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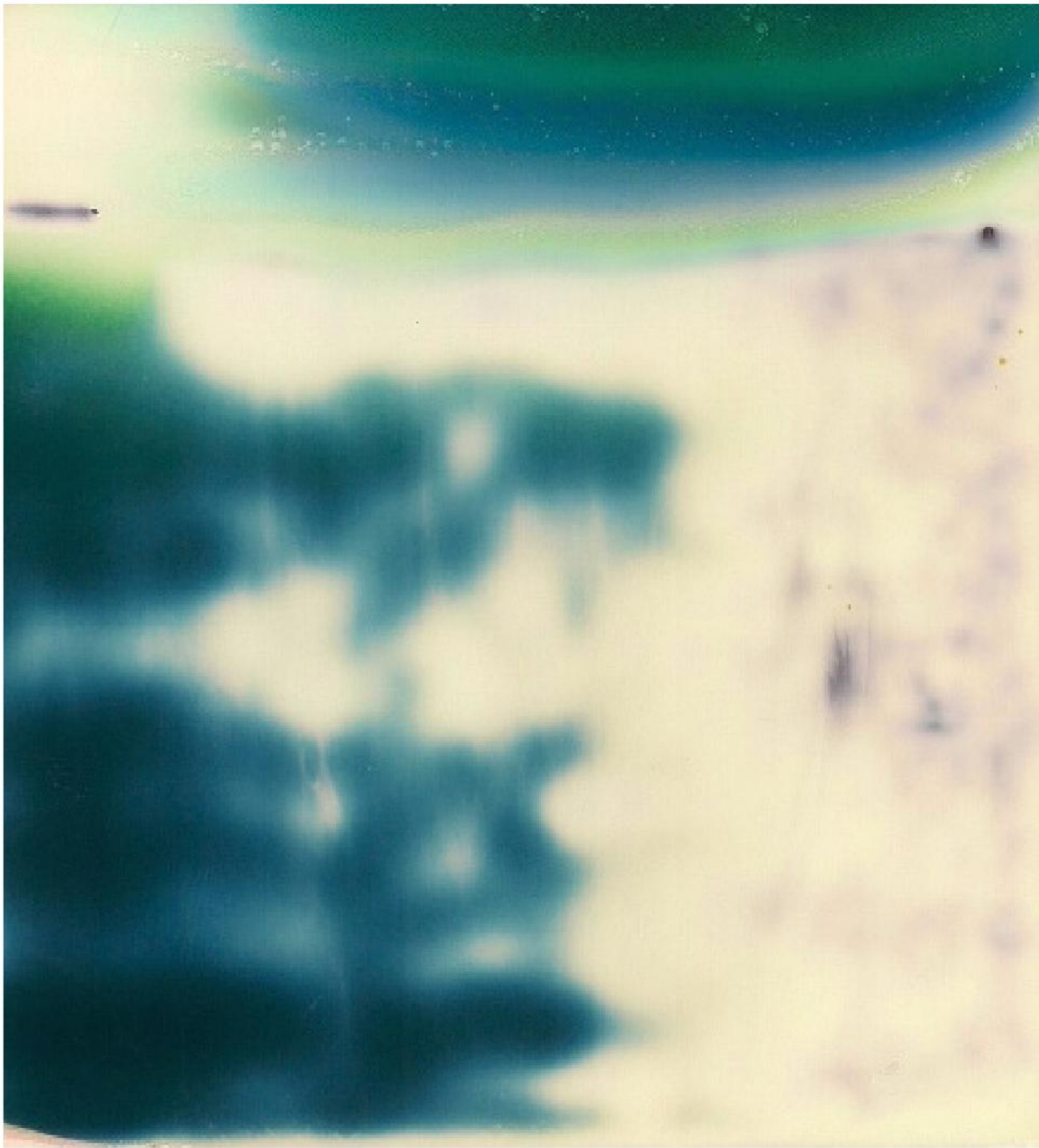
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The voice of the student body is that which resonates both most deeply and superficially with the materials that structure what we experience as our present. In resonating so with these materials, the frequency of the voice may bring forth tones the mellifluity of which is matched only by the Siren, or tones of malifluity which signal emergency like a siren. What gestures towards cacophony in the polyphonics of the student body's voice traces the nascence of the new at the same time as it re-calls an archaic inheritance, which we call tradition. *Acta Victoriana* acts as a sounding board for this polyvocation, seeking neither to disseminate purely the emergent and novel, nor to merely cloister between these covers an echo chamber where academic discourse may volley from wall to wall unencumbered by anything other. We submit to you, as we have submitted to editorial positions, as writers have submitted to us, hopeful that we have something that isn't merely accord nor discord, harmony nor the absurd. In this we seek not just respite, but also that something will have taken place other than the place itself.

