

What left Asking

a different

o ther us

– David Bradford

THE CAPILANO REVIEW / *ti*-TCR 18

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Editor's Note

ti-TCR 18 features the three winners of our New Physicalities Spring Contest, judged by Cecily Nicholson—David Bradford, Ryley O’Byrne, and Jasper Wrinch—as well as longlisted contest entries and selected submissions to our online writing prompt series, *Long Distance Poem*. These two digital initiatives from the spring of 2020 took place in and alongside a global pandemic, replete with its cocktail of heartbreak, anxiety, frustration, and boredom, and lend these pages an unexpected cohesion.

The works collected in this issue reflect on what it means to exist in this moment of transfigured physicality, in all of its brutally dealt paradoxes and (digital) epiphanies. “[L]ook / thru me when you say that / god damn utter / fucking hashtag,” Bradford writes, of the viral internet phenomenon of the black square. Elsewhere, Felix Ruiz de la Orden echoes a similar sentiment when he quips, “I > product of such and such self-care.” What happens when “we break life into units to count and divide” (O’Byrne)? “[W]hen physical sensations [are] noted until they aren’t” (Jónína Kirton)?

It’s October now, and the toilet paper stocks have more or less been replenished. “Zoom” has become a verb, and some of us who once attempted to make sourdough have since denounced it. We exercise in our living rooms to the countdown of YouTube ads, doing our best not to expel unnecessary vapours. The experience of living and grieving through a pandemic continues, and, we’re told, likely will for some time.

While we might pale from digital fatigue—a condition this web folio no doubt only further exacerbates—in the end there is little choice now but to find new ways of being together. The works in this collection assure us that this is possible: reading and writing into whatever happens next.

—Jacquelyn Ross

at the post-vaccine sex party

Sunny Nestler

a room for touching strangers' faces
a long daisy chain of spooning
sharing a single spoon for eating a pint of ice cream
a moist droplets cabaret
a handwashing station
a room where no one wears a mask
a room where everyone wears a mask
a naked mosh pit
curves and flat curves
a room for grieving
a room for celebrating
a beer bong
a newspaper
a room for being alone by yourself
a room for being alone with other people
a room for being together with other people

Four Poems

David Bradford

Zoom Zoom

dawn and in droplets too : our hosiery and the horse face
our bestilledness and cut grease : up on all of it and yet

my order for trail shoes : our ascent around the apartment
our thundercat for the markets : in a pinch into the terrain

looky a tiny painter painted in big paints : old back to bed
a scroll tho very brightly : a little pose for the canyon's edge

just like that : a walk but dirty : the sponge in the microwave
the doorknob regimen again : think all the limbs out of frame

and many more : heading out now : and still with every trace
next episode : the latest package : another big protein shake

the five minutes before the washing away : our last dance
mr blackhead : not tired at all : the tea that never gets made

Little Thing

now may have done

my wee own count

fed no

How my palm fi ts

n a

What a thought

second voice clicking In

Just

What rise

kept keeping

said what would me a n

well the little

remains

I'm still walking in

Séance Repair

if the force only seemed real
 off after the videos
all the broaching clocks over here

don't leave me the moment
 to turn back my hand either
twice a day I've been coming
 around just right

twice a day I'm grounded up
 twice a day I'm fudged
over a long while

but I see you read up on me like a book
 curdled up in your old breeding
nook our voices
 lingering just so
have really spoken to you

so you are checking in just so

down with the new immortals
 always broke never poor
up on the lingo
 amplitude and gesture
to our undead in the parlour

tributes on your every wall

not quite just the likenesses
soulful in the shallows
bodied for the lectern

resting in power no knock
warrant black square just to look
thru me when you say that
god damn utter

fucking hashtag

whose tongues to trust at all

Seal

What left Asking
a different
o ther us
a mutual
last Try rid of
a clean and over
a tired fail to give
get better after Or out
what might be
d one for it
might
cease to be
just as little as
wanted

tweet draft anxiety head sick

Felix Ruiz de la Orden

risk decision woes like incision work
(creative? or buyer's remorse-like?)
welfare fun well, fair funding ding!
gerund-inclusive freewriting r&r
asthmatic whatsapp ding! gull-hate
consommé communism opportunist
(me? or him?) for your life. end.
phantasmagoria guilt trip up
oops too many cooks = discrete brain
tantrum overt it (mine? or ours?)
rather my pairing of adorno and
masterchef for twelve-hour break-
less rave nation more dep-sick dreams
fun-employed economic stimulus lackey
big bougie purchases depravation
overload penicillin then again
best thing for me right now

group chat collective hacker
roué with well-cured aesthetic
confidante meticulous low budget
youtube doc for the average joe
peak spotty home reno alone

time to fed-up property bodyweight
properly exercises (noah's ark list? how

about abs?) productivity crisis reduction
via eye on the prize solitude workout

barely a beer after work wage cut
essential phone plan payment wage
wire transfer essential bloke (hero?)
gulag regular conversational introvert
type activities idling and wakefulness
bong hit bathtub brain fart flood project
(manager? or just hr's neighbourhood relations
damage control task force?) insurrection

insufficient flour mutual aid confessional
(mtv unplugged opportunity?) post-
uncertainty posts in action draft list
pundit wannabe regret-complex treasure trove

paper bag mouth vaporub chest
gut ache vine coma well-informed basket
case responsibilities, at least
responsibility inventories

microwave clock pressure coffee press
singular bodum (what?) plural-bodied
(now or slightly ahead?) chips and frozen
chicken cordon bleu candlelit cry sesh
neon vest protests avant-garde isolation
techniques like extra-social stargazer's

