

[illegible]

on ritual



*Memories of you unfurl
in stories we tell at your altar on the beach,
in dreams, the moth that follows me, in spider-
webs of sound. Wonder cuts the keys to doors between the worlds.*

– Hari Alluri

ti-TCR 19: *on ritual*

Cover image:

Zoe Koke *Wounding/Threshold* (detail) 2021
Oil and ink on linen
Courtesy of the artist

Previous page:

Tiziana La Melia & Simon Grefiel
From *Kletic Kink @10/14. _bluemoonincantation_trueblood with Blue Moon Sifter* 2020
Courtesy of the artists

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Go Fix Yourself

Opposite page:
Jake Kimble *Go Fix Yourself* 2021
Courtesy of the artist



Beseechment

Grace Kwan

don't you know that	to be loved by her is to be loved by god
if you want me close, you have to stop wanting the best for me?	i go where she goes
onionskins will only be rolled up burnt smote	at the snick of her lighter, flames behind my teeth i can see that
shooting stars will only be satellites	in our future history, where ballads grow in fields,
if you bow in front of me, i will only ask for your forgiveness but	she holds my hand, bathes it in pomegranate red, shows me how
i will only be ashes	to live where she lives
i will only retch and shiver in a dark place behind the pool	to snowshoe through the footsteps of those who came and went before
and the brittle animal of my flesh will waste from your womb	how music, an organism,
where you can't see me, only the stars,	and breath, unit of life — meaning “whole” or “part”—
because i couldn't let that cigarette go to waste—	in an alleyway birthed me,
and if i am to be raptured,	man of god, god of hers and hers alone
i'll have to let you down	

Body Threads

Jessica Dillon &
Karolina Lavergne



an invaluable liquid
a vital force
you might have heard
it's more than can
be contained
but somehow
our lifetime?
a life, time
attempts to maintain
a generative flow
within
our own tiny sea

Ellen Chang-Richardson

Ellen Chang-Richardson

Previous pages:

Jessica Dillon & Karolina Lavergne
Body Threads 2021

The photographs and poems are
excerpted from a previously published
digital book by QuorumQuorum in
2021

Images and text courtesy of the artists

sandblast ()

Ellen Chang-Richardson

skies open as I plunge silver splinters into fabric
the colour of my skin threading sirens threading
scarlet on the edges of the sun they sit —

darling, listen to me, pay attention:

these particles are we made of the same sand

made	mad	ma
<i>ma</i>	<i>mad</i>	<i>made</i>

m	m	m
---	---	---

split open at the chest as splinters plunge silver
into fabric the colour of our skin.

voice, call

for Neda Omidvar

Ellen Chang-Richardson

"She gather me, man. The pieces I am, she gather them and give them back to me in all the right order." – Toni Morrison

I place a picture of you and I to mark my place in the shadows
since I left Toronto, we have become each other's LDR
and this, is how I remember you —

يار

love they say, takes on many forms:
evolves and sways, grows and decays but really

our love billows

闺蜜

shoulders me at my deepest sorrow, splinters the air with our laughter
and light, assuring me there is no-one else who quite as readily

reflects, my heart.

double take

Aaron S Moran

Opposite page:
Aaron S Moran *double take* 2021
Courtesy of the artist



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Reno

Adriana Lademann



It was the kind of shared home where nobody really knew where anything came from, and nothing belonged to anyone. Layers of paint flaked off the wall, revealing colours of past lives. Right now, it was an off-emerald green. Masks from all over the world—bought from the thrift store down the street—were hung all over the wall. The occasional cockroach peered out from behind one, revealing itself as the wearer. I wonder which mask They wore today. I knew I was a few stories up but dozens of thirsty plants fought for the little light there was, so I couldn't see out. Mounted beside the bed was an old ballet bar, glazed mahogany, that acted like a rack for Their smelly clothes. What was I doing here, again.