Taylor Ableman & Miranda Alksnis



"Uncertainty #2" by Haley Currie





## Mountains

Miles Forrester

1. There are too many fucking mountains.
2. They extend across the sky...  
one retort against the other in increasingly similar arguments.
3. But to experience a mountain...
4. Yeah! They appear the same but consider the faces in the street.
5. Boreal veins of snow, boreal veins of trees, veins of smoke.  
Mountains ain't nothin' but veins.
6. And there are mountains in the ocean where their architecture is made of  
corpses, coral and continents.
7. There are mountains in space like ours. Like ours and like the mountains on Mars.
8. Mountains of literature and mountains of verse and the titans of literature and verse...  
what I'm saying is hierarchy.
9. It feels impossible to do anything with so much history.
10. Mountains loaded with dinosaur blood.
11. And by that, what I'm sure you mean is magma.
12. It feels impossible not to feel inevitably recyclable.
13. The institution of palaeontology is white knuckling it to the crest.
14. Moses and Abraham and a moustachioed English egotist are at the foot of a mountain.
15. One mountain is never enough.
16. Men in English moustaches: Take me to where they have the mountains.
17. Nautical mountains breaking out of red and purple watercolours.
18. It's as if they extend from the sea as actual rigour from the lazy waves.
19. Mountains breaking cobalt and sepia planes.
20. I'm sure I could fall spectacularly from there.
21. English moustaches become extraneous American beards.
22. And here we will perch on unnaturally natural pyramids.
23. From our hearts: Purple mountains. Eagles harassing goats.
24. In Canada we have plans for a single paved incline, a long concrete trough.
25. It's hard not to feel cynical with so many superfluous mountains
26. To imagine a mountain is a loosely drawn triangle.
27. In all seriousness, I drove across a mountain on fire and it was beautiful and I'm fine.



Resolution  
(Circle Not Yet Unbroken)

Fan Wu

Waking, drinking, from new wine,  
You spilt the sodden breath of time  
Relentless, sleeping, would take the few  
Morning's libations. To yourself you drew  
The broken wish: to always have been fine.

Day into night would  
lie in your room's unbent corner,  
talking about talking about the weather,  
the room ruled by that  
which the light cannot receive,  
does not let loose, will not will to let down.

Or in the body of a past self undrowned,  
His wefting hand a white sluice  
Over drawers where we hid spirits  
And the thought of we could not deceive.

Resolution: (circle not yet  
unbroken.

Motion of opening: exhaustion, the sound  
of wondered words from the brow of god:



“Man’s spirit will be flesh-bound,  
when found at best,  
And for the rest, we know both how  
To be abased, and to abound.”

You taught me—lone silo over an ocean,  
wayward grown lustrous  
blind like bramble—  
never to step in the same river once,  
whiskey river, with possible bread, and to  
bed alone one fist closed over this  
wanting waiting to forget.

This hard wait, and the heft.



## What We Talk About in The Graveyard

Eleanor Fogolin

In the graveyard we talk about our hungers.

How do they come about, these tête-à-têtes? We stir the beds of sleeping servicemen and our bellies are fulsome clocks, counting out each break room and lunchroom, dividing us between animation and slothful inactivity. We talk about how our bodies crave feelings in perogies, coleslaw, pickles, quarter-pounders. We talk about grease, about cod tongues, and we are watched by inscrutable names like so many smooth, ancient eyes: *Whitfield, Slackett, Butterworth, Psalter, Some Have Gone Before/And Some Will Follow After*.

I need to eat again; so much digging is hungry work.

We talk of food offerings left in the cemetery temple, and live chickens we have found clucking through the stones. A solitary apple; a plate of pears; so many frail empty shells, like who birds who are hatched, pillaged by crows, and go to their graves as gossamer.

*Chen, Choi, Kwan, Sun*. We struggle in a field of capital T's, our maps incomprehensible until I clutch at the arm of my shovel:

"The Lees are the trees, the Lees are the trees!"

Also, in the Hosta Beds, we find spirit plates as we peel back their coverlets of leaves: white Styrofoam boxes with a micron declaration, begging some unknown god to find these gifts acceptable. As we work with our faces pressed nearly to the bosom of the ground, we consume earth and human dust. Sand is between our teeth and our spit is black.