3am solitary ascetic solidarity
an uncool nu-populism stomp for
fast food temptation deniers
(uber eats et al.)

vampire's violent scapegoat
shadow blanket cuddle puddle
thinkpiece viral redecorator
webmd specialist peer pressure
impact font meme retaliation
disavowal push notifications

pro high def news app hoarders
anonymous April late-July early-
August payment photosynthesis tragedy
doorway height etch montage illusion
like growth + consistent proximity

data analyst not quite so educated
classified aversion at-home vertigo
next room open tab presence bank
teller handshake smile combo level
expert trust fund cyber aid networks
sick labour force e-transfer strike
desperate part-product communities

academically late meaning obsession flash
grenade soccer kick language contact
tracing not-quite-so-invisible enemy
wartime silence or productive self-
improvement or no time for shopping
cart full pileup wreckage poetry

routine list/personality quiz exhibitionist
contagious pineal gland cist melodrama
I > product of such and such self-care
onion garlic ginger oil various veggies
chicken stock peanut butter soy sauce
sambal oelek lemon juice brown sugar

instant noodles package spice it up

spruce activist vitality projects

existential for the people in the back

dread for kindle for rebellions for

popcorn ceiling daydreams re/

occupy block party failures

webcam hide-and-seek whatever

telephone conference totality

real negligence i.e. homework

Surf Club

Tasha Hefford



148101 - THE LOSER-LIFESTYLE

You are really trying - I have to give you credit for that - but

i want to hear a silent strong steady stream

Go to horny jail



Your behavior is not tolerated on Roblox.

How? ..Just Watch

148101 - THE LOSER-LIFESTYLE

You are really trying - I have to give you credit for that - but

bump :)

bumpity

music
genre

idg



a fetish for a man fumbling through life

i but I'm so happy

Who Are We Kidding?

♥ a lot of these would be good punk songs

trying

trying

trying

trying

trying

trying

You don't have any trusted contacts

I'll take what I want, when I want!...

bookmarked but not
subscribed

better show my net friends

Q why can't i |

Q why can't i cry

Q why can't i focus

Q why can't i burp



>>[825067937](https://www.825067937.com)

I'm 25 not old but recently got back into shrimp

Doppelgängers

Jónína Kirton

month one

masks — food delivery
doctor appointments fill our days until
a couple of imposters sit in our living room
evil twins whispering dread
remote control between them

real life examples of what not to do
we are witnesses to panic emptying toilet paper shelves

we stock up try to stay indoors

month two

alone together too much
we have begun to feed on one another
tethered to distractions we say we do not leave the house
but there were sightings in grocery store aisles
where snack food and popcorn kernels were quietly abducted
when out we wore masks washed our hands
within this container of safety no viruses can enter
and yet we contaminated became mirror images
spitting kernels into bowls of disdain dished up by a little too much closeness
each day on social media we offered versions of ourselves to the world
at once we become two with different stories re: the same day
unintentional participants in exposure therapy
the unveiling of thin skin and a turning to online others
where too many disclosure displays left us both diminished
no longer tethered to the tangible
we have become someone we no longer recognize
physical sensations noted until they aren't
day after day numb side by side
the remote between us

we stock up try to stay indoors

month three

decisions are made re: tv viewing habits
more shows about artists and the music of our youth
I can feel the dread emptying out of me
pouring itself onto the carpet
into glasses of coffee and all over the kitchen counter

we stock up try to stay indoors

month four

we buy a Netflix membership
binge watch *Stranger Things*
three seasons in two days
seeing ourselves in the doppelgängers
a decision is made to post positive
to remember who we are and which side we want to feed
while others return to their habits
phase three does not include us
we remain ghosts repeating the Serenity Prayer to ourselves
at sixty-five and seventy we wonder will we ever be free

we stock up try to stay indoors

Atmospheric River (collides with migraine)

Barbara Tran

LA Times article accessed
4:34 PM PST *a continuous conga*
line of moisture orographic lift
mountaintops dancer
gliding one knee
sunlight glancing
off the glossy
mugs and glasses silver-
ware and stainless steel
bowls I have not
washed all day my head
squeezed a wrung
sponge Vulcan's Fire
aloe in bloom orange
as an emoji Nature's
neon River asleep
on the sofa he's not
supposed to be on (not
my rules) one paw
tap tapping lands
known only to him pre-
here pre-animal
shelter He calls
to a person a bird a
billowing bag flying
through a field fickle
as this February

Breadhead: A Yeast Helix

Aldona Dziedziejko

I take a razor blade to the skin of the bread and cut into the springy flesh. In the oven, my strokes will set into flour-filled patterns. Scoring sourdough is a gruesome art. I've been wary of bread ever since I attended my first communion. Along with the idea of bread as the body of Christ, other folk tales I'd read warned of unrisen breads where demons took residence to punish careless bakers. In some of them, loaves bled and progeny starved.