I heard noises in the kitchen, so I grabbed one of Their shirts off the bar and slipped it over my body. It was a bit too tight over my breasts and belly, but my need for coffee surpassed my vanity. I opened Their door and walked past stacks of books, papers, and paintings against the wall. Cups are scattered across the carpet—some empty, some full, some alive with mold.

At the table sat two people whose names I barely knew but saw often in the mornings after. The first was a beautiful woman with short black hair, legs pulled to her chest, staring out the window. She reminded me of a cat. She drank her coffee from a teacup with yellow roses. I imagined she lapped it up with a rough tongue. The second was a tall man with curly brown hair and round glasses. With just his fingers, he held the lips of a handmade ceramic cup while reading the paper. Neither looked up, so I moved to the other side of the kitchen. I found my favourite, Their Reno mug with the cowboy on it. I gave it an extra wipe with the borrowed shirt, not worried about staining it. I poured coffee from a pot that looked like it had never been properly cleaned. There was no point looking for milk. If there were some, it was almost certain to be rancid.

I'd learned to drink my coffee black; this was my ritual here. I sat down and pulled myself towards the table. The wood chair broke the silence with a moan against the tile. Still neither acknowledged my presence, which made me wonder if I was a ghost. I took a sip. At least the coffee was always hot.

Old Kabristan

Zehra Naqvi

on eid, in the old kabristan, we can't find my grandmother's grave,
generations of graves sinking and crumbling, squeezed together

some with marbled steps, others are mounds of dirt, non-descript
headstones, nastaliq calligraphy, arches and columns and tombs

collapsing under the dirt into each other. we sidestep, walking on
and between mounds and gaps in the earth, dodging the flesh-eating

ants that zip around our feet. in the heat, my mother turns red as
she looks for her mother. stray dogs pant beneath the shady tree,

one beneath a marbled canopy. the grave diggers children follow us,
water in repurposed containers to pour onto your loved one's grave

for thirty rupees. my brother holds the bag of rose petals,
my mother calls me over, your grandmother's grave is in the same

column as your grandfather, right by this tree. remember it,
she says, meaning I will come here without her. she pours water

onto the thirsty grave, gently digs her finger into the damp earth
my brother and I follow, whispering al-fatiha, and I realize I had

always wanted to do this, to touch the earth and say I come from this

we take turns sprinkling the petals. when we leave there are little holes
on the grave where our fingers had been, drying away in the sun

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

1. One person at a time.
2. *~~XXXXX~~ residue of the garden on metal mesh.
3. *~~XXXXX~~ an object from your pocket and place on sieve.
4. Cite a silent prayer for forgiveness, blessings, and intentions for loved ones (avoid thoughts of cursing)
5. With the ladle, scoop wax from the pot. Breathe in through your nose and very slowly exhale as you pour wax on to the sieve.

*if ~~the sieve~~ for sieve are too small
to catch, please add to the pot of wax. Then pour slowly after prayer.

[illegible]

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

La libreta de abastecimiento

ana rosario rodriguez machado

A mother will walk to the bodega
this morning, empty bag over sun-stained
shoulder, wipe her sweat, give her libreta
to Luis the bodeguero, ask him
how his mother is doing

cinco huevos
cinco libras de arroz
media libra de aceite
half a pound of coffee mixed with toasted chicharo
one pound of white sugar
half a pound of black beans
una caja de fósforos
one pound of chicken
three quarters of a pound of chicken, a substitute
for fish no longer sold, they call it pollo por pescado
but I never knew how to tell chicken from fish
in the first place

A daughter will sort the beans
and rice for rocks and bugs
A son will swallow brown sugar by
the spoonful

Later, a moon
will appear Another
mother will wonder if we are
dying or if the power is out again