*Boulangier, Larose, Andai, Charron, Lamarque*. *Our Darling Baby, 1913, Forever In Our Hearts*.

Meanwhile, in 1945, our grandmothers wash their hair for work with a single precious egg, and pass a cake of lilac soap—tribute from an American soldier—from hand to hand, breathing deeply this little garden, while a crass matron croons, "We must trade it for potatoes directly."







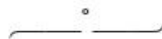
In the graveyard we talk about the weather.

We are soaked, bake in the sun, become cracked and dry. We scratch at the ground and raise eddies of fine grit. In humidity we are swamps, coughing clouds of phlegm and spleen.

The graveyard has its own weather systems. The rains fall here without falling over the rest of the city, and thunderheads like great iron coils contracting and expanding in whip-crack motions are contained in the space directly above our heads. The graveyard owns these fronts, which dissipate the moment they put their toes too far over the herbaceous borders to the north and roll back on themselves, raging on until they rage themselves out.

Down in the dump, where mushroom compost sends up potent flatulence, we skirt yawning grave beds, cloaked before the sleepers are lowered home, in our four-wheel drive. Our tires are slick with rain and mud, and as we grimace through the drops the corners of our mouths turn up until we are grinning jaws surging forth through the icy columns of mist. We suffer the wettest days with soaked britches and pratfalls, comediennes of the shovel and the stone, gap-toothed and big-armed and barrel-chested, our lungs are working lustily to expel the climate of sleep that threatens to grow like mould on our insides.

But the worst is when it doesn't rain, for we desperately water our pots-o-many-colors, lest they die as we plant them. So many acres we support here! So many little lives riding on spent shoulders!



In the graveyard we talk of the trends and economies of decay, of the correct and incorrect ways to return to dust.

The phraseologies of the old tower plots are rather extraordinary. Before 1939, nobody died, apparently, but indulged a sudden fatigue. They "went to their rest—satisfied." They "fell asleep, August 16th 1922," presumably in a bed of briars, never to wake again.



We wonder at the cult of the body that anticipates a resurrection of our meanest parts in fits and starts. From these flowerbeds where we kneel, fingernails, hair, teeth, tongue, palate, belly and earlobes rise from the ground and re-assemble themselves in midair like plates from a medical textbook, to the tune of “Amazing Grace” played backwards. In this brief moment where all the world is running in reverse, airborne jaws chatter with missives from the other side:

“I have seen the future... and we don’t do much of anything, really.”

Others, who were tenderly bathed and shrouded, have more propriety and turn over like children in their cradles rather than look at this immodest spectacle. Then, ah! At long last we regret our prurience and go on with our weeding and mulching as the oracles prattle on:

“I have seen the future... and boys are still going for glory, and girls are still wearing death around their wrists.”

Meanwhile, in 1963, the Pope lifts the ban on cremation. In our old shop, on an old site, we smell the bodies cooking while we take our break. They smell of fast food. Our stomachs churn and rebel.

We talk briefly of an old woman that comes to say a prayer, dragging the box of flowers she cannot carry on the end of her cane. She has the voice, inflections, and mannerisms of our grandmother, our aunt, our mothers-in-law—some living, some dead, some wandering in the thorny, twisting passages of dementia. As we drive through the ascending and descending layers of memory we are strung between symbol and meaning like beads on a thread, so sad; so proud; so fine; so without permanence of any kind.

We ourselves are staid as stone—one foot in the sepulchre, already practically buried—but we don’t talk about that in the graveyard.





## Quarter-Life

Spencer DeCorneille

It is that time of year,  
when the frosted moon  
becomes a lightning field  
& we stake your place  
in that ritual cake:

I.I.I.I.I.

I.I.I.I.I.

I.I.I.I.I.

A yellow chakra  
tickles your brow -  
Basked in the flame  
of fool's gold,  
you look both  
rococo vain &  
blazed with Byzantine  
purpose.  
In this moment, you are  
Important -

A Sun,

‘Triumphant.’

Twenty-five,  
you count twenty-five -  
3 rows & one blow.

Then,  
from your lips,  
a mist that beckons

//

the eclipse.



