



THE LYRE

Issue 16: Passage

Poetry, Prose, Translations, Photography, Art

Fall 2025





circa 2010.

The Lyre's Ongoing Commitment to Our Community

The Lyre is published and distributed on the unceded traditional ancestral Coast Salish lands of the x^wməθk^wəy^{əm} (Musqueam), S^kwx-wú7mesh Úxwumixw (Squamish), səliil^w ətaʔ (Tsleil-Waututh), qíćəy (Katzie), kwik^wəłəm (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, refuse to publish generative artificial intelligence, 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.

The Lyre Mag

ISSUE 16

Editor In-Chiefs

Isobel Sinclair

Callie

Editorial Designer

Yoon Charland

Communications Director

Ria Clores

Managing Editors

Michael Wu

Maya Barillas Mohan

Associate Editors

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Alisa Goman

Angela Rancourt

Ariel Huish

Ash Szeto

Cassara Botkin

Celina Undurraga Telenko

Charisma Chang

Coral Pichurski

Diane Lee

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Lucia Pistrin

Maria Fernanda Osorio Arredondo

Minyi Chen

Mila Babic

Naomi Pausche

Nicole Holder

Owen Stewart-Jordan

Purnit Saini

Rajan Boyal

Sara Corradi

Seth Lochhead

Sophia Hastings

William Kortzman

Faculty Advisor Dr. Maria Ignacia Barraza

Cover Art *Parhelion* by Lauren Yip

The Lyre is produced and funded by
SFU's World Languages & Literature program

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Published from the World Language and Literature department at SFU.

The image shows the interior of a train car. In the foreground, there are several rows of tan-colored seats with dark vertical stripes. The seats are facing away from the camera towards a large window. The window is divided into three panes and offers a bright, overexposed view of the outside. The ceiling is a light-colored, grid-patterned drop ceiling with a single circular recessed light fixture. The walls are a dark wood or wood-grain paneling.

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Alone in Transit by Jules Webster

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Dear Readers,

Let's look back.

Fifteen years ago, we told you that *The Lyre* was: a bird, an instrument and—if you shut your eyes tight and just heard us say the word—someone who isn't very good at telling the truth. We told you that *The Lyre* was, simply put, up to your interpretation. Today, *The Lyre* is the product of many hands and has a legacy built through a journey of discovery and interpretation. With this year's theme, "Passage," we step back and reflect on what has occurred before us and what will follow after. This edition is just one stop along an ever-winding path, but it also stands as a place to pause and reflect.

Today, it is challenging to separate art from the politics and presentism of the world. It is hard to write this letter to "passages" without addressing the futility that is evoked by the passage that has taken the world to where it is today. However, we believe that the works that bridge between the covers of this volume show us "passage" as a form of resilience. Despite yesterday and today, we think of "passage" as the endurance of time. With this edition of *The Lyre*, we like to believe that we are building upon the sands of forking paths as if they were stone. So let's look forward.

This issue of *The Lyre* is dedicated to all the birds of passage who have flit from here to there since our journal's inception yesterday, fifteen years ago. But more importantly, as a magazine run by, and for, students, this issue is dedicated to all of the little birds in transit today who will keep on resiliently in flight and in passage tomorrow.

Acknowledgements

Passages and journeys aren't taken alone, and that is why we owe thanks to all of our fellow editors, authors, artists, and advocates for their support. Thank you to our wonderful executive editors, Michael, Maya, Yoon, and Ria, who dedicated countless hours over the past year in honour of our shared vision for "passage." We could not have asked for a more devoted team, and it was a pleasure to share in their company and smiles throughout the production. Thank you to our Associate Editors who volunteered their sharp eyes and patient support for all our submissions. Their enthusiasm allowed every author and artist a chance to have their voice heard. We would also like to express our gratitude to Dr. Maria Barraza and the World Languages and Literature department for their continued dedication to preserving *The Lyre* over the past fifteen years.

Most importantly, thank you to all the poets, writers, photographers, artists, and translators who allowed us to experience and share their work. We thank them for sharing the lines which once lived in their heads, for every photograph that reorients our view of the world, and for every word that they gave new meaning through translation. While the creation of art is often seen as the product of a journey through isolation and internalization, their decision to set their work free into the world is the small, brave footsteps that make up lineages. It has been an honour to have been a part of that journey.



Callie *Isobel*

Callie & Isobel
Editor-in-Chiefs

BY SOFIA

String Figures

A half-dozen worlds fit between my fingers,
wrapped around these beams of bone,
twisted rings turn and sling
loops across my palms.

I find you, me,
in suspended tension at each cross;
fibres of the same thread speaking fricticiously with one another
singing an odd bowstring symphony.

Siamo i capricci, (We are the caprices,)
l'unico capriccio della natura, (the only whim of nature,)

and how natural it is
for my fingers to bend,
for yours to answer,
comb through,
trace slack and pull taught irrigid lines of refolded harmonies,
knocked wrists weaving
minor chords and fingernail sharps.

Impractice choreographs our metacarpal conversations,
clumsy webs spun over again;
all the while time melts and oozes like stickied honey

and ancient encores beg for reprise,
and the stars relish the songs of worsted work
our sweet notes of morose joy repulsive, seductive, and heard
so long as we're singing

BY NATT BEGG

Walking to Pitt Meadows

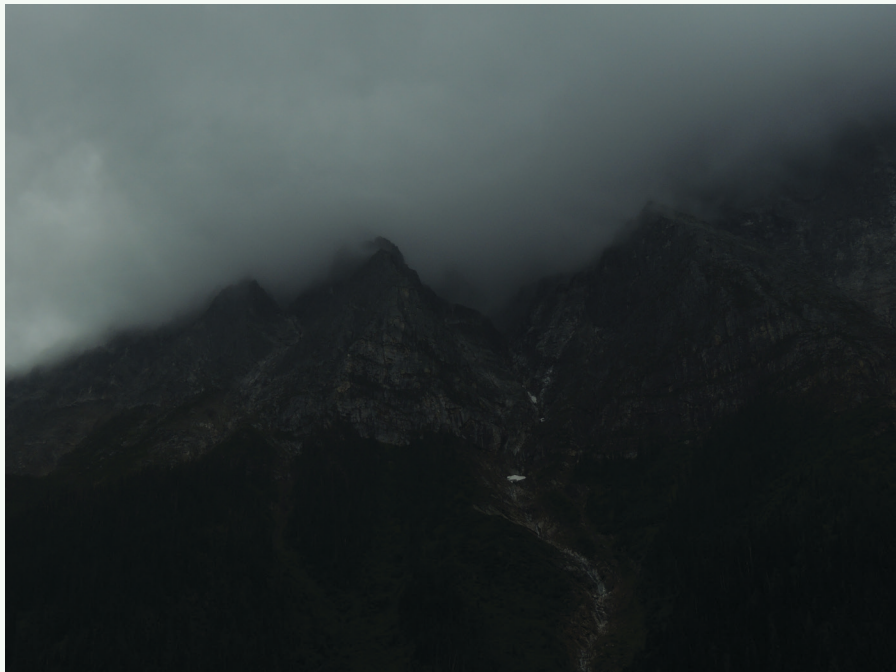
In through
clumpy forests
grates over bare streams past
woody salmon summoning shacks
out to
boat parts for sale!
Flag-flying bungalows,
hummocky, thatched with pine
needles:
Poco.

Gone down
off the piled till
through a low cattail marsh
crowding the slaked muddy dredge
spat up
by the Fraser
gagging on river boats,
tin-roofed shacks and floating piers,
wet grass.

Dirt stops
concrete rides up
to the six-lane screamer
banded by low walls and railyards
shunting
me out, shuffling
through dark troughs and paved hills,
boys' slime games in a great car park,
empty.



by Nat Begg



BY WANG WEI

TRANSLATED FROM CHINESE BY MINYI CHEN

Chirping Ravine (鸟鸣涧)

人闲桂花落， At peace, I witness the laurel blossoms drift down.
夜静春山空。 The vernal peaks dissolve into the night's silent void.
月出惊山鸟， The moon climbs high, a silver glow stirring the mountain birds.
时鸣春涧中。 In the hush of night, echoes of startled birds fill the spring ravine.



BY HENRY CARLSON

Warlock

It's always the raising of the dead that goes so wrong.
Say nothing of kindness.
Tell your friends I am kind,
and I will have nothing
left to eat.

BY HENRY CARLSON

Cleric

Dogs want for fields
to be hounds.
Dawn wears midnight at your bedside.
Bites at his bones.
Starved and wretched as you are,
he's seen worse.

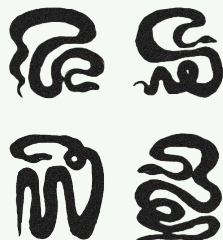
BY OWEN STEWART-JORDAN

Coiled Joy

this feeling of mundane joy coils
serpentine through me
wrapping around intestines
two kidneys and an unblemished liver
to entangle itself securely
in every juvenile inch of my heart

this joy pricking me like a thousand needles
set to pierce every nerve circuiting my body
is mundane
for while it strangles
my heart and fills up my windpipes
with scaly uncertainty
brutalising me for escape
it does so in the gentlest manner

this serpent is not evil
it does not hurt, constrict or bludgeon
this serpent takes my bloody guts



too damaged to let anxiety and new
part
unravel
it coaxes my feeble heart
to beat
find a rhythm not controlled by doubt

this serpent is not evil
for while its armored body sends pain
shivering through my hollow throat
its body opens me up

this serpent is mundane
for as it slithers away
the turbulent joy of a safe home
wraps my shaking body in her arms

Co innego cebula.
Ona nie ma wnętrzości.
Jest sobą na wskroś cebula
do stopnia cebuliczności.
Cebulasta na zewnątrz,
cebulowa do rdzenia,
mogłaby wejrzeć w siebie
cebula bez przerażenia.

W nas obczyzna i dzikość
ledwie skórą przykryta,
inferno w nas interny,
anatomia gwałtowna,
a w cebuli cebula,
nie pokrętne jelita.
Ona wielekroć naga,
do głębi itympodobna.

Był niesprzeczny cebula,
udany cebula twór.
W jednej po prostu druga,
w większej mniejsza zawarta,
a w następnej kolejna,
czyli trzecia i czwarta.
Dośrodkowa fuga.
Echo złożone w chór.

Cebula, to ja rozumiem:
najnadobniejszy brzuch świata.
Sam się aureolami
na własną chwałę oplata.
W nas – tłuszcz, nerwy, żyły,
śluzu i sekretności.
I jest nam odmówiony
idiotyizm doskonałości

That is something else, the onion.
She has no real insides.
Within herself, she is purely onion,
to the level of onioness.
Oniony on the outside,
onionified to the nucleus.
Maybe she should gaze into herself
an onion without fear.

Within humans, unfamiliar otherness and wilderness.
We are barely covered with skin,
internal inferno,
violent anatomy,
an onion within another onion,
no snarled intestines here.
She is most often naked,
similar into the depths.

