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ISSUE 6 - 2015

LYRE MAGAZINE



# LYRE MAGAZINE



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Issue 6 | Dreams | Spring 2015

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# ***From the Editor***

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Dear Readers,

Now in its sixth year, the Lyre has grown and flourished into a high-quality magazine with amazing contributions from around the globe. Each board of editors and class of contributors have left new marks upon our evolving magazine. Through the development of The Lyre Nest, our new website-forum for lovers of literature from around the world, we further hope to attract a larger contributor-base and to reach an even larger audience.

Continuing with Lyres past, we have given our sixth issue a theme: Dreams. Following the theme of Fever from last year's issue, Lyre Six seeks to break free from the fever into a realm of hopes, dreams, and nightmares. Our writers excavated the depths of their imaginations and the works featured in this year's issue are as captivating and in many cases as twisted as the web of a dream-catcher.

I congratulate all of the writers and artists published in this issue of the Lyre. Your submissions are otherworldly, and I encourage you all to keep using the Lyre as your creative outlet in future years. On our end, we had the chance to engage in a much more thorough and expanded editing process this year, and I would like to thank all the editors for your efforts throughout the year and your dedication to Lyre Six!



Lastly, I would like to express my gratitude to our Program Director and Faculty Advisor, Ken Seigneurie, for his guidance and support not only for the magazine, but for every World Literature student. You will be missed during your sabbatical!

Over the past six years the Lyre Bird has grown from hatchling to a full-fledged creature of its own. It is now time to leave the nest, as our department transitions from SFU Surrey to Burnaby, but I have no doubts that the Lyre will fly alongside World Literature and its students wherever we may land.

*Kelsey Wilson*

Kelsey Wilson  
Editor-in-Chief



CORTANA GARDENS - ITALY  
Y.G. RANCOURT

## ***Table of Contents***

---

- |          |  |          |   |
|----------|--|----------|---|
| <b>5</b> | His Happy Face<br><i>By Amanda Rachmat</i>           | <b>7</b> | A Space Odyssey<br><i>By Josh Visser</i>          |
|          | The Artist I Am In My Dreams<br><i>By Sally Kwon</i> |          | Cubicles from Creativity<br><i>By Josh Visser</i> |
| <b>6</b> | Water Colours<br><i>By Michaela Sawyer</i>           |          | Pines and Pastels<br><i>By Samaah Jaffer</i>      |
|          | Murano Renovation<br><i>By Y.G. Rancourt</i>         | <b>8</b> | Apple of My Eye<br><i>By Alex Bezeredi</i>        |
|          | Damask Dreams<br><i>By Jasmin Ring</i>               | <b>9</b> | Immanent Meaning<br><i>By Elda Hajdarovac</i>     |
|          | Without My Eyes<br><i>By Josh Visser</i>             |          |   |

- 10** Heliocentric  
*By Josh Visser*  
Lovers  
*By Michaela Sawyer*  
Flower Heart  
*By Samaah Jaffer*
- 11** Dreams  
*By Rhiannon Wallace*  
Menton at Sunrise  
*By Rhiannon Wallace*
- 12** When the Day Met the Night  
*By Isabele Savage*  
Sunbeam Steps  
*By Ken Ip*
- 13** An Interview with Anosh Irani  
*By Rachel Wong & Elda Hajdarovac*
- 14** Le Cambodge I  
*By Samaah Jaffer*
- 15** Anosh's Writing Tips  
*By Rachel Wong & Elda Hajdarovac*  
Siem Reap  
*By Samaah Jaffer*
- 17** Convergence  
*By Celina Wang*  
Grief in Exile  
*By WooJoo Lee*
- 18** Prismatic  
*By Ken Ip*  
A Twist In Perception  
*By Ken Ip*
- 19** Drowning Lunacy  
*By Mike Jaeggli*  
Pride of the Pond  
*By Samaah Jaffer*
- 21** Ljubavni San (Bosnian and English Translation)  
*By Elda Hajdarovac*  
Desert Dreamer  
*By Siena Locher-Lo*
- 22** Saudade  
*By Paul Sasges*  
Trout Dreams  
*By Mike Jaeggli*
- Midnight Souls  
*By Amanda Rachmat*
- 23** Sartoridae  
*By Chirantha Premathilaka*  
Murano Happiness  
*By Y.G. Rancourt*
- 25** Species on the Mourn  
*By Paul Sasges*  
Digital Dreams  
*By Ken Ip*
- 26** Aria  
*By Celina Wang*  
A Gaze Unmarred  
*By MuhammadQasim Dewji*
- 27** Breaking News  
*By Josh Visser*  
Le Cambodge II  
*By Samaah Jaffer*
- 28** Cherry Bombs  
*By Paul Sasges*  
Dream Poem  
*By Paul Sasges*  
Brainstorm  
*By Ken Ip*
- 29** Samaritans  
*By Ryan Hoben*
- 30** Insomnia  
*By Jaiden Dembo*  
Redscale Spread  
*By Sarah Cryderman*
- 31** An Agnostic Converses with the Divine  
*By Josh Visser*  
Weightlessness  
*By Romeena Sidhu*  
The Messenger  
*By Jennifer Johnson*
- 32** Mihaly  
*By Erica Maglio*  
Without You  
*By Jaiden Denbo*
- 33** Author Biographies
- 34** Birds and Roses  
*By Michelle Kim Le*



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# The Artist I Am In My Dreams

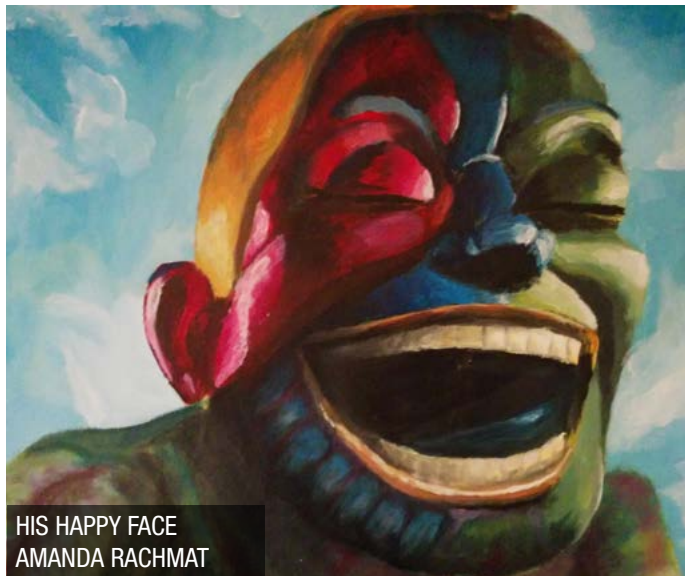
by Sally Kwon

The artist I am in my dreams  
had arisen from a single, curious soul in the  
corner  
of a classroom, gazing out in wonder  
at the brush strokes fluttering across a white canvas.  
This artist thought I want my hands  
to be able to create their own pictures like this  
And that artist stood up from the corner and walked  
towards  
a paintbrush.

While I cowered in that same, spiritless corner in fear,  
running my envious gaze over strange, beautiful  
shapes full of life and vigor  
This artist threw herself into a churning world  
of hardships and failures, through grooves and callused fingers  
to finally produce a fine gem that shone with a glamorous light  
that reflected many years of practice  
and practice.

The artist I am in my dreams  
now glides  
her pencil  
over paper  
with ease  
while I clench my fists amidst tears and frustration.  
With songs of laughter in her throat she paints her intricate nails  
while I dig mine through palms stained with ink and dirt, reeking  
of disappointment.  
The artist I am in my dreams  
remembers her dark times of progress and failure with a smile  
while for me there are no past hardships to reminisce  
as they all threaten to drown me in the present.

The artist I am in my dreams sits in my heart  
and watches my pencil touch the paper,  
but never helps it move across the page.



HIS HAPPY FACE  
AMANDA RACHMAT

---

# Water Colours

*by Michaela Sawyer*

My life painted across my skin;  
like the Northern Lights painting the sky.  
A mix of colours,  
as the strokes and swirls wind their way  
over me – sinking deep into my bones.  
My past a wash of bright yellows, oranges and pinks.  
Spotted with areas of darkness  
where nightmares came true.  
Yet most of me is yet to be filled,  
these blank spaces slowly shrink.

---

# Without My Eyes

*By Josh Visser*

I paint a portrait  
with the brushstrokes  
of my fingertips  
along her porcelain skin.  
Each groove  
of every print  
caresses the canvas  
with a defining degree  
of distinct delicacy.

Her hair sits just above the  
bare  
shoulder blade.  
It is just another  
pallid shade to me  
that smells of the auburn  
in an apple orchard.  
Each follicle feels warm,  
clutches the sunlight  
of a world I'll never again know.  
I bury myself in her locks  
until I lose myself.

Her voice is a hundred harp crescendos  
that can shatter the darkness.

And the contractions  
and expansions  
of her heart  
sound as if many miniscule  
Taiko drummers beat their drums  
in heavy consonance  
amongst her breast,  
subdue me to sleep.



## Damask Dreams

*by Jasmin Ring*

Dreams...  
Intrinsic snapshots into our souls  
Yet the images are sometimes blurred  
For we cannot always know  
To what our hearts referred

MURANO RENOVATION  
Y.G. RANCOURT



---

# Lovers

by Michaela Sawyer

We lean together,  
balancing against the other.  
Waiting with open hearts  
we stand like silent watchers  
over the ashes  
of long lost loves.  
Together we are partners,  
learning to make fire.



