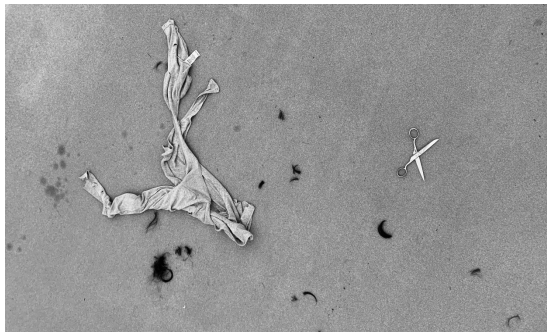


The Lyre

A Literary Journal



Issue 15 | On the Record | Fall 2024



*05.08.18: documentation of a live performance
by Zoë Braithwaite*

The Lyre's Ongoing Commitment to Our Community

The Lyre is published and distributed on the unceded traditional ancestral Coast Salish lands of the xʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam), Sk̓wxwú7mesh Úxwumixw (Squamish), səlilw̓ ətaʔl (Tsilil-Waututh), q̓ícəy̓ (Katzie), kwikʷəłəm (Kwikwetlem), Qayqayt, Kwantlen, Semiahmoo, and Tsawwassen First Nations. As a magazine focusing on World Languages and Literatures, we acknowledge the diversity of Indigenous cultures and the ongoing harm of colonization across the globe. Due to this ongoing struggle, it's important that we share stories and cultures that have remained untold. We encourage readers to be mindful of where we all stand within colonial systems, including Simon Fraser University, and how these systems affect the stories of this magazine.

The Lyre is working to support resilient voices and strengthen intersectional communities through language and literature. As a publication, we make efforts to reach out to a diverse set of student groups, are committed to non-censorship in storytelling, and have historically conducted a double-blind editing process to reduce bias. Storytelling allows empathy to flourish, thereby combating intolerance in all its ugly forms. The Lyre is dedicated to uplifting all voices, including those of newcomers, LGBTQIA2+ students, and BIPOC students. Literature shouldn't be dominated by the pale ghosts of bygone days, and we invite all those interested to submit their work.

We also encourage you, dear reader, to learn which Indigenous lands you are living on by visiting native-land.ca.

meet the team

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The Lyre is produced and funded by Simon Fraser University's
World Languages and Literatures Program.

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Issue 15 | On the Record | Fall 2024

Bare by Daniel Cheung

from the editors

The written word, in all its forms, is forever tied to physicality. The record holds onto the past with clinging hands, allowing all other memories to slip through the cracks into obscurity. To harness the power of words and their longevity is to mark your existence. But what about those whose voices are left unheard and unanswered? What about the burned books, the letters destroyed, the poems never published? Who controls the narrative? What part do we all play in upholding one version of reality? As Orwell describes in his infamous dystopian novel, “The past is whatever the records and the memories agree upon.” It is a structured, controlled process in which the physical record plays an integral role. Over and over again, fiction that explores dystopian futures depicts literature and art as dangerous, as needing to be destroyed and burned. Over and over, voices are smothered and words are unwritten.

With this fifteenth issue of the Lyre comes two opposing forces that struggle - the power of permanence and the certainty of the liminal. Things come and go, they are created and they are destroyed. Art is a way to assert one’s right to exist and be recognized, solidifying our truths within a minefield of complex opinions. Within waves of uncertainty, misinformation, and the denying of truth, the vulnerability of human expression becomes a troubled path to navigate.

It is easy to overlook the intricacies of our world in favour of a black-and-white narrative. Here at The Lyre, we believe that literature and translation have the unique ability to interrogate these ideas of opinions and records. The Lyre’s form as words and images on bound pages limits the ways we interact with the works. Thus, we invite our readers to interact with the text in new ways. Read it aloud to friends. Sing it. Do further research on the content you do not fully understand. Don’t just agree with the words on the page; engage critically with even the most basic of facts.

As a magazine run by students for the students, our mission is clear. We lend our pages to those with voices deemed not loud enough to be heard, but who deserve to be listened to. In this vein, we would like to thank the authors and artists who have opened their hearts to us, filling these pages with their vulnerability in all its brilliance and creativity.

We would also like to extend a warm thank you to our executive team for all their hard work this past year. They have stepped up to the task time and time again. Great thanks must also be given to our Associate Editors for all their hard work, made even harder by the sensitive subject matter. As the first eyes on all our submissions, their dedication and enthusiasm are integral to *The Lyre*. Finally, we would like to thank Dr. Maria Barraza for her generous support, as well as the World Languages and Literatures department. This magazine is nothing without the people who continue to believe in it year after year, and we hope to continue inspiring people for years to come.

Sincerely,
Daniel Cheung & Isobel Sinclair
Editors-in-Chief, *The Lyre* 15

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Dwindling

Kristy Kwok

Picture me in her arms, weeping like a willow,
as she kisses my wet hair and says I'm better
off loving a stranger. The soju sets my
face afire, like a Mediterranean dawn
that promises rain. He tells it simpler:
Your face was very red. Picture me
with him on the floor, spread raw
in the nakedness of my longing.
No, no, try again. Picture me in
present tense, sobbing like
the child he thinks I am.
Am I? The garage door
slid open for him with
no scream of protest.
Not like how I asked
him not to go. God,
I have so much
to answer
for.



Afterhours by Stephen Nganga



What Did You Teach Me?

Amy Ng

It's the first time in twenty-two years that I've heard those words, Mami.

Taxes. Claims. Beneficiary.

税收。索赔。受益人。

No, I do not understand it.

All the words you ever taught me in our barely shared language, yet you've never taught me these.

It's been twenty-two years and you brag to me about how your friend's child has learned from thin, immaterial air — our language.

I find that foolish.

I find that sad.

I wonder if there is something shared between them, their words, that we cannot find in ourselves to speak.

You taught me things like, *Did you eat? Sleep more. Be quiet.* Never anything more. I think deep down, you were afraid of me growing up, of me understanding the fights you and Diedi have, of me knowing the depths of all that you are and all that you struggle with.

Mortgage. Retirement. Attorney.

抵押。退休。律师。

No, I do not understand you.

That opportunity has bloomed and gone.

Now, I don't think I ever can.

It's been twenty-two years and there is so much left unsaid.

Last I Heard You Say

Finlay Wright

Droplets by Daniel Cheung



“Diane! It’s about ten-thirty A.M., February 23rd. I’ve just woken up. Right now, I can see from my window...trees. Lotta trees. Don’t think there’s any more than yesterday.”

A jingling laugh, the kind she always had when something was endlessly amusing to her, though no one else would probably find it funny. And that just made it funnier to her.

“Wouldn’t that be something, though? Imagine waking up and looking outside, and there’s just... like those things from, uh...oh, God, what are they called? From Lord of the Rings. You know what I’m talking about, the, uh...Ents! Those things! One of those just sitting outside your window. Can you imagine? That’d be a hell of a ‘good morning’. Probably send you into cardiac arrest.”

A long sigh.

“Sorry, Diane, I don’t know what I’m talking about. I just woke up, man. I’m delirious. You know, I had the wildest dream last night...”

Click. Diane’s knuckles went white around the old tape recorder before she forced herself to put it back in the box. She never liked that part, anyway.

*

“Diiii-aaaaaane. Dee-yahn. Lady Di. Oh, that one wasn’t so good.”

Diane couldn’t help her smile at the crackly pfft noise that followed. That was her favourite bit of the whole thing. The one sound she never got tired of.

"It's four twenty-nine P.M., May 6th, and, uh...I'll be honest, I can't remember why I picked this up just now. I swear I had something to say. Part of me wants to just let it record the silence while I try to remember, but I don't want to waste any of the thingy...ugh. Damn."

Diane pressed the tape recorder against her cheek.

"Mm. Yeab, I think it's gone. I'll just hop back on here if it comes back to me. Mvab!"

A brief silence followed that scratchy kiss. Diane cradled the tape recorder in both hands and held it to her ear, letting her eyes drift closed. Only a few more seconds now...and there it was: the softest clearing of the throat she'd ever heard, just before the tape clicked off. Diane took a deep breath. Her eyes stung, even in the dark.

*

"Diane, it's just hit two fifty-seven A.M., August 18th—oh, no, 19th I guess, technically. And I'm going a bit stir crazy, if I'm honest."

A dry huff of a laugh. Diane's stomach clenched.

"Could be worse, at least I didn't wake up feeling like my throat had been dried out like a fish. Although, when I do wake up randomly, I usually think 'oh, at least I got some sleep'. Grass is always greener, I guess."

A quiet hum. Diane clung to that sound. It was more like her than the rest, more familiar. Diane could pretend she was still there in that sound.

"Anyway, I picked this up because I'm not sure what else to do with myself. Wish you could talk back to me. I'd tell you to just drone on about... optimization theory, or whatever it is you do. I legit-

mately have no idea what your job is, all I know is it'd probably help me fall back asleep."

Diane huffed a weak laugh that harmonized with the one that faded through the tape recorder.

"All jokes. Mostly. I find you very interesting, you know that. Okay, I'm actually going to try to sleep now. I can feel myself getting more awake, and that's not good for anyone, as you well know. G'night, I hope."

Click. Diane felt hollow. What she wouldn't give for her to never sleep again.

*

"Hi, Diane. I don't know if you'll get to hear this one, but I thought I might as well make it just in case."

Even now, Diane still wasn't sure whether she was thankful for that.

"Um...it's apparently twelve forty-five P.M., even though it really doesn't feel like it. December 2nd, I think. They've only been giving me yogurt so far, for some reason. At least I'm not Nil by Mouth anymore."

Diane had to bite down on her lip, hard, to squash the cry bubbling in her throat at the wheezy laugh from the tape recorder.

"I'm glad they let me keep this so I can sort of talk to you, but I still hope they'll let me have visitors soon. It's pretty bleak here. There's a tiny window right across from me, but I can't see much. I think it's just the parking lot, anyway. Sometimes I can hear dogs barking, so there might be a park or something nearby? I dunno."

If Diane listened closely, she could hear the elec-

tric humming of fluorescents beneath the tape's soft default whirring. Diane didn't usually listen closely.

"Hoping this is all wrapped up and over with sooner rather than later. I'd be bouncing off the walls if I was allowed to get out of bed."

A long silence. Diane could feel the beat of each second, like twenty-one stones filling the hourglass of her rib cage. Her heart knew the rhythm too well by this point.

"Miss you. Love you. All the things. I don't want to switch off, but I'll kick myself if there's nothing left after this. Bye, Diane. And...I'm sorry."

Click.

Diane laid the tape recorder back in its box and slotted its lid into place. She tucked the box into her bag and drew out a bundle of pine needles from the hidden inside pocket. With the gentlest of movements, Diane tugged at the snippet of twine around the bundle's middle—just a loose touch, to allow the needles to splay slightly outwards. She let herself smile as they bounced into a flowering formation.