The onion is a marvelous creation,
a structure that gets it right.
One within another,
within a larger one, a smaller one,
and next comes a second,
third, and fourth and so on.
Border-line divisions.
A choir made up of echoes.

Onion, that's what I understand:
on the world's greatest belly.
She, alone with her halo,
is wrapped up with her glory.
In humans: fats, nerves, veins,
mucus and secrets.
But we humans are denied
to a perfect kind of nonsense

BY WISLAWA SZYMBORSKA
TRANSLATED FROM POLISH BY WIKTORIA KARPINSKA

The Onion (Cebula)

BY ISOBEL SINCLAIR

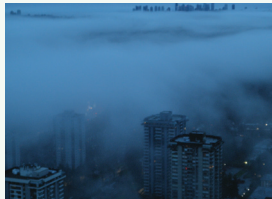
i lie easily

I lie easily,
with the smoothness of ocean foam,
and tell myself nobody has ever done this.
That these words have not been placed in this order yet,
with the knowledge that to ask is to admit defeat.

I talk too much,
with the weight of a heart in my throat,
knowing that dreaming aloud is the only way
to hold what hands cannot have and
The brain cannot grasp.

I agree too easily
to contemplate that the true threshold of freedom
is an open doorway you refuse to cross,
rather than stepping into a wave that will stain you blue
once it rushes back to itself.

I find myself
thin and amorphic, drowned on the beach,
with a song of a siren's taunt burned deep.
wooden and floating, an arm in each ocean,
the current taut as a string.



Blue Morning
by Maya Barillas
Mohan



Towers

by Jules Webster



Layover

by Michael Wu

BY SARA CORRADI

Slipping Pearl

I once cracked a closed shell
Over my skull
I thought it would make me whole
Shatter a home
Let its sweet spit drip down my face
A silver shield, singing a silk tune

Instead the hand of a clock
And wing of a dragonfly
Came running out, landing at my feet,
Screaming salt fumes
No pearl in sight

In the ripeness of morning,
If you stand at the edge of the water,
Your bleeding heart in your left hand
Your Mother's laughter in your right,
You may see it,
Staring back at you

The sunlight,
From June, or August,
Or the pocket of a child's coat,
Leaks slowly through a safe window
Soft as a milky eye, slipping away.
I stand still
Waiting.

BY PARVEEN SHAKIR
TRANSLATED FROM URDU BY FATIMA TU ZAHARA

Full Moon & Half Sorrow (Pura Duhk & Aadha Chaand)

entire sorrow and half moon
the eve of estrangement and this kind of moon
fears of separation washed into the day
the night comes and arises the moon

wonder what terror has been passed over
such a timid, timid moon
in the streets populated with memories
wandering alone lonely moon

awakened by my tossing
what a light sleeper is the moon

in such bewilderment
watching my face, innocent moon

behind such thick clouds
I wonder how lonely is the moon

suppressing tears, basked brightness
heart drowned, body parched. the moon

puurā dukh aur aadhā chāñd
hijr kī shab aur aisā chāñd

din meñ vahshat bahal gā.ī
raat huī aur niklā chāñd

kis maqtal se guzrā hogā
itnā sahmā sahmā chāñd

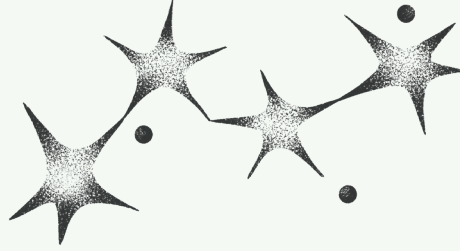
yādoñ kī ābad gali meñ
ghuum rahā hai tanhā chāñd

merī karvaT par jaag uTThe
miñd kā kitnā kachhā chāñd

mere muñh ko kis hairat se
dekh rahā hai bhōlā chāñd

itne ghane bādāl ke piche
kitnā tanhā hogā chāñd

aāñsū roke nuur nahāe
dil dariyā tan sahrā chāñd



even on such an illuminated face
sun's shadow is the moon

when looking at the face in the water
who did you think of oh moon?

parting the banyan tree's branches
wonder who you peeked at, moon

in the midst of the stringy clouds
sleeping until dawn is the moon

resting head on the night's shoulder
dreaming a dream is the moon

on the cluster of dried leaves
is it dew or a little moon

waving goodbye and leaving behind
like the estrangement of the moon

wandering desert to desert
true to its love is the moon

it's probably one o'clock at night
probably sleeping, is my moon

itne raushan chehre par bhī
sūraj kā hai saayā chāñḍ

jab paani meñ chehra dekha
tū ne kis ko sochā chāñḍ

bargad kī ik shā h haṭā kar
jaane kis ko jhañkā chāñḍ

bādal ke reshām jhūle meñ
bhor samay tak soyā chāñḍ

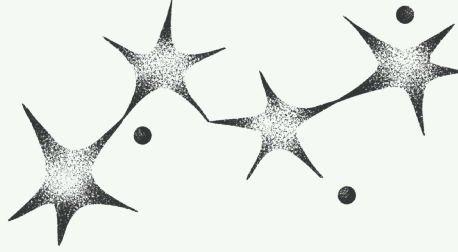
raat ke shāne par sar rakkhe
dekh rahā hai sapnā chāñḍ

sukkhe patroñ ke jhurmuṭ par
shabnam thī yā nahnā chāñḍ

haath hilā kar ru hsat hogā
us kī surat hijr kā chāñḍ

sahrā sahrā bhaṭak rahā hai
apne ishq meñ sachchā chāñḍw

raat ke shāyad ek bajē haiñ
sotā hogā merā chāñḍ



BY MARIA FERNANDA OSORIO ARREDONDO

Eve's Apple Pie Recipe

My favourite apple
comes from the highest branch
not forgotten by apple-pickers;
simply unreachable.

The glossy fruit wears a blushing gown,
a brownish sun expands from the stem, and I
long to bite into its core to taste the beginning.
I carry an apple's dream of transformation.
Sliced—

I can only exist through multitudes.
Let me use the weaved dough as my blanket
and wait for my crunchy flesh to turn moist.
The sugar varnishing my pieces;
I am deliciously broken.
Take a spoonful of my inner world;
Love, love,
burn your tongue with my sweetness.



Consumables
by Yooná Charland

BY SARA CORRADI

Picking Plums at 2am

Do not pluck out each feather
from the carcass to confirm its death
Do not collect its oiled hairs in a jar
for the sake of sentimentalism
Leave the trail of scales behind.

The nape of your neck is as new as the moon
In its craters plant a new heart to cradle
kiss and kiss its skin as often as you can

In my sky of bruised stars,
My attention remains over my shoulder, beyond
An old tree admiring its ankles
Slouching towards the roots
Never praying for the Sun
Lost watching the rot of its body.

I drift off into the dreamy night, dizzy
With purple fingertips and magic dripping off my tongue.



Our time in Snæfellsnes

legs dangling off the cliff, there we sat.
on the young rock cloaked in yellow-green,
our feet hung fifty feet over the sea.
where the ocean waves with the raw strength of women
beat against the basalt with unbridled passion.
with that, the women of the sea sang to us;
songs of intimacy and perseverance.
the hands of these women
brought forth to us: orcas.
a mystery at first,
but they played the game with us.
gifting us hints by peeking out from the veil of the ocean,
shining their bold black fins as they made their journey west.
to the east is where the winds blew,
whistling towards dozens of northern fulmar
nestled in their refuge carved in the rock face.
tiered like stairs, from there they watched
a few birds more daring than the rest
flap their wings against the might of the wind.
one fulmar, in particular,
made a friend in curiosity,
soaring close to see the two strangers on the cliff.
his friendship in curiosity made a friendship in us.
he guided our eyes from the sky back down
to the waves,
to another bird determined to brave the ocean's power.
his persistence to ride the unabashed surges of the sea
granted us feelings of laughter and rapture:
love and appreciation.

we would've sat there forever if we could,
content to simply exist in the presence of all such beauties.
but for now, we just take comfort
in the promise that one day we will.
when the earth breathes us both back in
and exhales us anew.



At the end of the world
by Rachael Quak

BY AMINA HASSAN

Just Another Beach

I haven't been to the beach in three years.
There's an odd mystery hidden beneath the waters.
It hears of you often.

The knees of a stranger were locked in my waters.
The tides rested silent, the way you needed them.
What swimmer fancies the waters but steers away from my oceans?

Each grain of sand, intended for your footprints.
God forbid a spec was out of place,
the beach would be banished.
Now who would banish a beach?
The same man who fears limbs locking.

The beach has been closed for three years.
With it closed, you are quick to blame.
It never told you.
It was not the water's fault for doing its deeds.

In the future, another beach will rise,
it holds no significance to you.
Just another beach.
Maybe that's not so bad...*just another beach.*

Sunset at Stanley Park

by Jules Webster



Sunbathing
by Jules Webster

BY ADRIANA SCHULTE

Midday in Toledo

Here I am still
sola y suelta and sweltering
under the July sky
under the sun's eye

Where I find
myself, mi misma
sola y suelta and
same

I never felt much like going
Overstayed my own welcome
and found myself
sola y suelta
and drifting away.



Gateway
by Jules Webster



Into the Void
by Farhana Maksurah Khandaker

Melting Snowtop Mountains
by Juliana Maria Manalo



BY CALLIE

Chrysalis


I am grieving like a soft cocoon
With bandages wrapped 'round my wrists
And heaving up red lungs like trees
Uprooted, sapped, O—I am a cyst
Unbelieving wingless baby chrysalis

The little fingers leak, capillary crimped
Chrysanthemum claws, they skin me alive
Sobriety lingers, pulsating, moulting nymph
Makes laudanum sticky larval writhe
Slurred Ying'er flesh-strewn butterfly bereave

I am angel-bound in sericin gauze
Pooling over the wounds in syrup sap
Rattled shell sound, tomorrow gnaws
My bones' sour marrow out the wraps;
I peek out between the sharpened gaps

Gather up the echoes as they paper atop
Vein bruised sails, pomegranate streaks on skies
Slathers down my face in tree-branched drops
Where his fingernails kissed, moon eye to eye
And I blathered, spiral-tongued, throat dried,

Nectar choked, seethes on mothy snow ash flecks
Swallowing tears me raw, thorny laurels
Rung wreaths around my pupal neck
Rubbing the hairs on the blooming Veronal
Orchid sheaths, palms clamped over my skull



They'll boil me in a blanket soft as wool
Then fish me out with nightmare gasps
Blood coiled djinn-draught lovelorn blind fool
Weaver wished, will make my sinews clasp
In spoils of brocade lotus-bound pus and masks

Of Seraphim-gowned silken marionette-made grins,
Twisted into rubber, little mucus puppet-ball
Salt round threads of sharpened flesh sans skins
Caterpillar blubber seeps out the exoskeletal sprawl
And I am crowned, antennas of baby breath's scrawl

Sieve-drained from that lobotomal stir
I am zipperfaced with my lips split two
Pins as chains on a cotton pad whisper
Boney-braced with a navel-borne glue
I stain the petal-tips of memory tissues

I was waiting for you in the garden then
When I fell asleep, drooled away in dreams
Sating my appetite under the door of the glen
As it held me in its keep, shut tight in its seams
Breath-bating, wringing my love out in screams

Ocual caves, I drowned kaleidoscope hells
Pupil poured into chandelier saucers
Icaral-depraved in that creature's swell
Eyesore, it hurt in cotton cocoon blurs
When he shut the door, for sure, for sure

Pressed me between the vellum and ink
Fluttered out my lips, from the grave-gut's brink;
The strawberry glittering open fresh blinks,
Pretty, white, clean, when I do not think
Of how her brains dripped down the sink

Interview with Myriam J.A. Chancy

The author of *Village Weavers* (2024) discusses the themes of migration, Haitian identity, family & the 'madan sara' bird interwoven through her life and novel.