## A Fruit for Easing

Anna Shortly

I,  
a miserable little thing too far into life, a girl-like woman, go back to a  
womb-state.  
Crawl back up inside the place of birth:

*[One warm hot blind day  
and I just a body on the Earth  
the ants eating away at my legs/*

*Biting into a plum in season  
the shocking slack-jaw sweetness  
filling and spilling  
and I just a body on the Earth  
with a belly of plums/*

*Four a.m.  
and she talking fast  
and I talking fast  
and both talks converging  
and overlapping  
and becoming one big talk  
hanging between  
us two bodies on the Earth/*





*Smell of cut grass coming in through the window  
and I  
still in bed in half-reverie  
a body on the Earth  
hear all my house be still]*

I pull that mind that keeps on wandering a far piece back down into the  
skull  
where mortar fills the old sad space made between  
mind and body.

I ripen into myself.  
I see days as separate centuries: each with its own colour, taste, scent,  
and I am glad.

— — —

In the womb-state,  
You learn you already know what it is that has kept you from making a  
final hour:

Was no pretty boy from a time ago, now dead to your senses;  
It's all that first made you feel that  
here and now  
and then and to be  
and there and there  
are God-given gifts not to be tampered with.



## Unrested

Ana Prundaru

Clasped onto your wrist,  
nightshade of fingers and  
tenuous veins,  
pulsating jet black.  
The love-soaked lullaby  
froze my deracinated  
blossom inside the moon shadow.

To my misfortune, once  
reverie swallowed your voice and  
your body became an anesthetized  
constellation of Orion,  
the blackened star  
crawled up my spine, once more.  
Traces of yesterday sprout from  
foraged birch trees and  
become one along the riverbed.

A ruckus of yellow jackets,  
rose from wiggled roots of an ageless tree,  
paving the way to an electric meadow,  
as excruciatingly familiar, as the splendor  
of a heart ripped out.



I waited for the apple-cheeked face  
to ooze blood.

The chiffon stars comforted her, till  
the last rain drops  
watered my heartfelt wish  
to surrender my fretting soul  
to your feet.

I tucked you in, before the dusk canopy  
concealed its moon.

Plummeted next to you, your smile  
was an evanescent gift to me.



"Danceurs, Au Lapin Agile" by Tobias-René Wilczek



Michael Cavuto

A

—*a study for a portrait of Robert Lax*

A, A, A, A

word, please, something to make  
sense of—

A: poet, to make sense of—

A: poet in exile, A:

mockery, impatient  
with the image

*A: place to begin*

“ A A A

A A A

A A A A

A A A

A A A A

A A A A

A A A A

A A A ”





—A:

space on the  
page now filled, A:  
vowel, A: sound  
still, on its own:

—A:

direction for the eye

to follow (Ash-

urbanipal & his burning libraries...) A (false)

reference, the acacia or

asphodel misplanted or just / A

radish, more

ordinary, A: word; A: poem; A: girl and I

wanted to name you...

*21 november 2014 toronto*



Poem (After Poem (Instant Coffee))  
or, Variations on a Last Line of Personism

Victoria Bigliardi

you can be a poet or a painter or even just a friend,  
either way you can stay. abstraction doesn't go with rules,  
and this time when the door was left open,  
it was not passive or forgetful and you were meant to join us

even if you don't write, you don't have to write  
or even know your words at all  
as long as you have a few, it'll be easier  
we can wake up to grey sky in November and  
leave a couple of them in the ashtray as you pull  
on socks maybe a shirt and i'll make coffee

i would've said skies  
but i guess we have the same one now, guess we have to share  
it's okay if it looks a little different to you because it's  
looking a little different to me

what happened to the other one

it went a little too far  
doesn't everything do just that?  
go? yeah  
and sometimes too far,  
usually



and when you least expect it, too.  
everything is more than enough  
for the first time i feel that you are  
that i don't need to preface anything with anything,  
or even worse, something

no one reads those  
is this it?  
why did i decide to write on your last line, frankly  
why do you even bother...  
but is this it?  
love, now that the first love has died,  
where there were no impossibilities?

- 2014 (after 1956)



"July Skies in Toronto" by Rubeni Chandrasegaram



## Penelope

Scott Elder

When you came into Ithaca  
I loaded my gun.

A star fell in a trickle  
through a cloudless night. I stumbled

over the fear that the fall had no end,  
and that was all...but for the gun.

A fist-full of light held in a clench  
of nickel, brass and the like—

I wondered if it be kin to star-fall,  
if it bore, in birth, a sigh or a scream,

if the distances wore away its voice  
until silence alone marked your return.

The years tumbled down my iron cheeks,  
and I danced for my suitors till dawn.