The wildflowers nestled in the little dip atop the headstone were bone-dry; they crumbled at Diane's touch. She swept them off carefully, watching the dusty particles waft away in the brumal breeze. With the divot cleared, Diane arranged the pine bouquet in the old flowers' place. A few pebbles here and there at the base to keep it steady against the wind, and it was done. Diane shuffled forward on her knees to press her mouth to the headstone, biting cold as it was.

"Alfie, it's twelve fifty-two P.M., December 2nd," Diane murmured against the stone, her breath warm and damp. "And, just in case you forgot from last year...it's okay."

Abandoned by Daniel Cheung



Pardon

Inès Chauveau

Pourquoi est-ce que je pense qu'écrire sur l'amour se résume à citer mes amants,
quand je baigne dans un *amour constant* ?

Il est vrai que je sous-estime la considération qu'on me porte ailleurs que dans mes relations romantiques.
Est-ce le côté *éphémère* de la chose qui rend celui-ci plus important, parfois ?

En ce qui concerne l'amour constant de ma vie,
je ne le vois certainement plus,
et pourtant c'est celui qui devrait me sauter aux yeux,
l'amour sain, stable, toujours là, *qu'il vente, qu'il pleuve* ;
les mêmes personnes qui pleureraient mon départ.
Je vous demande pardon, *parfois je vous oublie*.

Why do I think writing about love only involves mentioning my lovers,
when I'm bathing in *constant love* ?
I certainly underestimate the consideration I'm given outside of my romantic relationships.
Is it the *ephemeral* nature of it that sometimes makes it more important?
As for the constant love in my life,
I certainly don't see it anymore,
and yet it's the one that should jump out at me,
the healthy, stable love, always there, *come rain or shine* ;
the same people who would cry when I'm gone.
I hope you'll forgive me, *sometimes I forget about you*.



Mom by Inès Chauveau



Memoirs of Spring
by Zeyna Al Gutani

life rolls on

Translated from Japanese by Michael Wu

Are you gonna lose your swagger and walk slouched?
Are you gonna waste your breath to whine and pout?
If you can't find a way to break free from this pain
Maybe I should let you know, the world won't wait for you
When everyone else moves on
You'll be the one left behind...

Yo, if you wanna be strong like me, for ya life
Then you gotta take responsibility to change and make things right.
Mix your sadness into gin and drink it up tonight
Waterworks fill up the glass, each drop tastes like a lime
If you don't wanna cry then just cry till you're satisfied
"How cut and dry", they say, but that is just my style!
When the rain turns to shine that's when you gotta go ya way!
We're on a roll; take my hand, let's go!

Though all stars will fade, new stars are born to dazzle and shine in their place
Just don't forget the wishes under their light that you once made
When the going gets rough and there's roadblocks in my way
Just stand tall, take a deep breath, and step up once again!

Lalalala Don't stop baby
Lalalala Don't cry baby
Lalala Don't worry baby!
You can smile again, yeah

You know the past is an unerasable page
But that is why people look forward to the next chapter instead
Write down the memories that make you who you are
And you'll have your own story to read out to the whole world.

Yo, tomorrow is a canvas blank like white paper
Every single one of us unstable storytellers
Leave a trail of footsteps believing in the future
Don't let it get you down man, follow us and stand up!
Don't look so glum anymore, keep ya head up!
I know you've got it in you, light up your fire!

Inscribe everything onto your chest and don't forget ya past
Wave goodbye and high-five the sour memories you pass

All our lives connect, as we pass our light from one person to the next
The flame of that torch will be relayed forevermore, so
When the going gets rough and there's roadblocks in my way
Don't be afraid 'cause you can step up once again

Lalalala Don't stop baby
Lalalala Don't cry baby
Lalala Don't worry baby!
You can smile again, yeah

life rolls on

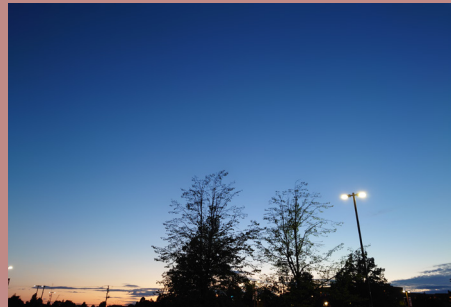
Song by BACK-ON

いつまでうつむいているんだ？
いつまで弱音を吐いてんだ？
悲しみから抜け出せずに
キミが思うより 世界はもう
明日を生きてる
キミを残して…

Yo if you wanna be strong like me for ya life!
チカラに変わると受けとめるしかない。
悲しみなんてGinとdrink it up tonight
涙一滴 グラスにDrop! tastes like a lime
枯れるまで泣いたら晴れしかない
単純明快だが俺なりのStyle!
雨のち晴れたらYou gotta go ya way!
さあ行こうTake my hand let's go!

消えてゆく光、生まれてゆく光
忘れないさ この心の中に
進んで行く果てしない My way!
力強く踏み出せ! Once again!

Lalalala Don't stop baby
Lalalala Don't cry baby
Lalala Don't worry baby!



Summer Nights by Daniel Cheung

You can Smile again yeah

過去は誰にも消せないページ
だから人は今日もページをめくり
喜び悲しみ書き足して
キミだけのStory作っていくんだ。

Yo 誰も知らない未来はWhite paper
誰もが皆、不安定なStoryteller
足跡残して明日を見てんだ！
Don't let it get you down man 俺らとstand up!

その顔見せなKeep ya head up!
心に灯せ！ light up your fire!
刻み込めその胸にdon't forget ya past
悲しみも連れて未来へ手を伸ばす

繋ぎゆく命、その光をチカラに
渡していくんだ 次の未来へと
進んで行く果てしない My way!
この大地踏みしめ Once again

Lalalala Don't stop baby
Lalalala Don't cry baby
Lalala Don't worry baby!
You can Smile again yeah



Into the Waves by Daniel Cheung

Kvitka on the Tongue

Evelina Groll

And as her memory begins to falter
She remembers long forgotten words
In the language of her parents
A kvitka - flower
Springs from her tongue
And she is startled by the beauty
of her complex mind
That reveals itself to her
As it unravels.

16

Memoirs of Spring
by Zeyna Al Gutani



First Date

Adriana Zdravec

my moment arrived
in a package i had dreamed of
day and night
for the very first time
but it was not meant to be mine

fear owns me

she owns me, steals my air
sucks it all away and i am breathless
but i mistake her for longing
and love,
naïveté, novelty, nerves
and normalcy
as i wither and weaken and hang
listlessly and rot incessantly
and i push and push and push
for what should be real and true and perfect

exactly what i ordered,
a milestone
carried to me on a silver platter
i should have been excited - delighted, even

i can't escape her
she roils up through my blood and bones
overshadows my brain and beats my heart
into submission
i have no choice
but to follow the scarlet trail

to glaring red lights.
she doesn't stop
but i do

my gut leads me
and it is right
she knew better
she brags
as if she was not
the one who caused
my careening
into the ditch

fear, she owns me



Memoirs of Spring
by Zeyna Al Gutani

On My Way Out

Adriana Zdravec



Charge by Daniel Cheung

my grandmother tells me
i can smell the seawater
the ferry is just over there

we are in the basement
where she lives
there is no water here

my grandmother tells me
come eat!
there's bouillabaisse on the stove

she scoops nothing
into my bowl that i ran to get
and i stare at the invisible crabs

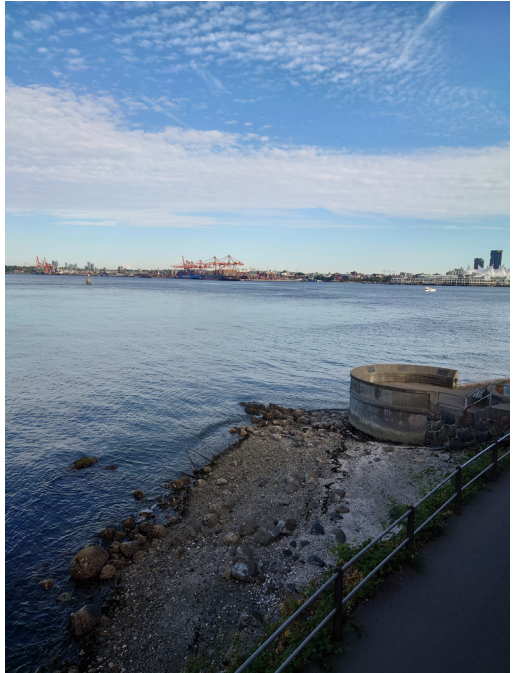
my grandmother tells me
that i should come dance
with her and her husband

i never met my grandfather
but we dance anyways
to her own quiet music

i gave my grandmother the phone
to talk to an old friend
a real one this time

she hands it back
with some lucky red candies
and i ask her where she got them

my grandmother tells me
i can do magic too, you know
i'm a trick or treater the night
before halloween



The Edge by Daniel Cheung

The Lighthouse
by Daniel Cheung

my grandmother tells me
about her baby girl
who never cries

she's always happy
i see her face in scattered photos
and on the teddy bear she holds

she hasn't left us yet
she still hums wholeheartedly
below my bedroom
talking to her old friends
and my grandfather

at the same time
it's been years since i've seen her



You and I
Kiara Bhangu

We've walked down these streets,
hand in hand
You led the way, now I help you
down the steps
Our conversations change,
but the love's still strong,
I've never had any doubt about that.
I've grown taller,
your hair has turned grey
I chatter,
you take in everything I say
You fade; I stand bright as ever,
and that's a heavy price to pay.

International Spies

Chloe Lee-Sarenac

“Where are you from?” someone asks. I list off the cities I have lived in with the diligence of a child reciting her address.

“Confusing,” they say. “Are your parents international spies?”

My dad laughs off the accusation with the ease of a trained professional. How can you be a spy if you have no country?

“Where are you *really* from?” they insist. I have just told them I am French, because I am a punk, because I *bate* this question, but my accent has left me susceptible to detection. Actually, the question they have asked is: *Quel est ton origine?* What are your origins?

I promise you that this is not a comic book origin story. I’ve learned from a young age to distrust the myth of one’s origins. This is a story about espionage. Nothing more.

My dad left home when he was eighteen to move to Italy with his sister. Their move was an escape disguised as an extended vacation. They posed as students at an Italian language school, fulfilling their bourgeois rite of passage as well-to-do Sarajevans sometimes did. If anyone questioned them, they were simply tourists. They might have even believed it themselves. I haven’t asked.

“Don’t turn everything into a romance,” my dad might say if he knew what I was writing. But isn’t there something romantic about the figure of the spy—a man acting out of a blind love for his country?