*Interview by
Callie, Isobel
& Michael*

CALLIE: You were born in Haiti but moved to Canada as a child and now live in the United States. How have these three regions and cultures shaped you differently as a writer?

MYRIAM J.A. CHANCY: This is a great question and one that I'm not often asked as people assume that migration occurs simply, from one place to another. I would say that for me, the effect of having migrated twice has had multiple impacts. On the one hand, return to Haiti is hampered by this double migration as my parents remained in Canada while I moved on to the US. They became a second mooring post after Haiti, while I had to develop new adaptation skills in the US as a person of African descent. In Canada, as a child, I could readily identify as being Haitian as

everyone I knew came from an immigrant group and identified as such. This was less possible in the US, where I emigrated from Canada at age 20. As a person of African descent, I faced different challenges given the still unresolved history of slavery in the US and the lack of acknowledgement in Canada of complicity with that history. Since Black identity in Canada is primarily derived from the Caribbean and Africa, while, in the US, Caribbean and African immigrants are less visible as a category, the capacity with which I was able to identify (and be identified as) with a particular community in one country or the other has been somewhat complicated. In the last decades, however, I've seen a kind of reversal of this reality with Blackness in the US complicated by migration of people of African descent from all over the world—from the Caribbean, Latin America, and various parts of the African continent— and Haitian migrant groups having a more formal identification within the US.

People assume that migration occurs simply, from one place to another.

In Canada, in my experience of late, it seems that Haitians have lost recognition despite being highly represented in French Canada. Anglophone Canada has been very slow to recognize Haitian artists, despite having had a bilingual and Haitian

Governor General, Michaëlle Jean. I'm not sure why this is and I would be curious to find out more about this phenomenon.

CALLIE: The Lyre is primarily made up of student literature, many of our authors have never been published before. What advice do you have for our readers about getting into the literary scene and becoming a writer?

CHANCY: My best advice is first: read, read, read. Then: Revise, revise, revise. Read literary journals that publish works that resemble your genre of writing, whether that is literary fiction or something else. Find out about their submission guidelines and submit work to them, always asking for feedback in case your work doesn't get accepted but an editor likes what they see and would welcome new work from you in the future. Pay attention to that feedback. You don't have to take all of it on board but feedback helps you to figure out how to better achieve what you seek to in your work. If editors are turning back your work, you need to figure out why and you need to figure out how to do what you intend better. Reading others helps to close the gap, sometimes. Once you do receive feedback, be willing and prepared to revise your work. Much of writing is revision, as you write, and after you've submitted your work. Finally, don't give up. If one editor says, 'no,' another might say 'yes' to the very same work. Circulate your work and build relationships with editors.

ISOBEL: Continuing from earlier, what connection do you maintain with Haiti?

CHANCY: My connection with Haiti is ongoing given that I was not only born in the capital, Port-au-Prince, but both my parents are Haitian. This means that my home life was steeped, continuously, in Haitian culture—its food, its music, its literature. Conversation with both my parents, my father’s parents, and numerous uncles, aunts and cousins who remained in Haiti, and then Haitian colleagues working in the fields of literature, culture, and history, have nourished that primary connection through the years. Even though I’ve been unable to return physically in recent times due to both personal and political issues, I stay on top of developments on the ground and try to remain current with organizations that I continue to support working in the health sectors and women’s cooperatives. My connection with Haiti, regardless of return, will never be severed (*desounen*); Haiti defines who I am.

My connection with Haiti, regardless of return, will never be severed (desounen); Haiti defines who I am.

ISOBEL: What was the inspiration for your newest book *Village Weavers*?

CHANCY: My mother passed away in 2019 at age 84 after a prolonged illness. All of her sibling group as well as a number of half-siblings also passed away within two to three years of her own death. I realized as this unfolded that a generation of my family had disappeared, people born in the 1920s and 1930s who had lived through Haiti’s golden years post-US Occupation, and also seen all manner of governments come to pass from dictatorships to elected officials to coups. It occurred to me that I had not seen something of this generation reflected in literature, especially not in English, and I wanted to write a novel that spoke about the decades they lived through, the changes they witnessed, and what this generation’s migration may have looked like, all the while remaining anchored to the country of their birth. Besides being witness to Haiti’s more glorious decades, then its descent into violence through dictatorship and beyond, they also held on to Haitian culture and never entirely assimilated to those of the countries in which they found themselves. Home was always elsewhere, not entirely nostalgic, but simply not in the new country, somewhere between it and the connections with other family members and other peoples who also struggled for their inde-

pendence (like Algerians, whose struggle figures in *Village Weavers*).

Home was always elsewhere, not entirely nostalgic, but simply not in the new country, somewhere between it and the connections with other[s].

ISOBEL:

The village weaver bird is symbolic in both the book and its title. What is the significance and inspiration behind the choice to centre the ideas of community and belonging through this bird?

CHANCY: Well, I was playing around with the gender metaphor that the bird offers for signifying the main characters of the novel and their pursuit of “family,” or “community,” both in Haiti, and in the geographies to which they migrate.

The weaver bird or village weaver was originally imported from West Africa so,

in itself, represents the forced removal of Africans and their relocation to the Americas. Then, I learned about the nesting habits of the birds and found out that the male birds create as many nests as they can during a nesting season; after they have made a nest, attracted a mate, and have eggs with that mate, they move on to create another nest and then another, and so on, having many broods in any given season. The nests hang in clusters, thereby creating a “village.”

not only

I was interested

in this move-

ment of the

male village

weaver from

one nest to

the next but

in what they

left behind, their

mates and broods. In

effect, I became more in-

terested in the nests themselves

and their villages, and how these

might constituted a human reality.



[I] started thinking about the village weavers as emblematic of other aspects of the society and weaved these into the fabric of the book.

Of course, in the human village, many nests having in common one progenitor becomes a problem when the society orders itself through primary or “legitimate” nests and deems the others illegitimate, which is the case for Sisi and Gertie’s homes, with Sisi being the “outside” child and Gertie the “legitimate” one. The novel reverses the notion of who benefits from this order in showing the love that Sisi receives within her home as opposed to the isolation Gertie suffers in hers, despite Gertie’s being considered the primary home or nest.

Finally, others have written about this bird in terms of its local name, “madan sara,” which is the name given to the market women because of the noise they supposedly make gossiping. But when I learned more about the qualities of the birds themselves and their skill at weaving fronds in order to make nests, I was led to think about how many market women also weave goods for sale and started thinking about more ways of thinking about the village weavers as emblematic of other aspects of the society and weaved these into the fabric of the book.

MICHAEL: The main characters in *Village Weavers*, Gertie and Sisi, start as friends but soon realize they are also related. Why did you choose to emphasize familial bonds?

CHANCY: In a way, I was pointing to the opposite - that the two characters are connected beyond this accident of blood. It’s the fact that they are related which leads others, particularly Gertie’s older siblings, to want to keep them apart so they have the difficulty of overcoming this connection that others do not want them to cultivate. What ultimately brings them back towards each other, is something deeper than blood, related to the inner workings of the culture, or the land itself, to the river gods, the Simbi, which the girls learn about through Sisi’s grandmother who tells Sisi that that she is from a place where the land speaks through them, shelters and keeps them. Momo, Sisi’s grandmother, urges Sisi to always look for this deeper resonance when making friends, when marrying, and it is that pull that ultimately brings her back into Gertie’s orbit or she in hers.

MICHAEL: What emotions and ideas do you want the reader to take away from your books? What about specifically for *Village Weavers*?

CHANCY: I certainly want readers to be moved by my books, to feel a human connection to the characters and, through that process, to have a new sense of Haiti, whether they are Haitian or non-Haitian. If Haitian, I want them to feel affirmed in their culture. If non-Haitian, I want the

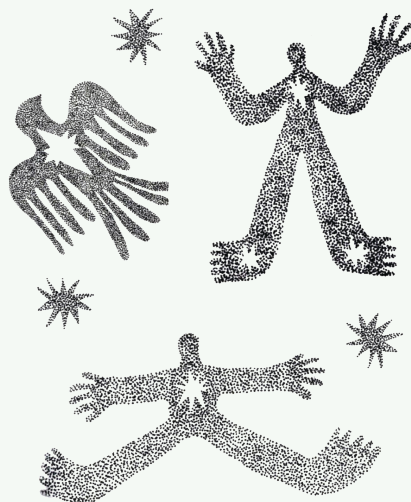
reader to recognize all they have not been told or exposed to regarding Haitian history and to realize that Haiti is rich in so many ways, despite the condition it finds itself in presently. In terms of *Village Weavers*, I would hope that not only do readers come away with a better sense of what Haiti was like in the 40s and why so many Haitians from that period think of Haiti as a place of return but also the very difficult decision so many had to make to leave in the wake of dictatorship and how that departure has impacted their lives in new spaces. I would hope that readers would carry from the novel a sense of compassion for immigrants and the struggles they face in holding on to their cultures. Also, I hope that they appreciate the relationships between the girls and women in the novel and find a compelling richness in them.

MICHAEL: Expanding on this, what are you excited to explore in your upcoming projects?

CHANCY: I will be continuing my explorations of Haitian culture, certainly, though I think my next novel will be more contemporary in nature. Migration will continue to feature largely in new work, but perhaps through new angles.

CALLIE: Are there any Haitian writers who have inspired you to continue connecting to Haiti in your novels?

CHANCY: I honestly don't read other Haitian writers to connect to Haiti or to conduct research for my own novels. I read them because they are great writers and we should all be reading them. It's fun to see what my contemporaries are doing and thinking about whether in or out of Haiti and I hope they read me in the same spirit. That said, in addition to Edwidge Danticat, I would encourage others to read Haitian authors such as Yanick Lahens, Dany Laferrière, Lyonel and Évelyne Trouillot, and Marie-Célie Agnant. Among newer authors, you might want to read Juliana Lamy, Fabienne Josaphat, and out of Quebec, Chloé Bernard-Savoie and Valérie Bah.