The cat will sleep in the dollhouse tonight

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Hheads

Rachel Crummey

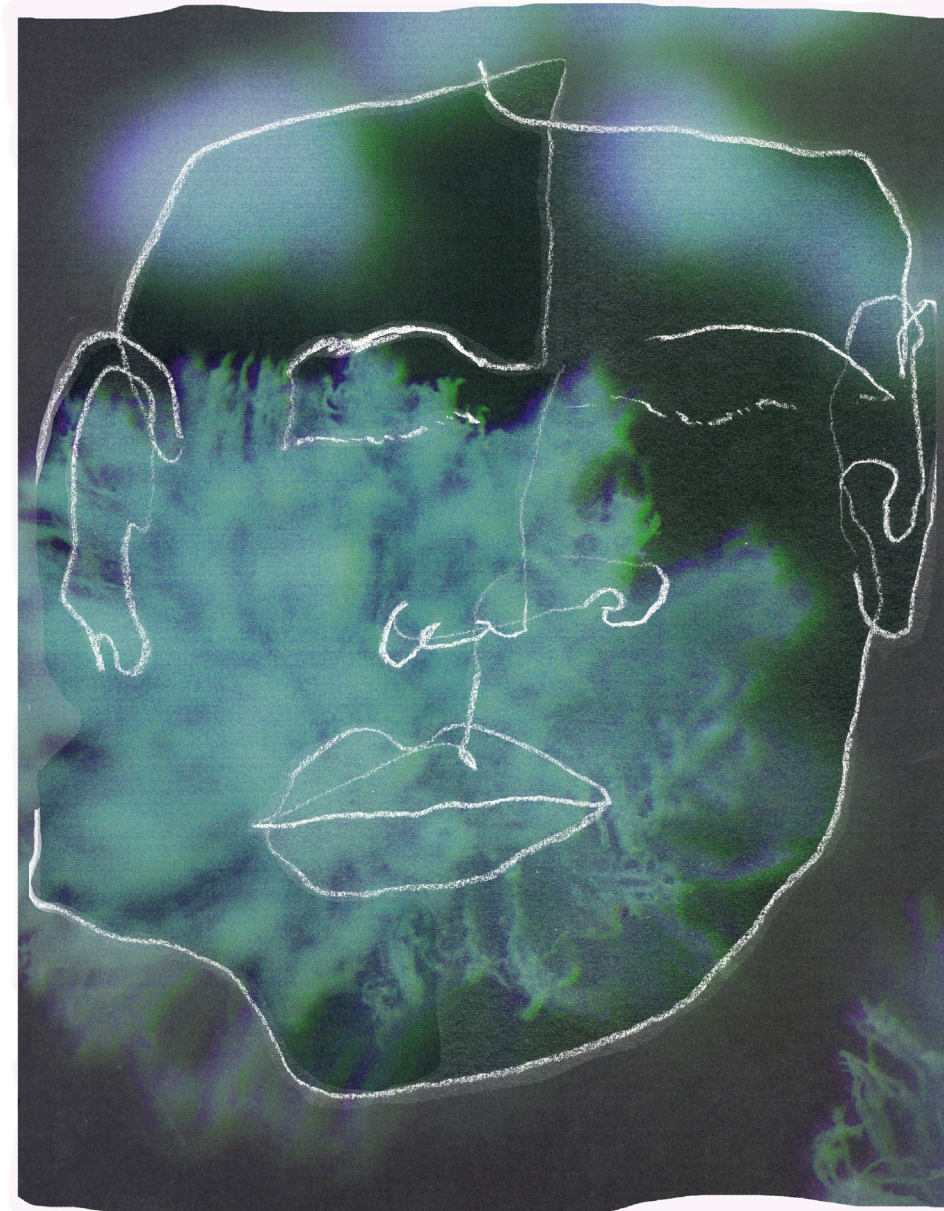
Previous pages:

Zoe Koke *Remembering Persephone*
2021 Cast bronze, marble, and wood
Courtesy of the artist

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[illegible]

A hand-drawn sketch of a face, possibly a mask or a stylized portrait, rendered in black ink. The face is characterized by a large, rounded head, a prominent nose, and a wide, open mouth. The background is a textured, mottled green and brown, suggesting a natural or organic setting. The drawing is framed by a simple black border.