My father and his sister, international spies, running through agency money, wiring HQ for more, as they splurge on pungent designer perfumes until reality hits with full force or their funds run out for good. On the other end of the line, M, dissolving the agency at top speed, promising to send transfers, gathering the classified files of their lives in her arms.

James Bond, Umberto Eco tells us, nearly suffers a nervous breakdown in *Casino Royale* when confronted with the moral ambiguity of his work. How can he be sure that his is the just cause?

For my college application essay, I write about my *anger* and *hatred* towards my French classmates. An older woman who has volunteered to read our essays urges me to soften my language. This makes me cry. She apologizes again and again.

There is a part of me still trapped in a fifteen year old ghost-girl version of myself. In my writing, I am compelled to return to the site of my first haunting over and over again.

An origin story.

In French your *origine* means your ethnicity. More so, it is a way of drawing a line between who is French and who isn't.

I have a laminated booklet with a picture of my face on its front cover and a schedule I have glued onto the back. I pull out my booklet every morning as I run towards the iron door of my school. Below my name reads, “3e3 NF:” *troisième* for the French equivalent of ninth

Wings to Fly by Daniel Cheung



grade, *trois* for my section, and NF to mean *non-francophone*, which denotes a person who does not speak French. In France, immigrants are defined negatively, by our lack.

The *classe troisième* is divided into a *classe non-francophone* and a *classe normale*.

The Bond villain, *Le Chiffre*, names himself for the numbers on a stateless passport issued to him at the close of the Second World War. “I am only a number on a passport,” he says.

I've seen a series of portraits of my dad's family dating from around the time of their departure. Each is rectangular and thumb-sized with a blue backdrop. My aunt is caught laughing at a private joke. It hits too close to its mark to be spoken aloud. My dad leans toward the aperture in anticipation of the flash. He dons his fake Lacoste with real glamour. My grandmother's dark hair is pulled back to show off a pair of heavy pearl earrings. There is a gravity in her face that deepens her beauty, which might also be tiredness. I imagine that these jagged portraits are cast-offs. Their uneven edges betray the places where they have been cut away to be sent to passport agencies or close friends. The agencies are now defunct; the friends have been lost or misplaced like so many invalid passports.

My dad likes to tell this joke, which is not really a joke. He says, “Your great-grandma lived in four different countries without ever having to move.” When I retell this anecdote in a tone of complete sincerity, he mocks me for missing the point.

In elementary school, my mom often took me to the public library to flip through the glossy pages of DK Eyewitness books. My favorite of

the series was the one called *SPY*. In it, I read about a device that allowed you to hear through walls. I wanted to be able to hear through walls, to hear what wasn't meant for me.

A silence hangs over the subject of the war. I have no choice but to fill this silence with my own conjecture. If I were to ask my dad for specifics, he might become suspicious. My made-up stories have the too-smooth texture of a lie.

I devise an elaborate means of escaping from my *classe non-francophone*. I learn to wait until my classmates pool at the middle school entrance so that I can slip through undetected. I flash my schedule at the impatient *gardien*, hoping the laminate might catch the light of the fluorescent bulbs long enough for him to push me through. My *non-francophone* classmates and I wait out the rest of the class period in a small park adjacent to a church where they light their cigarettes and we invent Bond-like nicknames for our *francophone* classmates. We have difficulty remembering their hyphenated names, their double names.

Casino Royale, Bond's origin story, ends with his colleague, Matthis, dragging him back into the realm of moral absolutes. Matthis Eco argues, dissolves Bond's ethical dilemma by reminding that he is a machine. He tells him: "Surround yourself with human beings, my dear James ... But don't let me down and become human yourself. We would lose such a wonderful machine." From this point on, Bond hardens into cold externality: his moral center exchanged for a singular purpose.

My non-francophone class is given the choice to appear in two class photographs: our own and that of the *classe normale*. I sit on a bench

while the *classe normale* takes its photo, hiding my face in a copy of *Ghost World*. "Why didn't you take the photo with us?" my *non-francophone* classmate asks.

We have difficulty remembering our double identities, where our allegiances should lie.

You. Me. Same, my dad says. If that were the case, I think, I wouldn't need to hear through walls. The walls of his memory don't let me hear around their corners.

I can no longer remember the reasons for my hatred, my singular purpose long abandoned.

Around the time of my visits to the public library, my parents buy me a spy kit. It contains a set of purple walkie-talkies, a pen with invisible ink and a listening device. I run to the other room, shouting excitedly at my parents to keep talking. When I bring the headset to my ears, angling the satellite-shaped disc towards the door, their fragmented voices float toward me like ghosts.



We Are Here by Daniel Cheung

Flag for Review

Christopher Pastulovic

My voice is muffled and [REDACTED]
Says so many things but nothing
Bent by eyes that watch, [EXPUNGED]
Tell me what to say and [PROVE IT]
Never [QUESTION] my [AUTHORITY]

So I write it here, directly
Make my mind up [INCORRECTLY]
Tell them what I think [UNLAWFULLY]
Before another bill [PREVENTS IT]
[DATA BLOCKED] and [NOTE EXPUNGED]

Privacy is but a [FOOTNOTE ¹]

You'll censor this? Okay, so tell me
What should I be saying, really?
[CONTENT WARNING: ALTERNATE FACTS]
[REDACTED] words [FLAG FOR REVIEW]

Just hit it with the brand, why don't you?
Put the mark of [HATE SPEECH] on it
You won't keep me from [REDACTED]
Even if you try to hide it [FACT-CHECK]
Truth burns brighter than a [FOOTNOTE ²]

And you can strike me on that, try it

The age of apathy is over [FACT-CHECK ³]

And you cannot hide forever

[ERROR]



(Un)seen by Daniel Cheung

¹ Please see our updated ToS for more information. Your privacy is very important to us.

² Usage of the word "lie" is a violation of our community guidelines.

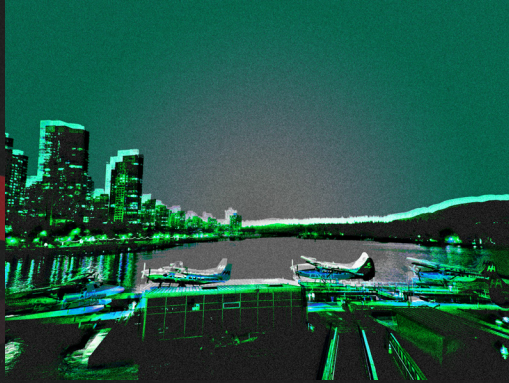
³ Community fact-checkers confirm that this phrase contains alternate facts, which violates our community guidelines.



Afterhours
by Stephen Nganga



Building
by Daniel Cheung



Beyond
by Daniel Cheung

Afterhours
by Stephen Nganga



THE MORAL OF THE STORY

Translated from Chinese by Michael Wu

Once upon a time, I was tucked in bedtime stories
When I was too young to know what they really meant
My parents taught me to self-reflect
Through classes, through lectures, through exams
Yet I never truly learned how to live
Until I experienced bitter love, until I experienced bitter regret

It's easy to be mature, it's easy to be honest
But it's never easy to live up to our ideal image
Growing up's a funny thing: there's nothing else like it
You can't reason out of your own pain

Some romances are simply meant to be
No one can avoid becoming a memory
We learn as children to be patient; Rome wasn't built in a day
But when will I finally accept that? When will I finally understand?

It's easy to be mature, it's easy to be honest
But it's never easy to live up to our ideal image
Growing up's a funny thing: there's nothing else like it
It's hard to picture until you go through it yourself
We all hear the same stories, the same lessons that are told
Yet we never learn until the knife cuts deep
How naïve it was, that dream of living honestly
Eventually we'll realize what Aesop's fables really mean

Growing up's a funny thing: we choose our own adventure
And as I chronicled my journey, loving to regret was the moral of the story



Stop If Oncoming Traffic
by Evelina Groll

這個故事教訓我們

Hacken Lee

Composer: Alex Fung, Harris Ho

Arranger: Harris Ho

Lyricist: Riley Lam

某月某天 在我枕邊聽故事
年少不懂背後含義
從前被父母教導 努力反思
上學時 訓導時 考試
還未會明白任何做人睿智
直到苦戀數十次 後悔飽經數十次 方知

知道成熟太易 知道誠實太易
做到理想不這樣容易
成長有趣是 根本沒類似
面對我的慘痛時 並非空講理智

註定發生 便會發生的愛慕
誰也躲不過做前度
兒童便學會豁達 每日長高
學過幾多會做到 問我怎麼領略到 深奧

知道成熟太易 知道誠實太易
做到理想不這樣容易
成長有趣是 根本沒類似
未到正式經過時 有所不知
聽過無限故事 總有無盡意義
但要切膚之痛做提示
傻孩子太幼稚 總要誠實活出一次
某天覺悟時 明瞭到伊索寓言 細緻

成長這故事 怎寫也可以
在我每一天過程 學識欣賞 悔意



THIEVES OF MARROW

Isobel Sinclair

Thieves of marrow, you strip flesh from bone -
cull that which does not serve you.
Lovers tortured into sinners
to be prayed upon by the holiest of hunters.
Reality of hope you hide,
slaughter brought on with fear
to lay an altar to a confidence man
emboldened by your hatred.

Do I scare you?
Will I kill your children
the way you wish to murder mine?
Hardened to my blade
you tighten the blinders
to turn the fearful into the ignorant.
Lift your arms, divide a nation,
strip what is mine from mine own hand.

Do I disgust you?
With my complicated tongue
And romantic heart -
I am all that is deviant.
I am all that must be tamed.
Rid me of my filth -
flush the pollutants from my blood
till the tap runs clear.

Is my existence inflammatory?
Does her hand in mine chill you to the bone
like devils, pages rites, and witches sabbaths,
held at the old god's altar
to pray sacrilege
to my goddess in weakness,
burning your icons and shrines.

Is the event of my happiness
a direct threat to your safety?
or does superiority
supersede all other intents -
manoeuvring from the powerful
to the victimised.

Does my voice echo far too loud,
ricocheting off the mountains you keep as enclosure?
We wait, outside your valley of death
with fuel for an infinite fire.

Are you fearful of me?
Good.
Choose your last meal, lick your chops.
Rump steak, extra rare.
I will serve you a plate of blood, growing cold and congealed.

In the morning. You RE mark, staining my humanity
dans la pluie. J'écoutais the les signes.
Absents. Silence. Pause not seules.
Interval, the wait. A gasp slipping out. The sun from the sky.
The space between spoken to un felt écho from body
border to border, the hollowness of voice et tous les après
Breathe in out. Exhalation, eclipse. No distinction no fight.
Only dissonance with you
only totality stained with annularity.
It stings me inside to wait to trace to listen.
My heart, racing too fast, I hear it in the vider muteness
my chest. Peu à peu, les pauses. Inward cris.
So much so my eyes shut close shut
in the nu darkness. I wait. Yet.
Unending, not immediately. Short less of a low hum
where there was that was before
anger pity chasm calm tumbling over love-sick remnants of memory
Là, little by little, jusqu'à ce qu'il n'y aurait plus de souffles
plus de pleure. Silencieux captured around empty space. Never the same.
Je suis en train d'attendre si souvent trop peut être
for the citations décousues limb to limb the audible
how many times how much more what else
Why won't you utter a word?
Révèle-toi. Mon cœur, mon âme, mon soleil.
Our feet standing in umbra shadow silence plus encore.
Once more. Last more.
It is I waiting,
for either tu to speak
or I to leave.