Mindscape by Marvi Khan





Channels by Marvi Khan

PERFORMED, WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY UNIQUE
TRANSLATED FROM TAGALOG BY RIA CLORES

Candle Flame (Apoy ng Kandila)

It's time to leave
the world of childhood—

I will find
my purpose
let us serve
and share,
food bought
because of me

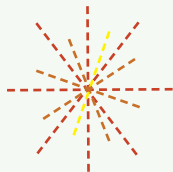
Reality emerges
through the lens
of legality—
to be noticed

Stories of friends,
of family,
drift like wind
in the candle flame
the smoke is mine
the wine is mine
I will not hide
what I have in mind

Reality emerges
through the lens
of legality—
to be noticed

Reality emerges
through the lens
of legality—
while I fly

To be noticed



Aking iiwan
Ang pagkabata
Aking hangarin
Ay hahanapin
Ating ihain
At pagsaluhan;
Pagkaing binilin
Nang dahil sa akin

Uusbong ang
Realidad
Sa pagdungaw ng
Legalidad
Mapapansin

Kuwentong kaibigan
Kuwentong pamilya
Ihip ng pangarap
Sa apoy ng kandila
Akin ang usok
Akin ang alak
'Di itatago
Ang binabalak

Uusbong ang
Realidad
Sa pagdungaw ng
Legalidad
Mapapansin

Uusbong ang
Realidad
Sa pagdungaw ng
Legalidad
At habang ako'y lumilipad

Mapapansin

BY SÉRGIO VAZ

TRANSLATED FROM PORTUGUESE BY ALINA BEG

Brutes Love Too (Os brutos tamem amam)

Os brutos também **amam**

Com os olhos fechados, beijei-a como quem agradece por estar vivo. Por conta dessa troca divina de saliva, e, na dúvida, nunca mais cuspi no chão. Nos anos setenta, época mais brava da ditadura no Brasil, eu estava ali, com a cara cheia de espinhas, exercitando a minha revolução: o primeiro amor. Resolvi escrever sobre isso porque acabo de receber o convite de casamento de dois grandes amigos. E como sou testemunha desse amor, quero lembrá-los de que, por mais bela que seja a lembrança do primeiro beijo ou do primeiro amor, nada, absolutamente nada é mais importante que o último. Ah, também me lembrei de uma outra coisa, os dias não envelhecem. E todo dia é pra sempre.

Brutes **love** too

With my eyes closed, I kissed her like someone grateful to be alive. Because of that divine exchange of saliva, and just in case, I never spat on the ground again. In the seventies, the darkest time of the dictatorship in Brazil, I was there, with a face full of pimples, exercising my own revolution: my first love. I decided to write about it because I had just received a wedding invitation from two very good friends of mine. And since I am a witness to their love, I want to remind them that, no matter how beautiful the memory of the first kiss or first love is, nothing, absolutely nothing is more important than the last. Ah, I also remembered something else, days don't age. Every day is forever.

PERFORMED BY LEO KU, WRITTEN BY LIN XI, COMPOSED BY MARK LUI
TRANSLATED FROM CANTONESE BY MICHAEL WU

Touch



觸摸你身體 何必需要忌諱
就當做懷舊 擁抱是懷念的姿勢
別怕突然越軌
朋友也可親吻頰角
見證舊愛的淪落
既已對我全無知覺 有甚麼怯慌

你怕讓兩手碰著我嗎
難道我質感太差
你發的短訊也有策略嗎
以後無需直接講話

喂一聲 這一聲 你認得出我麼
這親暱 到陌生的經過
我說過 最愛抱你 到這日你想閃躲
怕了我 但是我 自問我哪有做錯
當日離開我 沒說別接觸這麼多
誰知驚我甚麼

Can I hold your hand? Please don't say that I can't
Why not reminisce? Embrace like when we first began
Except we're now just friends
So I'll stick to kissing your cheek
Taste our love as it leaks
If you feel nothing else for me, why'd you look so weak?

Are you afraid to let our hands touch?
Guess my skin's just too dried up
How much of your texts are just paste and cut?
If you don't want to talk, then what?

Hey, hello, just two words, but can you tell it's me?
A stranger with a lover's disease
So I weep, for the way we used to hug that you taught me
So you're scared, but I fear that my wrongs weren't so severe
After our last kiss, you kicked me from your contact list
Like I ceased to exist



不需要不安 聯絡我分享你近況
哪怕冒了一頭汗 據說你仍愛幾米
有甚麼怕講

你怕讓兩手碰著我嗎
難道我質感太差
你發的短訊也有策略嗎
說話無需驗證真假

喂一聲 這一聲 你認得出我麼
這親暱 到陌生的經過
我說過 最愛抱你 到這日你想閃躲
怕了我 但是我 自問我哪有做錯
當日離開我 沒說別接觸這麼多
誰知驚我甚麼

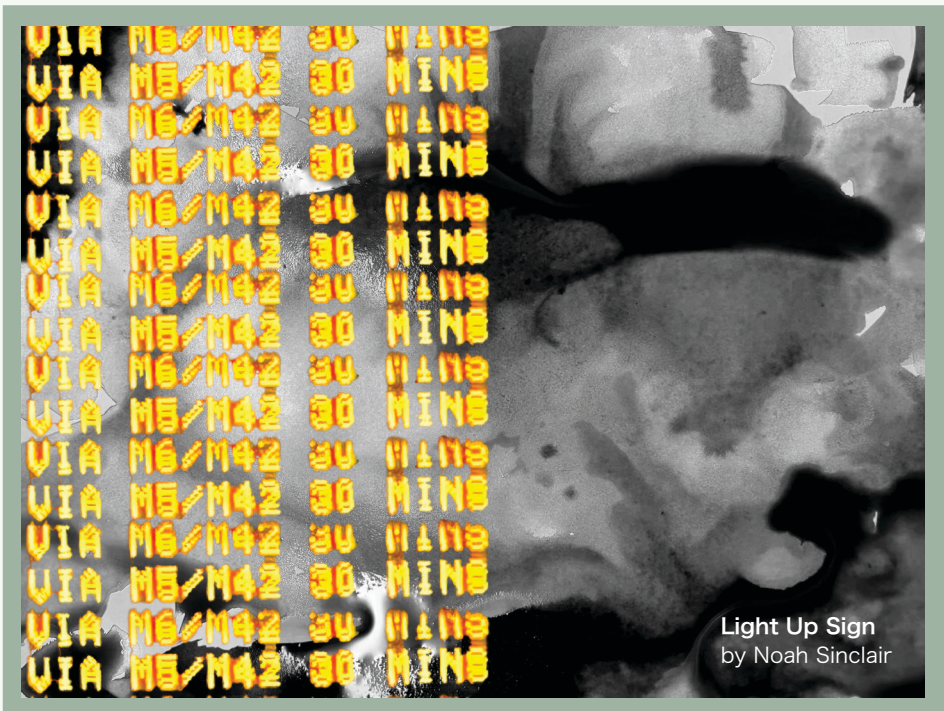
只願容許我
造作地說聲 keep in touch
還想得到甚麼

Don't be so afraid, keep up with me while you're away
If your hands sweat, it's okay
Heard that you still love Jimmy
Send the play-by-play

Are you afraid to let our hands touch?
Guess my skin's just too dried up
How much of your texts are just paste and cut?
If I can't believe you, then what?

Hey, hello, just two words, but can you tell it's me?
A stranger with a lover's disease
So I weep, for the way we used to hug that you taught me
So you're scared, but I fear that my wrongs weren't so severe
After our last kiss, you kicked me from your contact list
Like I ceased to exist

Can you at least let
Me pretend we'll still keep in touch
Even though you'll forget



BY FLORENCE VU

Shifts in Appetite

This town is a peach, but I can no longer stand the smell of its core.
I bite on the ridges expecting decadence, but it serves hollow.
Has the working beetle kicked me out of its harvest, or have I simply outgrown the taste?
My eyes digest it, even by touch I know it can still be palatable. It has been for years.
This is a good peach, so must my hunger ache for a plum?



Ink and Ferry
by Noah Sinclair

BY ARA THOMMASEN

Geologic

Things are shifting underground,
Under the surface of the ground
Of your water, of my mortar
Magma boils up and spills over onto
Reality – hardened into insipid cement,
Rendered by Medusa’s stare.

Flavourless cracker, flowstone will lie
Wrapped around these bones
Gaping canyons cracked years before
Emergence – of the glowing substrate
Feels out of place, unnatural,
alien as slime or neon dog clicks.

Claw my way to the surface
Of the sunken cave
Constriction like the birth canal,
Resistance – heaves in fast, thick pants.



BY YOONA CHARLAND

Umma Standing on the Balcony

Umma standing on the balcony
her hands work tirelessly as she adds
home-made fertiliser to dying pots
as if crushed eggshells and coffee grounds
would revive them from the brink of death.

*Images by
Yoona
Charland

Umma, I call
and she looks to me
back against the sun
squinting from the heavenly glare.

The flowers are too far gone for your home-made remedies
I tell her callously.
She does not believe me.

Surely the garden would meet its match in that empty Winter sky.
Do you remember when summer was so long ago?
Time has slept away in a haze of faces and sounds.

But it's been a year and some
and sprouts of green are emerging
from roasted brown soil
with white shell hats.
The tree that was behind her is now a blazing red.

Umma, I am sorry I mocked your faith.
How can I be so blind,
to call your love stupidity?

Today I reap the harvest
of your calloused hands.

BY HOWARD SMITH

Daily Bread



be grateful, be humble

it's not rocket science, you need more heart than skill
one foot in front of the other, a public test of private will

did I bite off more than I can chew?
lungs feel shallow, hope it's a simple cough
you'll find me out, I'm not a *real* runner
not a *real* writer, I am not enough

am I embarrassing myself? should I just give up?
hopefully its just the first mile talking
same starting gun but I'm always playing catch up

getting sober made me lose half my friends
staying healthy made me lose the other half
posting finishes and times I actually feel good
are the only time I get a laugh

breathe, don't clinch your fists
do I look ok?
yesterday's dinner isn't sitting well
I'm dizzy, have I been breathing?

*just give up, you did your best
no one can say you didn't try
you aren't a real runner
believing in yourself was a cruel lie*

self doubt and Hoka's aren't the only things I wear
can't let the dark thoughts win, being scared means you care
hundreds of miles logged yet I can't help but wonder
doing my best won't keep me from going under
what's going to give up first, your body or your brain?
when it pours, the best thing you can do is
learn to dance in the rain

BY MAYA BARILLAS MOHAN

momento desvanence (original)



family sedan, an SUV is a New York
'10s redundancy. yet-
my mom drives one now. it has one
driver setting and every
thermos in every cupholder is hers.

en ese entonces:
calcomanías en la ventana, añinado,
stuffy, hot, lacked the vocabulary for
el consuelo eran su aire

puerile
stifling
poblado

sillas empolvado,
steering wheel burnt
lull of the wheels road engine
summer rooftop rain
aluminum sounds like rain,
wrong turn, no lo sabría,

grown-up hands,
grown-up chatter

al *um* in um
[*inocente*]

la monotonía de la pintura de paisaje
mis ojos ven el mismo cerrados

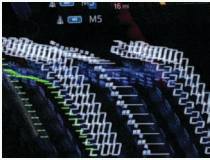
magazine-sick,
roll-down window,
viaje, el vaho
grass and road and sky and road

mismo momento desvanece en

el auto, adolescencia, greca

TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH BY MAYA BARILLAS MOHAN

momento desvanence (translated)



family sedan, an SUV is a New York
'10s redundancy. yet-
my mom drives one now. sole
driver setting and every
thermos in every
cupholder is hers.

back then:
window decals, childish,
stuffy, hot, lacked the vocabulary for
the comfort in the hot-car-air was its

puerile
stifling
turbidity

dust choked upholstery
steering wheel burnt
lull of the wheel road engine
summer rooftop rain
aluminum sounds like rain,
wrong turn, I wouldn't know,

grown-up hands,
grown-up chatter

al *um* in um
innocent to highway exits

motion blurs a monotone landscape
my eyes saw the same when closed

magazine-sick,
roll-down window,
road trip lull blur

grass and road and sky and road

the type of moment fades with the death of that car / that age / the border.

