldn't remember Sonia's face. He came over and we walked together along Queen. We have to talk about Sonia, I said. Yeah, he said, dragging his feet. We hadn't talked about Sonia all summer. He linked his arm around mine, but neither of us said another word.

Zev made place cards and brought them to Anton's, even though it was only the three of us and we've always sat at the same places at that table, so of course it was ridiculous. We drank wine and talked about his trip. He showed pictures of himself with his tiny nonna in front of every church in Florence. When Zev and I showed our photos leading up to the marathon, we played a game where we lined our computers up, concurrently showed the slideshows of each other's training progress. We sat on either side of Anton and told the story of the summer both at once, voices overlapping, stories cutting in and out of each other, navigating between

synchronicity and silence, incomprehensibility and lucidity. Where to start? Was it the retreat I never took to Costa Rica? When Zev started hiding in his room? Was it when Sonia got sick? Or even before that? Sonia had us preparing for so long, was always making jokes, making things bright. Zev had started taking care of her bird weeks earlier. One night when she had a bit of energy, she and I went out to get tattoos, my first. When you train for a marathon you only ever run it once. I didn't realize until Zev explained it; we couldn't train with the whole distance or else we would have already run the marathon and there would have been no point. When the slideshows ended Anton closed his eyes. Eventually I felt I'd finished telling that version of the story. Zev finished a moment later. I thought of Sonia, there, in the spaces between our words, in the living places around the things we hadn't yet remembered.



What was/is/will be

Anna Shortly

When it was summer it was all to-be and not-yet and that was better because nothing was and all could be. It was all-alone except for the sound of insects hitting the lights at night and all those cicadas nowhere seen. He came to me drunk and I looked at him and he was looking at me and he didn't talk drunk but he kept apologizing for being drunk and I said it was fine. This was when it was all heat and cicadas and the coldness of the lake got my body better after the weight of heat and he became a weight along with all the heat on my poor mind. The all-alone was gone with the not moving limbs properly or at all and though I wanted to vomit sometimes it was a nice feeling of anxious because it was still all not-yet but could-be-everything if I just calmed. I did get to calming. On the bridge in his town he said he didn't understand adulterous affairs and I said you get bored that's all and go to the not-bored and he said how could you ever become bored of the person you're with and I said it just happens. But I thought couldn't get bored, and yes never got bored; only was got by him. It was often sick, and sometimes alone, but never quite because he made the to-be a now even if the all-it-could-be was never.

It got cold and got to be what-was. And what-was makes me loneliest. Before he was, everything was to-be and I didn't know how things were to be with a love so it was all what could and all what-I-could-think. Then he was and I was happy he was there and sad he could be not there sometimes and I'd get lonely but the lonely would go away when he would come and talk to me. I would be looking at him and he would be looking at me and I would feel okay and I would like the now better than the not-yet and could-be and even the all-it-could-be; but now am left as soon as I'm got really bad (when I would see him and think oh lord how did this come to be to me who was always with non-love and felt never to have love) and it becomes a what-was, and that is the loneliest. What-was is bed for days and a body and a mind not electric. I eat clementines only and have to get my back rubbed always.



I'll get another but it won't ever be the to-be and not-yet and all-it-could-be ever again because now I know what it's like. He might not make me so sick and he might be able to unclasp my bra right and he might make the all-alone a never again but he will make me get bored and I'll keep on looking for the not-bored while he sleeps in our bed. I'll talk to him about the what-was and say it was better sorry even if sick and sometimes alone it was better because it was the first, that's all. And this another-one will say fine, fine, and I'll say sorry but know it was bad in a lot of ways too, know that the way he cheated was in some ways worse because he didn't really (he would never) but he did look around and think them all better than me and not even know them though he knew me and knew I was not best and that made me sad since I thought him best but strangers were thought better than me and this another-one will say fine, fine, and roll back on over to sleep. Then I will feel bad because I will be like him always looking for the not-bored when I had one already who could make the all-alone go away and I will roll back on over to sleep, too, thinking oh well at least I'm okay now.