Amy Ng

BLANK ECLIPSE

CLOSET CO

Joyce Song

Crippled, cowering, cornered.

That was the state of his heart when he found it.

Unnerved, unsure, unfriendly.

He felt these things as he walked through the broken door of the closet to sit by his heart in the comfortable dark.

He knew this heart-to-heart had to happen one of these days. Or, heart-to-no-heart? His heart wasn't where it was supposed to be, recently. Living in disconnect with it had driven him to this edge, and now here he was: in the dark of the closet with the broken door, sitting beside that pitiful thing, thinking back to the moment he first noticed its absence.

He had thought it was his heart eluding him, refusing to comply with his standard of happiness. He studied at his dream school, loved his coworkers at his part-time job, had an amazing group

of friends. And yet he was left wondering why happiness still seemed so distant.

But as he had opened the squealing door of the closet and laid eyes on the shrivelled skin of his heart, there was a swift realization that it was quite the opposite.

He had gone to school, to work; hung out with friends day after day to ignore that heart. To meet the eyes of anyone and anything but Truth who lived in it, and the horrible, horrible, things she had to say.

As he mulled over this recent revelation, he was brought back to the moment when he heard sniffing beside him. With an awkward glance, he tried to make out what his heart was feeling. It seemed terrified to be in this space with him. Or was it hurt? He couldn't read its expressions, and began to share its terror as well - when had he become a stranger to his

CONFESIONS

own heart?

He was afraid of what had to happen to coax it out of the closet and into its proper place, in his chest. He didn't want to dig into himself and bring to the surface all those things that led him to this point. Because its roots were gnarly and went deep. Because if he brought *that* up, he'd probably have to go way back from when *that* started and talk about all those other instances *that* happened... No, no. That would be unbearable. Besides, he was a busy guy - he still had a paper to finish and a job to attend to.

Thinking about this, he began to feel something akin to panic crawl up his chest and started for the door. He recognized this as a familiar sensation - the heavy, prickly shadow that rose up in his body whenever he fancied the idea of reconciliation.

His heart let out a small gasp. It must have sensed the slight hesitation because it seized the opportunity to sputter:

why are you so afraid of me?

As it said these words, it began to break down and wail. Red blood rising to the surface, veins popping, beating fast, fast; it was a toddler having a tantrum. It shook him, but there it was - the truth.

He sat down again. More out of surprise than anything.

So. He was afraid of his heart. Not the other way around.

This tiny, snivelling mess with the voice of a child. It was an ugly-looking thing, really. It both embarrassed him and filled him with guilt. He wondered, if he hadn't so neglected his heart, would he be sitting next to a heart with the voice of a man? A heart that speaks in coherent sentences instead of

sobs he couldn't decipher? The same helplessness enveloped him now as when he was left alone with his baby nephew during family gatherings.

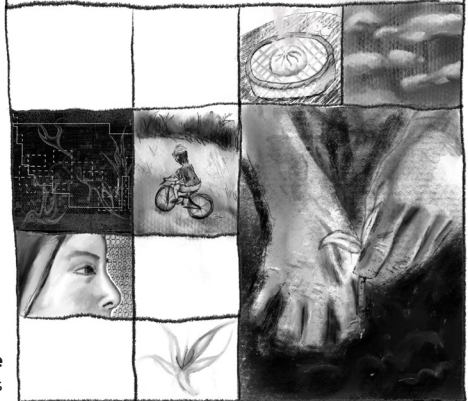
At least he was here. Sitting with it, the truth of his unhappiness. Wasn't that something? Yes, he had yet to look it in the eye fully. But he was close, sitting only inches away - he could feel out the edges of that tangled mass of emotion and unspoken words. He closed his eyes and decided then. There really was only one option if he wanted to leave

the closet with this organ. He would embrace the pain, take in this knot of dark, damp mess. This dirty, ugly thing. This that made him human. Grit his teeth through it. Savour it. Dig his nails into his palms, cry, scream, groan, laugh.

The closet was empty when he finally emerged. The slouch of his shoulders didn't suggest a clear victory, but there was a lucidity in his eyes.

He walked out hurt, haggard, human.

I bit off more
than I can chew.



SLEEPY DAHLIA

Sara Corradi

I remember summer's tooth,
Aged pearl of the sky
Chest of a cantaloupe
Grin of gold hanging in the blue as an earring somewhere,
Sleepy dahlias hum a velvet tune
Dreaming in the hot haze.
I once held this tooth in my palm
Let its weight burrow in my flesh
I praised its glimmer, softly touched its gleam

But it seems something somehow wrapped a thread around that tooth
And slammed the door
And now

Roadkill resides in the lurking
lagoon hysteric, rabid heart, a pungent fur of unholy names
Will I ever rise again?
Across the water It appears,
Wearing my sour rust as a crown
Spoiling Creature
Is it you that sings?
We tread the soaked earth together
Sinking in the rotten skin, walking
with a bloody foot, away and to that swollen cut

I claw at the wound
Scoring mud from the body
Bitter moons frown at the gaping jaw
Dip a limb inside, beware.
In the hollow, stillness
From the lagoon above wild lilies blush,
A pair of dragonflies softly chant over my head like a halo
The delicate glow of my body in the hole
Plant a sad foot in the soil
Will it be born again?
Will it grin?

THE OLD C

Lucia Pistrin

I've lived in the old gray box for years upon end, it seems. We moved there when I was one, or almost one, and we've stayed there ever since. It was a good life, it still is a good life, but there was a time where I couldn't see it through the fog, through my messed up head, through the noise. There came a day I wound up in the Emergency Room of a nearby hospital. The sun was poking holes all over my body, penetrating me with a fire that I could no longer sit with alone. I had done with trying to cut it out

of me. I had also done with sleepless nights and the feeling of dread and the feeling of shame and guilt and anger and relentless nervousness. I had contemplated a noose, fashioned out of a rope I bought at the dollar store when the voices became so loud I turned desperate.

I would shove the rope in my pocket, embark on my nightly walk, and head to the tree I thought most suitable for the task assigned me. In the cold night air I would brace my neck against the rope, testing the waters, only to run home and lock myself in my room. I tried it with a coat hanger. I also tried it with a dog collar. I tried it with the same rope in my backyard, attached to the tree that I used to climb so high my parents yelled from the bottom for my return earthward. It was cool and calm up there. I could see the whole neighborhood and revel in my height above it. But this year was different. I was nineteen, soon to turn twenty. I was alone, and I knew I would always be. I knew I would forever be shut out from the life that others around me danced through with a skip in their step. I knew that I was unlovable, disgusting, a bitter torment to those that knew me through some misfortune or another. I knew the shame and the pain I caused to my family. I knew the disappointed expectations that I embodied so unabashedly. I knew that despite the accomplishments stacked atop my head I was a nothing, a zero, a meaningless bundle of cell and spindle fiber that could no longer perform its basic function as a creature of society.

I woke up in a fit one morning and threw all of my old canvases in the garbage,

GREY BOX

chucking my things about the bedroom with abandon. I tried the dog collar again, but I knew it was in vain. The only reason I didn't try the pills was because I feared going blind, or waking up from a coma all black and bruised like I heard that went sometimes. Some last minute survival instinct kicked in to me all of a sudden and I called my mom in urgency. 'I am going to the hospital!' She knew it was the right thing - it had all been leading up to this point anyways. She had had it too, with the late nights and the locked doors and the shouting matches and the threats and the walking on eggshells around her daughter, once beloved, now accursed. 'I'll meet you there, Fiona.' She spoke with agitation and barely perceptible relief into the phone. I met her in the parking lot, and we checked in with reception. Then there was a wait. During this wait, I ran away three times. The first time I came back home, determined to get better on my own, to keep going as it had always been, but my brothers pleaded with me to go back, my mother phoned me anxiously, and so I returned. Then they took my bloodwork, and it was time for another wait. I bolted again, heading for the door. I sat in my car and waited anxiously. The third time I was in a hospital gown, and the guards slowly followed. 'I can't be the sick person again! I won't do it, I refuse!' I screamed. My dad, who had to take time away from work, quietly and calmly urged me back to the hospital, where they gave me an Ativan, and where I met with the psychiatrist.

Why do you want to die?

What a question! My question for you, my lady, is why do you NOT want to die? I'm not crazy! I don't belong here! I have a plan, I can go to college. My mother is evil! She has an aura of evil about her. You have to understand. Holy water, holy water, holy water. I am the devil. You gave me the devil. I shook hands with the devil. The reason I want to die is I know that these feelings will never stop. I am in constant torment. It is unbearable. It has gone on for four-and-a-half years. I am better off dead. I can feel my tongue in my mouth and the nerve endings in my eyeballs and the death-march of time crawling all over me and it has to stop.

My body became a cage in the December of eleventh grade. Or maybe it was the summer of tenth grade. Ninth? Anyways, we were at the cabin, and my back became very sore. I kept having to crack it. Flies buzzed all over me day and night and the hot dry sun scorched my bones. When I tried to sleep my eyes felt stuck like they didn't belong in their sockets. And when I woke up I would check my teeth because I knew they were rotting, I knew they were bad teeth, I knew I was disgusting. I had never had a cavity in my life and all of a sudden I had eight and needed a root canal, because of the radiation treatment. The cancer I had in childhood was one from which there was a sure and speedy recovery. My parents and I both knew that I wasn't going to die, but we all still felt uneasy. There is no quick fix to a parent's worst nightmare. My parents were both medicated on my account. It was during this time that I began to read the text messages off my mother's phone and listen intently at her door to hear the bitter truth, to feel the hurt I knew I should feel.

'David and I will never be the same.'

'Both of us have had to be medicated.'

'Fiona is not well.'

'The stress is too much.'

And then the guilt would make sense.





in going to live gently, whether the world likes it or not.

GO OUTSIDE
by Norah Gillen



Finding My Voice
by Amy Ng



Memoirs of Spring
by Zeyna Al Gutani

Interview with Jens Zimmermann *Author of 'Hermeneutics: A Very Short Introduction'*

Interview by Michael Wu and Chloe Lee-Sarenac



Dr. Jens Zimmermann is a German-Canadian philosopher and J.I. Packer Professor of Theology at Regent College. As the author of *Hermeneutics: A Very Short Introduction*, he held a lecture titled “Gadamer, Ricoeur and the Future of Philosophical Hermeneutics” at SFU. Hosted by the Department of World Languages and Literatures, the lecture focused on how we can use the art of hermeneutics to interpret literature and our identities of being human.