Peach Blossom Origin (桃花源记)

晋太元中,武陵人捕鱼为业。缘溪行,忘路之远近。忽逢桃花林,夹岸数百步,中无杂树,芳草鲜美,落英缤纷。渔人甚异之,复前行,欲穷其林。

During the reign of Taiyuan of Jin, there was a sherman from Wuling. He was rowing along the river for so long, he couldn't remember. He suddenly found himself in a forest of peach owers stretching a hundred paces between the river banks. There were no other trees, just the peach blossoms with their fragrant scent and vibrant appearance as they scattered through the air. The fisherman found this strange, and decided to continue forward in search of the end of the forest.

林尽水源,便得一山,山有小口,仿佛若有光。便舍船,从口入。初极狭,才通人。复行数十步,豁然开朗。土地平旷,屋舍俨然,有良田、美池、桑竹之属。阡陌交通,鸡犬相闻。其中往来种作,男女衣着,悉如外人。黄发垂髫,并怡然自乐。

Following the forest brought him to the source of the river, ahead of which was a mountain with two caves, which appeared to emit some shining light. The fisherman stepped out from his boat, and entered the cave. The path quickly drew narrow, barely wide enough to fit through. After a while, he came out into the light again. Ahead of him was even ground, orderly rows of houses, fertile farmland, glimmering springs, mulberry and bamboo forests. The paths through the land were interconnected, and the sounds of chickens and dogs could be heard. People went about their work in clothes just the same as those outside. Old and young, they got along cheerful and carefree.

见渔人,乃大惊,问所从来。具答之。便要还家,设酒杀鸡作食。村中闻有此人,咸来问讯。自云先世避秦时乱,率妻子邑人来此绝境,不复出焉,遂与外人间隔。问今是何世,乃不知有汉,无论魏晋。此人一一为具言所闻,皆叹惋。余人各复延至其家,皆出酒食。停数日,辞去。此中人语云:“不足为外人道也。”(间隔 一作:隔绝)

Seeing the fisherman, they were startled. They asked where he came from, and he told them. They invited him inside for wine and fresh meat. The other villagers, upon hearing about this strange man, came to visit. They said that, in order to escape the chaos of battle in the Qin era, their ancestors had taken shelter in this secluded place. They asked about the world outside, but they hadn't heard of the Han, much less the courts of Wei and Jin. The fisherman told them all he knew, and they all sighed. What a pity. Others invited him to their homes for food and drink. After a few days, the fisherman decided to leave. The villagers said: "There's no point in telling others about us."

既出,得其船,便扶向路,处处志之。及郡下,诣太守,说如此。太守即遣人随其往,寻向所志,遂迷,不复得路。

Coming out, the fisherman found his boat, and rowed back the way he had come. When he arrived in town, he went to see the governor and told him everything. The governor immediately sent people to find the spring, but they always got lost and never made it.

南阳刘子骥,高尚士也,闻之,欣然规往。未果,寻病终。后遂无问津者。

Liu Ziji of Nanyang was a refined scholar. When he heard the story, he excitedly prepared for his journey. In the end, he died of sickness before he could find it. No one has been to the peach blossom spring since.



Before Sunset
by Ria Clores

BY ATHANASIA GRIGORIADIS

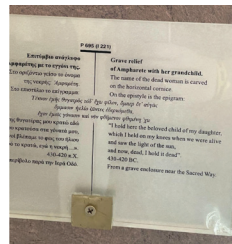
My *Cousin*

AT THE START OF EVERY MARCH, my grandma ties a red and white twined string around each of my family members' wrists. My grandma, or my *yiayia*, told me that this bracelet, called a *martis*, signifies the coming of Spring. By the end of March, we put them on trees for the birds to make their nests. I spoke to her recently and asked, "Did you wear these as a kid?", boisterously, she exclaimed "Yes!". She told me how her *yiayia* would tie red and white twined wool around her wrist, ankle, and fingers. She was told that the string would protect their skin against the sweltering sun while they were farming.



Grave relief of a grandmother
and grandchild in Kerameikos,
estimated 430 - 420 B.C.

My grandparents immigrated to Canada from Greece in the 1960s - my grandma was 21, three years younger than I am now. The village she grew up in, Mikrocambos, translates to "small village", which gives you an idea of its likeness. In pictures from Greece, my grandma has long dark hair that contrasts her now short blonde hair. I picture her walking along the gravel road surrounded by open fields towards the nearest lake to cool down with her long hair braided weighing down her back, sweating due to the dry heat. She walks the same path I would come to walk decades later under similar conditions.



Although I grew up in Canada, I have always had Greek traditions and customs as part of my life. Words that my grandma called me as a child came out instinctually around my baby cousin; "koritsi mou" - my girl. We always keep an evil eye in some form close by. Every Sunday, my family gathers for lunch at my grandparents. We don't eat Mediterranean Greek food but village food. Chicken doused in olive oil and oregan with potatoes and carrots, a side of feta, and home-baked bread, as though we are gearing up to harvest the crops. Growing up in Canada, I associated these moments and experiences with only my family. But two summers ago, I saw how these traditions were not bound by the borders of what we call Greece.

In the summer of 2023, I travelled to Greece with two of my closest friends. This was my first time visiting without any family accompanying me. Consequently, I couldn't rely on my dad or grandparents to speak for me. I tried calling upon the fragmented words of Greek from my memory but quickly realized they were mostly related to food. Near the end of our trip, my friends and I visited the ancient cemetery of Kerameikos in Athens. It was blazing hot, nearly 40 degrees, so we tried our best to walk under the shade of swaying olive trees. Here, in the open expansion of the now-tourist attraction, families are memorialized with great affection through large marble reliefs. One is a grandmother holding her grandchild estimated to be from 430 - 420 BC.

One of my friends I travelled with is Turkish. Her name is Sevda, an archaic Turkish word for 'love'. Our families date back generations to an area in Asia Minor, or Anatolia - a peninsula of Turkey occupied back and forth between Greece and Turkey throughout history. Our languages vary greatly but overlap when it comes to food. We share our love for baklava and meatballs, which in Greek we call *keftedes*, and in Turkish, *köfte*. Sevda and I call each other cousins. What started as a joke has now become an affectionate gesture, in large part due to this day at the cemetery.

The three of us were walking together but eventually drifted as we each became enamoured by a different grave. When I asked Sevda about this day, she put it beautifully, "[I thought] about how the cemetery we were in is not just a tourist attraction but was once a spot for family and loved ones to come and mourn, to cry and heal, and that their memories are somewhat immortalized by having the tombstones still on display." It was while walking by myself that I became overcome with grief for people I did not know but, culturally, I could understand. I sat down on a rock and stared at the tombstone of a family without entirely realizing I was crying - feeling the gravity of the ancestors that came before me and the many lives that led to mine. Sevda walked over to the same grave relief and gazed at it for a long time before she noticed me. When she did see me, she quietly joined me on the rock. I saw then that she was crying too. In spite of the centuries between ourselves and these graves, the history of battle and occupation between Greeks and Turks, and this land not being our home - we sat under the shade of the swaying olive trees and cried silently. I realized then she, too, saw her ancestors in this land.



Kerameikos archaeological site and my two friends (Sevda is on the right), 2023



The view from the rock Sevda and I sat on, 2023

To this day, there are Greeks who speak with animosity about Turkish people and vice versa. They claim autonomy over cultural aspects. They draw cultural lines that are as arbitrary as the borders that make up our respective countries. The history of the peninsula our families shared informs us that we are more alike than we know and that these battles for cultural ownership neglect to see the beauty of this likeness. I grew up knowing Greece in words and traditions from my family. Gathering around tables to rip bread with our hands, lamb on the spit, and lemon squeezed on every dish. Before I knew the word for bathroom, I knew the word *karpuzi* - watermelon. That was my Greece. When I went to Greece as a teenager, suddenly it wasn't only my family, but a whole country of people who wore *martis* in March and pretended to spit on you to protect you from evil. Then, that summer with my friends, I saw that my culture was not limited to those within these borders. I had never experienced an intergenerationally connected moment like that day. Even now, as I write this, I feel I cannot fully communicate the revelations of that day. When Sevda's hand reached to grab mine on that rock, it was an acknowledgment. Time, space, occupation, and prejudice have kept Greek and Turkish peoples constantly at odds. Yet in our silent tears, we saw our ancestors in the land, in the trees, and in each other.



There is no direct lineage between myself and Sevda - nowhere and no one to point to as our credibility. All we have are moments that transcend cultural boundaries, such as our shared joy for seasoned rice cooked in grape leaves — *dolmas* in Turkish, *dolmades* in Greek. To us, these feelings and knowledge are our conviction. The land knows no borders, neither does the culture that passes through.



Myself and my parents wearing our martis, 2024

Although today Turkey owns the peninsula where my ancestors once lived, I know that my great-great-grandmother once stood there tying red and white twined wool around the wrists of her children. As the Ottoman Empire collapsed, the Greek government told my great-great-grandparents to relocate to Mikrocambos. The land in this village was suitable for agricultural farmers like themselves. There, they worked for long hours under the blazing sun with their twined *martis* protecting their skin. And when the heat became too much, I picture them finding solace under the swaying branches of an olive tree just as my cousin and I would, decades later.