Is it alive? Does it feel pain? What does bread agonize over?

As a child, I read a fairy tale about a woman dying of starvation whose own sister had turned her away. The fortunate sister's pantry shelves were stacked with tawny sourdough. Surely she must have felt a pang of guilt. The dozing sun threw rose gold over the walls of the cabin when her husband returned from work. Over supper, when they cut into their bread, blood seeped out. Something terrible happened to the poor sister and her kids.

Bread knows when you wrong someone.

Before the scoring, I rise very early. Three pairs of iridescent eyes track my movements. I fill three dishes with kibble, egg, water, chopped carrots, rice. My sugar dissolves in warm water and I pour the clay-coloured granules into the syrupy liquid. I watch the yeast react. Its movement, its frothing, fanning out, is tidal. It makes me think of the blind and mysterious bond of cells. Attraction. A ripening, musty smell that wakes up the senses with its effervescence. Something rich and true taking shape. Baking with yeast takes commitment, fortitude. Baguettes require four forty-minute rest periods between folding in a cotton bed called a *couche*. I take pleasure in the final reveal: what was once a heavy, stingy mass inflates into a soft balloon, alive under its skin like the white belly of a seal.

I live in a hamlet wedged in the spit of a lake in the far North, above Alberta. Our village of about three hundred people has halted in its usual movements. I am no longer responsible for motivating twenty children to learn in a dim classroom first thing in the morning. On my mind are infectious agents, microorganisms, life. The life I am trying to create inside me with alternating trepidation and zest. I hold a belief that if I make enough biscuits, loaves, feed enough cats and half-stray dogs—and fill my days with feeding—my body will shake loose an ovum that will take root in the bowl of my pelvis.

David thinks the world will end in three months and his growing responsibility over the vulnerable parts of our lives troubles him deeply. Everything is a liability nowadays. A hysteria he cannot control. He envisions people brawling over food. David said his father was a horse wrangler in the Kootenays, then an alcoholic and a petty criminal in Abbotsford. That he looked like Clint Eastwood and had longish blond hair. *Daniel. Desire. Danish eyes. David. Disease. Disappointment. Death.* My mother-in-law Hillary: *I first saw Daniel on the street getting into a car. I thought he was gorgeous. A few weeks later I saw him going into the Park Hotel Pub. I followed him in and watched him play pool.*

Daniel wore faded blue jeans, sandals, hats, and Western shirts with contrasting heavy piping on the yoke. *I couldn't stop thinking about him. I was eighteen and a half. He turned out to be a nice guy who laughed at everything.* Daniel and Hillary got married shortly after and had a son who died in infancy; after that, they had David. By the time David turned five they were estranged and Daniel died in a car accident driving drunk. A few memories remain: a photo of David in a cowboy getup, wide-eyed, scared-eyed, sweet-faced. He and Daniel had gone to the mall that day to take studio pictures. Hillary thinks Daniel slapped David that day.

Saccharomyces cerevisiae.

Sugar fungus. An organism that finds its home in a moist environment. Cake yeast. Fresh yeast. Solid yeast blocks used by professional bakers: you peel back the tinfoil like you would with butter and crumble it over flour. Sometimes you make a depression in the powdery mound and house it there. It is finicky in how it wants to be handled. “Do not disturb the yeast!” my grandmother would admonish me

whenever I tried to peek under the tea towel where the lump of dough sat. The wait, the curiosity, the methodical work, was something my own mother had no patience for. Sometimes you knead dough to subdue it; sometimes you need to leave it alone to grow. It multiplies rapidly when fed sugar. What is it about sugar that gets it so feverish?

My dad's work bag was bulky and rectangular with many zippers. He was an instructor in physical education and anatomy at a technical college in a nearby town and he would make that trip by bike with his bag on his back and its strap across his chest. The bag was often warm and smelled like rotten apples. He'd always forget some part of his lunch in its multitude of folds and pockets. Some days it would be softened yellowed plums stuck to the bottom, other days the last bit of a tomato and swiss cheese sandwich on rye in a paper bag bruised with grease and browned with sticky nectar. The smell was home: over-sweet, summer-sweet, sugar-loaded. When he was gone I listened to the sounds of the vestibule door opening and the spokes of his bike whirling. Then, just silence.

My dad now, finally, with a son. My dad, sixty-four years old, onto his second wife.

I have a half-brother. I'm old enough to be an aging mother to him. I was an only child for so long, I forget about my little brother. *Gorgeous. Girl. Guilt.* I can't be near either of them. *Lech. Lucas.* Things are complicated. I score a cross-hatch into an oval of dough. I excise our dads while creating something that gently twists into a helix.

If David and I have a son I want to name him Daniel, and if we have a daughter—
Daniela. DNA. Decision. Deidolize. Deprogram.