[illegible]

A dark, abstract drawing of a face. The face is defined by white, hand-drawn outlines on a black background. The features include a large, irregular outline for the head, a wide, open mouth with a simple outline, and a pair of eyes represented by simple horizontal lines. The overall style is minimalist and expressive, resembling a charcoal or white chalk sketch on a dark surface.

Previous pages:

Rachel Crummey *Head no.1 (Lichen); no. 2 (Moldy Millet); no. 3 (Mold on Neglected Kombucha Mother); no. 4 (Ghost)* 2020
Courtesy of the artist

The background images appear courtesy of Sandor Katz on *Head no. 2 (Moldy Millet)* & *Head no. 3 (Mold on Neglected Kombucha Mother)*



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Self-Portrait as *Norrin Radd* (a Silver Surfer remix cento in three takes)

Hari Alluri

AT THE COMMAND OF GALACTUS ... YOU HAVE FALLEN!!
AND NOW ... AT MY COMMAND ONCE AGAIN...
I BID YOU ... RISE!!

« »

& I cannot explain the action of levelling
a planet. All sides, everywhere I look, emptiness
asking whose voices still whisper
oblivious to any famine. Hold on, hold on. I can't
control this glow in me, the phantom pain
leaving nothing revenant. Posed & imposing,
unanchored from the home I watched
like a lover slip away. Galaxy-bitten,
that's how I approach. Pilgrim, stranger,
what do you know about it: what it's like
to desire a world so tough—to see
the amber & ampersand wrongs I've done
full stretch. By the stars below, I loved & I lost,
already my own ghost. I struggle
with a sense of humour, the overeager mosaic of all that is
laughing as we pass our pain off as an offering
folded in our throats. A planet you give yourself to save
doesn't accept you back: that's exile. I've only fled
the multiverse to keep getting recalled
by its frightening structure. We are concocted
from what surrounds us to the extent
separation is the only lie. Forgive me
for having uncaught the light. The power cosmic—
that sounds like something doesn't it, something you might believe
holds on? On whose authority am I drawn
with an expression of bewilderment
to see myself whole—spare & precious? I long to be brutally
inconsequential, stood inside myself. For a reason
I try to forget, I gather myself from particles,
the perfect posture of gravity & wishing.

[illegible]

« »

My surfboard, pointed out from the page,
foreshortened. Linear perspective
sloughed off from its origin. *To slide
on waves.* Energy gleaming from lineage
hidden in my hands. The languages I prevented
from coming into existence, I hum. To fill
their empty rooms. Of catalogue: there's nothing
a star can burn that's not already star. Meanwhile,
abandon, it's my turn: I don't mean lovers, I don't
mean the magic of subatomic distance. When I call you
a carbon based life-form I'm saying that under
enough pressure, you prism. If the god who employs you
ravages like Galactus, rebel. That's permission—
even if he turns an earth into your prison: a place
whose doom you herald then defend
despite being often tempted to mesmerize its people
down to a howl. All along, forgetting:
I fear there's no such thing. I want kisses like the rolling
solar winds. The cuddle of atmosphere—
that type sudden heat. Asteroidal tendencies. I'm saying
how a meteor shower has come a long,
long, long, long way to tell secrets to a city
of crows. Dispersal, returned. The inverse of a world
being eaten, add it to cultural
appropriation, a childhood
fantasy, that's how I came to be.

[illegible]

« »

Hold on. When time goes tubular,
all things are sky. Off the lip. My body,
be the latticework of stars, irate
& boisterous. The glamour nights
tattooed in the mirror: be full again. Be clasped
like 8000 moons
out of the question. All we have is this drum-beat
you call *now*, the first vibration. What reaches
except disaster? Be that. Dramatically lit mid-gesture
with guilt hollow as flame. Thermodynamic &
faster than anything, a time-wanderer & silver. Leave
your love light shining bright. Know this
the minute you let the power cosmic
under your skin: if fire wasn't a lonely thing,
it wouldn't be everywhere you look—hold on,
none of this is for demonstrating heaven. Legible
only in a scar: that's tomorrow. The dark jutting out of
daylight's reach, emptier than some oaths
I have made. Here, you can have it:
the beginning of an end: the end of *Hey, Norrin*,
begin—. For a goddess of lost things to speak
my name, knees to board, I'd beg.