I've walked through
so many
damn
doorways
and I *don't* mean metaphorically
actual doors
some sticky with paint still drying
some with handles that shock you when you touch 'em
some automatic, and yeah that feels nice
like the world just said "come in" without asking who you are

fig.1



but most doors
don't do that
most doors make you knock
twice
and wait
like you're supposed to know the code already,
or at least not look so scared

fig.2



I remember this one —
red chipped paint, smelled like mildew and birthday cake
I think I was ten
walked through and found out what silence felt like
the kind that presses down on your ribs when you breathe too
loud

fig.3



and there was this other one
glass, heavy, fancy as hell
first internship
I stood outside for seven minutes
rehearsing how to say my *own* name five times
before walking in
and still forgot it when they asked
said it too fast
like I didn't believe it belonged in that room
then—

fig.4



there was *that* door
that old apartment with the broken buzzer
first time it was more than just typing hearts into silence
i stood there
knuckles hovering

breath caught somewhere between
"what if this ruins everything?"
and

"what if this makes it real?"
I knocked anyway
And when the door opened
It felt like time slowed down just enough

fig.5



not every door leads somewhere better
some lead to versions of yourself you don't want to carry home
some lead to fluorescent lighting and fake smiles and
yeah yeah we'll call you
and you still thank them like they just handed you some-
thing warm

fig.6



I've slammed a few
regretted slamming them later
stood on the other side thinking
"was that growth or just a tantrum?"
...could be both.

fig.7



some doorways don't even have doors —
just an edge
you step over
into a night that smells like rain and bad decisions
and you go anyway
because maybe
something's waiting
maybe someone's playing your favorite song

fig.8



maybe this is the version of you
that doesn't overthink everything
Maybe

i don't know

sometimes I just walk
feet doing the deciding
heart catching up later
like, oh—
we're *here* now?

okay
cool

and maybe that's the point, right?
not knowing
not pausing
just pressing your palm to the frame
and saying
"i'm not ready"
but going anyway

and some doors never close behind you
they just stay there
waiting
for you to look back
or not

fig.9



and maybe that's the point, right?
not knowing
not pausing
just pressing your palm to the frame
and saying
"i'm not ready"
but going anyway

fig.10



and some doors never close behind you
they just stay there
waiting
for you to look back
or not

Fig. 1-3, 5-10 by
Yona Charland

Fig. 4 by Callie

Half the time, I'm lost in your eyes
It's no surprise
No wonder you live in my mind
How lucky am I?
You came into my life
Yet I never knew I'd miss
Our beginnings quite like this

牽絲戲 全程看著你
亦不為奇
你早棲身我的心扉
這生算完美
得你伴我雙飛
用愛的誓約充飢
回味太多次就膩

I wish I could meet you all over again
Can we go back to when we were just friends?
So I can hold your hand for the first time
Anticipate calling you mine
Back where we began
If I could meet you again

求上天能讓戀人改變做朋友
朋友道出蜜語不怕胃作嘔
但你我初邂逅雙手緊扣
互相認定廝守白頭
怎會不害羞
我不得不愛念舊

Then I'd ask you why
You don't wear your jacket
When it's rather cold outside
That's because you keep me warm

那天飄雪下
你卻說你太熱
寧願要一絲不掛
偷一點體溫好嗎

Our first picnic at the park
When we stayed out 'til dark
I wish we could relive that part
When you let me in your heart

記得公園裏食晏
食到多晚都不煩
如今的約會似收監
放風多久都會喊

I wish I could meet you all over again
Can we go back to when we were just friends?
So I can hold your hand for the first time
Anticipate calling you mine
Back where we began
If I could meet you again

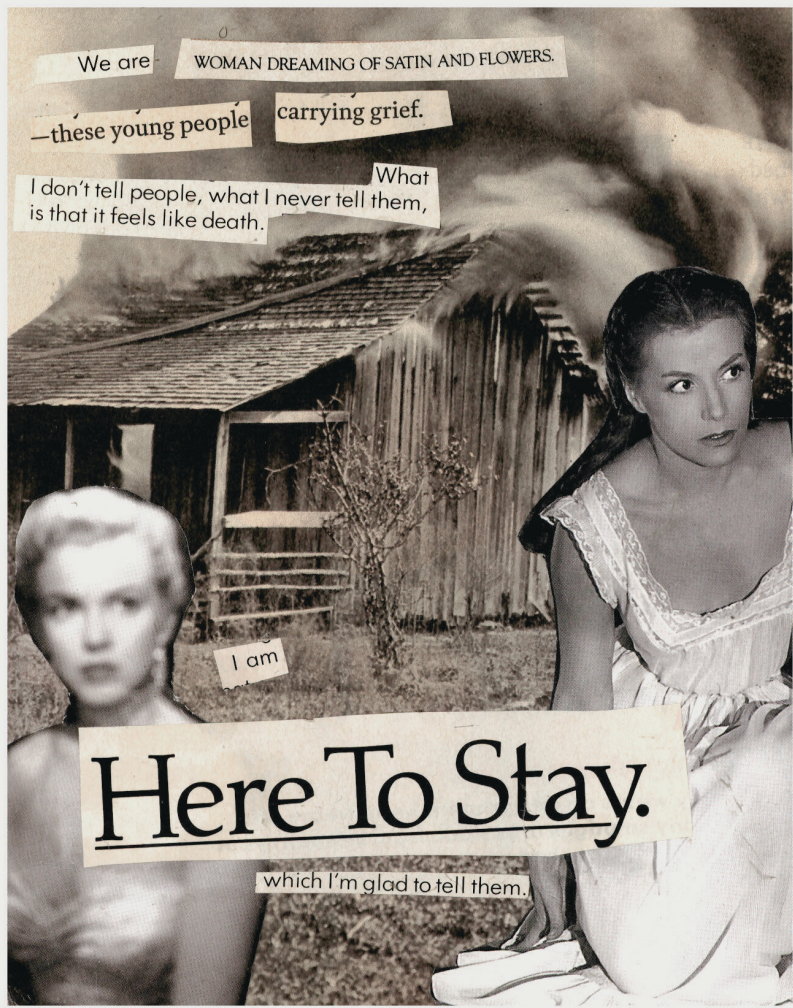
求上天能讓戀人改變做朋友
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朋友道出蜜語不怕胃作嘔
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互相認定廝守白頭
怎會不害羞
我不得不愛念舊
你終於要說分手
我不得不愛念舊

PERFORMED, WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY
EBONY LOREN & JASON LAPIERRE
TRANSLATED INTO CANTONESE BY MICHAEL WU

愛延念舊 (Meet You Again)



Here To Stay.

which I'm glad to tell them.

Here to Stay
by Isobel Sinclair

BY CALLIE

My Microcosm

There's a world in which my eyes do not salt
And they'd blow my horn up to a heavenly exalt
I'd rise in the morning by the old cock's distraught
And grasp my sword firmly out whimsically taut

For there in that world, oh I would own:
A small little penis (as I believe they are known)!
Oh a penis would grant me an equal to speak,
With the members at large up the cosmos' peak!

And had I one, oh I'd fling it about,
Crazed with an impudence, I would shout:
"I've no emotions nor silly frilled tears!
Those are my wife's, so above her I leer,"

"For here," and I, would now gesture down,
"Is my glistening, golden, societal crown—
With this to my bitch and her spawn I lay claim,
Erecting my kingdom, my household, my name!"

Yet sadly, I've not been crowned by such jewels,
So hung up I shall be for my lack of great tools!
I'll weep from my eyes and not that large spout,
For my deep woes of living in absence without!

BY ARA THOMMASEN

Lost Vancouver

Find me a little bay at the end of Snauq
Seeking shelter from the vastness of Vancouver
And the raw unfiltered weather
Soul a little meeker now n' feeling
this re-naissance of art and culture (in me)
Bubbling over, in the sheltered bus
Lingering saltwater tang
Gust of sea salt rushes up on the wind
Leaning over the edge of the dock
For a photograph

Phonograph me lately and you'll see
These phonemes of thorn that wrapped my heart
wearing down the grey rock
O, the tiers of falling water
N bits of something caught n filtered
Through the bleeds n blinds I saw
Slanted rays of autumn afternoons
N ripening wine the colour of blood
Saved in casks in the cellar

Tricksy,
He had no right to take me out like that
And I deserved better
She breaks free and is soaring in the air
So bright and cultural,
She could be a beacon or a flag boy

Artifices, edifices; natural waters flow,
welcoming cockles back, n mussels:
filtering vessels through which we breathe and eat.



Port Window
by Yoona Charland

BY MINA KWOCZYNSKA

i am not who i was

beneath sickly fluorescent lights, i lay—
once-glossy hair now dull,
face gaunt, drained of colour,
all skin, no bone,
a plated fish—
when did i last see the sun?

they say the body is a temple
but my body has never been *my* temple—
incessant poking, prodding,
fragments of me pickled and preserved for analysis.
nurses, physicians — hands unearthing,
do they find gems or blood beneath my skin?

before i am consumed, i glance through the glass—
my mother's worry, palpable,
her salty tears weigh heavy on my tongue.
i watch as she walks away,
a rag clenched between her fingers, unused —
will she suffer when i am gone?

in silence, i am wheeled to the theatre,
its cold embrace unwelcome,
as masked people parrot one another,
sterile, devoid of warmth.
scalpels in hand, waiting, willing—
how will it feel when they carve my flesh?

as i surrender to the fog,
my mind drifts into darkness—
the last image i see: the flush skin of my lover,
my refuge,
my north star—
can you guide me home?





Amma and I
by Kithara Kekulthotuwege

BY ISOBEL SINCLAIR & CALLIE

Italian Culture & Books: The world between the lines *(L'italiano e il libro: il mondo fra le righe)*

On aesthetics, Enrico Tallone—descendant of the Tallone Type—claimed that you wouldn't print Homer in a sans-serif font. Oddly enough, the event welcoming speeches from Tallone and several other distinguished guests in celebration of Italy's traditions of material culture, Renaissance artwork, and literature, were housed amongst the technological jungle of office spaces in the SFU Venture Labs. When we emerged from the bay of elevators and made our way along the 12th floor, there was a startling dichotomy between the discussions of Italian culture we were expecting, and the clinical atmosphere of an

office space meant to chase deep-tech startup success. For the humanities and literary students in the room, however, we became more at home in the heart of the Venture Labs where a table was laid out with books—from Emily Dickinson's poetry to Pinocchio in a dazzling red slipcase, all printed with handset type. They were from Tallone Editore, the Italian printing house run by the keynote speaker of the event: Enrico Tallone, in conjunction with his daughter Elisa Tallone. But beyond filling the Venture Labs with books and prints and fonts, the Tallones filled the room with a vibrance as they pulled out examples of the different letterheads printed along the interrupted tradition of their family's artisan craft. In essence, the Tallones' presence in the Venture Labs was only evidence of the persisting passage of their publishing house as it ventured through the twenty-first century's fascination with the digital.

Photos by Callie



The event, hosted in part by our very own World Languages and Literature department at SFU alongside the Italian Consulate Canada West, was part of a larger celebration of Italian culture through Italian Design Week and Week of Italian Language in the World. The speakers—Enrico Tallone, Elisa Tallone, Ilaria Balda, Dionysios Arkadianos, and the students of ITAL300—were there to discuss the world of Italian literature and its interactions with technology and design. Beginning with the history of the printing press and ending with the future of AI, the presenters took us on a journey through time. By the end of the evening, the future-seeking surroundings were no longer perplexing—the connection between technology and literature was obvious.

The center of this celebration was the traditional craftsmanship of book printing and typography. Beyond simply the history of the printing press and the difference between serif and sans serif print, the Tallones introduced a world of careful aesthetics and artistry through the evolution of printed letters. Each type is crafted to reflect the artistry



of the printed words. Everything on the page is given importance; the black typeface and the white page work together to create visual harmony. As evidence, they gifted a single piece of paper enclosed in a red cover. Arranged in a circle, each line of the poem was printed in a different font: Bembo, Garamond Stempel, Palatino etc. For the Tallones, the printing of letters is as much poetry as the words themselves.