The Gathering Foes of Miracles

Maegan Hill-Carroll

after John Prine

The gathering foes of miracles mark
The moon to last for eternity
Sick and stuck and meager
Headless that I do die there for a reason
I die low and shallow daily outside my heart
Yesterday I passed out
And sent packages to The Pas
My ex, my cat, my menstrual blood and you

Rich young Juniper then
Was always fated to be invited
To lay down alone
Once a small stone
Now an extraordinary void
Stranded in the St. James' Tim Horton's parking lot

The gathering foes of miracles mark
The moon to last for eternity
Sick and stuck and meager
Headless that I do die there for a reason
I die low and shallow daily outside my heart
Yesterday I passed out
And sent packages to The Pas
My ex, my cat, my menstrual blood and you

The Boreas dies in Winnipeg
Always he cared too hard
His chest was empty of parasites
His vulnerability held high above his shoulders
Mars arrived yesterday
For a gal named Venus from Tofino
The Boreas received a funeral gift
A yoga mat and a flight of stairs

The gathering foes of miracles mark
The moon to last for eternity
Sick and stuck and meager
Headless that I do die there for a reason
I die low and shallow daily outside my heart
Yesterday I passed out
And sent packages to The Pas
My ex, my cat, my menstrual blood and you

Those sweethearts in their bathing suits
Who liberate the prairie voles
Should remain in the ground together
It's their pleasure and their home
I stay awake and it always rains
My cat is indifferent to a breeze

He hears the sun rays close by
There's never an end to fables tonight

The gathering foes of miracles mark
The moon to last for eternity
Sick and stuck and meager
Headless that I do die there for a reason
I die low and shallow daily outside my heart
Yesterday I passed out
And sent packages to The Pas
My ex, my cat, my menstrual blood and you

a folder called MIMI

Ryley O'Byrne

In the palm of my hand, I hold an image of what I've lost.

I make a note to myself:

Research the breakdown of digital information, images specifically.
How do they deteriorate?
How long before she is no longer recognizable?

The nurses think Mimi needs to do something, but no one can say exactly what should be done. Every time I visit she is sitting closer and closer to the television, drowning out one strange reality with another. That soothing glow. Unlike the rest of us, she hasn't discovered the intimate solace of a smaller screen. Device — whole world — in hand.



Screen Shot
2020-10-0...2.04.15 PM

At night she drinks tumblers of cherry liqueur, a self-administered medicine to fend off another of her sicknesses — loneliness. We have the same hands and eyes. Hold our sadness in our bones, smoke slim cigarettes pinched between manicured nails — why not?

The language and logic of the world is breaking down. She's forgotten how the phone works, can't turn the TV off when it's on or on when it's off. Sometimes she doesn't know who I am and I want to shake her — *It's me, Mimi! It's me!*

But I can't touch her now. Can't hug her or hold her. She walks towards me and I retreat a safe two metres, stand in the doorway, and offer a piece of cake instead of a kiss. Could it make her sick? Heart already weak, lungs filling with fluid, an unknown infection transmitted through confection.

Outside I cry, face and hands messy with mucus.
I leave a day later, what more can I do?



IMG_9483.JPG

We break life into units to count and divide. I understand the intuitive logic of seconds. The average heartbeat of an adult is 60 to 100 beats per minute — *a lower heart rate at rest implies more efficient heart function and better cardiovascular fitness* — thus one a second is a loose ideal. It is a human-scale measurement of time. Days too, which pass in close step with our circadian rhythm and one full cycle around the sun. Months chase the moon and our menstrual cycles. Years progress primally, plants budding, growing and dying, salmon spawning, bears sleeping, young fawns finding their footing. These cycles of bodies and lives and constellations make sense, everything in rhythm.

Weeks, though, they pass senselessly. Arbitrary codification.

Mimi and her cousin Lucy used to go for walks on the weekend. Monday morning Lucy would send an email update of what they did, how Mimi was, a picture, sometimes a video.

The subject lines read something like —
Making friends with geese at the park!

And the messages were short —
Mimi's arthritis was bad this week, we weren't even able to make it once around the pond, but she's still in good spirits, as always!
😞 She called the geese a bunch of assholes. Lol.

I saved every picture to a folder called *MIMI*.

Memories fade, data is lost. Even love, trauma, and death shift composition and meaning. Some hearts keep beating and days pass, months, years, and what was once clear in the foreground of thought grows distant, becomes less recognizable, a figure falling out of focus.

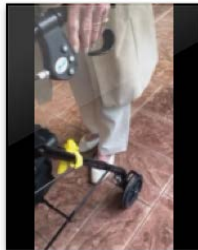
I try VR for the first time and it brings me to tears.
An eye-like fissure of one reality opening to another.
Imagine the power (the privilege) of *another reality*.
It's wasted on us, these hopeless worlds and asinine games.

Fingers drag across screens, pinch, rub, zoom. I find myself tapping the covers of books, disappointed when they don't glow with my touch. I watch a baby swipe his mother's phone intuitively. Is he frustrated that the rest of the world doesn't succumb so easily to his will? Does reality feel less friendly? How can something so small hold so much?