Michael Wu: How do hermeneutics help with understanding the interpretation and philosophies of literature? How do we see texts?

Jens Zimmermann: You’d have to ask what is a text and what does it do when you read it—I mean, what happens and what does it mean to understand what you’re reading? Those are the kinds of hermeneutical questions that you

have. The answer to these questions depends on what a text is. If it’s a text from a contemporary author, it’s different from when you read a text from an ancient author. Let’s say you read Plato; ideally, in order to read it, you would have to read it in Greek. Why? Because the things that he talks about, his life world, is channelled through Greek language, through Greek expressions. And so when you have a translation, you already

have somebody that chooses among maybe five different possibilities, let's say, to translate the word *logos*. Somebody already makes the choice for you what Plato might have meant by that. One thing you can do, especially with ancient texts, is know the language they're written in. You'd have to learn Greek, Latin, or let's say if it's an ancient Chinese text, I would have to learn Chinese, otherwise I'm relying on somebody's translation, which can be pretty good, but it's not the same thing. You have to recognize difference of culture and time when you read a text and we often forget that when we read text in translation.

One helpful way to look at literature and texts is to treat them as if we entered a conversation. When I'm at home and I look at my books, they're like friends I haven't met yet that may have something to say on something I'm interested in. So when I want to read something on love or justice or beauty, whatever, I'm going to see what this person has to say on it. Of course, a written text is different from conversing directly with a person. In a direct dialogue, we can have a back and forth of question and answer to clarify meaning. We cannot ask a book "what did you mean by that?" Still, the beauty of written texts is that somebody's thoughts are recorded for us regardless of time and place. It's amazing that over any distance of time people can put their mind into writing, and I can, by reading it, understand what they've been saying. I can have a conversation with somebody I've never met and it can shape my thinking.

What, then, does it mean to understand what a text says to me? To understand means you realise what an author is saying and it means something to you and you make it your own—when you go like "aha!", this makes sense to me, this helps me

understand what I am experiencing in my life. There are a number of ways which texts can do that. One would be conceptual, like philosophy texts, and there's a description of something, some concept you're wondering about, some idea. And all of a sudden, you kind of get it. It's like you fuse with the world Plato puts out there around this idea. You realise, yeah, I get it—and you internalise it. That's what I think understanding is.

There's another way you often see in literature. Read a novel or a poem or anything, and it puts out a whole world there for you that you can either enter into or not. One of the powers of literature is to project an imagined world of being. Ricoeur calls it "the world in front of the text", and that's really what texts do. One of the questions that always comes up is "what does it mean to understand a text?" People say it means to understand the mind of the author: the author's intentions. But you can't climb into somebody's mind. All you have is the text. The email you sent that you wish you never sent? What is written there is what you're saying. Not what you might have intended and did not convey in words. It's out there; you can't call it back. You can't say "oh, that's not what I really meant", because, why didn't you say it then? That's what a text is: it's a miracle, but it's also exactly what you have. You don't have the author's mind behind the text. You have the text. From that, you construe what you think the meaning is.

Chloe Lee-Sarenac: In the context of A.I. and language models, removing the authorial intent runs into the danger of removing the human intelligence behind the replication of our cultural tradition and writings over the years. In your book *A Very Short Introduction*, you

talk about language as fundamental to being a human person. What is the difference between us and A.I. then, if the text is all that will remain?

JZ: That’s actually a really good question. I think it makes a huge difference. You have this problem of Shakespeare, for instance. There’s a lot of scholarship on the question as whether Shakespeare ever wrote any of the plays that we attribute to him. Does it matter? What matters is that some human being wrote it. I think that’s the difference. So I think when you use the word language, everything depends on what you mean by this term. Computer scientists who construct A.I. programs often mean by language merely symbols attached arbitrarily to objects. Language for them is just a kind of code, and they believe that machines can handle code the same or even better than human beings. Human language, however, is so much more than that. The proper term for it is linguisticity, which means our ability to be at home with expressing ourselves through language. So it’s not just symbols that you shuffle around, it’s language. It’s like the air that carries us and that which we breathe and which we exhale and which always has reference to human experience and therefore to the human body, Embodied linguistic experience, however, means absolutely nothing to an algorithm because the algorithm has no body. So those are the differences. So the machine can only take and mindlessly shuffle around what humans have produced. That is why the term artificial intelligence is totally misleading. Machines do not have intelligence because they are not embodied spirits and therefore do not speak or have language in the proper sense. I was so relieved by this computer programmer whom we had a conference with who said “never forget that algorithms are code, when you talk about artificial intelligence, it’s a

written code”. That’s all it is. It’s just nothing really. It’s like zeroes and ones, whatever, right?

Translation programs can’t work unless they’re constantly fed by data from human translations worldwide. Without that, they don’t work. And so one summer, I used the DeepL translator to translate a French text from the nineteenth century. The program completely bombed because it was not fueled by conversations in older French. You go to a modern text—much easier because there’s the jargon and the stuff it’s constantly fed and kept up to date, but if you go to that level, it just didn’t know the use of certain words and language constellations because it’s not fed by the living human. So the machine and the data require constant information from human intelligence to work. In any case, I guess what I want to say is what you’re suggesting is impossible; there isn’t real language there.

CLS: But nonetheless we interpret it in some sense. When we have a “conversation” with ChatGPT, it gives us a text, no?

JZ: Of course, because we’re incurably meaning making creatures. I mean you want to interpret anything that doesn’t make immediate sense—even if there’s three chicken scratches on the wall that look like it’s writing, I’m going to try to decipher it, for sure. You have to realise that the machine only mashes together words according to statistical analysis of probable constellations scanned from millions of pages of writing. There is no understanding at all. It is us, the human reader, who supplies the understanding when we try to read the text mindlessly produced by a machine.

CLS: So the human activity of the interpreter is

the same regardless?

JZ: Yeah, you pour your humanity into this completely empty shuffling of symbols. That's the Chinese room problem. It's not that the machine has become sentient. It's a simulation that appears to be near perfect, but that's not language.

MW: You know the idea of the hermeneutic circle and to get closer you have to revisit a text over and over again and reinterpret it? We were wondering how that can help us when we're reading the news these days, especially when it's so headline and summary driven because a lot of people won't read the article, so I was wondering how we could use hermeneutics and how to combat that. The idea of news and how it can be unreliable or even fake these days.

JZ: Yeah, that's another really good question. One of the issues with the newsfeeds and the way they're generated is that you no longer have context. So for me, for example, when I want to know something about the Middle East or something like that, I get news which I don't understand unless I put it in some kind of context. So what I used to do is to read books by these great journalists that lived half their lives in those countries, or they travelled there very often, and so they reported on that and they wrote on that and they gave you a lived experience context from within which you can then interpret that Israel and Hamas did various things. Without some such contextualization, you're completely at the mercy of the kind of spin that these news have. That's pretty much all we have now. The problem is that without historical context, you can just spin things and people don't even investigate anymore, because it comes so hard and fast, and I think that's one

of the issues. For hermeneutic understanding of truth, you would certainly need to have more context to try to understand. You would also want other views. That's part of the dialogical nature of truth. I think what really works for me in order to change my mind or to be informed is I'd have to talk to somebody who actually has some living experience with these things. If you have people who you can talk to, it makes a big difference. I think you're right though, it's the speed of news, our lack of time, and the impatience we have with these things that allows these kinds of spins to proliferate and to grow and they develop into these main narratives which you then can't challenge anymore.

MW: It's like what you said about how the translator has already interpreted the work and they're showing you their interpretation of it. Is that similar to news where the journalist or writer has already interpreted it and are showing you their spin on it?

JZ: Yeah, that's right. But we have to remember that everything we say or do is an interpretation of our shared life world. Truth is always given to us as an interpretation, as a way of seeing things. But readers or listeners have to make an interpretation of their own through critical appropriation by exercising their judgement. Good judgement, in turn, however, requires lots of context. That's why a liberal arts education, and reading of literature—the things you do here at SFU—are so important. You need, to cite a famous Canadian literary critic, Northrop Frye, an educated imagination, to discern what is true and what is false.

This interview has been edited for clarity.

a winged victory

Paige Gant

a goddess of Parian marble touches down on the ancient expanse of her homeland
flawless, free of imperfections

except

she's missing a head

and her arms

and her ship is in ruins

grounded and broken on an invisible wave that crests but never crashes

where does she fly with no eyes to guide her?

just a heart thumping in her breast, lungs expanding with crystal-cool air

soft skin cut from marble; blood flooding through warm organs

cold to the touch

clothing soaked by the spray of the sea sticks to the curves of her body

she stands perched at the bow of the ship

a symbol

how do her clothes appear damp?

the supple flesh of her midriff contours in effort

she's a warrior, warding off danger with feminine grace

wings splayed out behind her, feathers ruffling in the unforgiving gust of the wind

the people rushing by dare a glance at her headless form in lewd curiosity

for she is not a corpse but a beacon, her victory carried across the sea

stirring up a memory as I marvel in awe at her beauty and magnitude and power

others shoulder past me in pursuit of different riches so I stand alone and wonder

who cut off her head?

how did they make the marble appear soft?

they don't create anything

she is a living form

one who breathes life

collects experience

wages war

and love

master of her own fate

Nike of Samothrace, north of the Aegean Sea

lost fingers outstretched reaching

fly home from your Parisian entombment

your beloved Paros awaits

Twelve Suspended

Isobel Sinclair

Twelve suspended, yoked, strung up at a liar's altar
Bared, soul or otherwise, with entities arousing an arrow's blood
—with wine at the endless feast.
A dozen sheep are sacrificed to the god of greed
And lust and shame. Husband, I shall call him your name.
“Villainous shroud” the creatures clamour.
Virtue goes unrewarded,
Agreement discarded
In favour of twitching feet
Soaked in blood.
White tunics dyed; callused hands wetted
With the lather, scrubbing their ‘lovers’
Brains from between the tiles.
Penance, salvation, redemption,
In the ruddy hands
Given to the task of the goddess.
Helen bares her breast invokes the ships
To make me wait.
But a falsified union, taken,
Leaves them high and swinging.
Twenty years too late,
I am forced to grieve alone
But you are forced to stare at what has become undone.
Dare to cut them loose.
Twelve to one.