Before the evening concluded with wine and cheese, the final presenters were Prof. Dionysios Arkadianos and Prof. Vlad Vintila's students. With their research, literature becomes science. Their conclusions—that AI is helpful but has its limitations—is not new. What was instead significant, was the ubiquity and mundanity of their findings. Google translate may be widely successful, but it still fails to capture the poetic nuance; AI summaries are general and the analysis is so often obtuse. Yet still, we use it. When re-

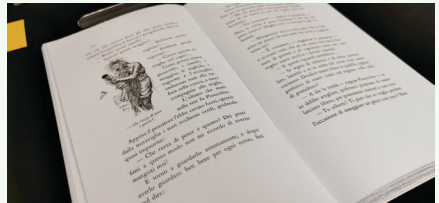


searching the text they chose *Incontro Notturmo* by Dino Buzzati. The only information I found online was in Italian and of course Google prompted me to translate it—I immediately selected yes. Even after hearing about its successes and failures, AI and translation are inevitable in a diverse and global world.

As the speeches concluded, the ITAL 300 students took to showing us the world between lines, breaking up the rows of audience chairs into a circle to chat—as one does over Italian wine and cheese in a deeptech lab. The students began to detail us about their journeys to learning Italian—one having previously done an exchange in Italy, another returning to their high school language elective, and another having just returned from backpacking across Alberta—and their conclusions about the limitations of AI translations seemed to take on another weight. Each student’s relationship with learning Italian encapsulated a

journey across different places, across a lifetime, and across encounters with a lifetime of different people. In the same way that a font tells a story, their usage of Italian tells a story. And it is only with the clumsy hands of a student, or the masterful hands of a skilled artisan, that technology can truly encapsulate the story in language. In the digital clutter of the Venture Labs, during a time when AI is ever present, that is how they showed us the world between lines.

Learn more about Talone Type at: <https://www.talloneditore.com/talone/index.php/component/sppagebuilder/75-how-we-work>



PERFORMED BY CLAIRO

WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY CLAIRO & JACK ANTONOFF

TRANSLATED INTO CANTONESE BY MICHAEL WU

阿米巴 (*Amoeba*)



束於兩米 如冰水浸禮
彷彿見到神顯身勢
帶知己 轉世 齊跳下泳梯
然而水中沒位置可跪

在偏僻的小屋中聽蟬鳴
井蛙唱歌缺聽客都高興
揭開心經 把驕心肅清
母親織布身手你怎爭竟

化身他人去裝乖 自己抽地獄的牌
淚水淌面具要戴 來遮掩上舊日尷尬
懶得跟父母出街 亦沒有慣習俗世態
聚會上妖魔奇奇怪怪
離場不需要等主君送涼鞋



束於兩米 喝污水進肺
人怎可見到神顯身勢
南瓜車也廢 在半夜爆呔
圖畫書總愛騙小孩

在偏僻的小屋中聽蟬鳴
井蛙唱歌缺聽客都高興
揭開心經 把驕心肅清
母親織布身手你怎爭竟

化身他人去裝乖 自己抽地獄的牌
淚水淌面具要戴 來遮掩上舊日尷尬
懶得跟父母出街 亦沒有慣習俗世態
聚會上妖魔奇奇怪怪 離場不需要等主君送涼鞋



探出身神似烏龜 望著光陰日月耗費
扮著小丑妒忌厭世 但舉杯向現狀敬禮
嘗試一天墨守家規 道別鞠躬份外得體
但願派對完場脆快 還不需要等主君送涼鞋



Between the gaps, I was swimming laps
Got close to some epiphany
I'll convince a friend to join deep ends
Have your toes touch the lack of cement

We'll gather to our corner of the woods
Echo chambers inside a neighborhood
In centerfold, humility's shown
You're not as good as what your mama's sewn

Aren't you glad that you reside in a hell and in disguise?
Nobody yet everything, a pool to shed your memory
Could you say you've even tried?
You haven't called your family twice
I can hope tonight goes differently,
but I show up to the party just to leave



Between the gaps, keep it under wraps
How I got to some epiphany
I'll convince myself when it turns to 12
The photos keep the sentiment

We'll gather to our corner of the woods
Echo chambers inside a neighborhood
In centerfold, humility's shown
You're not as good as what your mama's sewn

Aren't you glad that you reside in a hell and in disguise?
Nobody yet everything, a pool to shed your memory
Could you say you even tried?
You haven't called your family twice
I can hope tonight goes differently,
but I show up to the party just to leave



Pulling back, I tried to find the point of wasting precious time
I sip and toast to normalcy, a fool's way into jealousy
I mock and imitate goodbyes when I know that I can't deny
That I'll be here forever-while,
I show up to the party just to leave

Coffee With Daniel Poirier

15 years ago, Daniel Poirier was a founding editor of *The Lyre Magazine*. Today, he is an English professor, holds an MFA in Fiction, and is published in a number of spaces. Earlier this year, he took the time to chat with our team over coffee, and discussed World Lit, translation, and the importance of student voice.

*Interview by Callie, Ria &
Yoona*

YOONA: For this edition, we're publishing under the theme *Passage*. With this, we are contemplating histories, journeys, and change, which inspired us to look into the origin of the magazine. Looking back, could you describe your initial vision? Were you thinking of the magazine's future, or were you just very present and immersed?

DANIEL: I think a little bit of both. There was another small magazine thing at SFU at the time. It was [run by] design students, called Hi Aspire. I actually joined and I worked on that one a little bit. I snuck a little bit of fiction in there, even though it was [a design magazine]. And these students, they were really just making it up too.

It was definitely Ken who put the idea out loud. For the first issue, it was really just, let's try to make this thing. Ken really wanted to be hands-off. He wanted us to do as much of it as possible. He really didn't seem like he wanted to be like, "I want to tell you what to do." I think he wanted the opposite of that. For the second issue, I think I had more of an idea of, "Okay, how can I keep this going? Who's going to do the next step?" I think my vision of the future was: Who can I give this to?

YOONA: You formed the Lyre 15 years ago, which means the magazine is now a teenager! It's been through many different hands. How do you feel about seeing it deviate so much from the original idea?

DANIEL: I'm really proud that it's still go-

ing. I was hoping that it would persist...I'm really happy that it's changed. I think even maybe the first time it had a major shift, I was like, well, wait a minute. But no, of course, that's going to be the way that it is! Things change in 15 years. I think it's a really nice form now; It looks more professional.

CALLIE: We wanted to ask you about The Lyre's logo—in the past few years, our logo has been a feather. But we looked back and realized that it used to be a bird. Where did The Lyre come from?

DANIEL: I think it was Brittany Festerbeck who designed that first logo. I can tell you where it came from, the Lyre name and logo. I think it was like an Attenborough or something I saw online. He's out in the forest seeing a lyrebird, and it's mimicking all the sounds around it. So it mimics a camera shutter and a chainsaw and all of these weird things. And I just thought that was a very cool bird. I also thought that it fit well with the idea of world-lit a little bit because there are lots of cross-cultural things, mimicry. All of these things felt world-lit to me at the time. And then also Liar/Lyre. There's that play on the word, and then it's also a musical instrument. That's the fun part for me anyway. Maybe I've passed on a legacy of having to explain yourself, but I found that really playful. I just enjoy that kinda thing.



YOONA: Print publishing in a way, makes writing finite—you can't edit it, that sort of thing. Do you ever look back on your old work and still connect with what you wrote?

DANIEL: Yeah! There's definitely that thing where once it's published it's 'finished.' And that can be paralyzing. It is one of those things where you definitely look back at stuff and wish you could change it or revise it. I think that's the nature of the thing, and I think if you didn't feel that way it would probably mean you're not developing or changing at all. So I try to filter it through the lens of "look how far I've come! This is still good." I would love to go back and change it, but let it be what it is, y'know. It's the journey, I suppose.

If I look back at old stuff I definitely still connect with it. I think it came from this place of being so immersed within all of this. There was a class with Azadeh I took one summer. There was a creative response assignment. I don't know if you read Borges in any of your classes, but there was *The Library of Babel* that she taught in that class. So I wrote a response story to it. In *The Library of Babel*, it talks about hexagons. And then it talks about how there's only so many letters in the alphabet. I wrote a story where I couldn't use four letters from the alphabet, and I was only allowed two pieces of punctuation. I made it six pages, so that you could tape it [into a hexagon] and put it on your head so

that you were in the middle. I still love that. Maybe it's not the best story anymore, but it's a fun idea. It was also cyclical, it ended and it would go back to the beginning, and then you could keep reading it! I definitely see development when I look back on things like that.

YOONA: Speaking of which, are you comfortable taking a look at some of your own work? We brought the 'letter from the editor' from the 2nd edition...

DANIEL: Oh, wow. Okay... I'll go into marking mode.

I really like this idea about *anxiety of authorship*. This idea of: Has everything been written? What new can I produce? And the 'no shy' word. I think that's important, even as undergrads, to think about your voice being important. And having a place, right? I think there's an empowering aspect to this, because it's finite, and maybe that's a little bit scary in that, but you're also putting something out in the world. You're participating. I think that's important for today, because I think World Lit was very empowering.

I think that's important, even as undergrads, to think about your voice being important.



RIA: This year, some students petitioned to bring back a translation class that hadn't been taught for a number of years. Have you done translation? What was your experience of translation as a World Lit student?

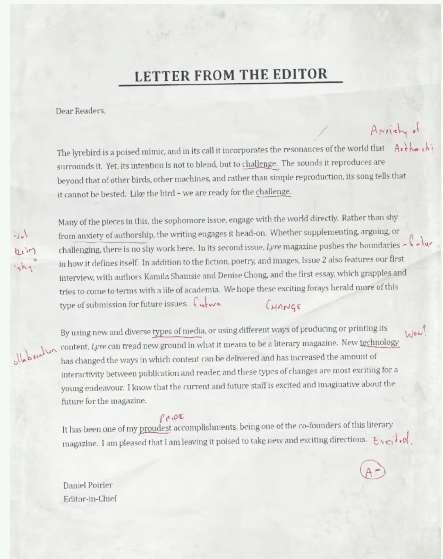
DANIEL: Yeah, that's great! That also sounds like a World Lit thing, to petition professors until they hear.

So translation was a very cool class. The final project for that class was some sort of translation-type project. I think a lot of people who had multiple languages did. You're not translating the whole book or anything, but did small translation projects. For *Norwegian Wood*, what I did I made it into a comic book—a different medium is how I suggested it.

When I was reading parts of that book, there are different characters that feel... different. Murakami is obviously sort of a Western author; and is thought of in that way, like a Western, Japanese author. And so I looked at how some of the characters felt more Western, and then other characters felt more traditional, as if he was painting them as traditional versus sort of modern. And so when I drew it, I drew some of them in a more modern, manga-type style. And then some of them are very traditional — so I looked at Japanese wood block prints and how characters are styled in that format.