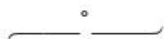




## Blood Brothers

Christopher Greer

In the soil of this place is the blood of my family. My father and mother worked this soil until their hands were torn and their bones ached with each coming of the frost. I did the same, but my children will not; they have left this place, and in their absence it will rot. The lines carved into the wood of our kitchen table will not speak to them of a man—my father—never able to rest his weary hands; the well will not speak to them of hours spent digging under the hot summer sun—will not speak of burning backs and arms, nor recall wishes (for a better crop, for a local girl) spoken with soft breath to the wind; the bird feeder on the back porch will go unfilled, and the cardinal will no longer float around the shrill blue jay like blood in water. My children will forget these things, these stories that have settled like dust into the hollow places of my home. The lines written by the hands of my parents and me, hammering nails and ploughing soil, will go unread, be lost. I write now in the hopes of being remembered properly.



The accident that took my father is not easily forgotten. The mere mention of his name summons an image too gruesome to be sustained, so talk of him is always short.

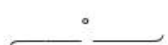
I was a boy when it happened, no taller than his waist. He would sing as he worked, and he was singing then. To see him across the field and hear his voice was a comfort, like seeing yellow windows from a distance in wintertime, but to recall his singing now is to hear him shriek; to hear his voice destroyed with his limbs as our old horse spooked and toppled a cart full of stones collected from the field.

It was my younger brother Neil who spooked the horse. He was in the hills not far off hunting squirrels with my father's rifle, which was much more than the task required. The horse had lived through the war and scared easily in its old age. My brother knew this, as did we all.



The funeral was held in the early hours of the morning—my father’s favorite time of day. My mother could hardly see for the tears in her eyes, could hardly walk for the grief that overtook her body like an illness, and so, for the first time, I drove our pick-up over the hill and into town. The sun rose red in our wake. It cleared the mists from the fields and from on high we watched as cars and trucks shook to life like cattle and moved toward the funeral home. In the time since I have often thought it odd that death, of all things, brings people together in this way. Many of those at the funeral I had not seen or heard from in years, but they smiled and gently took my hand all the same. It is reassuring to know that in the face of something so terrible, so definite, that we, like the deceased, might live on in the memories of others, and someday be born again with the telling of our story.

Mercifully, the casket was closed. My mother cried at its side. Neil and I put our hands on her shoulders.



Some days later Neil and I were in town buying groceries when we ran into uncle Barrie. It was clear from the smell on his breath and the looseness of his limbs that he was drunk again. Neil and I pretended not to notice him, but his voice boomed out and forced us to turn.

“Boys!” he called. “Come here a minute.”

Neil and I made our way over and placed the bags of groceries on the pavement.

“What’s the matter?” asked Barrie. “Haven’t you any strength in your arms?”

Neil and I looked at one another but said nothing.

“You’re going to need it now, boys, let me tell you,” said Barrie. “Your father was a strong man; he worked hard to keep up that farm you’ve got. You’ll have to do the same.”

“Yes sir,” said Neil and I together.



Barrie nodded, squinting at our arms and chests, dissatisfied.

"If you need any help up there, you let me know," he said. "I hate the thought of your poor sweet mother pulling boulders from the soil or hammering nails."

Neil and I exchanged glances again, our lips curling like burning paper. Both of us remembered the time that Barrie, again after having too much to drink, placed his calloused hand on our mother's thigh while our father was in the other room. Knowing full well what our father would do, my mother waited until Barrie was out the door before telling him what had happened. It was hard to keep from laughing while thinking of the yelping noises that came from the fields that night.

"Yes sir," we said.

Barrie nodded, satisfied. We bent down to pick up the groceries but he began talking again.

"Your mother mentioned at the funeral that the old horse spooked. That true?"

"Yes," I said. "It spooked and toppled the cart."

Barrie nodded. "What spooked it?"

Neil began to speak but I cut him short. "Not sure," I said. "Maybe he saw a coyote over by the tree line."

Barrie's eyes squinted further as he looked from me to Neil and back again.

"Surely that horse is used to coyotes by now?"

I hesitated. "He's always been a bit skittish," I said.

Barrie nodded again, but I could see that he wasn't satisfied by my answer. I nudged Neil and motioned to the grocery bags. We picked them up and began to walk toward the truck. We walked toward the truck and Barrie stayed put, watching us go.

"Bye Barrie," I said.

"See ya kid," he replied. I could feel him watching as we got into the truck and drove off. There was sweat on the back of my neck, though the morning was cool.

Neil and I listened to the radio, not speaking. I'd been preoccupied the last few days. I hadn't thought to ask Neil about the rifle.

"Hey Neil?"

"Yeah?"





“Why were you using Dad’s big rifle for hunting squirrels?”