Up by Daniel Cheung

Countering All Odds

Bayantseva Singh Pandher

I'll admit
i wasn't the best son

A hellraiser
born raw, rough, rugged
and wild
If WaheGuru Ji ain't hear
Moms pleas
i'd have been unborn
child
A lil juvenile
making Moms head spin
like vinyl
Shy
yet still shined a smile

Moms only asked for one thing
a gift
to birth a Singh
Forever grateful Moms
Ardaas was heard
by the King of Kings
Shrinking in the womb
couldn't hear no heartbeat
looking at an early tomb
Struggling
to sprinkle any water for
her seed
buried deep inside,
had no light to breathe



Although,
transcending tough times
a Mothers love runs deep
Countering all odds
sprouted a rose
that grew from concrete
Always praise WaheGuru
cuz God
there ain't no victory without you!
Thank the lord
for hearing my Mothers pleas
doing me so much seva to be born into Sikhi
Darshan of having being named Bayantseva
unlimited service
cherishing my name
with my head held high above the surface
One man army
packed with the strength of infinite Gods
Been 5 centuries
and still ain't knocked off
Gotta thank Moms for her prayers
not abandoning me
Again thank WaheGuru Ji
for reaching down
and saving me

*sometimes i think you'd make the
better Christian*

Joyce Song

would you understand
my hesitation?
it chokes me.

i tuck away morsels of my innermost meditations
into loose sheets, a memo pad, lecture notes, this poem - never in one place -
because this game of vulnerability, i'm no good at
while you,
you lift the trophy, shining, face alight,
a seasoned master -
even though
i am the one on my knees on Sunday.

sometimes,
i see the way you love,
how much you (love) love -
i see the way you long to know and be known
in the way you compose words,
with extravagance, dress yourself,
with fervour, seek intimacy.

sometimes
i imagine you on your knees on Sunday,
shining, like Moses, face alight,
and i can't open my eyes.

Belief by Daniel Cheung



Paper

Himanshi Sali

They say you can't crumple a paper the same way twice; the wrinkles won't be the same

I smooth out the wrinkles and bumps
-*No matter how many times* this paper was clumped

I let you beat it down to a pulp -ink from black to blue
Just so I could blend it all up and start anew

a *Fresh* new sheet -coloured just the way you wanted it to be
Clean and organic, untainted -*straight from the tree*

They say you can't crumple a paper, the same way twice -the ridges won't be the same.
You can try to do it slowly, but the fury will always *take hold of the reigns*
You can flatten out the sheet, and still write on it all the same.

They say you can't crumple a paper the same way twice, the wrinkle-
-This time it was my one dimple

They say you can't crumple a paper the same way twice.

But the relentless fury between your fingers, hurts the same every time
i'm left alone.... *again* to the rhythm and rhyme
no longer someone you can call "*mine*"
The paper you had left crumpled on the floor,
can only *wish* but never dare to be *more*.

Fragments by Daniel Cheung

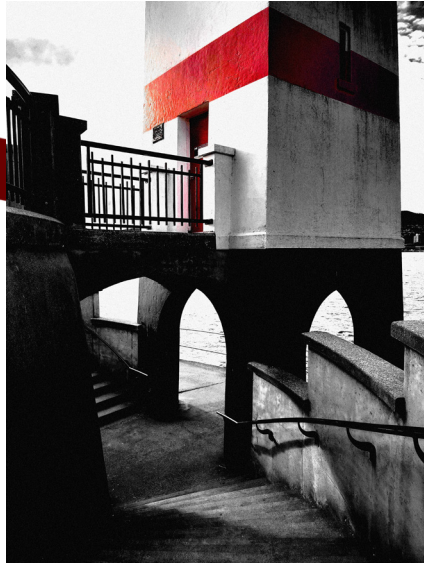




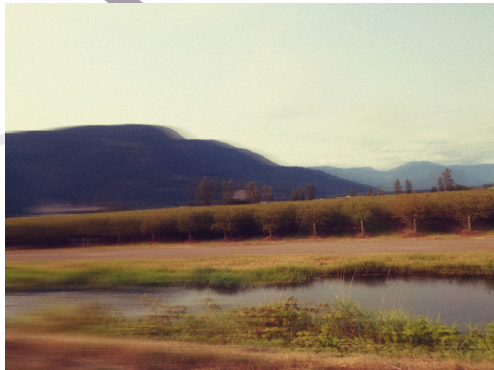
Metropolis by Daniel Cheung



Memoirs of Spring by Zeyna Al Gutani



The Place by Daniel Cheung



Pastoral in Motion
by Daniel Cheung

Interview with Jin-me Yoon Canadian Contemporary Artist

Interview by Isobel Sinclair



Isobel: The theme of this issue of the Lyre is 'On The Record'. What role does the 'record', whether historical or personal, play in your art?

Jin-me Yoon: Art for me - in the broadest sense involves externalizing in forms - material or immaterial - into the realm of the public where viewers meet the work with their experience. I have been transformed by artworks that are now curated into my body. In this way, being an artist and a recipient of the art of others, is an immense privilege and responsibility. To both record and witness a particular

historical moment with all your senses, intellect and affects. This moment is an intense time. We're kind of like canaries in the coal mine, so to speak. I don't mean to sound romantic, as I think artists can be very tough. Not in all cases, because being an artist can mean so many different things. But I think that's something I appreciate when I look back to other artists, thinkers and writers from other historical moments. Artists have in whatever ways, whatever forms, whatever topics, whatever focus, put that on the record. Witnessing is a kind of act that's an active way of being in the world without a kind of hubris,

I guess, without the assumption that you have the right answers. Because I don't. I'm willing to take chances. To say, I want to question this. I want to be able to talk about this. I don't want to keep silent, because I think when you have been silenced – or you don't even realize you've been silenced — that's the most horrific condition.

IS: Continuing on the idea of the record, do you have any reflections on your role as a Korean Canadian artist? I am particularly interested in how you raise questions of identity and belonging in your photograph series *A Group of Sixty-Seven* (1996) and *Souvenirs of the Self* (1991).

JY: I want to shift this question away from narrow ideas about 'identity' and 'belonging'. Both works address the very terms of inclusion into a particular formation of Canada as a white settler colonial state. It's an open-ended question that involves a commitment and responsibility that we're struggling with reckoning as we are with is fact. For me belonging and community can be overused to mask the conditions that are about a management of terms of inclusion and the exclusion. I want to instead welcome other ways of co-existing and a sense of well-being

through being 'with' and 'alongside' in difference and not in sameness. And this includes being alongside non-humans in an expanded sense. Yes, we can enjoy the sense of being loved and attachment that 'belonging' can promote but it is across many forms of attachment and not necessarily tied to one particular aspect of one's identity. We see potentially the outcome of this manipulation of populist tendencies that then succumbs to right wing nationalism, facism and authoritarian rule. More war and violence against 'others' in the name of belonging. Because I'm a feminist, I am also very reluctant to sign up for anything wholeheartedly in terms of identity. And when people say my work is about identity politics, that's so lazy. And that has shifted what identity politics means. Coming here to Canada, people have misunderstood my work as if I'm saying we belong here too, but that was never quite my intentions. So, you know, when people say, oh, how could you dare do that to our beloved Emily Carr or Lauren Harris? They were just looking at themselves in the mirror. I wasn't doing anything. [I] simply put Korean figures from my community, which was a made-up community. They project that we're a totalized community. No, we're from a

broken place of war and displacement and dispersal. And we all come here. The reason why you have to get along is because you have to survive, you know? You have to survive, right? I think it's complicated and messy. Mixing is messy. And I think we should grapple with it. We should struggle with it. We should be fraught but also be fed by it, by the possibilities of being together in a different way. And that's been my entire project, you know. And it still is. And I do that because I think we should try for a different kind of future than the one that we're signing up for right now.

IS: Your art often features members of your family. I was wondering about the ideas and context behind this - is it an active connection between your personal life and your professional life?

JY: My family, friends and community are living histories. I don't privilege scales: micro and macro. Intimacy and distance coexist. Though there are tension between my personal and professional life given all the demands, I don't distinguish types of life. Life is life. The same ethical principles guide my private life - which I protect - and my public professional life.

IS: Do you have any reflections on your years of teaching as part of the School for the Contemporary Art faculty at Simon Fraser University? What do you see as fundamental parts of teaching?

JY: Teaching has been a great joy. It's been tough sometimes when I came into the institution in the early 90s. And there were a lot of struggles. And I think being in my body and the kind of stereotypes to perform the model minority and also the emotional labour of women in institutions. In terms of representation, a lot is foisted on you. You want to take that up in a good way to uplift your students, especially marginalized, underrepresented, queer students. I kept learning because I was in the privileged situation of being alongside my students, and I think I continue that. I will always do that part of being because I get energy from it. It's like kind of being a vampire. I get energy from young people, but they also get something from me. And I see that, that there's a kind of reassurance that, you know, certain experiences have been noted or on the record, right? And also that I welcome being challenged as long as we're respectful.

IS: You have accomplished so much in recent years with your exhibit at the

Vancouver Art Gallery, the Scotiabank Prize, and the release of a biography. I was wondering what your thoughts were on how far you have come since your days as a student at Emily Carr? How has your perception of art changed as you became more solidified in your field?

JY: That's a large question as the only constant is change. But the digitalization of all aspects of life would one of the most singular defining difference from when I was a student in analog times and now. This is too big to get into unless we were to do a series of conversations about this topic.

IS: I attended your exhibit at the Evergreen Cultural Centre in Coquitlam where you used audio recordings of a workshop you had previously held. What was fascinating to me was how the arrangement of the speakers meant that everyone had a different experience. How do you think people should think of and interpret and experience your art?

JY: Just open to it. Then if you feel further curiosity, look into it further by doing research. For example the sites and the histories, formal aspects and art historical alignments or influences etc.

I think Canada is in the process and lots of complicated and sometimes contradictory ways grappling with its formation and continuing exercise of state power in many instances as a white settler colonial state. And I think that's just a fact. And I think that was something that I wanted to probe because it seemed to me that art historically, let's say, in the instance of landscape painting or thinking about the way that place was represented, you know, that's a group of 67.

And then there's gender aspects and whiteness that comes into it. But Emily Carr, in fact, was one of my very favorite artists. I don't expect artists to be outside the conditions of their own historical formation.



Glosa sin Cabeza

Esteban
González Arteaga

I will write commentaries in illegible hand, which will themselves
elicit commentaries of a graphological nature.
I will arrive belatedly at opinions held by friends,
and at parties where they discuss them.

I will recall only those occurrences which skim
the mind like smooth stones on cold water,
and contract a habit by contagion, as one
acquires disease by heaving microbial air.

If it is difficult to breathe in this atmosphere,
it is not a question of the *longue durée*,
or the interminable longing
which spills into the present,
but, rather, the puncture wound of history
at its point of incision.