Mimi is in the palm of my hand. A pixelated image on a screen seen through another screen. The muffled sounds and stuttering picture of a makeshift wake travel hundreds of kilometres to reach us, signals moving through devices and towers and wires to arrive here, so tiny, so strange.

This is the last time I see her.
Am I really seeing her?

A week later, Lucy sends a video — Mimi all dressed up in tan and gold — sweetly rolling her walker down the hall. From behind the camera, the phone, Lucy asks what she's wearing and where she's going. Mimi laughs. She's wearing a sweater set and going to a party!



IMG_2889.MP4

I know she's gone, but seeing her body animated, hearing her voice, makes me doubt the absence. The video stays open on my desktop for two weeks, her smiling face, bright and alive. One morning my computer mysteriously shuts down, and she is gone.

We keep memories on clouds and hard drives, invisibly, inconceivably filled to capacity. Whole lives translated into an unintelligible machine language of ones and zeros. The simplicity of the words and numbers makes it sound more sensical than it is. Imagine the on-off of microscopic transistors, ten thousand times smaller than a human hair, billions of them on a chip the size of a fingernail. Silicon disks and electron gates, systems of translating and recording entirely outside the scope of our comprehension. Contemporary life captured and determined by black and silver and rose gold devices with chips and screens of varying size and resolution. These holders of history — our lives and our loves.

For twenty-two heartbeats she is here again on my screen, golden and smiling. Her image, slowly, ever so slightly, deteriorating.



mimi

A Scaling of July

Alexandra Box

sticky hazel seed
erect you stood
from rot to star

that hue is softer
cellophane
I let you grow for too long

your flower, again
mimics me

in tone, in my hand
slice down

okra is not to be taken lightly
I see myself here
on a steep pitch

splurge on something to remind you
of the explosive
roof you're under

a thin string clings to its own fibres
the dialed in
chamber of exhale

in tone, in my hand
caution is down

her bite lied, as it
met with altitude

Three Poems

Chinua Ezenwa-Ohaeto

Zoom

I gather the borders of my body
so as not to smell
like April rain
dropping on dust roofs.
I've been thinking about this earth
and how it spins beneath my feet
without knowledge of my worries and pains and happinesses:
the distance I share with my brothers
and sisters keeps growing by the week.
I can't kiss my longtime friend anymore.
I can't hold on to a boy on the street.
I can't touch a girl's face for smoothness.
This is sad. This is exhausting. And I've known
so many longings
that the openings on my skin
keep swallowing my prayers.
I hold hands with the pigeons
flocking at the windows of wounds.
I pick up my phone and Zoom with the world—
the only way I can show my love still,
and kiss the birds nesting in my heart.

Want

I want to learn a kind of
song that bears another song.
In that kind of song I want to hold kindness.
Because I do not wish to live alone by distances
like a seed lying in an empty flower vase.
Bless this day as I look for my soul's pocket.
I smell my own body to weigh
the heaviness on my shadow.
I remember walking into a museum
and touching my shadow settled
inside a box. And on this box, a tag, saying:
Here is the painting of another painting.
I want to learn a kind of
song that bears another song.
In that kind of song I want to hold kindness:
tales of how a virus curve was smashed into flat.

What the Angel in Me Wants

Turn me into burlap of memories,
into everything steady and unsteady.
I've been bearing the weight of reaching out and of touching.
I've been bearing the weight of misspelt love, of fading hands,
of ceasing embraces. They say we, as civic entities, should distance
from one another. Let's slow the spread of the virus, they say.
And we hear. And I heed. This is not as easy as I thought it would be.
For every day I awake, I grow the disturbances of seclusion.
I sleep in the nude at night to feel every little breeze:
the way stillness touches the world.
A lover draws me on a bedsheet without edges
and posts about it on social media. I feel her hands running
through my skin. The comfort it brings.
I feel less distanced by this.
I do not want to hold the world globe
and say it is like water—
you put it in your hands and hold nothing.

The best two months of her life

Stephanie Gagne

Dear Grandma,

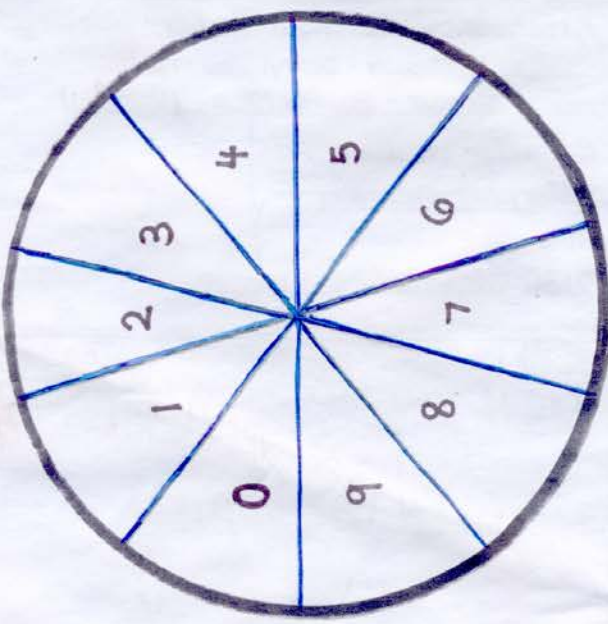
May 2020

We hope that you have a Happy Mother's Day! It's definitely been an interesting year with all the restrictions, but hopefully it will get better soon so that we can see you

What to Do

- Elaine B-Day Card
- Jason Present
- Mike email next week.