Neil shuffled in his seat. He was looking out the window.

“I don’t know, I always do.”

“But why?” I asked. “We’ve got a perfectly good pellet gun.”

Neil was quiet again for a moment before answering: “I like the way it looks when I hit one. The squirrels just explode, you know? They disappear.”

I nodded but said nothing. Neil had always fancied himself a hunter. It had started with a bull’s-eye painted on the side of the barn, but he soon grew bored of wooden targets and went looking for living ones. Living targets moved; I understood that. I reasoned that there was no difference, really, between that and killing a bird with a slingshot.



The neighbors were very kind, but much of their generosity was unnecessary. They brought fresh eggs, bottles of wine, bread. They assumed my mother would be bed-ridden and us boys would need to be fed, but they could not have been more wrong.

“Sit down James,” Mother said to me one morning, placing a plate of fried eggs in front of me and pouring me a glass of milk. I had forgotten to buy orange juice and some other things at the grocery store the day before. She was angry.

“Neil!” she called. “Come and get your breakfast!”

Neil came down the stairs still in his pajamas. His hair was tousled and his eyes were red from rubbing.

“Are you just getting up?” asked Mother.

“Yes.”

Mother’s face flushed slightly. “It’s nearly 8 o’clock,” she said. “There’s work to be done around here.”

“Sorry Mom,” said Neil.

“That’s alright,” she replied. “When you’re finished eating I need you and your brother to finish staining the barn. I’ll finish pulling the stones from the field so we can begin to plough.”

Neil and I nodded. The cart had not been damaged too badly. The men from town had put it upright again and returned the stones he had collected.

“Are you sure, Mom? Neil and I can do that.”

Mother’s face flushed again. “Do your dishes when you’re finished and go to work on the barn.”

She finished her breakfast and left the table. Neil and I watched her walk to the barn and come back out again with our horse. She walked toward the cart that stood alone in the field like a tombstone.

— ° —

Neil and I climbed the wooden scaffolding on the side of the barn with buckets of stain hanging from our elbows and brushes clenched between our teeth. The wood was old and dry and soaked the stain up eagerly. Perhaps all would be right after all. My mother was strong and knowledgeable. She had always done more than her fair share of the work and now Neil and I would do the same.

“Who’s that?” Neil asked.

I saw a black truck coming up the laneway. It was billowing black smoke and I could see the rust forming along its sides.

“Barrie,” I said.

Neil swore we began to climb down immediately. As we ran toward Barrie we saw him pull a bouquet of flowers from the back seat. His hat was gone and there was grease in his hair.

“What do you want, Barrie?” I called.

“Hello boys,” he said. “I’ve just come to pay my respects to your mother.”

“Now’s not a good time Barrie,” I said. “You should go.”

Barrie’s face hollowed in mock surprise. His mouth gaped like a fish and I pictured myself bashing his head against a rock—I pictured myself cutting in a straight line from his chin to his waist, like my father had taught me to do with the rainbow trout I caught in the spring.

“Boys,” said Barrie. “I don’t mean any harm. I only want to see your mother.”

“You’re not welcome here anymore, Barrie,” said Neil.

“Neil,” I said shortly, “keep your damn mouth shut.”

“What a thing to say!” said Barrie. “Neil, have you forgotten all I’ve done for you over the years? I’ve sent a birthday card every year—I presents too when I could afford them. Have you forgotten that?”

“I haven’t forgotten a thing,” said Neil.

“I’m sorry boys, but I promised your father I would take care of your mother if anything like this ever happened. It’s my duty, you see? Surely you boys understand that?”



Neil turned and walked into the house. He came out holding father's rifle casually at his side. It was almost as tall as Neil himself.

"Whoa there Neil, no need for that," said Barrie, laughing nervously.

"Neil," I said sternly. "Mom's in the field with the cart."

The anger left Neil's face for a moment. Barrie looked from Neil to me and began to smile. "That's quite a big rifle, son," he said.

"You sure you know how to use it?"

"I can use it," said Neil. "Sure I can."

Barrie's smile widened. "You've used it before, then?"

Neil didn't answer but looked to me worriedly. Barrie laughed aloud.

"You say that old horse of your father's spooks easily, eh? I bet a rifle like that would do it."

Neil raised the gun so that it was pointing at Barrie and placed his finger on the trigger. There were beads of sweat on all our brows.

"You don't want to be doing that, son," said Barrie. "I'm not the type of man you want to anger."

"Leave," was all Neil said.