---

# A Space Odyssey

by Josh Visser

There is no real need to worry about weight  
Be prepared for all the possible variables as  
Bring the best binoculars money can buy  
You're going to have lots to see:

the snow-capped Swiss Alps  
the canals of Amsterdam

the waves while they wash off the coastlines of the world:

they collide off the cliffs of Newfoundland, the lilac fields sit in the periphery.

Pivot away

from the Earth, and witness

ribbons of light radiation

that sprout forth from the stars.

They spread Roy G. Biv's ashes  
across the inky black universe.

when you pack for a space odyssey.  
you skim above the Earth's atmosphere.  
for a view out of this world.

A vast array of nebulas  
at your disposal.  
Every glance  
takes you light years.

A galaxy far, far away  
seems nearly in your  
grasp.

I reach out for  
handfuls of empty  
while I

space

float.

---

# Apple Of My Eye

by Alex Bezeredi

The heels of his worn leather shoes made a muffled sound amidst the sharp clacking of other feet stepping upon the stone stairs of the university's entrance. Small, slow-falling drops of rain prodded his curly grey hair and the man opened his umbrella irritably. He held the umbrella with one hand as the other fumbled with the many papers he was sliding into the briefcase strapped to his shoulder. A heavy sigh followed a phlegmy cough before the old professor shuffled along beneath the gloomy grey sky. He stared at his feet plodding along the slick sidewalk of the street. Dark figures wrapped in high collared coats passed him by, heads concealed by umbrellas that bobbed as they walked. The sound of gutters funneling water from the roofs of the buildings was interrupted only by the occasional thrum of rushing air from a passing car. He turned his bearded face to his right, where a large pane of glass revealed a dimly lit coffee shop, its interior decorated in various shades of brown. The professor stepped under the protection of the small entrance and shook off his drenched umbrella while the patter of the rain continued, unabated, behind him.

\*\*\*

He pulled open the flat metal handle of the door and grimaced at the annoying jingle that accompanied the action as he stepped inside and sat down at the nearest table. A waitress approached him, her overly-cheerful smile so forced it seemed to him as if her cheeks would eventually squish her eyeballs in their sockets. He asked her for a black coffee, and he pulled a stack of essays from his briefcase before sipping the hot, acrid liquid. He began to read, and the strong, slightly unpleasant taste

seemed fitting as the philosophy professor marveled at how little from his lectures had seeped into the leaden minds of his class. Idealistic, unsupported, inarticulate dribble. He could stomach no more, and continued to sip. He turned to look behind him at the dull grey world outside the window. It existed in perpetuity, mocking the feeble, self-important actions of its inhabitants as they filled their empty lives with meaning that would pass from existence long before their bones turned to dust. He finished his coffee.

\*\*\*

The professor once more trudged down the rainy street beneath the shelter of his umbrella. His tiny apartment was a short walk from the coffee shop, and he longed to sit in his armchair and read. He stopped walking. Next to him was a produce market that he had passed countless times on his way to and from the school. In a display outside, standing in defiance of the ashen clouds, sat a pile of ruby red apples. One in particular caught his eye, seeming to throb suggestively, beckoning him. Its shiny skin was a brilliant red, and he could starkly picture and even taste the white flesh inside, bulbous and swelling with sweet life. He picked it up, walked over to the cashier, and placed a small bill upon the counter, turning to leave without accepting his change. When he arrived home, he gave it a quick wash, thinking lustfully of that first bite. He dried it.

\*\*\*

His wrinkly fingers brought it to his face, and he didn't know whether his own blood or the orb sitting in his hand was causing the pulsating sensation that he felt. Stained teeth ripped into taut, supple skin and his mouth exploded into a myriad of

flavour and feeling. Crunching happily, he devoured the object of his desire in mere seconds. He did not think of the apple again that night, and instead read his book, graded papers, and before too long, turned out his light and passed into a deep sleep.

\*\*\*

He opened his eyes. His bed sat in the middle of a colourful garden. No, not a garden, he realized as his eyes scanned the vicinity, for he was still in his apartment, with all the furnishings as they had been. Ripe berry bushes covered the corduroy over his couch, and lilies dangled prettily from the overhead lighting. He nearly fainted. He pinched his loose skin and winced, now convinced that what was in front of him was indeed a reality. Shrugging, the professor stepped out of bed, picked a handful of berries from his couch, and went about his morning routine, humming as he did so. There was a garden in his apartment, and he was completely unperturbed.

\*\*\*

Stepping out the door onto the street, he was greeted again by a rainy sky. He was opening his umbrella when he saw something in the clouds. His eyes squinted, he saw a red figure upon a blue cloud, sharp teeth poised behind lips that were peeled back in a wicked grin. An ample belly jiggled as muscular arms pounded a drum and thunder rolled out in rhythmic harmony. He stood for a while, trying to decipher the pattern of those drums. Eight beats, he determined. He placed his opened umbrella upside down upon the ground and climbed into the fabric, holding the handle like a rudder as it sailed along concrete that rippled and moved like

a flowing river. Many other umbrellas appeared on the sidewalk, bobbing up and down as the concrete flowed and the figures sitting inside sipped their morning coffee. The professor smiled and waved at the fellow commuters.

\*\*\*

The umbrella lurched to a halt in front of the university steps. He climbed out, and the umbrella sank into the concrete, leaving behind a flat, solid surface on which he now stood. He shook vigorously before stepping inside, and all of the rain water clinging to his hair, beard, and clothes leapt away, leaving him completely dry. The perched gargoyles of the neo gothic building giggled and spat water at passing students. The professor chuckled to himself and opened the door, heading towards his lecture hall. Nearly two hundred students sat in attendance as he entered, looking at all of the familiar faces. Badgers made the best scholars in his opinion, and they politely sat, waiting for him

to begin. He delivered a two hour lecture on how to consume hedgehogs without having the quills damage the intestinal tract, and when he had finished, he was congratulated by a raucous applause and many squeals, to which he offered a bow.

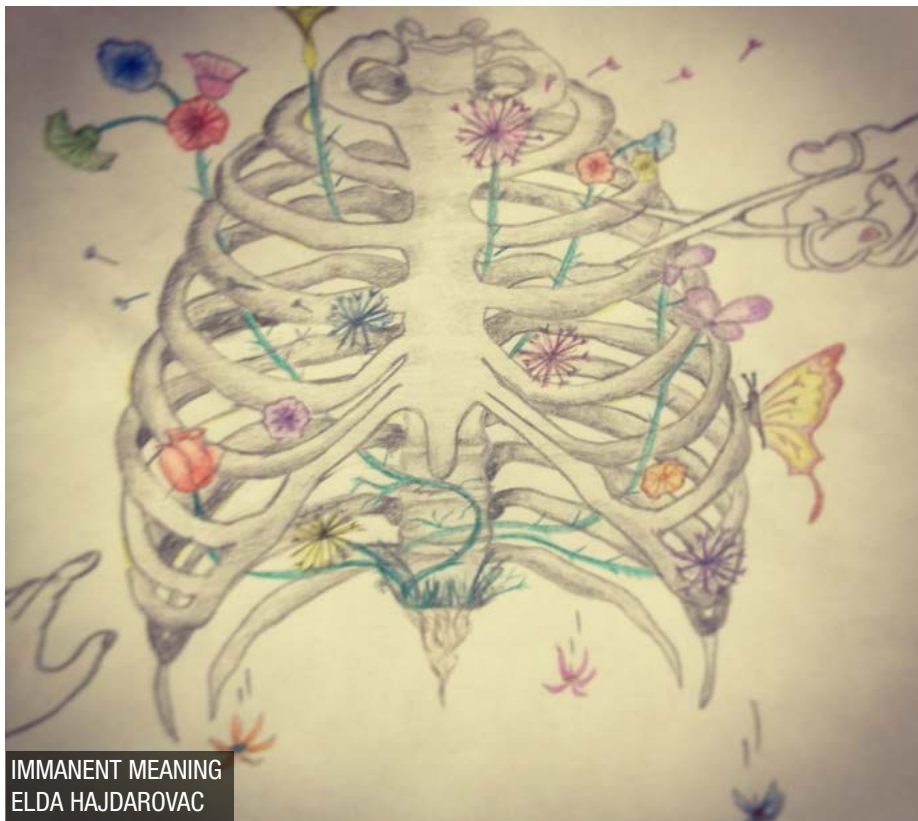
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Afternoon approached, and the professor had finished for the day at the university, but rather than making his usual visit to a café, he instead found an apple tree under which to sit and grade essays. The tree was naked of leaves or apples, so the ground was muddy and soft. He stripped to his underwear and gladly squished the mud with his toes as he worked. All of the papers he read with thorough practice, grinning at the wild trajectories of his pupils' ideas. The unbound imagination of a young mind was one of many joys he had in his life. On an impulse he crawled over to the tree and reached his hand into a dark hollow. From its depths he pulled forth a textbook with his name on the spine. He could not

remember writing it, and as he stared at it this thought stuck in his mind like a jammed gear, struggling to turn. The smooth leather of the spine fixed him in place like roots, and the crackle of the glue as he opened the book unleashed an ache within him that he had not known was there. His eyes rapidly leapt from word to word, consuming the book. From cover to cover he absorbed it, and when he had finished, his tired eyes shut and he fell asleep beneath the barren apple tree.