The Immortal Memory of Trees

Isobel Sinclair

In the interest of honesty and all the things
I cannot bring myself to say aloud,
I'll speak instead to the blue mountains
drifting by as I take the boat home.
I saw a movie once where a man
spoke his secrets into the hole of an ancient temple,
giving them over to a place he knew would hold them safe.
Perhaps the forests, ever green and endless
will themselves cradle and protect what I know
will not hurt me past two am.
Parts untouched, uncovered, undiscovered.
Or rather, existing outside of me.
The pines don't need my nurturing,
but I need their sanity; the first clear breathe
after a month of suffocation.
A bed made up in the shelter of the beaches' shade,
The cradle of the sea, salty and buoyant
and muddled with the seaweed that
in time tangles with my hair and follows me home.

(Written on a ferry, January 2023)



I Hate the Weather in Taipei

Elle
Moore

Translator

I turn on the radio and play my favourite CD
then lightly close my eyes
The air is full of a subtle scent—
an indescribable feeling
How awkward—
it follows me like a shadow

I'm starting to suspect it's
what you left behind

I hate the weather in Taipei—
the rain in Taipei
I hate all these complicated things—
the seasonal allergies
I hate watching romantic movies
without anyone to watch with me

I hate you—
that you won't reply to my messages

My neighbour is having another party

but I didn't get an invitation
Alone, silent—
my body silently shakes
Time is lost between the couch cushions

Shaking—
staring at the wall, not saying a word

I hate that after ecstasy
I always return to loneliness
I have no complaints
but no one even listens

Tearing at my chapped lips—
my memory lags

Aishiteru



Abstraction by Daniel Cheung

我讨厌 台北的 天气

林昱君 李權哲
Artist Arranger
&
Composer

我打开了收音机 放入我最爱的CD
轻轻地轻轻地闭上眼睛
空气是难闻地 难以言喻的心情
尴尬地 尴尬它如影随行
我合理怀疑 这又 是你的诡计

我讨厌台北的天气 台北的雨
讨厌复杂的事情 换季的过敏
我讨厌看爱情电影 又没人一起
讨厌你 讨厌你还是不回我讯息

隔壁邻居又再开party 可是我没收到邀请
一个人 默默 我默默地摇动着身体
时间陷入沙发里 摇摇晃晃地 看着墙壁
不发一语

我讨厌狂欢之后要面对的孤寂
全都暂停 讲话没人听
撕掉的嘴皮 日子卡卡地

吧啦吧吧 吧啦吧啦

哒哒呐呐呐呐 哒呐呐呐呐 呜咽
爱してる



The Continuity of Parks

Lyka
McAllister-Borchert
Translator

He started to read a novel a few days ago. He abandoned it for urgent business and reopened it once he was returning to his farm by train: the plot slowly drew him in, and so did the depiction of the protagonists. Later that afternoon, after writing a letter to his attorney and discussing his business with his butler discussing the matter of sharecropping, he returned to the book in the tranquility of his office which overlooks a park with oak trees. While lounging in his favourite comfortable armchair, sitting away from the door, lessening the chance of intrusions, he caresses the green velvet of his chair while reading the last few chapters. He remembered the names and images of the protagonists effortlessly; the novelistic illusion won him over immediately. He enjoyed the almost indulgent pleasure of disengaging himself line by line from his surroundings. He felt comfortable resting his head on the velvet

of the high-backed chair, cigarettes within reach, that beyond the windows the air danced in the sunset beneath the oaks.

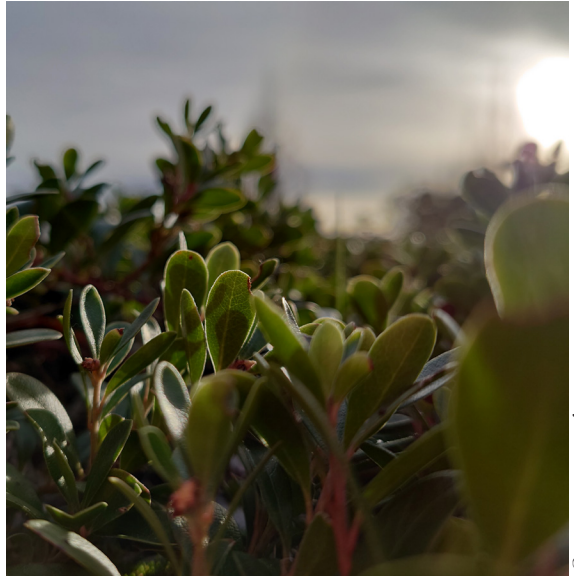
Word by word, absorbed by the sordid dilemma of the characters, letting himself drift towards the images that were arranged and acquired colour and movement, he witnessed their last meeting in the cabin on the mountain. First, the women came, suspicious; now the lover came inside, his face injured by the blow of a tree branch. Admirably, she stopped the blood using her kisses but rejected her attempt at embrace, he had not come to repeat the ceremonies of their secret passion, protected by the forest of dry leaves and secretive paths. The dagger warmed itself against his chest, and underneath liberty pounded, hidden nearby. A lustful, longing dialogue ran through the pages like a stream of snakes, feeling like everything had been decided from etern-

ty. Including those caresses that entangled the lover's body, as if wanting to contain him there and dissuade him from it; drew the figure of another, necessary to destroy. Nothing had been forgotten: alibis, chance, and possible mistakes. From that hour on, every moment had its own meticulously attributed use. The ruthless double-checking was interrupted as a hand caressed a cheek. Night had begun to fall.

Without looking at each other, both attached rigidly to the task awaiting them as they separated from each other at the door of the cabin. She had to continue down the path, going north. From the opposite path, he turned to see her running with her hair down. He ran in turn, taking cover in the trees and hedges until he distinguished the mauve-coloured mist of the dimly lit path leading to the house. The dogs are trained not to bark, and they did not. The butler should not be there at this hour, and he wasn't. He climbed the three steps of the porch and entered. From the blood galloping in his ears, came the voice of his lover: first a blue room, then the gallery, then a carpeted stair. At the top, two doors. No one in the first room, no one in the second as well. The door to the reading room, dagger in hand, the light of the windows, the high back of the green velvet armchair, the head of the man in the chair, who came to the end of the novel.

La Continuidad de los Parques

Julio Cortázar
Author



New Growth by Daniel Cheng

Había empezado a leer la novela unos días antes. La abandonó por negocios urgentes, volvió a abrirla cuando regresaba en tren a la finca; se dejaba interesar lentamente por la trama, por el dibujo de los personajes. Esa tarde, después de escribir una carta a su apoderado y discutir con el mayordomo una cuestión de aparcerías, volvió al libro en la tranquilidad del estudio que miraba hacia el parque de los robles. Arrellanado en su sillón favorito, de espaldas a la puerta que lo hubiera molestado como una irritante posibilidad de intrusiones, dejó que su mano izquierda acariciara una y otra vez el terciopelo verde y se puso a leer los últimos capítulos. Su memoria retenía sin esfuerzo los nombres y las imágenes de los protagonistas; la ilusión novelesca lo ganó casi en seguida. Gozaba del placer casi perverso de irse desgajando línea a línea de lo que lo rodeaba, y sentir a la vez que su cabeza descansaba cómodamente en el terciopelo del alto respaldo,

que los cigarrillos seguían al alcance de la mano, que más allá de los ventanales danzaba el aire del atardecer bajo los robles. Palabra a palabra, absorbido por la sórdida disyuntiva de los héroes, dejándose ir hacia las imágenes que se concertaban y adquiriesen color y movimiento, fue testigo del último encuentro en la cabaña del monte. Primero entraba la mujer, recelosa; ahora llegaba el amante, lastimada la cara por el chicotazo de una rama. Admirablemente restañaba ella la sangre con sus besos, pero él rechazaba las caricias, no había venido para repetir las ceremonias de una pasión secreta, protegida por un mundo de hojas secas y senderos furtivos. El puñal se entibiaba contra su pecho, y debajo latía la libertad agazapada. Un diálogo anhelante corría por las páginas como un arroyo de serpientes, y se sentía que todo estaba decidido desde siempre. Hasta esas caricias que enredaban el cuerpo del amante como queriendo retenerlo y

disuadirlo, dibujaban abominablemente la figura de otro cuerpo que era necesario destruir. Nada había sido olvidado: coartadas, azares, posibles errores. A partir de esa hora cada instante tenía su empleo minuciosamente atribuido. El doble repaso despiadado se interrumpía apenas para que una mano acariciara una mejilla. Empezaba a anochecer. Sin mirarse ya, atados rigidamente a la tarea que los esperaba, se separaron en la puerta de la cabaña. Ella debía seguir por la senda que iba al norte. Desde la senda opuesta él se volvió un instante para verla correr con el pelo suelto. Corrió a su vez, parapetándose en los árboles y los setos, hasta distinguir en la bruma malva del crepúsculo la alameda que llevaba a la casa. Los perros no debían ladrar, y no ladraron. El mayor-domo no estaría a esa hora, y no estaba. Subió los tres peldaños del porche y entró. Desde la sangre galopando en sus oídos le llegaban las palabras de la mujer: primero una sala azul, después una galería, una escalera alfombrada. En lo alto, dos puertas. Nadie en la primera habitación, nadie en la segunda. La puerta del salón, y entonces el puñal en la mano, la luz de los ventanales, el alto respaldo de un sillón de terciopelo verde, la cabeza del hombre en el sillón leyendo una novela.



Somewhere by Daniel Cheung

Towering by Daniel Cheung



Memoirs of Spring by Zeyna Al Gutani





Angelfish by Felicia Chung

The Unimagined

Mila Babic

No one has imagined us. We want to live like trees,
Sycamores blazing through the sulfuric air,
Dappled with our scars, still exuberantly budding,
Our animal passion rooted in the city (Adrienne Rich 25)

Like most queer people, I am in a constant battle with language. We are told that we must have a label, not as a comfort to us, but as an explanation for others. I have experimented with many: questioning, bisexual, and lesbian. But the constraints of language always felt claustrophobic. What if I wasn't any of these things? What if I accidentally fell in love with someone incompatible with my assigned label (which, funny enough, I did)? Eventually, I settled on queer. An identity of *in-between*. A neutral existence of love. But what I choose to call myself doesn't matter because I don't look gay. People look at me and automatically assume the language that defines me: straight, cisgender, *safe*. I revel in the feminine, and I have had intimate relationships with straight, cisgender men. So, how can I be queer/gay/lesbian/or anything else? My queer existence remains unimagined by language. I remember one time when my soon-to-be ex-friend interrupted a conversation I was having with an old high school classmate to ask, "Did you ever



think — would turn out to be a lesbian? Did you ever suspect it?”

He responded, “No way I never would have thought, she doesn’t look like a lesbian.”