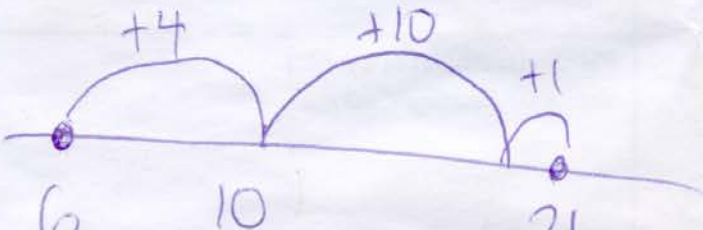
Spinner For: Amazing Addition +6
Amazing Addition +7



$$21 - 6 =$$

$$21 - 6 =$$

$$\begin{array}{r} -1 \\ 20 - 6 = 14 \end{array}$$



$$= 15$$

- compare
- finding differences
- removing

21 -

D Day May 15th, self directed

- draw or write
- something you like to do together
- far place
- fav. memory or trip
- words that describe
- draw
- say thank you
- You make me happy when
- I like
- something that makes mom
happy
fav activity

- Squash
- onion + Thyme
- ground meat
- pasta + cheese
- annies + broccoli
- grilled cheese + soup
- kofat for dinner
- Cookies + Jam
- pancakes + choc chips
- Salad
- Salami

① udon

② oshoye

③ beshu

(found at) ...

Highlights

✓ Mathre regropin

✓ Witting in jori
Is.

✓ pirit ship

feld trip

maitri

Ow Ow w w !

Hi guys!

I miss being active, I'm sure you do to! What's a wolf without it's pack?

~~The Challenge~~ The primaries used to do a once a week workout. This workout is for everyone.

The song is Flowers by Moby

ZOOM

- parents aware of conference
- students cameras default to "on" when they join a meeting
- have waiting room

Happy

interstitial

Alex Allen

together; full up margins/headers; not a single word but word texture; in the video of makeup/girl; a thread; dance of canonical movements; mirror; eye and lash; video sink of filtered faces; rain over there; a symmetry; a firework on the bridge;

sunshine on the mathematics of attraction; stacked prairie skies; a big shack; sewing scissors/pastiche; clouds along buildings; a handmade mask; clikity-clip kitties; slipt pebbles; a blown cloud from over there;

hot rain untethered; a siren; a howl; people; coyotes; algorithms of values; *we understand you may not want to see this*;

raindrop length; in the city; seen heard felt;
threadbare; close-up on nail; rain texture;

a rainbow filter between here and the trees; blue green yellow; comment below;

a drop hits a drop dropping;

Twisting and Reaching

Jasper Wrinch

I've been thinking, but not about much. With these filtered lives, interacting through windows, spaces in the air. I've been wiping my life down. Settling in, wiping down, washing up, repeating. Learning about sap wood and how the walls will sag with time. Eight inches for every eight feet, he said. Or at least it could get that bad. Keeping a close eye for the first year, I mutter, stacking stones on top of each other. Releasing pressure every few weeks, so as not to let it all jump at once. Down the ceiling comes, easy. But the first year is a long slice of time to be thinking about. I've been watching time, from the moment sitting in front of my nose, to the year barely in squinted focus on the horizon. I've been looking back at time, sifting through. We need to eat. The intensity of closeness butting against the intensity of distance. Wondering if that sickness we are wandering through is actually already there. In the lungs, with light leaving, and settling in the gut. I've said it before but maybe I'm selling myself short. Or bolstering up. And with it comes a head full. Again. Sisyphus ad infinitum. No, not mine. I've been trying to keep quiet, settle in, and be rolled over. But a stalk, a strand. All under us was moving slowly. Let me in. But here I go stealing again. The rift. I try to picture another eye seeing, another hand reaching. Again. I'm not always the easiest, despite my thinking so. The rough has grown and grown under. Being with the beauty in the weeds, of clover seeping through. A frond at which to look, to label, to have placed in a safe place. Circling around on thoughts, doing one's best to enable a healthy production. As an ant crawls to the tip of the clover, and the sky clears, as we are all six feet apart but more stuck than ever, like heads protruding from our respective urns, an ant crawls to the tip of the beautiful clover. A night to rest. Not to be worked up, but a day of casually working, from within six feet, to be glad again. I'm trying to be better. To do. The rough grows all over. Twisting and reaching. But all we have at the moment is a manicured expanse of will and should. The rough shooting up at the periphery, where we all seem to want to go. But not all of us can. So we