\*\*\*

He opened his eyes. He stood at his kitchen sink, with the apple in one hand, and a towel in the other, absent-mindedly wiping the fruit. He walked over to the small table and sat down, placing the apple in front of him, beside a book. He looked at the apple, and then the book. His textbook. He felt his heartbeat in his hands as he stared intently at each object. He looked out the window at the vast expanse of grey. He fixed his eyes on the apple.



IMMANENT MEANING  
ELDA HAJDAROVAC





FLOWER HEART  
SAMAHA JAFFER

---

## Heliocentric

*by Josh Visser*

At the center of the galaxy, illuminated under a streetlight  
she stood in a floral sundress  
drenched in the grey dusk.

Her blonde hair had been marred and darkened by the rains  
and her make-up had long since run off  
so pale, unsullied skin shone bright in the dull night.

Calypso is jealous of her eyes,  
she drowns me in abysmal hues of blue  
and I am blind to the deluge we seem to be stuck in.

Yet a grin creases her lips,  
and her brows lift with the intent of mischief.  
The sun spots atop her face are flush with her blushes

and I laugh  
at the way her body speaks volumes  
in the rain-splattered silence.

I reach out to grasp her hand  
and feel the warmth deep within her touch.  
We walk in the heat,

soaked in sunlight.

---

## Cubicles From Creativity

*by Josh Visser*

Try to write a poem in a cubicle.  
I dare you. It stifles all creativity,  
any thought of something beautiful  
is impossible. It very well could be  
the dreariest place on this planet for me.  
No one here seems happy- noses in books,

“No conversation in this library.”

So study! Or bear their discerning looks.  
But I couldn't give a number of fucks  
for this sad and lonesome environment.  
My pen hits paper, writes gobbledygooks.  
Words no one has read, heavy like pavement.

I sit in a cubicle, but my pen  
could form an angel's chorus in heaven.

---

# Dreams

by *Rhiannon Wallace*

I woke up in the dark, and waited until there was enough light to make the stairs appear out of the shadows. I put my camera and notebook in my backpack and walked as quickly as I could up the road, up the narrow steps, up the ramp, to the top of the hill, to watch the sun rising over the Mediterranean and the city. And above me still, and still above the sun, is the cemetery.

Ouvert à huit heure, the sign says, but the gates are already open at seven thirty. As I hesitate, an orange cat skirts around me to sit just inside. I take it as an invitation. Accompanied by the cat, who keeps ahead, I tread as softly as I can.

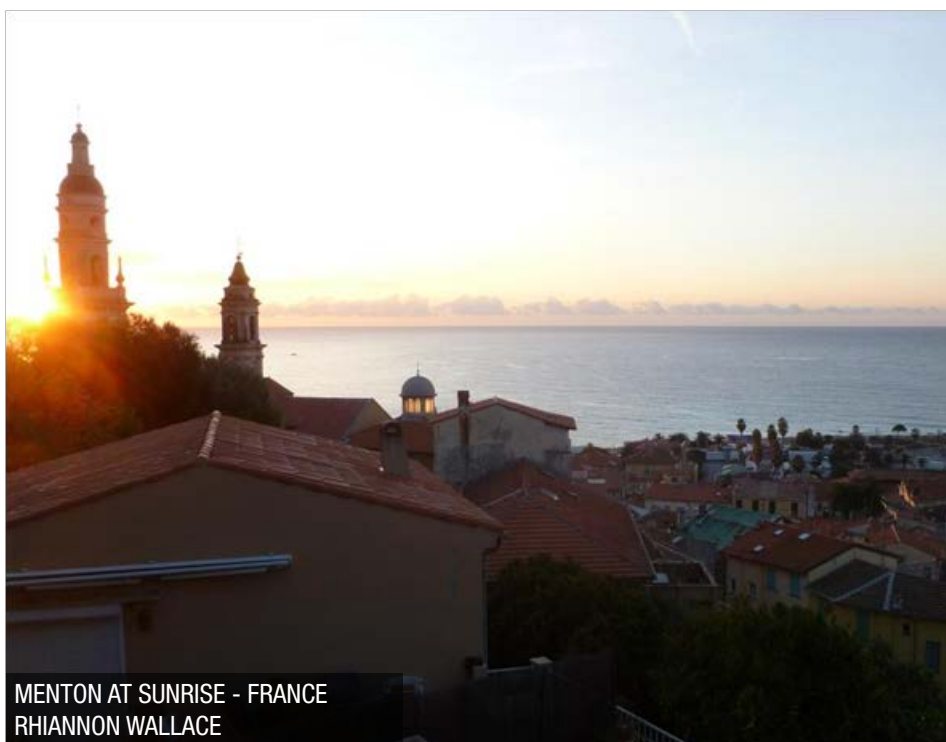
Evidently they put the gravel here to catch the clumsy sound of tourists sneaking in early. As if accepting the challenge, the cemetery remains stubbornly and condescendingly serene. The cemetery is like the old city, spiraling upward toward the sky,

a labyrinth of paths between the clustered and assorted homes of the dead or the living. You can almost get lost in the city, except that the sea keeps you grounded. And here the city below holds you down like gravity, keeps you from floating inescapably into the upward labyrinth of memory. Annie Mountain, only daughter of her Reverend father,

sounds of cars and construction; in the city, like the cemetery, people work daily to stop it all from crumbling. They water flowers, they leave prayers, they repaint ancient walls. With the sun the sounds are rising; shops open at eight, gulls compete fiercely with the noise of traffic, machines get to work on projects that might finish someday.

Garbage trucks have arrived to take away yesterday's mess, but today the mess of voices and old buildings is too vivid to be temporary. Below me on the road, children insult each other while parents hurry them along, and newly independent fifteen-year-olds dawdle together on their way to school. Today's

noise grows louder as the light grows brighter on the paths below Annie's corner of the cemetery, below the basilica-eclipsed sunrise and the ever brighter January morning.



was from Canada. She lived below in the town until 1868, aged fifteen. Beside her, over the houses and just behind the basilica, the sun is rising. Mourning meets morning, dream meets daytime. Already present are the early morning

---

# When The Day Met The Night

by *Isabele Savage*

She was nothing like the pale moon that resided in her care. She was more like the oceans that she commanded, pushed and pulled by the very moon that gave her such power. Her blue eyes were the stars, shining bright enough to light the sky. As she stretched her dark hands across the great expanse of air between them, pulling the velvet night sky away, he wondered if they were as warm and soft as they looked from afar.

He was like the sun and he wasn't. He held all the fiery power and golden light in his eyes, blazing out from behind his clouded lids, but he carried the light that the moon reflected on his skin. He was pale, almost translucent in the daylight that climbed ambitiously over the horizon to begin another day. And as she dove behind the ocean she wondered if his hands would burn like the fires they put in the sun.

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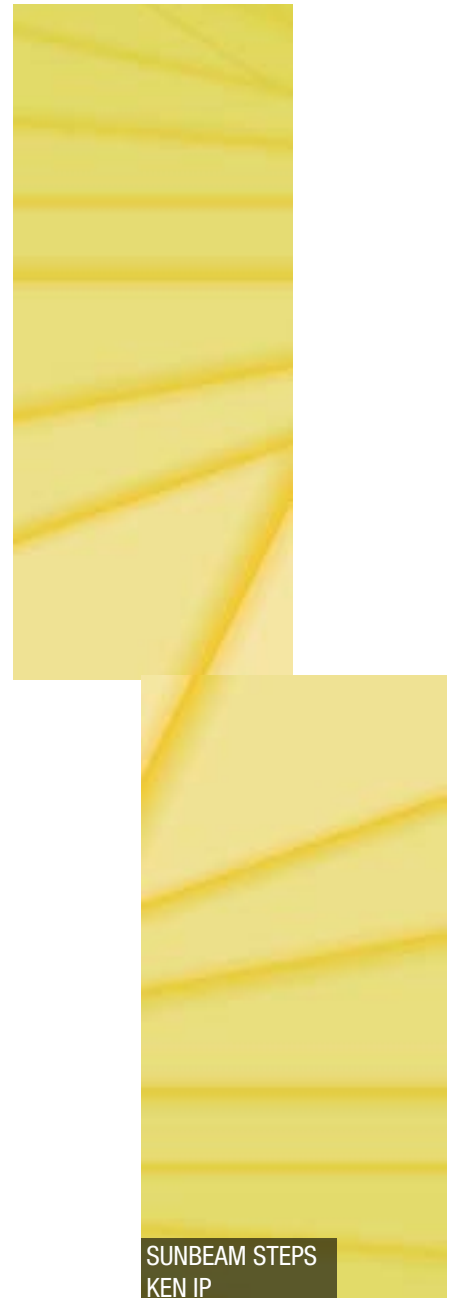
They meet for the first time, face to face, when, for scant minutes, her shadow brings temporary night to the day. She had expected him to chase her from his daylight domain, but instead he just bowed at the waist and invited her to briefly rest from her long journey across the dome of the sky. He doesn't expect her to sweep her long skirts out around her and settle on the ground by his feet. Her hands are just as warm and soft

as he imagined when she grabs his wrist and pulls him down with her. They sit together, the heat of his shoulder pressing into hers. Finally she stands. She has to move on. She bends before she goes, pressing her lips against the sunburst scar that stretches across his cheek.