YOONA: Any closing remarks?

DANIEL: I'm really happy that *The Lyre* is still going. Keep it going. I think it's its own little resistance.



ALUMNI INTERVIEWS

During this year's Multilingual week at SFU, the Department of World Languages and Literatures invited a number of WLL alumni for an evening of reflection and discussion, moderated by Ken Seigneurie. In celebration of this year's theme of passage, we asked each of the alumni, many of whom were also Lyre alumni, to share a fond, or favourite memory from their time as a student in WLL.

JERALDYNNE GOMEZ: Oh! What's that conference? The student conference? I had a lot of fun presenting in it. It was super scary. But I wish I did it more!

DANIEL CHEUNG: Okay, one of the big core memories was staying up all night, late as a group with a bunch of world lit people, working on a paper. That was a core memory—everybody needing to finish that paper last minute, everyone working away on it, everyone pulling that all nighter. And people were just dropping away one by one as the night goes on. I think it was WL 300, haha.

CHANCE DALDY: Hmm... Okay! Actually, I know, I know. Best memory from world literature was going on a field trip with Mark Deggan's class to the Vancouver Art Gallery to do more of an art history lesson, which was one of the most inspiring things I did in my entire undergrad.

IULIA: So I think one of my favourite memories was actually working on The Lyre, I thought it was a really great opportunity to read submissions from around the world, and we got some really interesting and beautiful pieces every year that I worked on it so I really appreciated being able to interact with so many wonderful texts, and

to see them shared with other people in the form of The Lyre -- so that was really special to me.

ANNA: My favourite memory? Honestly all of my World Literature classes were my favourite memories! I loved being in class, close reading, I loved the professors, I loved the community. It was really fun.

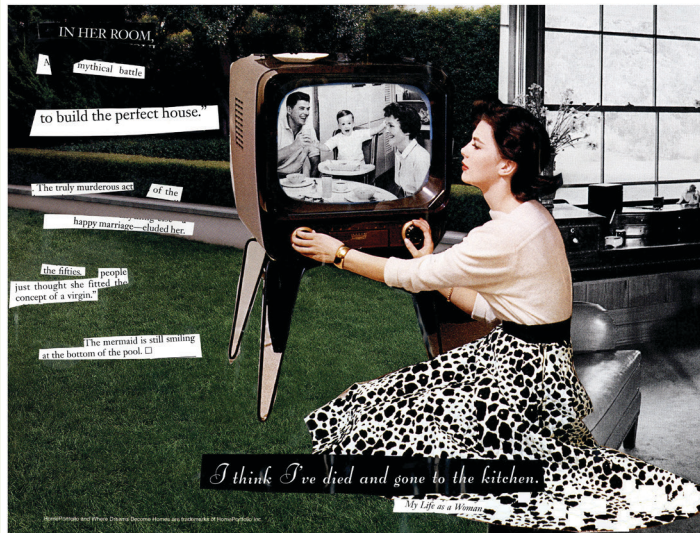
DANIEL POIRIER: I think it was Dr. O's suggestion to try and host an undergraduate conference [the ACLA]. And we did that! I got to present at it which was wild. The highlight though was that a few of us got to pick up the guest speakers. We kinda had a showdown between David Damrosch and Gayatri Spivak—and I got to pick Gayatri Spivak up from the airport, and drive her to the top. That's probably my favourite memory—Gayatri Spivak in my car, and me being terrified. She was delightful and lovely. She asked me what I was working on... It feels like a cheat of an answer... but World Lit made that happen.





Alien She

by Noah Sinclair



I Think I have Died and Gone to the Kitchen

by Isobel Sinclair

Meet Our Authors

Maria Fernanda Osorio Arredondo is a student at Simon Fraser University, where she intends to double major in English and gender, sexuality and women's studies. Her written work explores intersectionality within an ever-changing world and has been featured in *The Peak*, *Teen Ink Magazine* and *Poetry in Voice*. She loves her tortoiseshell cat's purr, Mexican food and using the most random objects as bookmarks.

Alina Beg is a BPK student at SFU who is learning Portuguese and plans to go to Brazil soon. She is excited to learn more about Brazilian culture through literature, art, and music!

Nat Begg is an English anthropologist and transsexual living in and writing about East Van. Her recent undergraduate honours thesis used 'anthropoetry' to explore salvage economies in Vancouver. She has produced further research on zines, clowns, and alleyways, and will be starting in the MA Anthropology program in Fall 2025.

Henry Edward Carlson is a student of political science and anthropology at Simon Fraser University. He studies sorcery in his spare time, and knows two spells. One of them is a fireball, and the other is a sandwich's darkest secret.

Sofia Chassomeris is in the final year of her undergrad at SFU. She is a sociologist, writer, and editor published in *The Peak*, as well as the sociology and anthropology undergraduate journal, *POLIS: Journal of Society and Culture*. She has a great appreciation for the arts (particularly writing!) and is grateful to work with and be a part of *The Lyre*.

Minyi Chen is a third-year student at Simon Fraser University, majoring in World Literature and minoring in Global Asia. She loves

reading and exploring stories from different cultures. In her free time, she enjoys writing fanfiction and coming up with new ideas through creative writing.

Sara Corradi is a 3rd year English and World Literature student at Simon Fraser University. She is a devotional poet who enjoys both the mundane and the chaotic. She hopes that her writing is a catalyst for inspiration and child-like curiosity.

Kylee Dawn is a first-year student at SFU, pursuing a BEnv in Resource and Environmental Management. Although they study in a field that is not inherently creative, writing and the imaginative process of portraying feeling through words has always been a passion and an integral piece of them. Interactions and feelings held between the earth and human nature is a subject of beauty that has always resonated with them, and this appreciation of the earth in a poetry sense is a trait they hold dear. They have never held their writing in high esteem, but they do believe regardless of its quality (which is unknown to themselves) it is still art and something that reflects their being – in that sense, it is unique and beautiful.

Athanasia Grigoriadis is an SFU Undergraduate majoring in English and Communications with a minor in Contemporary Arts.

Amina Hassan is a third-year Criminology Major with a minor in Social Justice in Education at SFU. She enjoys reading poetry and these past few years, they have gotten into writing some poems of their own.

Wiktorija Karpinska is a World Literature major and English minor inspired to become an English teacher. This is their first time translating a Polish poem into English.

Marvi Khan is a Pakistani-Canadian artist born in Milton, Ontario. She now resides in Vancouver, BC. She has recently completed her Bachelor of Fine Arts in Visual Arts at Emily Carr. She is currently pursuing her Master of Fine Arts

at Glasgow School of Art in Scotland. Marvi's art reflects her interest in humanity's intangible thoughts and feelings. In her practice, she explores elements of abstraction through painting, drawing, and mixed media collage.

Farhana Maksurah Khandaker is a second-year Environmental Science student. The ecosystems around them have always been a source of deep inspiration. As a self-taught artist, Farhana connects the stories of their surroundings through both handmade art and digital illustrations. They are passionate about expressing their thoughts and perceptions, which motivates them to create and helps me find inner peace.

Mina Kwoczynska is a third-year student in the Global Environmental Systems program with a minor in Resource and Environmental Management at SFU. She is passionate about sustainable development with an interest in exploring how humans can work in harmony with nature by community-led solutions, environmental policy and ecosystem preservation. Outside of school, she enjoys writing and performing in sketch (and improv) comedy!

Juliana Maria Manalo is a third-year at SFU completing her Beedie School of Business joint degree with Faculty of Communication. She is a Filipino-Canadian photographer, community leader, and storyteller based in Metro Vancouver. Through her lens, she captures the beauty in everyday moments and amplifies the voices of those often left unseen. When she's not behind the camera, she leads the Vancouver Kindness Movement and works across media, marketing, and advocacy to build a more compassionate world.

Liza Marie is someone who always felt deeply connected to art in all its forms. Born and raised in Dubai, they write poetry, slam poetry, prose, create both digital and physical art, and have danced since childhood. Now a third year business student with a psychology minor, she's drawn to bold contrasts and unexpected creative choices. Her work is inspired by the subtle details of her own life and the stories of the people she meets.

Adriana Schulte is a first-year Simon Fraser University student, who spends most of her time pretending to know what she's doing. She started writing stories when she figured out how to pick up a pen, and has been writing poetry since she figured out it didn't have to rhyme. Her work aims to capture moments of reflection and decision.

Noah Sinclair is a student at the City of Oxford College, taking a Level 3 Extended Diploma in Creative Practice: Art, Design and Communication. They are an art student in their final year of college and will be studying fine art at university. Their specialism is photography manipulation, but they like to work in a variety of mediums. Noah is originally from Canada but is currently living in Oxford, England.

Owen Stewart-Jordan is a third-year History and English student at Simon Fraser University. He considers himself an educator with an open mind, and while he's currently pursuing studies, he aims to bring excitement into history at a post-secondary level while teaching in the future. While he has been set on his future, his present consists of being a full-time dog dad and partner.

Jules Webster is a Canadian-American poet and photographer from Vancouver Island. They currently study computing science at SFU and like to spend their spare time playing video games, crocheting, and writing. You can find their writing on Instagram: @julesblooms poetry.

Lauren Yip is a Computing Science student but is devoted to her lifelong passion for the creative arts. You can learn more at her website laurenyip.com.

Fatima Tu Zahara is a 3rd year English and World literature student at SFU. She hopes to work as a professor in the future. Her passions include the study and lengthy detailed conversation of all kinds of literature.

Meet Our Team

Callie is someone who thinks you should all always stay curious, including about her.

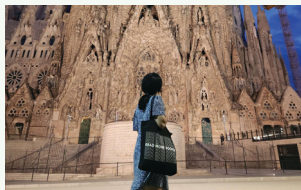
Yoona Charland is a Communication major and Publishing minor at SFU. She loves print publishing and wants you to submit your work! She enjoys chipping away at hobbies and her bike to work.

Ria Clores is a World Languages & Literatures and Linguistics student at SFU and is pursuing a certificate in TESL. She is Filipino-Canadian and her hyphenated identity inspires her art. She's passionate about exploring different cultures through media, enjoys picking up new languages, and dreams of visiting every continent someday. She loves to capture photos wherever she goes so she can look back on the memories.

Maya Barillas Mohan is an English major and Environmental Resource minor. She is an observer and a writer as a consequence. She is from Calgary and New York before that and hopes to make Vancouver home. Primarily a visual artist, but poetry is a sentimental medium for her.

Isobel Sinclair is a fourth-year English student who loves old libraries, cream of Earl Grey, and buying books she never has time to read. She is currently threatening to complete a second draft of her novel and will hopefully have run away to England by the time you are reading this. Her works also appear in *Blank Spaces*.

Michael Wu is a sixth-year student at SFU studying Communications and World Literature. Hopefully, by the time you read this, he will have graduated and finally become a part of the adult world. He translates things for fun and has been doing so for the past eight years, with no end in sight.



Use this blank page to write down any thoughts, ideas, or responses you may have to the contents of this issue.

Poetry,
Prose,
Translations,
Photography,
Art



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