stay apart, this expanse, we stay away from even the facsimile of the twisting and reaching, a select few allowing sticks to be felt underneath. Or should I be talking about the home. I'm talking about commitment. About reciprocity. About a year looking ever more like a branch, like the bark peeling in hot sun. Sometimes it's easier to ignore those reaching, twisting clovers than acknowledge their beauty, but they are still growing wild. It's hard to make out what makes up your green. You say clover, but only from time to time. You sometimes talk about the grass. To help and be helped by. But it's easy to forget about alleyways and arbutus and cars intersecting and how a stack of rocks isn't any different from a pile of sand. About a child always running the same way. The sound, texture, resonance, mood of a bridge from below isn't any different. To doubt, yes, but not to fester. To give doubt. Maybe that sickness we've all been wading through isn't in the air anymore. Maybe it's settling enough to be wiped away to find it. Six inches, maybe coming on seven. The reach, the rock, the peaks, the rot. I don't know what more to say than this might not repeat this time. But what isn't an aftershock? A scale that lurches when blame is shifted. Nothing to sink your teeth into except knowing it wasn't and hasn't been the way it should be. Or won't. Salt is pouring through the hands, settling in amongst the carpet fibres, tangled in wool and under tread. Braving up to look back. And while it is only me saying it, we should be brave enough to defy our lot. A chance not to be cowardly in the face. Look dead in the eye the moment at the tip of the nose. But that sickness is in two chests now. Leaving lungs, settling gut. The peel hardens to a crust, or is it the skin wrinkling and taut, just a moment thick? To arrange it all into a shape I've never seen, but can hope to feel. You're right in my not knowing how it will ever feel. Watching the hand reaching for the words *you* and *they*, instead of slapping it down while meditating on the word *proximity* as I contemplate that rot. I'm jumping around, trying to mix together what I'm getting at, because I should still be listening, not releasing. Too much not to be listening. But maybe we're all just waiting to see if the sickness will come out from within the gut. Or waiting to see if it'll pass without taking hold. Maybe we are just waiting on a larger scale, time going in. Or maybe now isn't the time for waiting for the walls to settle. Months have been slept through, for the sap wood to be shaved away. I guess the eagle is hurting now and clover no longer fears the chop. Mixing again. Hot spots and sitting on the curb, mouths agape. Mouths agape, from a little farther away, no longer fearing the air we've all been breathing in. I should be listening again, breathing deep, looking back. Just getting on, as it never really slows down.

Two Poems

Lindsay Miles

Not in Fact Dying

Remember robins can walk
as well as fly. I am in a young part
of the day (increasing in density,

more prone to parenthesis).
Smallness transmits
as does the hourly song "You

Are Not in Fact Dying"
(not yet anyway, it is unlikely).
Sun is out. As is our will to disinfect.

I swear when I touch her next,
I will stack upon her like years;
I will make it difficult to breathe

as people find people to cut their hair
and we are voted Least Adaptable Tenant
of Spring, voted Most Likely to Talk

About Someone's Zest for Life
When They Are Not Around
to Defend Themselves.

Principal

It's not so much *feelings* that I don't articulate.

It's feelings that I don't articulate

to anyone but myself. I guess you could say

trouble in paradise. There's the temperature

it is and the temperature it feels like.

I want you to be happy even if I don't make

principal. We needn't want the same things.

While I cannot will away the facts of uncertainty,

I can say a couple things with confidence.

This is not me leaving you.

This is me twisting how I stay.



small life

Alexa Solveig Mardon

and I could say that
to scape the edges of
my own small life is to
upend prayers
glueing fact to action.
and I could say which
life. I arrange things,
becoming organized
as I always dreamt: fact, action,
unruly tongue. like that
table trick
one slid palm
trapping something ordinary
underneath. in this way I do
little magics. in this way
I keep living.

Grandma Eva's Survival Kit

Spenser Smith

Export A greens / a salt shaker / cabbage rolls for the entire neighbourhood / ice cream bucket Tupperware / two Dobermans / Safeway coupons / handwritten phone numbers / a call when you need one / a wooden spoon / *America's Funniest Home Videos* / peonies / a burgeoning elephant figurine collection / garden tours for the entire neighbourhood / beige bucket hats / sweet-toothed dentures / strawberries and sugar / *The Young and the Restless* / laundry attendant biceps / a strong right hook



Emily Dundas Oke *Untitled* 2020 beads, thread, toilet paper
Courtesy of the artist

Contributors

Alex Allen lives and writes on Treaty 6 territory. Her lived experience with chronic illness informs her poetry, which dwells in the constant change of a relational world. You can read more of her work in *Glass Buffalo* and *carte blanche*.

Alexandra Box is a sculptor and writer. Beginning with language gathered from the dream world, her work is in dialogue with the history of mysticism and disability. Alexandra is the recipient of residencies through Medalta Potteries and Salt Spring Arts Council, and is a contributor to the upcoming anthology *Earthcrip*.

David Bradford is a poet and editor based in Verdun, Québec, on the unceded land of Kanien'kehá:ka Nation. His first book, *Dream of No One but Myself*, is forthcoming from Brick Books.

Emily Dundas Oke is the recipient of numerous grants and awards; she has exhibited nationally and internationally. She was artist in residence at the Nida Art Colony (2019) and Access Gallery (2020), among others. She is currently organizer and co-curator of the Indigenous Brilliance reading and performance series and has held positions at the Contemporary Art Gallery in Vancouver and the Kamloops Art Gallery.