\*\*\*

The next time her shadow crosses him he doesn't hesitate with formalities. He can still feel the soft heat of her lips against his cheek from months ago. He reaches out, pulling her out of the sky with both hands. His arms, strong from holding up the sun, are tight around her waist. The moment their bodies are pressed together she tilts her head up and her starry eyes are so bright he almost has to close his. She doesn't hesitate either, when she closes the distance between their lips. Her mouth is soft and cool like the night, moving against his lips with a burning passion that contradicts everything she is. But he doesn't protest.

The shadow of the moon is black and opaque, haloed by the sun, shining brighter than ever before. When the moon's shadow finally pulls away, the counterfeit night rolls back like a curtain and the full light of the sun rains down on the earth, warming everything it can reach with its distant fires.





# An Interview With Anosh Irani

by Rachel Wong and Elda Hajdarovac



When first asked what literature meant to him, Indian novelist and playwright Anosh Irani quoted Carmen Boullosa and described literature as an “inexplicably beautiful bomb that goes off, and as it destroys, rebuilds.” But what exactly does it destroy? According to Anosh, it destroys our beliefs, our assumptions, and in doing so, poses a question.

This came as a surprise to his audience during his October 2014 lecture at Simon Fraser University entitled “The Discomfort Zone: Why Literature Should Unsettle Us”. Stories and pages of a book typically have a tendency to be a safe place for readers of all ages to get lost in their own fantasies. Through these fantasies, literature becomes a familiar home to the reader: a safe harbour to return to at the end of the day. However, this quote from Carmen Boullosa brings a new twist on literature, suddenly transforming the familiar into the unfamiliar. This quote truly sums

up the “twist” that Anosh has brought to the world of literature: a new dimension that may not always be “settling” to the reader.

Born in Bombay, India, Anosh grew up as an only child and spent most of his time playing outdoors. Being immersed in his hometown of Bombay (which is Portuguese for “The Good Bay”) gave

him an opportunity to see the world differently. He would walk around the city and absorb the sights and sounds around him. Many of his observations are portrayed through the vivid imagery that is painted through his stories.

*“Novels are entirely yours. You don’t have to see the audience’s reaction, but with plays, the experience can be unpredictable and raw. Plays are more dangerous than novels because they have the capacity to change, to go completely out of control.”*

*Anosh Irani*

As an adult, Anosh moved to Vancouver and attended the University of British Columbia to pursue a Masters of Fine Arts in Creative Writing. When it comes to his writing, Anosh says that “India is [his] muse, and Canada is the canvas.” The distance that Canada

provides is valuable to him, and this physical distance between him and his homeland evokes the vivid moments of his past that he often uses in his writing. Despite having all this material to work with, Anosh leaves most parts of his stories up to fate, saying that “settings often choose him.” Subconsciously, each one of his stories runs along the common themes of betrayal and freedom.

Anosh’s prose often tells “stories of the outsider, of people that are trying to survive,” such as a hijra, or transgender, in his play *The Matka King* (2003) or an armless man in his novel *The Cripple and His Talismans* (2004). Through his prose he develops unique stories of the untraditional protagonist, bringing to light the reality that not everyone’s story is a fairy tale; his stories are

discomforting and raw, and at the same time, realistic and truly human.

For Anosh, writing is an “act of discovery,” treading first through familiar territory and then boldly venturing

into the unknown until he discovers something new. Anosh goes on to say that: “However long it takes, the truth will always reveal itself.”

The ‘truth’ requires having “insight into the human condition”, and through his learning and

self-discovery, he is able to dig deeper and deeper into finding the truth of various characters. The breadth of characters in his stories exudes life and goes beyond the one-dimensional stereotypes that are typically found in popular culture. Anosh gives a voice to the marginalized, giving them a chance to be in the spotlight and the ability to tell a more complex story.

When asked whether he preferred writing plays or novels, Anosh said that he enjoys both, but with reservation. “Novels are entirely yours,” he says. “You don’t have to see the audience’s reaction, but with plays, the experience can be unpredictable and raw. Plays are more dangerous than novels because they have the capacity

to change, to go completely out of control.” Despite this reservation, Anosh has written highly acclaimed works in both genres, switching between each with ease and flair.

Counting authors such as Albert Camus, Rohinton Mistry and Vladimir Nabokov as his literary influences, Anosh found his passion for writing in Vancouver. To bring structure to his life, he often tries to write in the morning, though sometimes he finds himself up at midnight instead, writing for hours. To Anosh, there is no such thing as writer’s block, as it only pushes him to dig deeper beyond the knowledge that he has and continue to write until he discovers. However, when it comes to finishing a piece of writing, he never truly knows when

a work is complete. He lets go of a piece of writing only when he feels his characters have enough depth.

Throughout his journey with literature, Anosh Irani has found a voice for the marginalized and the anti-hero, using his passion for writing to tell stories of truth. But we had to ask Anosh: if he was not writing, what would he be doing instead?

After a beat, Anosh told us what he did not want – a traditional Indian lifestyle, he said while laughing. But being a master storyteller of untraditional and unsettling stories, maybe this is the new “traditional lifestyle” for him.



LE CAMBODGE I  
SAMAHA JAFFER



# A Few Note-Worthy

*From the Interview by Rachel Wong*

When asked what advice Anosh would give to students and writers of all kinds, his first rule of thumb is to keep writing! Often, he says, when you are unable to write, start with something that you know, and continue to write until you discover!

Writing, as Anosh says, is an “act of discovery” and “talent is just the beginning”. As Anosh states, “people [often] give up easily or expect that their ideas will appear quickly”. Instead, endurance and stamina, as Anosh points out, “are qualities that make a good writer.”





# Tips from Anosh Irani

*and Elda Hajdarovac*

However, when asked what he felt was the most valuable piece of advice that he could give to other writers, Anosh says that, “your writing shouldn’t be too clear . . . instead, the reader has to search [for meaning],” much like a “Morse code.”

That, as Anosh claims, “is the dance of the writer”!

Anosh recommends, “whatever field of writing you are doing, it’s important to familiarize yourself with the ‘great ones of that field’”. But, he states, it just as important to have your own imaginative process. To quote Anosh, “make sure to engage with your surroundings”, and “become an observer”!

Anosh encourages writers to “tell [their] own story”, and “to think in their own language”. The status of language, as he says, is important since it shapes and defines literature into the unique works of art they are.



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# Convergence

by Celina Wang

In the video she is five years young and the baby fat still clings to her as though afraid to let go. Sunlight running through her hair, reflecting off her teeth, and she walks, heart set, legs steady, to wherever her will takes her. Rush of laughter loud as she holds out a hand, says, *I found you*, takes a step forward, then another. *I found you*. Her hand still extended, waiting. Static cleaves through the grainy image like the faded spots that stick to yellowed photographs, to the spaces between memories. A reminder of the time that has passed, the distance between her hand and yours, fingers pressed against the surface of the screen, because after all, because after everything, she is not you. You know it, when you hold yourself still, when you hang yourself heavy, when you lean closer and see your reflection faint and flickering, superimposed onto the smile in the screen; a mirror that does not match. She is not you.

\*\*\*

In the story she is everywhere, all at once. Do you remember it now? Do you remember how it goes? She is suit of armour, silver visor, sword raised and pointed straight at the sky, ready for the fight. She is withered hair and wicked eyes, fingernails brittle under the clay of the earth, breathing alive a spark of magic onto her palm. She is the crown placed atop her head, is the shadow that curls around her city at night, is the glow of hidden treasure that lures her ever closer, taking one step forward, then another. *I found you*. When she enters the forbidden forest – when she disappears down the alleyway

– when she marches into the throne room she does not look back, because she is on a quest, a mission, a journey, and there are quite so many worlds to see. There are quite so many people to meet. When she leaves she does not look back, because after all, because after everything, she is not you. You know it, when you stand where you are, when you stay in your silence, when you watch the shape of her back fade away into the distance, like a smear on the horizon, a sun. She is not you.