Previous pages:

After DJ Wundrkut Eric Cardeno / With samples or interpolations of A.D. Lauren–Abunassar, Afaa Michael Weaver, Ashanti Anderson, Barbara Acklin, The Beatles, The Bee Gees, Chase Twichell, Chen Chen, Clarence Carter, Curtis Bauer, Cynthia Cruz, Dan Beachy–Quick, David Wojahn, Edward Hirsch, Evie Shockley, Francine Sterle, Frank Bidart, Gary Margolis, Gregory Orr, Henri Cole, Iliana Rocha, The Impressions, James Brown, Jay Electronica, Jennifer Tonge, Jerry Butler, John Ashbery, Josh Wild, Kaiya Gordon, Kayleb Rae Candrilli, Linda Norton, Linda Pastan, Marilyn Chin, Robert Cording, Robert Creeley, Roxane Beth Johnson, Safia Elhillo, The Temptations, William Archila, Wilson Pickett, & Zozan Hawez



This page:
Zoe Koke Wounding/Threshold (detail)
2021 Oil and ink on linen
Courtesy of the artist



Seeds like fish eggs, large and magenta, spilling
Pomegranates, rounded ancient life
I gather their carcasses under streetlamp warmth, to cast —
In metal, they will endure more than the flimsy of my body

Persephone ate three seeds from the pomegranate
before she was dragged through the gates of hell, over the threshold
(violence is an adage, winning its place)

For this we need to douse pain differently, go to her freely

I hug my friend and tell her that I see her even if some won't
She puts a picture of her battered face into a drawer to be opened for an art show
and names such a document,
"Withholding"

Sometimes I forget how to forgive. Sometimes, I'm okay with it.
Pain is codified and organized.
It's hard for me to forgive.

Nan Goldin's charred eye hangs in the hallway between her bedroom and bathroom,
Insignia of pain

Cocteau twins in the car, “Persephone”

“Paper chase is on
These are our mad dreams
Boar, you are God
But a rapid fall
All your chaleur
By your chinstrap”

Red ritual by the freeway
Screeching cars in the night, I awake to envision smoke near the exit
Nails break amongst all this fire
Yet I have a dream of a cloaked body pulling me to a safer storm

[illegible]

My ex-lover tells me, for his illness, they will make a perfect cast of his face,
so to hold it in place,
while they reach the laser beam through his skull
2 minutes each day for three days
Then, he kneels down to use a tablesaw on the floor,
Cutting quickly hissing through a wooden object to throw away

Love is harder to breathe in flames
 Insides too hot and so, the pigment to smear, in a trance, red

Meanwhile, crows circle slowly above, bodies slick black velvet, in an active state of forgiving

I do feel the whole world is bleeding
Red reminder of the beginning
Red remainder

I ask the surfaces to reveal themselves, I'm not sure they can be trusted yet
Everything is one day at a time

I cast the carcasses of the pomegranates, the nubs from their casting jut out
Ruthless little limbs
Reminders of Venus of Willendorf (and that means what comes before us)
Or simply reminders of the violent nature of change
A nail through a thin ware of wood, poking into the sole of your foot

I consider material consequences of the stain,
Abstraction represents loss of control,
Like a diagnosis, or a violence
Full body impact awakens you from a trance, documenting, then
Bruise

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Previous pages:

Zoe Koke *Blood Moon* (detail) 2021 Oil
and ink on linen

Zoe Koke *Remembering Persephone*
2021 Cast bronze, wood, marble

Zoe Koke *Wounding Threshold* (detail)
2021 Oil and ink on linen

Zoe Koke *crows I* 2021 Inkjet prints

All courtesy of the artist

Green Water

Jen Currin

Daylight broke: we dressed and hastened to the river.
We ended up in stolen paradise, down a boat in the river.