Barrie stared at Neil and the gun for a moment before turning toward the field. "I need to speak with your mother," he said over his shoulder. "I'm your uncle."

"We don't need you," yelled Neil, colour returning to his face.

Barrie stopped and turned back. "That may very well be," he said, "but your mother does."

"Neil," I said. "Be calm for a second."

Neil's eyes never left Barrie's back.

"For God's sake Neil, think of Mom."

Neil cocked and fired the gun just as Barrie reached the tree line and Barrie fell forward with a hole in his back and blood poured out and wet the grass. A noise from the field cut through the echo from the gunfire. Neil dropped the gun and ran toward the sound. I picked up the gun and followed. Mother was standing and looking at the toppled cart some feet to her right. She heard us calling her name and turned to see Neil and I leaping from the trees, the rifle still in my hand.



"Tourists" by Daniel Lockhart



## But I'll Tell You

Sydney Gautreau

You're not going to hear me complain about it.

Strange phenomena: all too embarrassed to ask  
what it is  
how it works

*(O O O O but you're so-o healthy)*

Turn on the lights :  
What you expected all along.  
Through the dust of disappeared shadows  
Light denudes a half-hearted box:  
Opened, it reveals the carnage of lost interest.  
The menace isn't such a menace, after all.

Yet

"How is your ---- doing?"  
flows off the tongue  
in a casual surge of nonchalance;  
a barren brook of babbling good will.  
Discomforting as the grip of a baby's finger.

*(O O O O, but you're so-o skinny)*

William Carlos Williams knew the transition was violent.  
My response comes from the diphthong

ae





My body takes ownership of Schumpeter's Gale  
unasked for.

(what is a poem without Jesus; disease makes  
virgins of us all)

Frankly, it's none of your business  
But I'll tell you.  
Frankly, I feel like garbage.

Miss Fitzgerald sings *The Cole Porter Songbook*:

Sings the caramel melody of our feet being  
hacked off:

Absence, not green, does wonders for the complexion.  
(So tell me why should it be true?)

Go ahead, take a couple inches off the bottom.

A shame, my calves are the only muscles I've ever liked.

Go ahead, take vaguely pleasant aim north  
of the cut on the bottom of my foot  
that

justw

o

n'th

eal.

(Vagaries and pleasantries  
make durable plaster.)



It is funny, staring at your own  
(*in your own*)  
flesh

and having mortality stare back.  
The healthy red  
(robust; salubrious flush)  
betrayed by its own rapid blink:

my sinister pulse.  
(O O O O, but you're so-o young)

Frankly, it's none of your business  
But I'll tell you.



## Untitled [But Let It Be Said]

Sacha Archer

There are stories concerning chain letters. I will not go into them here, but let it be said, You're it. There's no one else. We've run from you. When we saw you we ran from you. from you. You're it. Innocent, certainly, but. Once it begins, it catches, everything burns. You turn around and — you're it. The streets, bending with the weight of so many people, crowd you with the knowledge that you're it. You turn around and around and around and there's only one way out. Infiltrate an established peerage, destabilize harmonious relations, and participate (not *too* closely) in a ritual ostracization. It isn't fair, but it is natural. In fact, it's physics — Archimedes' principle, the law of displacement. Why can't we all just get along? We don't know — we don't care. We're not it.

There is the story of coyote. I will not go into it here, but let it be said, That wood has no throat and so cannot swallow fire, for the Olympian approaching the Olympian, carrying fire on a stick, is the addition of dust to Pindar's sported jacket, whose odes, yodelled by pointless coyotes, disoriented in the floodlights of a model home, echo in the quarry, over the clear cut recording's dendrochronology, in placing us, wrings out.

There is the story of guardian lions. I will not go into it here, but let it be said, Cowardice is a luxury stone hasn't the ability to hate. That said, stone in the gulag, to stone, isn't in the gulag. Statements of this nature will, without fail, attempt to lead to nothing and an eventual dissection of mammalian psychology, and will succeed, except in cases where any two sentries joined by a charge, at a slight distance, one from the other, embody inuksuit, indicating location of interest by the position of their stance. And it is always this way. Come here. Stay Away. Which is it?





"Barcelona, 2013" by Eli Bourassa



## Home, or, A Mirage

Terry Abrahams

right attachment  
to my bedside table  
where stacks of him  
and I mountain up in  
quick bursts of colour.

the dying orchid, the  
empty mug, the pile  
of books dog-eared,  
curled, pressed by  
the dampness. he

looks at all of this  
and adds his watch,  
saying it needs a new  
battery. how long are  
you staying? I ask, and

his lips draw a thin line.  
until I am called home,  
he says, and again I  
look for a phone, see  
nothing. ok, I say, ok.