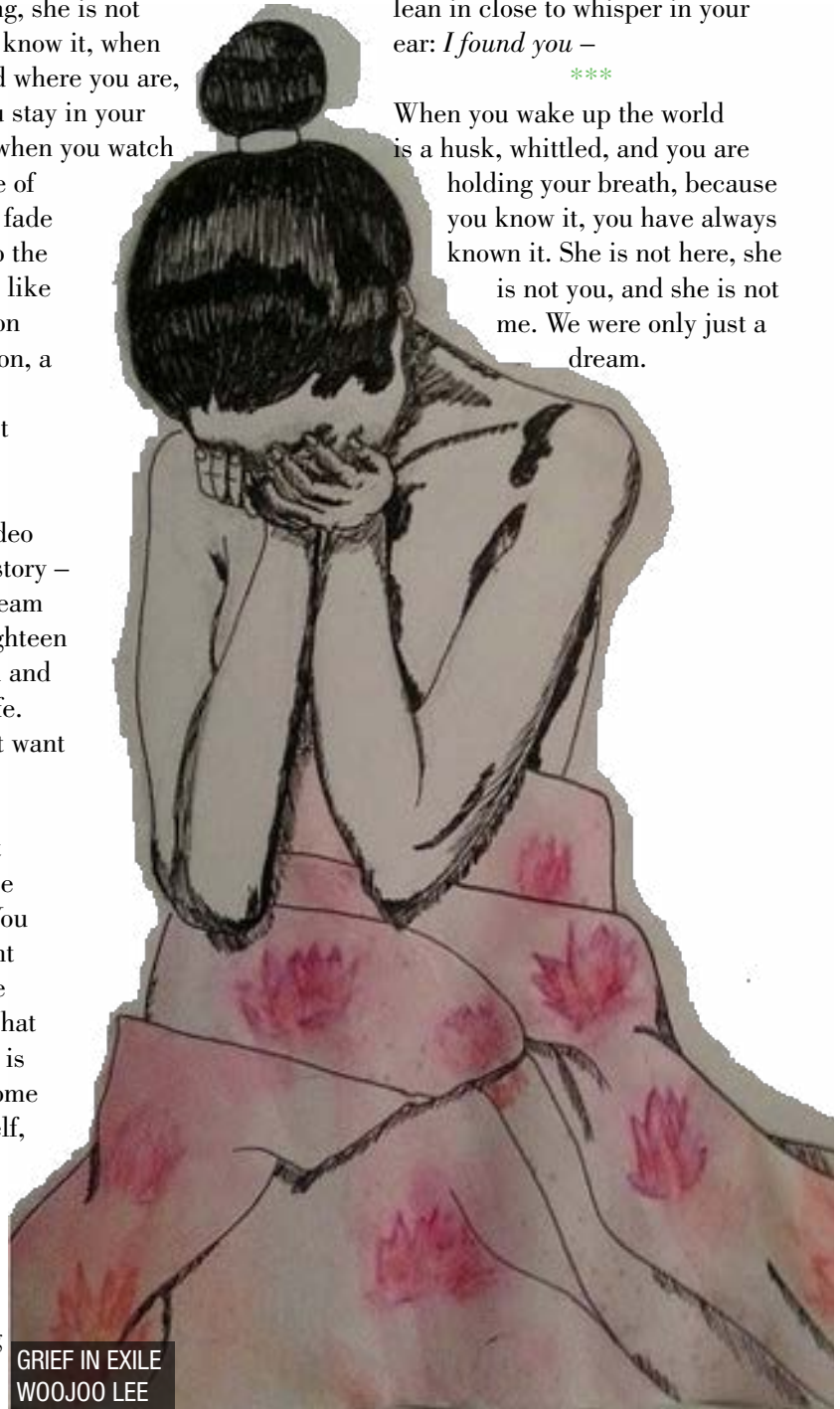
\*\*\*

In the video – in the story – In the dream she is eighteen years tall and she is safe. You don't want to be a memory; you don't want to be a story. You don't want to see the world. What you want is to find home in yourself, spread open the doors like the billowing of

curtains set free in the wind, watch in the window for her return, sun-kissed, smoke-eyed; the mark of the brave. You want her to come back. Raise a palm, press it to yours – you, full with sleep, quiet with wonder – and lean in close to whisper in your ear: *I found you* –

\*\*\*

When you wake up the world is a husk, whittled, and you are holding your breath, because you know it, you have always known it. She is not here, she is not you, and she is not me. We were only just a dream.



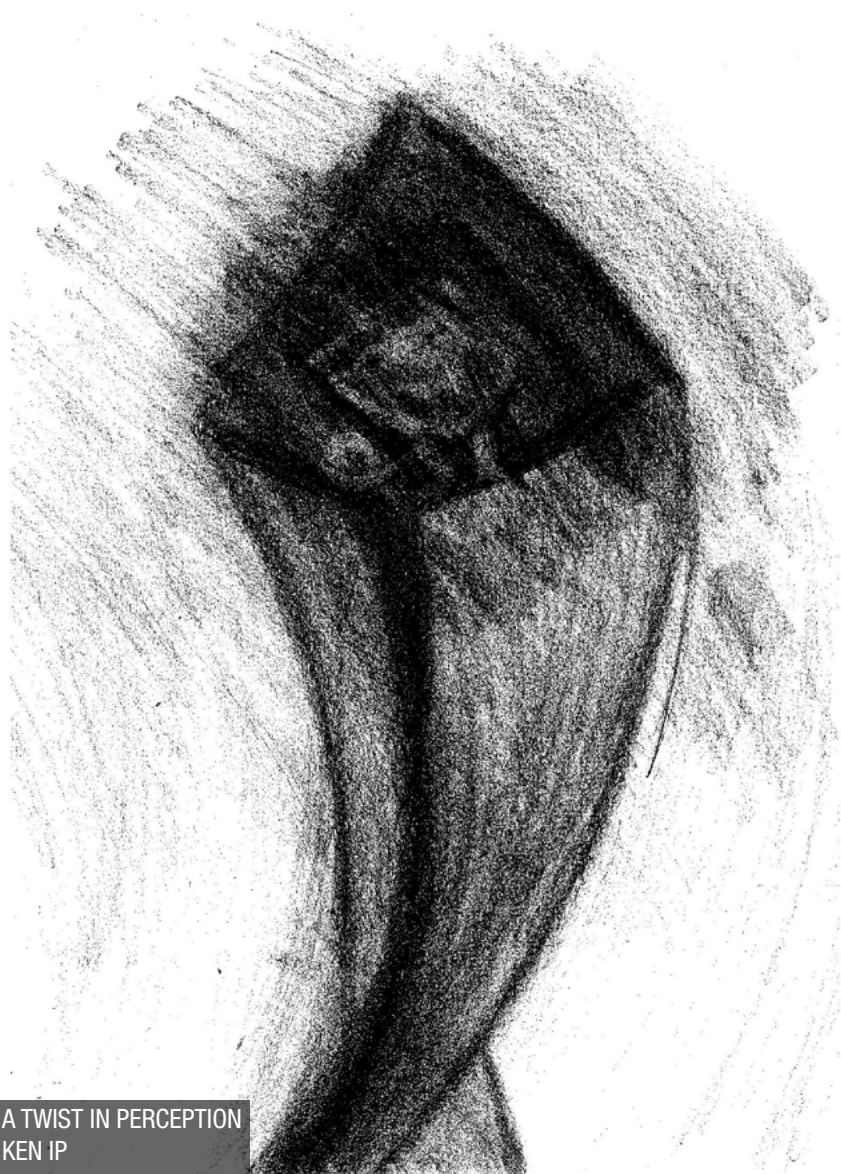
GRIEF IN EXILE  
WOOJOO LEE

---

# Prismatic

by Ken Ip

Many people present many truths  
To each you meet you present another face  
A unique surface, reflecting, interacting  
It is said that the prismatic gem is the most beautiful  
Perhaps it has the most truth at its core  
The more people to whom you show face  
The more faces you have for the world  
And correspondingly, less masked is the truth of self  
In each piece of the self given to another  
The sharing pushes to the completion of that most puzzling  
thing:  
The answer to the question -  
who am I?



A TWIST IN PERCEPTION  
KEN IP



# Drowning Lunacy

by Mike Jaeggli

One can only imagine the amount of power the ocean has on the river. While you understand this force is the result of natural processes, you like to believe that the relationship between the river and the sea is less forgiving, and not one of choice. That the two are instead prone to the whims

of our human need for connections, or is susceptible to interpretation. As you drown, you begin to see your role: you are a child, a witness to this relationship, and by extension, a victim. I am aware that these notes are irrelevant as you gasp for air. But you only need to spend a few

moments near the river to understand its inclusive intentions, its need to share its plight with others: the river is bound to the ocean, the ocean to the moon. The moon tugs at the ocean, then the ocean calls out for the rivers. But they call too often; the ocean has grown deep off the vigour of the rivers – note the channels,

how their youth is stolen. Somewhere, each day the moon lets out a sardonic laugh as it enacts the tide change, and the ocean winces and passes this hate onto the river. Note the river you now run with, how the pain you sense is communal, and how it shifts throughout the body of water. Note the connections:







we were all swimming after you, scared for you, eager to reach you when you fell. We all saw the violent surge of water as you surfaced, your skin an embryonic shade of red. The water was cold, yet it was nearly June. It is at this point as you drift downstream, that you begin to feel the weight

of something indiscernible around your ankle, fastening you to the bottom of the river. No, disregard the fear and panic in drowning. It's too late for all that, now is for understanding. Outmaneuver the rocks, the debris and the closest emotions. Look deeper and see the irons, pull at the chains of inexperience,

pull them tight and feel how the water holds them firm. Entertain the possibility that you always knew they were here, that you knew you could not swim. While you cross the bend, it is now that you realize that the foot you had dipped into the water moments ago was being tempted downstream, pulled towards the unseen ocean.

Like a beaten animal, a snake in the reeds, the river lashed out at you and sunk its pain deep. And like the others that drowned, you were pulled by the river, dragged into the ocean's chain gang to be displayed before the abusive moon. Before we find you, you will be marked, painted as to match the moon's pale white hue.

# Ljubavni San

*Written and translated by Elda Hajdarovac*

Naša vječna ljubav, pokušava da  
nađe put u nama,  
Ali smrt, je ta koja je odnosi od  
nas.