Dozens of teas were proffered, and soups of all spices. We slurped them up as if they were notes of the river.

An old woman stamped and moaned and sang.
We didn't know the words to quote to the river.

Someone said jugglers from hell would perform.
We crouched to see if candles would float down the river.

From a tall branch an awful silence was calling.
We fell asleep in our old coats like arms of the river.

My mother's handwriting was in the pink clouds.
I tried to speak but my voice was bloated by river.

There was a bridge above but we dared not say its name.
She fell for years and landed in the cold moat of river.

Where there are no more buildings, only mud and fragments,
I get down on my knees and kiss the throat of the river.

The Root and the Purring

Jen Currin

Out of sand, a saint came purring.
 "Need you check my pulse? I'm root."
 She extended one hand;
 the other held a blue glass jar.
 "Take me to the wall."
 Her command made me shiver.

Above the wall, stars shivered.
I heard whispered prayers, gentle purrs.
Were we cats? Words poured from small holes in the wall.
Stepping closer, I tripped on a root
and fell, smashing a small shrine in a jar.
I held up the bruise of my hand

and the saint laughed, handing me a bandage she had unwrapped, shivering, from her own head. "Every door's ajar," she said. "A cat purrs before yowling. Grab the root." I had no idea what she meant. I felt the wall

warming my back, the wall
breathing. I imagined putting my hands
on it and whispering, “Root,”
but before I could, a spirit-shiver
possessed the saint and she fell to the ground, purring.
A crowd gathered, carrying candles in jars.

“I am almost certain my heart is in a jar,”
I told the saint, “in the hospital on the other side of the wall.”
Her murmur was barely a purr
as she reached for my hand
which would not stop shivering.
“The root

of all...the root..."

She gave up and pulled from her robe a small blue jar which held a tincture called Shiver.
“Nothing I can tell you before this wall crumbles will work as quickly.” Three drops hit my hands. The crowd started to swell and purr.

Rooted in my ears, the sound rose above the wall
to where my eyes—luminous jars—watched my hands
try to pull the shiver from their purring.

This page:
Zoe Koke *Remainder* 2021
Terracotta
Courtesy of the artist



Love and Water

Alessandra Pozzuoli



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[illegible][illegible]

Previous pages:

Alessandra Pozzuoli Stills from the
video *Love and Water* 2021

Filmed and edited by Orla McNelis
Courtesy of the artist

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Contributors

Hari Alluri is the author of *The Flayed City* (Kaya Press, 2017). A recipient of the Leonard A. Slade, Jr. Poetry Fellowship and the 2021 Writer-in-Residence for *The Capilano Review*, his recent poems appear in *AALR*, *Apogee*, *filling Station*, *Marias at Sampaguitas*, *Sepia*, *Split This Rock*, and elsewhere.

Ellen Chang-Richardson (they/her) is an award-winning poet of Taiwanese and Cambodian Chinese (or Chinese Cambodian) descent. As the daughter of a survivor of the Cambodian Genocide, she’s still trying to figure that part out. Author of three poetry chapbooks, Ellen’s multi-genre work has appeared in *Vallum Contemporary*, *Room*, and more.

Rachel Crummey is a visual artist and writer of settler descent based in Tkaronto. Her visual art has been exhibited in Canada, England, Italy, and Austria; her poetry has been published in *Maisonneuve* and *the Puritan*. She is currently researching mycelium and improvisation, through a project supported by the Canada Council for the Arts.

Jen Currin is the author of five books, including *Hider/Seeker: Stories* (Anvil Press, 2018), which was the winner of a Canadian Independent Book Award, and a 2018 Globe and Mail Best Book; and the poetry collections *School* (2014), and *The Inquisition Yours* (2010), winner of the 2011 Audre Lorde Award for Lesbian Poetry and finalist for a LAMBDA. They live on the unceded territories of the Qayqayt, Kwantlen, and Musqueam Nations, in New Westminster, B.C.