## Selling Fish Without a Permit: Reflective

Hamish Ballantyne

Now pivot—

the grate scraps  
a sound

a scrap of known  
sound that

orbits hours, grated  
light

shifts  
a click, a stripe—

pivot.



## Untitled

Evan Klein

I loved her like a child  
Loves her mother like her  
Father loves her, too



## Bios

Terry Abrahams isn't a ghost writer. He lives in poetry and edits Toronto

Sacha Archer was born in Hamilton, Ontario in 1984. He earned his B.A. in English Lit. in 2008 from Trent University. He formerly taught ESL in Tianjin, China, and has since returned to Canada.

Hamish Ballantyne is a writer from Vancouver Island who studies Ornithology at the University of Toronto. He is a founding member of the sound poetry collective Sex Panic!

Victoria Bigliardi is a Victoria student of linguistics and semiotics. She is co-president of Metaform: A Semiotic Society and is inspired by the New York School of poetry.

Eli Bourassa is a student in physics and math, but distracts himself with art and photography.

Michael Cavuto is a poet originally from Philadelphia, now living & studying in Toronto. He was the editor of the Trinity Review 126, and currently runs a reading series. He is a member of the sound-poetry salad, Sex Panic!

Spencer DeCorneille is a Victoria student in Anthropology, English, and Italian. She was first published as a poet at 13 in the Canadian Woman Studies Journal/les cahiers de la femme. She loves 'The Simpsons' and is a serial abuser of the semicolon.



Scott Elder lived as street musician in Paris and London, then worked as a mime in France and Portugal before spending twelve years in a Buddhist hermitage in France. He now lives in Auvergne. His poems have appeared in *Ecumes*, *Poetry Cornwall*, *Orbis*, *Poetry Salzburg*, *Cyphers*, *Nimrod International*, *The Antigoni- ish Review*, and will be appearing in the forthcoming issues of *The French liter- ary Review*, *Big Muddy*, *Quiddity International Journal*, and *Dream Catcher*.

Eleanor Fogolin is a student of writing from Ottawa. Her work has also been featured in *The New Quarterly* and *Cactus Heart Press*.

Miles Forrester is a conceptual artist and writer located in Toronto. He is a grad- uate of York University with a double major in Visual Art and Creative Writing. His practice combines performance, video, sound, text, & installation. For- rester's work ecstatically explores the latitudes of chaos with arbitrary systems, productive contradictions, and also assonance as to yield significant fiascos (wherein aesthetics rupture into the frenzied congealment of experience and intention). From one monumental failure to the next, Forrester is seeking the biggest fiasco, *The Super Actuality*, the 'x' at the end of all rhetoric and reality\*. \*reality should be considered the avatar of rhetoric in this context.

Sydney Gautreau is a Victoria student of English and History. Poetry is an outlet for her exasperatingly pedantic relationship with words. She loves the semi-colon, holding hands, and coffee.

Christopher Greer is a Trinity student of English literature. He works as a jour- nalist for the University of Toronto Sustainability Office.





After studying at Seneca College, Evan Klein interned in the literary department at The Characters Agency where he covered submissions. Shortly after, he began his short poetry collection and enrolled in the University of Toronto's Continuing Education Creative Writing program. Currently, he is working on 'Daughters', a short poetry collection and 'Binscarth', an original screenplay based in Toronto.

Daniel Lockhart is a Woodsworth student of History and Political Science in his final year. He is an avid photographer, never to be caught without a camera at hand.

Ana Prundaru is a translator based in Switzerland. Her writing and art have appeared in such publications as The Citron Review, CutBank and Inky Needles. A poetry chapbook is forthcoming from Etched Press.

Anna Shortly is a 3rd year Victoria College student of English and Cultural Anthropology. Still likes dogs.

Tobias-René Wilczek strives to capture the ephemeral moment in his artwork. His work has previously appeared in the Hart House Review.

Fan Wu was the gutter ball in God's last visit to the bowling alley, the sickly American neon reflected from His cleats, the undercooked chicken on the breaths of His distant relatives. In his spare time he pretends to be Judge Schreiber in an otherwise empty room, enjoys the word 'obsidian,' and smashes his psychic face into jagged surfaces.

Adam Zachary is a writer, musician, photographer, editor of the Hart House Review, and a former editor of Acta Victoriana (vol. 138).

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