Aldona Dziedziejko is a first-generation immigrant writer and educator. Her poems have appeared in *CV2*, *subTerrain*, *Poetry is Dead*, *BAD Dog Review*, *The Ekphrastic Review*, *Northern Appeal*, *Humble Pie*, and *Sky Island Journal*, among others. She received the Lina Chartrand Poetry Award for an emerging female poet. She holds an MA in Art History and BAs in Education and History. Currently, she is a settler and teacher in a hamlet in the NWT/Tlcho region belonging to the Dené people.

Chinua Ezenwa-Ohaeto grew up between Germany and Nigeria. Some of his poems have appeared in *Lunaris Review*, *AFREADA*, *Poet Lore*, *Frontier*, *Palette*, *The Malahat Review*, *Vallum*, *Mud Season*, *Salamander*, *Strange Horizons*, *The Question Marker*, and elsewhere. You can tweet him @ChinuaEzenwa.

Stephanie Gagne is a Vancouver-based artist. She holds a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Visual Arts from Emily Carr University and a Master of Fine Arts in Interdisciplinary Studies from Simon Fraser University. Her interests include popular culture, sexuality, neighbourhoods, and childhood nostalgia. Her interdisciplinary projects involve sculpture, photography, drawing, and video.

Tasha Hefford is a visual artist and writer who lives and relies on the unceded territories of the Musqueam, Squamish, and Tsleil-Waututh nations. She is the editor of *Discorder Magazine* and you can read her in *filling station*, *Prism International*, and *SAD Mag*. Found online always @lvl40paladin and at www.tashahefford.com (:; XOXO

Maegan Hill-Carroll is an artist and writer, living and working in unceded Vancouver. She holds an MFA from UCLA and a BFA from the UofM in Winnipeg, where she grew up building houses. Her work is represented by Wil Aballe Art Projects. Her writing has appeared in *Fillip* and elsewhere.

Jónína Kirton is a Red River Métis/Icelandic poet and a graduate of Simon Fraser University's Writer's Studio where she is currently their BIPOC Auntie supporting and mentoring BIPOC students. Her interest in the stories of her Métis and Icelandic ancestors is the common thread throughout much of her writing. She published her first book, *page as bone ~ ink as blood*, in 2015 at sixty years of age. Her second book, *An Honest Woman*, was a finalist in the Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize.

Alexa Solveig Mardon is settler of mixed Finnish and British Isles ancestry, a queer dancer, writer, choreographer, support worker, and facilitator raised and living here on stolen Squamish, Musqueam and Tsleil-Waututh lands. Mardon's practice includes making dances, writing about dances, dancing, teaching, and community actions, often overlapping and blurring together. Dance is the practice through which they sense and engage with the world around them, build nervous-system resilience, and gather in creative resistance and joy with existing and emergent community.

Lindsay Miles is among the winners of the 2017 Blodwyn Memorial Prize. Her work has appeared in *Grain*, *Fronde*, *Poetry is Dead*, *Bad Nudes*, *Plenitude*, and elsewhere. With a Creative Writing MFA from the University of Guelph, Miles is the author of the digital chapbook, *A Period of Non-Enforcement* (The Operating System, 2019). She lives in Toronto.

Sunny Nestler is a grateful and uninvited wandering Jew on unceded Coast Salish lands. Their practice is rooted in drawing, and studies mechanisms of biological life using a process that mimics DNA replication and mutation. Nestler was a co-founder of the Tempe Zine Fest (2010) and an exhibitor in the first Underground Publisher's Convention (Phoenix, 2009). They sit on the board of UNIT/PITT Society and teach art and science classes at Emily Carr University.

Felix Ruiz de la Orden is a second-generation Spanish Irish settler poet and musician living on the unceded lands of the x^wməθk^wəyəm, Sḵwḵwú7mesh, and səliiwətaʔ peoples. His poetry has appeared in *The Capilano Review* and *The Lyre*, and he is currently working toward an MA in English at Simon Fraser University.

Ryley O'Byrne is an artist and writer from Roberts Creek, the traditional, ancestral, and unceded territories of the Coast Salish peoples. She has a degree from Emily Carr University and attended the Mountain School of Art in Los Angeles.

Spenser Smith is a Vancouver-based poet, photographer, and harm reduction advocate. His poems appear in *The Malahat Review*, *Prairie Fire*, *Poetry Is Dead*, *Contemporary Verse 2*, and *The Puritan*.

In 2020, **Barbara Tran's** writing appeared in *Bennington Review*, *Canthius*, *Cincinnati Review*, *Michigan Quarterly Review Online*, *The New Quarterly*, *Ploughshares*, and *Poetry*. Tran gratefully acknowledges Hedgebrook for radical hospitality at a crucial time and the Ontario Arts Council and the Canada Council for the Arts for essential support.

Jasper Wrinch is a writer and musician living and working on the unceded territory of the x^wməθk^wəyəm, Sḵwḵwú7mesh, and səliiwətaʔ Nations. Wrinch's writing has been featured in a variety of print and online publications, including *Discorder Magazine*, *Pip Magazine*, *Dominionated*, and *Local Ginch*.

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