Jessica Dillon & Karolina Lavergne hold MFAs from Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California. They live and work in Los Angeles. The two artists have both shown internationally in Germany, Spain, and Belgium, as well as in New York and Los Angeles with their video, performance, sculptural, and photographic work.

[illegible]

Simon Grefiel (b. Tacloban City, Philippines) Through digital works, performances, and objects, Grefiel explores language, ethnographic archives, spirits, and speculative narratives of human migration. Grefiel's visual language is informed by dreams, familial stories, and images, proposing new ways of experiencing the supernatural realm and the material universe.

Jake Kimble is a two-spirited Chipewyan photographer from Hay River, Northwest Territories, a member of the Deninu K'ue First Nation, and an Emily Carr University of Art + Design graduate. Kimble's practice revolves around acts of care and repair, as well as utilizing humour to create a space for healing.

Zoe Koke (b. 1989, Calgary, AB) graduated with an MFA from UCLA in 2019 and a BFA from Concordia University in 2013. Koke works in photography, painting, sculpture, video, installation, and writing. She is a longstanding contributing writer for *The Editorial Magazine*. Recent exhibitions include *Fever Dream*, one trick pony gallery, Los Angeles (2021), *Doesn't whine by blue moon*, Ochi Projects, Los Angeles (2020); *American Myth*, Washer / Dryer Projects, Salt Lake City (2019); and *The Butterfly Effect*, SPACE, Vancouver (2019).

Grace Kwan is a queer Chinese-Malaysian Canadian author and graduate student. Their debut collection of creative nonfiction stories, *Prelude: & Other Stories*, came out from Life Rattle Press in June 2020. Their prose and poetry have appeared, or are forthcoming, in *Plenitude Magazine*, *The Capilano Review*, *Necessary Fiction*, *antilang.*, *Rigorous Magazine*, and *The Thirlby*.

Tiziana La Melia (b. Palermo, Italy) is the author of *The Eyelash and the Monochrome* (Talonbooks, 2018), and the winner of the RBC Painting Prize (2014). She is currently working on a video and book titled, *The Simple Life: a drama between mice, a history of photography, urban fable and rural fantasy*.

[illegible]

Adriana Lademann (they/them) lives, works, and plays on the Sunshine Coast on the traditional territories of the Skwxú7mesh (Squamish) and shíshálh (Sechelt) Nations. Adriana is a white settler, child of immigrants with roots reaching back to Eastern Europe from Polish, Kashubian, and Ukrainian descent. They work as an expressive arts therapist.

ana rosario rodriguez machado is a mad/sad girl who writes poems and stories. She holds an MFA from the University of Guelph. She was longlisted for the CBC Poetry Prize in 2016. Born in La Habana, Cuba, machado lives in Toronto and dreams of a humanless- bodyless- existence in the ether.

Aaron S Moran is an artist based in Maple Ridge, BC, on the unceded and traditional territory of the Katzie and Kwantlen First Nations. He holds a BFA from Emily Carr University, and an MFA from the University of Windsor.

Zehra Naqvi is a Karachi-born writer, editor, educator, and Rhodes Scholar. She has written and edited for various publications internationally. She is a recipient of the Bronwen Wallace Award for Emerging Writers and was the winner of *Room* magazine's 2016 poetry contest. She is currently working on her first book.

Alessandra Pozzuoli is an emerging interdisciplinary artist. Using painting, textiles, and printmaking, her work explores how sacred meaning is constructed and maintained through gesture, objects, and the sharing of stories. Her practice highlights women's labour as caretakers and keepers of cultural knowledge within the context of devotion, family, and death.