Nije bitno koliko suza lijem,  
I koliko puta izgovoram tvoje ljepo  
ime,

Nista na ovom svijetu neće moci  
da vrati našu ljubav staru.

Sabur\*, ljubavi moja,  
Jer poslija svake kiše dolazi sunce,  
I tiha voda brijege valja.

Ali ipak na kraju ljepotice moja,  
Što nam ostaje je samo ljepi  
ljubavni san.

## A Lover's Dream

Eternal love finds its path  
through us,  
But death is the one that takes  
it away.

Timelessly I call out your  
beautiful name,  
And the many tears that spill  
from me

But, nothing in this mortal  
world can return our love.

Sabur\*, my love.  
After every rain the sun will  
shine its rays,  
And still, deep waters run

But in the end, my beloved,  
All that's left is our everlasting  
delight.

\*In the Arabic language,  
“Sabur” means patience.

DESERT DREAMER  
SIENA LOCHER-LO



---

# Saudade

*by Paul Sasges*

I buried my treasure under salty sod.  
In the playground,  
I dug it up.

Children in blue, red and green  
Gold and silver sing to me.

Like a moth, that pursues the light  
Frustrated by glass  
I burn.

In the shadow of fifty-eight years  
Share your childhood for a moment.

While I drift out to sea  
On the deadheaded log  
'I'm missing you.'



---

# Trout Dreams

*by Paul Sasges*

The sun cast itself upon the  
morning, settling upon the olive  
water. The boy reeled in the pain:  
is this ache the anticipated guilt  
or the trout, wringing on the line?

Running the pocketknife from rear  
to gills, the boy cut his finger.  
Whose blood thickened at the spine?

What sort of faith compelled  
the boy to leave the fish head  
on the tree stump? Why signify  
this shared experience?

\*\*\*

I am waiting for that nocturnal epiphany,  
that Freudian certainty: give credence  
to the fish, this connotes this.

The Whitmanian I, perhaps.  
I am the fish, the worm in its gut,  
the punctured belly, the innards displayed  
on the dock, the head on the stump.

The page is printed, the dream retold,  
yet little has been said. Do I not have  
some responsibility to the boy and the trout?

I must coax the fish out of this slumber,  
these sinuous reeds.  
I sense the formless thought nearing perfection,  
yet the image is still reluctant to share.

Retreat to negative capability,  
speak for the fish and its hesitancy:  
Controlling the line, its listless yarn  
and implicit tugs, I am the predator.  
The fish is whatever appetite dictates.

\*\*\*

The head on the stump is a mythology  
retold to confuse the man, appease the child,  
and feed the fox edging along the forest –  
timid, yet always on the hunt.

---

# Sartoridae

by Chirantha Premathilaka

Mama, I possess a revelation. It must be proclaimed post-haste. Are you listening? It pertains to the crucial foundation of our livelihood. The truth is revealed to me and I am prepared to speak it. Can you hear me? The pieces are stuck in my throat but they shall soon be strewn across the floor for feast. Garfdghh. Garfffghhh. I spew them forth: *I was a butterfly all along.*



MURANO HAPPINESS - ITALY  
Y.G. RANCOURT

Hnnnnhfff.

\*\*\*

I feel reborn. No, the feeling is better than a life anew because I know life for the first time. I understand why these slender fingers move as they do. Their movements, lithe, economic, are reforged with purpose

The fingers trespass your listless frame.

One set clutches your left breast. The other is fixated on the sinuous curve of your hips. They are fueled by primal instinct. They seek to possess you, bore inside, and consume what innocence remains. Although they fled their former bounds, they are unified in perverse thirst. They heard my voice and learnt that salvation comes from inside.

\*\*\*

The carnal hunger of my shadow is strong and tragic. It is not a fault of the form but rather the chosen prey. Your hardwood form is a fortress. The fingers hunger for evisceration, agglutination. The dream, in terms of a metaphor, is a feast, a revel where the meal consumes the rollicker.

\*\*\*

It must be excruciating in that slim cage of yours. If you wish to break free, you can let them inside. Do you not long for the sweet taste of sin? Mmm.

\*\*\*

It was a long time ago, Mama, that Baba was taken from us. It was from his love that I learnt to spin the wheel. In the wake of my transcendence, I discovered why you remained inert as the distance eclipsed composure and your throat grew stiff. You fooled me into manhood! But no longer. I spread these bespoke wings and promise lift. I take to the skies!

\*\*\*

When I was estranged from the truth, my fingers moved with grace. Now, I see them fumble in the stupor of their new appetite. What happened to the prodigy which made gold from straw? They knit frenzied dreams into beautiful dress but now they struggle to loosen the knots of your bodice.

\*\*\*

Mama, you are a wicked sight. Your naked figure is plain as steel. It is so strange to see you in this light. Shall I flutter away, into the night, the sunrise, or back into the dream? If I could, it would be my pleasure; such is a solution mercifully simple. Alas, the catharsis of my transformation is not yet spent. I tried to use words in the spirit of regression to

characterize my transformation but that is not without error. It is perhaps a metamorphic sensation. To employ a metaphor, I rise from a cocoon a stranger to myself. Was the wingbeat I called the first so? I believe what I interpreted as bipedal locomotion was flight from the beginning. You see, the consequences of the truth are more testing for the mind than the body. Just look at the husk of my larval memory, which grinds against you. It accepts the fact of the truth without question.

\*\*\*

If Baba saw me now, what might he say? He found me once before in the state of those limbs. *Disgraced Er Zi, what are you doing with those beautiful hands? I need those deft and nimble fingers to turn rags into riches. I cannot idle while you squander your talent on flesh.* He took my hands and directed them to the loom, where they set the folds of a simple blanket in motion. As he prophesized, the product lacked its usual luster. *Weep not, repentant Er Zi. Let this symbol of perversion teach.* With a scheming smile, he continued: *The value is that even sullied fruit satisfies a certain taste. Come, beloved Er Zi. I will show you what can be done with your despicable desires.* I followed Baba into a downcast part of town. The dilapidated buildings which adorned the streets were nothing like the gilded decorations in our customers' houses. We walked beside many like her – I still fail to understand why he stopped in front of her. He bargained using a venomous tone. When they finished, Baba asked me to gift her the blanket. She took it from those trembling hands and passed it to her daughter. She gestured for her to leave but Baba insisted the child stay. I saw vestiges of tears in her eyes as she crept towards me. Baba introduced us. *Call her Mama.*

\*\*\*

She took me in her mouth. The

tether that kept me in this shape snapped and I watched the blades of the species human unleash their wrath. She depressed her tongue and allowed that body inside. The two of them quivered and shook together. It might have been a sort of joy if not for the stench of suffering. As the two of them exercised their forced union, I observed her daughter. She floated amidst the chaos like a satellite. Her eyes were cold, still; apologetic.

\*\*\*

*There. It's done. We must hurry home. A client requested a meeting for tomorrow's morning. He requires spectacular dress for a wedding at short notice. You'll need plenty of rest, little Er Zi...*

\*\*\*

What would he say of my true colors? He might see the same effete child in that empty rack of limbs and chide it for insolence. As a child denied the pleasure, I yearned to suckle your breasts in infancy as that empty body does now. I watch your immobile frame be ravaged by its hunger. Jealousy does not arrive. You see, I fly far above those human vices. I soar! I soar!

\*\*\*

I could have escaped so long ago but such is the strength of familial bonds. I have broken them now. Baba guards the key to the only door but the windows are in reach. They are too tall for that body but that is a concern no longer. I fly! I wish my former self well as I exit. It turns, still holding you, and bids adieu with its verboten organ in hand. It waved at me, back and forth with vigorous speed. I thought the motion marked our farewell but the body sheltered a final memento: an eruption of light encased in a pellucid gush of frothy fluid. A courtesan for whom I spun long, flowing robes once spoke of firework, a sight attended by men and women from all over the realm. Surely, they would rather see this!

\*\*\*

The windows open into a black world. I am consumed by darkness, the sweet embrace of freedom. I remember the elusive sensation of falling asleep, that fleeting feeling so much like breathing. I have flown so far that I can no longer see those familiar fingers. Are they cleaning milk dust from Mama's back? Might they, as I them down below, dream of me in the air? Am I waking or drifting into slumber once more?



...Mama, how many times will I wake before transforming? Quick, let me lick the filth from your frame. Baba will be home soon.



---

# Species On The Mourn

*by Paul Sasges*

Silver crested wave  
over bombastic blue  
meld in kinship and delight  
under starless night.

In a mostly lost life  
for times of reverie  
a midnight memory.

Now to know sea ice  
crushed by nine  
robs April of its hope,  
leaves a species on the mourn,  
bereaves the memoirist  
and everything undone.

---

# Digital Dreams

*by Ken Ip*

From a comfortable seat wrapped in silken sheets  
I have reached out and touched the world  
Gazed upon countless wonders,  
Learned of and loved its people  
Seeped in its language  
And cried its sorrows  
Through scribbled paintings, through warbled words,  
Through scrambled printings and actions heard  
Things I would have missed  
In the blink of an eye,  
The sound of a sigh  
The everyday oblivion of ignorance, too little  
Paired into the oblivion of sublimity, too much.