My sexuality became a spectacle because I didn’t fit the role. And so, I was defined as a lesbian against my will and then chastised for not looking like one. Not only was I gay, the secret word hidden amongst the hate surrounding our schools’ “weird” kids, but I didn’t look gay, and so I was excluded from the club. I was, and am, an enigma amongst straight people. The person I am on the outside fails to hold up to the idea of being queer people perceive. I’m not a femme fatale that fucks women on the weekends for the pleasure of men. But I’m also not a butch lesbian, who the world calls gender confused. I don’t fit the language of being gay. The problem with that is when you don’t comply with external expectations and don’t fit into the language around an identity, people start to force that language on you. And sooner or later, you start to force it onto yourself.

I can’t remember his name, the boy who thought he had authority over my identity. I was at a Halloween party with the same ex-friend and her new friends. This boy came over to me (Ethan, Carter, something) and asked me, “What are you?” Or something to that effect, as I was a couple of drinks in and only vaguely remember the sound of the words. What I remember clearly, though, is standing in front of this man who I barely knew and being asked to tell him who I like to fuck. I told him I was queer, and he asked me what that meant. I could only tell him what it meant to me, that kissing a woman felt different than kissing a man, but that didn’t mean I couldn’t love both. Blame it on my shitty taste in my previous partners or the alcohol and club lights that typically accompanied my experience with a woman, but I was exploring my interest in women. Well, he didn’t like that. He told me so verbatim.

He then said, “I’ll tell you what you are. You’re a lesbian with a sprinkle of dick.”

The language had come so easily from his mouth but had hit me like a bullet. Was he right? Was I just a confused straight girl, a budding bisexual, a lesbian with a need for male validation, hence the sprinkle of dick? The queer identity I had recently started exploring seemed wrong now because I was being told it was wrong. I was



trapped by the expectations of what I had to be and the language that defined this small part of myself. And I let it consume me.

I didn't want to be lesbian with a sprinkle of dick, so I did the only rational thing: I chopped off all my hair. I started wearing men's clothing and stopped wearing makeup. I no longer felt comfortable being femme because I knew that image of me failed to conform to language. The image I was attempting to portray wasn't me but an accumulation of the expectations of language surrounding my identity. I didn't want to be imagined, I wanted to be known.

Language is the greatest weapon of definition: fag, femme, confused, deranged, lesbian, bisexual, queer, sinner. Language causes me to collide with the expectations of my assigned definition. As language grows, so do its expectations. So, although there are more labels to choose from, that is still what they are. As I age and experience the unimagined of the queer existence, I have come to reject language and its labels. So much language and yet not nearly enough to encapsulate the entirety of human experience, let alone the diversity of queer life. Not nearly enough to explain to others who I am, who I fuck and why. Audre Lorde tells us, "poetry is the way we help give name to the nameless so it can be thought" (37). However, poetry is not about the construction of language; instead, it is a "sanctuar[y] and spawning ground" for growth (Lorde 37). Poetry is where we abandon language and put our hopes for the future like Sappho once did:

I declare
That later on,
Even in an age unlike our own,
Someone will remember who we are (Sappho 87)

I want to be remembered and imagined as a sycamore tree in a poem that loved and was loved by a great many people, untethered by the expectations of language. Simply, a neutral existence of love.



Perdido en el tiempo y la tierra

Zainab Salam

Paso mi tiempo en una nube
Esta no es la forma correcta de existir
Si tuviera fama ya hubiera sido la muerte
Si tuviera vida ya la habría perdido
¿Cómo es la vida de un artista?
Busco la respuesta correcta, pero todos los lugares están tranquilos
Respondería mis preguntas,
pero la tinta de mi bolígrafo desaparece en el papel
cada vez que intento escribir
A la luz de la luna es donde encuentro consuelo
Sólo soy un extraño en una tierra de los familiares
La tristeza es una constante
Cada día parece el pasado y el futuro
¿Me pregunto cuánto tiempo pasará esto?



Just Awake by Daniel Cheung

Lost in time and land

I spend my time on a cloud
This is not the right way to exist
If I had fame it would have already been death
If I had life I would have lost it by now
What is the life of an artist?
I'm looking for the right answer, but all the places are quiet
I would answer my questions,
but the ink from my pen disappears on the paper
every time I try to write
In the moonlight is where I find comfort
I'm just a stranger in a land of the familiars
Sadness is a constant
Every day seems like the past and the future
I wonder how long this will be?

meet our authors and artists

Esteban González Arteaga is a Mexican writer living on the occupied and unceded territories of the x̣ʷm̄əθk̄ʷəȳəm (Musqueam), Skwxwú7mesh (Squamish), and səliɫilw̄ətəʔl (Tsilc̄il-Waututh) nations.

Mila Babic is a third year English student pursuing creative avenues of expression in her final years of study. Her interests lie in queer activism and feminist literature. She hopes that her writing reflects the limitations of language within prescribed cultural identities.

Kiara Simran Bhangu is a second-year health science student at SFU. Despite her interest in healthcare, Kiara is passionate about literature. She often enjoys curling up with a good book, at the end of a busy day at school.

Zoë Cairo Braithwaite is an interdisciplinary artist based in Vancouver, BC. Her practice consists of public intervention, perversion of mundane material, theatre-based performance, film-based media, and installation art. She is currently completing her BFA at SFU's School for the Contemporary Arts.

Inès Chauveau Growing up in France, she has always had trouble containing her emotions and heightened feelings. Writing has helped her understand what she was going through. Currently, in Canada, she likes to explore her different writing skills in other languages.

Sara Corradi is an undergraduate student studying English at Simon Fraser University. She enjoys writing, reading, and the occasional attempt at baking.

Paige Gant is a fantasy writer living in Vancouver, Canada. She holds a BA in English and History from Simon Fraser University (SFU) and is a recent graduate of The Writer's Studio (SFU). Paige has work published in The Lyre 14 and an excerpt of her manuscript forthcoming in 'TWS' annual anthology, emerge. When she's not writing, you can find Paige travelling to explore art and history, cozied up with a good book, or people watching for inspiration. Paige is currently writing her second novel

Norah Gillen is a student passionate about enjoying life's treasures both big and small. She has been doing digital art

since high school, and loves to use art to share love for her interests. She is always on a quest to learn more.

Evelina Groll Born and raised in Calgary, AB, Evelina has been influenced by the prairies, boreal forest, and Rocky Mountains. She is an interdisciplinary artist, creating with video, photo, textiles, and poetry. Her work pays homage to connection with the land, community, and within our own bodies.

Sage Hughes (she/her) is an undergraduate student in the School of Communication at Simon Fraser University. She is currently a research assistant in the Beyond Verification stream at the Digital Democracies Institute, where she tackles questions around authenticity and contemporary information disorders. In her free time, she can be found wandering around on campus trails, or working on an abundance of her half-finished projects.

Kristy Kwok (she/her) is a fourth-year at UBC majoring in Ancient Mediterranean & Near Eastern Studies and minoring in English Literature. This has made her fluent in one living language and average in several dead ones. In her free time, she can be found drinking boba and making loud sounds with her a cappella group (though not at the same time).

Chloe Lee-Sarenac is an English major at Simon Fraser University. She is an ardent cinephile (a sickness!) and a lover of thrift stores (a sickness, also!).

Lyka McAllister-Borchert is in her final semester at SFU working to complete her double major in Communications and Criminology. After graduating she is enrolling into the Professional Development Program to work towards becoming a high school teacher. She is also a part of the World Literature and Languages Student Union and just recently presented at the World Literature and Languages Student Conference.

Elle Moore A linguistics fanatic all her life, even before knowing the word, Elle began her study of Chinese in 2020. Deeply fascinated with literature and the arts, Elle is an avid consumer of Chinese music, movies, and novels. Elle was recognized by the Chinese Bridge Competition in 2021 and continues her studies in linguistics and world

literature at SFU hoping to study abroad later in university.

Amy Ng is a fourth-year undergraduate majoring in English Language and Literature and minoring in Anthropology at UBC. She is both an illustrator and the Co-Editor-in-Chief for UBC's *The Garden Statuary* and was the previous publishing director for JPS. In her spare time, she enjoys gardening, reading and writing.

Stephen Waitbaka Ng'ang'a A creative with passion & love for film photography; and currently transitioning to editorial photography. Capturing moments, storytelling, and creating stunning photos is what I do! This shoot was inspired by the thought of coming home after a long day, and letting loose.

Bayantseva Singh Pandher was at SFU for a semester in Fall 2022 and is now currently attending the Douglas College Creative Writing Program. For over a year now he has been a part of the SFU Poetry Club, performing poetry at club event and other various slam poetry events. His poems are just meant to tell his story and that's what he wishes to accomplish to be published in the *Lyre 15*.

Christopher Michael Pastulovic is a passionate creative writer with an especial affinity for prose, but also a burgeoning infatuation with poetry. His poetry typically attempts to grapple with the complex problems of his life, especially in regards to the way clinical depression affects his mind and his attempts to overcome it. He wishes to continuously hone his writing skills as much as possible, particularly in his poetry.

Lucia Pistrin attends Simon Fraser University as an Undergraduate student majoring in Philosophy. She hopes to pursue law school upon completion of this degree. She has great interest in the arts, and has dabbled in creative writing, poetry, oil painting, and charcoal sketching. Her goal is to have a short story or poem of hers published in *The Lyre*.

Himanshi Saili is a scholar by day and poet by night. She tends to be in her head a lot and when she's in there too much or feels her feelings a little too deeply, she writes. She aspires for her work to resonate with and inspire others. She began her poetry at a young age where she

wrote for fun. Eventually it grew into something much more passionate and integral to her very being.

Zainab Salam is a third-year Simon Fraser University student. He is double majoring in Psychology and Political Science. He is also working on his Spanish Certificate and enjoys writing poetry in his spare time.

Isobel Sinclair is a poet that has previously been published in *Blank Spaces* and *The Lyre*. She loves old libraries, Earl Grey tea, and the smell of new books. She is currently in her third year of a degree in History and English.

Joyce Juhee Song is a third-year English student at Simon Fraser University. She enjoys dabbling with creative writing from time to time but mostly sticks to consuming stories. With her love for art and literature, she hopes one day to publish a children's book.

Finlay Wright is a second-year student at SFU aiming to double major in English and Linguistics, alongside the pursuit of certificates in TESL and Spanish Studies. She fell in love with writing the moment she learned to hold a pencil and aspires to become a self-published author. Finlay is also an avid writer-performer in the theatre industry and has a strangely deep connection to the Muppets.

Michael Wu is fifth year Communications student at Simon Fraser University. He considers himself a writer and translator and would like to make those skills his trade one day, but for now, he is content with doing those things for fun while fitting in as much time for his friends and video games as possible. No, he didn't forget about studying, but consider why he's been at it for five years and you'll understand.

Adriana Zadravec is a 3rd year Global Humanities student at SFU. Adriana has previously had a short story published in an anthology with Chipper Press and is hoping to re-enter the writing world after several years out of it. Despite never really being into poetry before, Adriana has recently been using the medium to help express and understand emotions and life events with a bit more flair.

The Lyre



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