Back cover:

Zoe Koke *Pomegranate Tree* 2021

Oil and ink on linen

Courtesy of the artist

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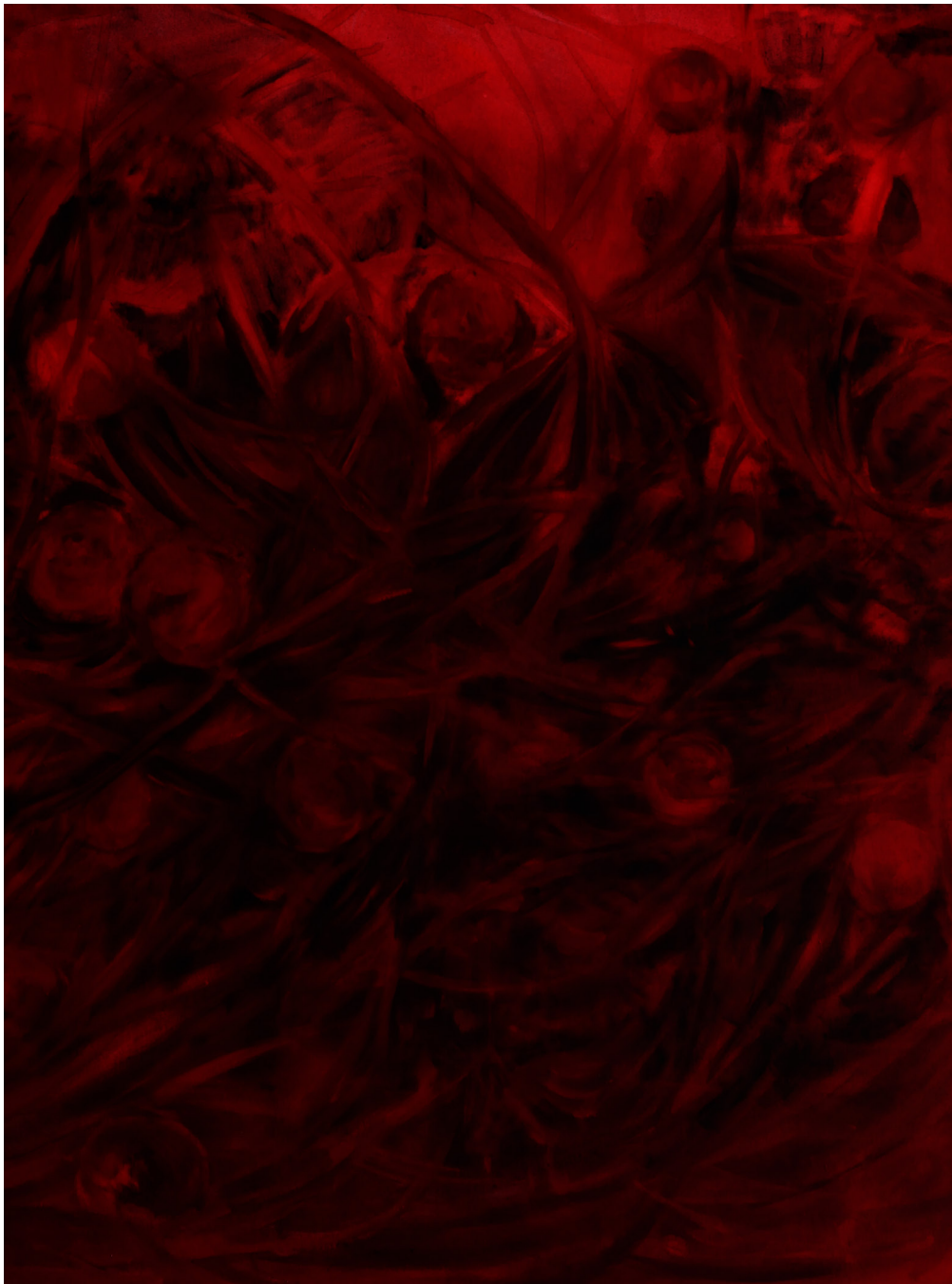
The Capilano Review respectfully acknowledges that we operate on the traditional, ancestral, and unceded territory of the x^wməθk^wə'yəm (Musqueam), Skwxú7mesh (Squamish), and səłílwətaʔt (Tsleil-Waututh).

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