---

# Aria

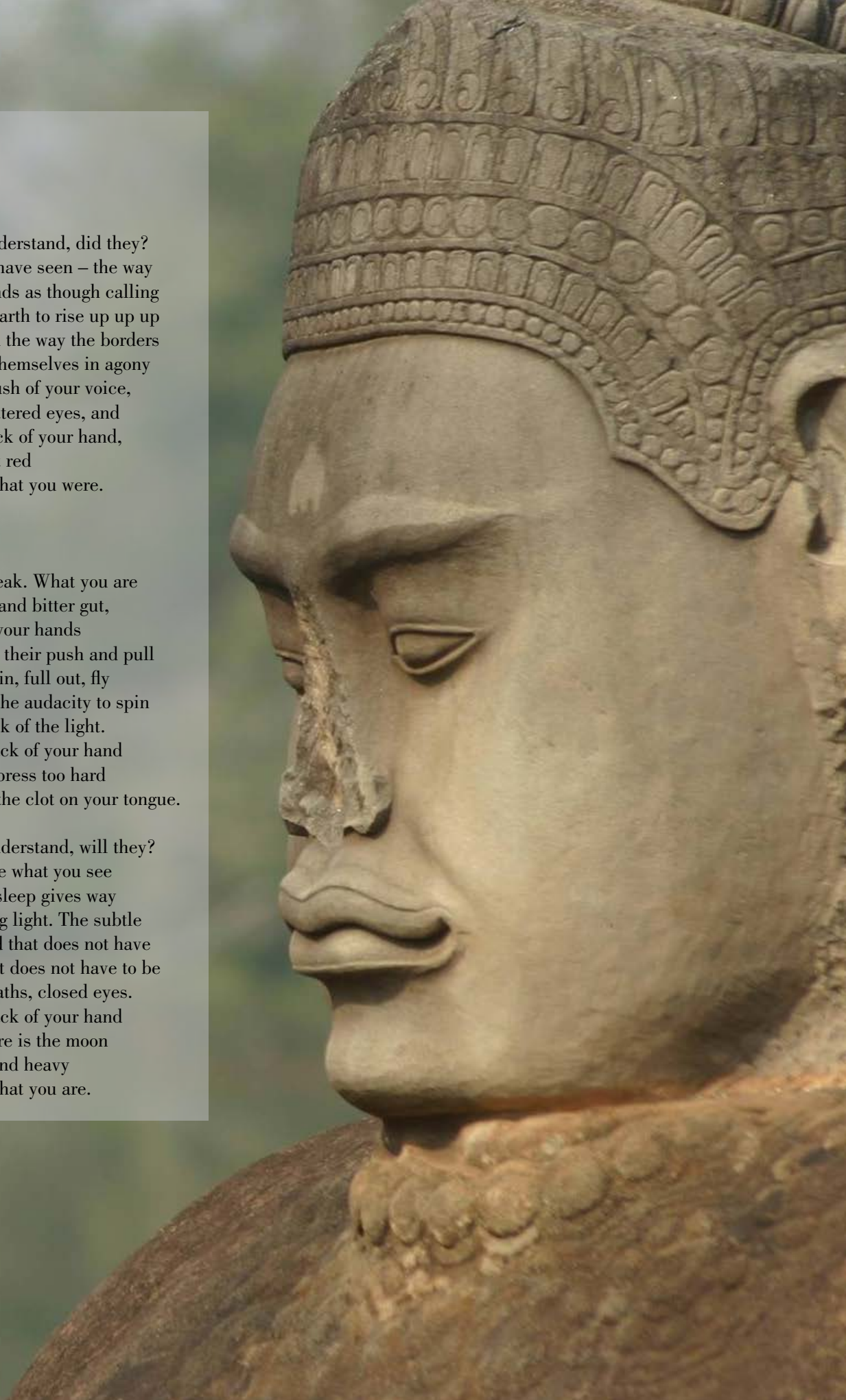
*by Celina Wang*

They never did understand, did they?  
They could never have seen – the way  
you lifted your hands as though calling  
the depths of the earth to rise up up up  
into your arms and the way the borders  
of light stretched themselves in agony  
just to reach the rush of your voice,  
cruel breaths, shuttered eyes, and  
the skin on the back of your hand,  
clenched tight, cut red  
to remind you of what you were.

What you are.

What you are is weak. What you are  
is bone and blood and bitter gut,  
and when you lift your hands  
the oceans resume their push and pull  
the winds breathe in, full out, fly  
and the earth has the audacity to spin  
without you. A trick of the light.  
The skin on the back of your hand  
bruises when you press too hard  
and you can taste the clot on your tongue.

They never will understand, will they?  
They will never see what you see  
before soft-edged sleep gives way  
to the loud morning light. The subtle  
shiftings of a world that does not have  
to make sense, that does not have to be  
strong. Steady breaths, closed eyes.  
The skin on the back of your hand  
still stings. But here is the moon  
whole and round and heavy  
to remind you of what you are.



---

# Breaking News!

by Josh Visser

It was on this day that Mother Earth took over  
and ripped herself asunder.  
The Plumed Serpent  
shed her skin  
in catastrophic rejuvenation.  
It was the precise moment in time  
when the poles changed their attunement.

Each breath came to us as poison  
when the Ring of Fire belched  
crude, ashen clouds that  
swathed  
our cities to further  
pollute our precious oxygen.

Structure will not stand a chance to Her Majesty.  
There is no safe haven inside  
the boxes that surround  
your TV sets.

The Ice Caps melted like an icicle in a sauna  
(but it was really just a greenhouse).  
Each ocean gorged on  
its coastline  
while the first world  
was completely enthralled  
in an International Hot-Dog Consumption  
Contest (and what's even in a hot dog, anyway?).

Then the crusted plates  
creaked and cracked  
as the Earth  
quaked  
in the wake  
in of its tectonic reformation.

Architecture will not stand a chance to Her Majesty.  
There is no safe haven inside  
the boxes that surround  
your TV sets.



LE CAMBODGE II  
SAMA AH JAFFER



---

# Cherry Bombs

*by Paul Sasges*

Weird how we loved to build  
with our boots and sticks  
dams and canals  
down unpaved lane-ways.  
Neighbourhood engineers  
before we knew what engineer meant.  
To bring down the wrath of our rubbers  
was the best part.  
No bug was safe  
rays through a convex glass  
lit them up.  
We loved the exquisite pop  
when fluorescents shattered  
on wet cement.  
Well hidden in the willow tree  
ball bearings from the factory trash  
fired at cars from homemade slingshots.  
In our fort we looked at skin mags  
And smoked stolen cigarettes.  
Cherry bombs built  
from saltpeter with toilet paper fuses  
stuffed in a lead pipe,  
sealed with electrical tape  
tested in the park  
craters in the sod.  
Neighbourhood warriors  
before we knew what warrior meant.  
Some of us, most of us, went straight.  
Others became dope dealers.  
Weird shit like that made us happy.

---

# Dream Poem

*by Paul Sasges*

The backlit contrast between dark clouds,  
green foliage and slicing rain.  
A fisher's net,  
held me in its mesh.

A tanned woman's body  
enfolded you from behind.  
In her powerful arms,  
she was your firm support.

Your legs spread  
on muddy moss,  
you screamed in anguish.  
alabaster skin,  
raven's hair.

In the night air,  
I gave an envious scream  
Against glass  
membrane between me and me.

---

# Brainstorm

*by Ken Ip*

Thought begets thought as ideas fly with the wind  
A wild cyclone of spinning questions, concerns, theories  
Together, blended and synthesized into ideas anew  
By the anvil of imagination  
And the hammer of inspiration  
Something interesting emerges -  
Insight forged from the rarities of perspective  
Things, perhaps, to be shared  
Things, perhaps, to call culture  
The storm rages anew  
And inspiration begets inspiration as humanity cycles  
ever onwards,  
Following that wild cyclone spinning towards tomorrow.



## Samaritans

*by Ryan Hoben*

We all stand around and shuffle our feet and watch the thick and sometimes thin liquid get sucked from his body. We don't make eye contact. He lies on the bed and doctors pile in and out of the small white room. The plastic curtain doesn't hide anything. It all started with this rash that slowly covered his body, inch by inch, crawling to explore, then invade, a new patch of yellowing skin. He stopped growing at around thirteen, like his brother did. Nobody says anything for fear that he would answer us back in that gurgling, gargoyle voice. His insides are turning into concrete and mud. When we were young, we'd play this game, on Friday nights, when his parents were over-town, with his brother at the out-patients. We'd drink their schnapps then he'd run down the hill, behind his house, that overlooked the St. John. We'd give him a head start and then chase, sometimes

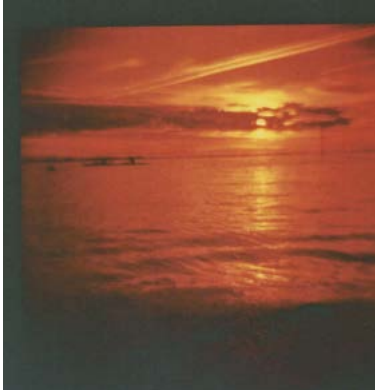
falling over ourselves trying to get at him. We would have baseball bats and other tubular instruments and he'd run out into the street as a car went by and pretend to fall. Then, as the car stopped, we'd boot'er right out of the bushes and pretend to beat him. It was hard to keep from laughing. The bystander would jump back into their car and drive to a pay phone down the street and call the cops, while we all watched, from his living room, the lights turned off, passing bottles around like we were jiggin'. When the cops showed, things slowed. No one spoke as they searched around the Wilsey with flood lights. Their beams would cut across the darkness, throwing shadows. Once they came up to the house while we all laid on the carpet, holding our bodies. They'd always give up or get another call and then there was rapture. Unspoken, but understood. The sense of consequence avoided. That we got away with

something. It was as close to sex as he'd ever get - shivering and covered in salty moisture, waiting for his breath to relax. Soon, the night would end and our parents would come. We'd eat too many Certs and talk so much that they must have known. We never made the Gleaner or caused any accidents or hurt anyone. This was just a way to get close to something we'd never actually touch. His mother comes in and orders us all out of the room and he starts to cough and claw at the machine that is hooked up to his lungs. I take one last peek then shuffle out. I wonder if we are alive in his thoughts while he sleeps. Does he think of us the way we think of him? I get dropped off by the train bridge and walk towards Devon and feel each plank of rotting wood under my feet and count each one and make note of it, like it somehow makes a difference.

