

from the editors

Year two into the global pandemic has surely taught us an unprecedented lesson on how we see our life as ‘normal’. We can no longer take a casual conversation with a stranger, a walk on a sunny day, a family gathering, and perhaps even our very existence for granted. The biggest lesson is, perhaps, nothing is self-evident, not even our own perceived sense of normality.

Time brings forth changes. And during the pandemic our sense of time heightens. Time during the pandemic is not exclusively biological, but somewhat ideological. Many of us have come closer to self-reflection to make sense of the meaning of the word “normal.” We are all in this together and growing at every single moment to adapt to the new reality of pandemic living. That is why we choose the theme *New Normal*: to capture that gradual yet robust change from both within and without.

The pandemic dissects our community. Health and safety concerns turn into political and conspiratorial debates. The rise of xenophobia and anti-East Asian and Southeast Asian racism unveils the racist undertones of Western society. And the most disturbing of all is the persistence of colonial trauma. We are trapped in the pandemic, we lose our freedom, but only temporarily. On the contrary, the pains inflicted on Indigenous communities are permanent. The pandemic does not eclipse this problem but rather reminds us of the healing journey ahead to compensate Indigenous communities, especially in this challenging time.



untitled by Shenella Silva

Long Hauler

Alex Masse

the fog that once filled my lungs
now breathes in my brain
every sigh a cyclone, a flood,
a muddying of thoughts

it was cruel as it climbed
cutting my throat, crushing my voice,
my flesh nothing but footholds
for its ascension

i fight to sing again
scales, triads, trying to graze
notes i once hit with ease

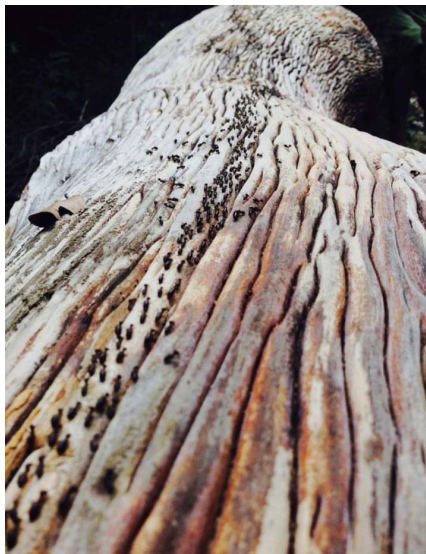
i fight to taste again
yearning for all things sweet
but even chocolate is just dust on my tongue

i fight to wake up energized again
the mornings are the worst, consciousness a crack
in a stone wall i can't squeeze through

it comes back slowly, in distant extremes
the zing of lemon, shower melodies,
being able to say good morning before noon

these little milestones
are my battered body's new normal.

they mean it when they say long hauler.
they really mean it.



untitled by Shenella Silva



untitled (top and bottom)
by Shenella Silva

群集の中を求めて歩く

私はいつも都會をもとめる
都會のにぎやかな群集の中に居ることをもとめる

群集はおほきな感情をもつた浪のやうなものだ
どこへでも流れてゆくひとつのさかんな意志と愛欲とのぐるうぷだ
ああ ものがなしき春のたそがれどき
都會の入り混みたる建築と建築との日影をもとめ
おほきな群集の中にもまれてゆくのはどんなに楽しいことか
みよこの群集のながれてゆくありさまを
ひとつの浪はひとつの浪の上にかさなり
浪はかざりなき日影をつくり 日影はゆるぎつつひろがりすすむ
人のひとりひとりにもつ憂いと悲しみと みなその日影に消えてあと
かたもない
ああ なんといふやすらかな心で 私はこの道をも歩いて行くことか
ああ このおほいなる愛と無心のたのしき日影
たのしき浪のあなたにつれられて行く心もちは涙ぐましくなるやうだ。
うらがなしい春の日のたそがれどき
このひとびとの群は 建築と建築との軒をおよいで
どこへどうしてながれ行かうとするのか
私のかなしい憂鬱をつつんである ひとつのおほきな地上の日影
ただよふ無心の浪のながれ
ああ どこまでも どこまでも この群集の浪の中をもまれて行きたい
浪の行方は地平にけむる
ひとつの ただひとつの「方角」ばかりさしてながれ行かうよ。



untitled
by Shenella Silva