The Quest

Bānoo Zan

It was the landest time
It was the timest time

The seer
of intimate miles —

you heard
the unheard

and turned the wheel
away from doubts

I trace your Braille
to august ravings

fall
for the fruit

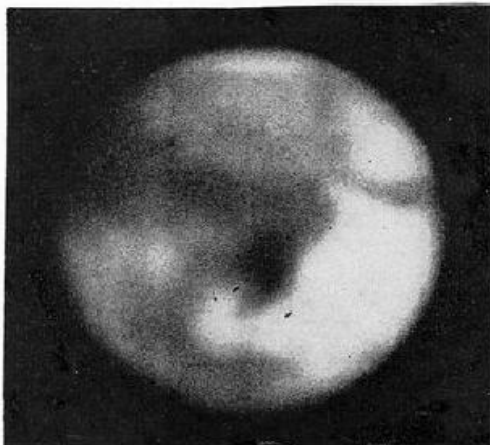
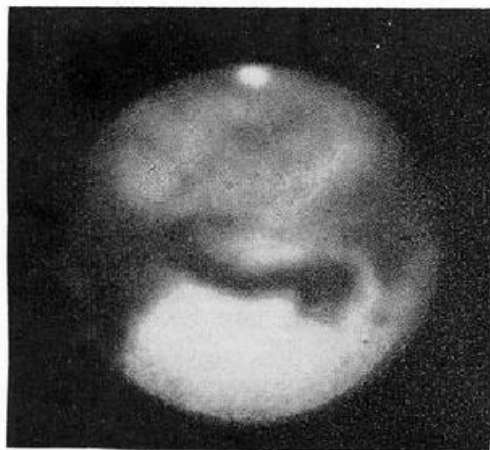
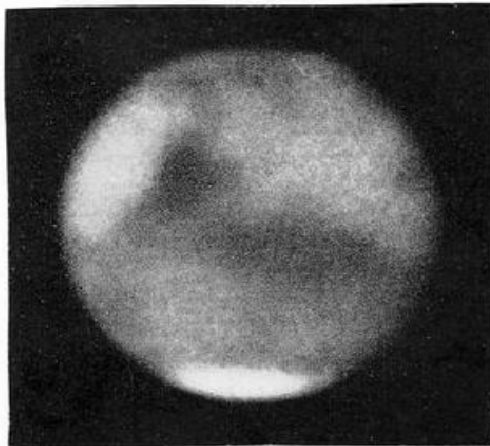
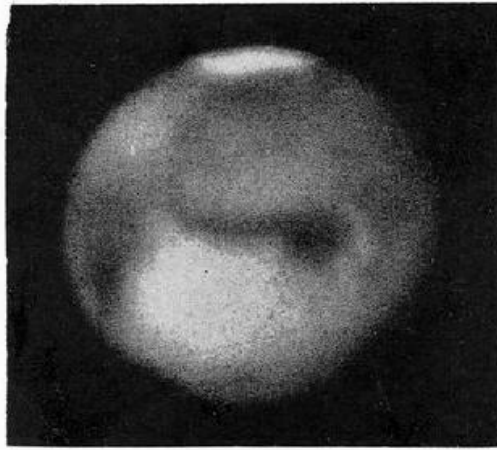
that leaves you
standing —

tall as Woman —

the valentine
of ripe
values

the knight
of days
to come

for Valentina Gal



Mary Ma



Geoff Baillie is a Victoria student of politics and literature, a musician, and a poet from Grand Bend, Ontario.

Samantha Bernstein received her Masters' in English literature from the University of Toronto. Her writing has appeared in *The Fiddlehead*, *Exile Literary Quarterly*, *Numero Cinq*, and others. Her memoir *Here We Are Among The Living* (Tightrope, 2012) was nominated for a BC National Award in Canadian nonfiction.

Madeleine Christie is a piano student in the University of Toronto Faculty of Music. She plans to pursue her writing and music in equal measure.

Jeff Dupuis is an alumnus of Victoria, where he was mentored by David Gilmour, Barbara Gowdy, and others. He freelances writing satire, articles, and reviews. His fiction has appeared in *Valve* and *The Barnstormer*.

Jasmine Gui is a Victoria student of English and East Asian Studies. She was raised in Singapore, Suzhou, Hong Kong, and Toronto. Poetry is a way of telling herself things that she is too stubborn to hear or too prone to forget.

Ariel Martz-Oberlander is a Victoria student of drama and literature. Her main sources of happiness are food and large bodies of water.

Bruce Meyer is a Victoria alumnus and a former *Acta Victoriana* editor (vol.100). He is the inaugural Poet Laureate of Barrie, Ontario and has published 40 books, mostly of poetry. He teaches literature at Victoria.



Jessica Popeski lives in Toronto and was raised in Sheffield, England. She studied voice and writing at Brandon University, where her poetry was featured in the Senior Colloquium and exhibited at the Glen P Sutherland Gallery. She performs with the St Anne's Music and Drama Society.

Lucas Regazzi is a Victoria student, the curator of *One poet's worth a thousand scientists*, editor in chief of Assembly Magazine, and an avid lover of contemporary art.

Jess Shane is a Victoria student of art and gender studies. This is her first publication; it is both inspired by and dedicated to her friend and former high school english teacher, who taught her more about everything than anyone she's met.

Anna Shortly is a Victoria student of anthropology and literature. likes dogs.

Katrina Vogan is a Victoria student of literature and physics. She is the science editor at The Varsity.

Fan Wu is a Trinity student of comparative literature. He believes twice: in friendship as spirituality; in the demise of systemic thought.

Bänoo Zan has published more than 80 poems, translations, biographies, and articles around the globe. She hosts the Queen Gallery Poetry Night in Toronto and is the editor of Scarlet Thistles, an anthology of political poetry. She believes that her politics is her poetry.

Acta Victoriana, volume 138, issue 2.

This edition consists of 750 numbered copies printed at Coach House Press in April 2014. It was designed by Camille Pylypczak and published with funding from the Victoria University Students' Administrative Council.

Type is set in Benton Sans and Caslon 540.

 of 750