---

# Insomnia

by Jaiden Dembo



Laying in bed staring up at the ceiling  
With these thoughts rolling through my head.  
I can feel the blood vessels bursting in my eyes  
As I search the darkness for the answers  
To the questions I can't even formulate



Every thought fires through my brain  
A hundred variants of my own voice  
Running on repeat and wearing down  
The grooves in the vinyl of my mind  
This broken record has been skipping for hours  
And I'm left to memorize the lyrics

Throwing my body  
Tossing in the dunes of  
For a shred of comfort in  
Hopelessly lost in a  
As I rub the sand from

The wolves are chasing a  
Always out of reach in an  
With their howls echoing  
They cry to the moon to  
And tear their claws  
Hunting the specters of



across the desert of my bed  
my sheets searching  
the cool shadows  
barren landscape  
my eyes without success.

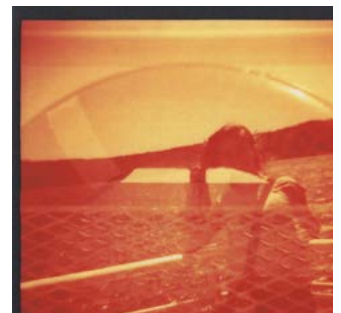
sweat-lathered buck  
eternal hunt that keeps them starving  
through my head  
satisfy their yearning teeth  
through my psyche  
fabled answers.

Lost in the midnight forest of my consciousness  
Time obeys no laws and contorts itself  
Racing forward and coming to a halt  
Suspended in the bleak moment of 3:29 AM  
Crawling forward to 3:41 AM and dragging its heels  
Until it sprints toward 5:06 AM with fervor.

Grudgingly, I accept the caress of the morning sun  
And shake off the shackles and chains of the night  
Stagger and sway I break away from my prison  
With the weight of my worries abandoned at the door  
I slip into oblivion as I stare into the galaxies  
Swirling in the abyss of the battery acid I call coffee.



REDSCALE SPREAD  
SARAH CRYDERMAN





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# An Agnostic Converses With The Divine

by Josh Visser

God...  
You may not have been my Father  
but I am still your child.  
Never having walked in Your  
footsteps  
I chose the path slightly to the left  
repressing more than half  
of the Ten Commandments  
I grew up to believe in.  
I washed off the holy waters  
of my baptism in a sin of sweat.  
I lived a life of Divine ignorance.  
And there as I lay –  
just a stagnant mound of skin and  
bone and blood and brain,  
while my soul lifts from my body  
like smoke from a bonfire,  
I see no Light.  
Where is my spirit – my most  
prized possession – destined?  
For there is no sensible direction,  
no Heaven-sent pull.  
So I must ask you, oh Lord,  
what awaits my future?

After an indefinable expanse of  
silence

deep within the void

Something answered



---

## Weightlessness

by Romeena Sidhu

Sleep.

A time when one slips away  
from themselves as sleep weighs  
heavily upon them

releasing them completely from  
the day and immersing them  
into the night.

Lulling one further and further,  
“slowly,  
and then all at once”<sup>1</sup> the  
vastness surrounds you, as you  
lose yourself to a realm neither  
here nor there.

A realm one could only describe  
as being utterly indescribable  
as one could not effectively put  
into words the feeling of being  
completely and utterly  
weightless.

The momentary escape from  
the physical world  
for those fleeting moments of

bliss

as one becomes the sole  
proprietor of a world  
completely their own.

And as those fleeting moments  
pass, and the vastness escapes  
you

lifting you out of the realm that  
you so blissfully occupied  
the day with bathe you in its  
light,  
as the longing for the release of  
the night

weighs heavily upon you,  
before it is time, once again, to  
go to

sleep.

1. John Green, *The Fault in Our Stars*  
p. 137

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# Mihaly

by Erica Maglio

heart attack.  
plastic tubes attached to plastic bags of plastic food.  
cardiac  
...arrest? Jail my heart until it beats in place of  
yours!

Is it the arteries?  
Or could it be that your brain is  
spilling,  
seeping,  
sinking,  
filling the space where your heart belongs?

Sanitizer, paper masks and latex powder  
sever you from yourself.  
You push the real diagnosis away  
through a vaccination vial  
and your patient file,  
but heartache stares you in the face.

I can't prescribe you  
a purpose,  
a reason,  
or a motive  
to live another day.

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# Without You

by Jaiden Dembo

Waking up with heartbreak caught in her throat  
Pain blossoming from her chest and spreading  
Pulsing through her veins and every nerve  
Tears rolling down her cheeks and she's left gasping  
Finally able to breathe after what felt like drowning

Lost in the echoes of her dreamscape  
A residue from her visions coating her skin  
And leaving her mind caught between the worlds  
Grasping at every detail before they disappear  
As does the mist with the morning light

It was real, every touch and every image  
Surrounded by his presence and wrapped in warmth  
A pleasant haze caressing her brain  
Drunk on the emotions that flood her system  
His voice is a lullaby and his words a sweet seduction  
Tripping, falling after him but always out of reach

He stood before her, eyes meeting hers  
To feel him again left her in euphoria  
There was the comfort of the ordinary  
Which she had taken for granted before  
Suspended in this state she was lost in bliss

The frozen shock of reality drained any warmth  
A bullet shot through the chest leaving her cold  
Because he slipped through her fingers like smoke  
And left her trying to staunch the bleeding alone  
It is only in the darkness that he holds her again  
And vanishes when the sun drags her from her reverie



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# Author Bios



**Alex Bezeredi:** Having recently completed his Bachelor's of Arts at SFU, Alex currently lives in Delta, where he hopes to successfully pursue his passion of creative writing.

**Celina Wang** is a first-year SFU student with small dreams and a large imagination. She is consumed by stories, but this world isn't too bad either when you remember to look up.

**Chirantha Premathilaka** studies medicine at King's College in London. He is a 21 year old man who loves to read. He will grow up to become a dirty old man.

**Elda Hajdarovac** is a second year SFU student who is majoring in World Literature. She loves to spend her time writing poetry, drawing and reading all sorts of literature, including theory! If you can't find Elda lingering around the program in World Literature, then she's most likely stuffing a horse with carrots.

**Erica Maglio** enjoys studying horrible tragedies and ugly art that few others like to think about and irritatingly insists on discussing them with unwilling friends who just want to have a coffee, damn it.

**Isabele Savage** is a third year World Literature Major at SFU. She has always enjoyed writing short stories and is very excited to be part of The Lyre 2015.

**Jaiden Dembo** is a second year World Literature major and aspiring writer who finds translating her soul into ink on these pages the best form of therapy.

**Jasmin Ring** is an undergraduate student at Simon Fraser University studying History and World Literature. In her spare time (and otherwise!) she enjoys immersing herself in literature of all kinds and occasionally writes things herself.

**Josh Vissers** loves books and words and simple sentence structure or lack thereof. Growing up with a variety of reading material, he always thought maybe he could find a way to do that too.

**Ken Ip** is currently a third year student at SFU pursuing an overly complicated degree. When asked why, he has no adequate response. He enjoys writing poetry and stuff. Sometimes.

**Michaela Sawyer** is in her third year of university at Simon Fraser and is in the process of receiving her History and World Literature Joint Major. Writing has always been something she has loved to do.

**Mike Jaeggle** reads and writes in Vancouver, B.C. Previous work can be found on his mother's fridge.

**Paul Sasges** is just starting out in the World Literature program. He considers himself to be an emerging poet as he only began writing poetry in September 2013. Words won't stop tumbling out of his head.

**Rhiannon Wallace** is a World Literature and International Studies joint major student at SFU. She enjoys writing, reading, singing, canoeing and eating too much dessert. She plans to graduate some day, but might decide to remain a World Lit student forever...

**Romeena Sidhu** is currently a fourth year Bachelor of Arts student at UBC's Okanagan campus, pursuing a major in English and a minor in Psychology.

**Ryan Hoben** is an English Major at SFU. He is currently working on a collection of short stories that will hopefully be released before his death.

**Sally Kwon** is a first year Science student at SFU striving to improve her skills. Though her studies lie elsewhere, art is still her most cherished hobby.



BIRDS AND ROSES  
MICHELLE KIM LE