

# The Lyre



*A Literary Journal*



Issue 11 | Hindsight | Fall 2020



*Entre Terras II (Barcelona x Kyoto)* by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes

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We respectfully acknowledge that this magazine is created on the unceded territories of the Coast Salish First Nations, including the Katzie, Kwantlen, Kwikwetlem, Musqueam, Semiahmoo, Skxwú7mesh, Stó:lo, and Tsleil-Waututh peoples.

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# *from the editors*

“There is no poetry where there are no mistakes.”

- Joy Harjo

Had we known what extraordinary events would be taking place at the time of *The Lyre*'s publication, our theme would have been something like “World Literature in the Time of COVID” or the ever-alliterative “Poetry, Protests, and Pandemic.” But we chose Hindsight, which might turn out to be even more appropriate. There's no way to know whether a leap was worthwhile until our feet inevitably find a place to land, and they always do. On a larger scale, the world seems unchangeable until it inevitably changes. We can do little more than to note what is and compare it to what was.

Our self-proclaimed modern world is both uncertain and fractured, yet we crave certainty and unity. We live in the (dis)Information Age, where squalid children are forced to make wool sweaters proclaiming love, and every social movement is both ahead of its time and late. We can't know what is right until the moment of action has come to pass, but we can't act if we don't believe in something that is right. Even the words of a sentence change their meaning depending on what precedes and succeeds it.

Literature captures perspective and provides hindsight. Words on a page are both an external memory device and a medium for practical telepathy, to capture and transmit thoughts long past. In that way, technology has yet to eclipse the written word. It allows us to know ourselves.

The writing in this issue is in the same way self-reflexive: it reanimates the past without becoming addicted to nostalgia; it is not self-righteous, but it doesn't quiver with relativism. In this issue, we find pieces that explore the consequences of life without foresight, whether that be the ongoing destruction caused by industrialism or colonialism, or the pains of regret, guilt, and loss. We also find pieces of discovery and identity, pieces that use hindsight to arrive at acceptance and recreation.



*In retrospective* by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes

Thank you to our editorial team for your insight, and for finding a theme that makes 2020 a pun. Thank you to our contributors for lending us your eyes; without you, there would be nothing in this magazine. Thank you to our executive team, who did most of the actual work in making the magazine. Thank you to Molly, for doing all the work of editor-in-chief except for most of this letter.

We must especially thank Dr. Melek Ortobasi. She was our spine when we were spineless, and the first to say yes to an idea while also having the foresight to know it probably would be disastrous. Without her as faculty advisor, *The Lyre* would not be as it is today.

Finally, to our readers: thank you for breathing life into these words once more.

Sincerely,  
Liam Foster & Molly MacKay,  
Editors-in-Chief, *The Lyre 11*

## poetry

Encina Mei Roh - <i>goodbye</i>	17
Golsa Golestaneh - <i>Illness, Bullets, Human Error (?)</i>	36
Jade Cameron - <i>November</i>	10
Kayla Tso - <i>Birthright</i>	8
Kevin Halasz - <i>Sleilwant's south shore</i>	16
Madeline Ewanyshyn - <i>The Recipe</i>	48
Mike Irving - <i>The Farewell Generation</i>	33
Saba Pakdel - <i>The Immigrant</i>	44
Sydney Dahl - <i>The Sweeter the Juice</i>	46
Thandeka Gumedede - <i>Homecoming</i>	9
Zoë Dagneault - <i>Kind Witness</i>	35

## short story

Jennifer Chou - <i>To Withdraw is to Recant</i>	32
Sonam Mahun - <i>The Daily Routine</i>	12
Thandeka Gumedede - <i>A Changed Love</i>	38

## translation

Linda Zhao & Diana Zhang - <i>My Bio</i>	45
Michelle Gomez - <i>Jardín de Invierno (Winter Garden) by Pablo Neruda</i>	49
Winona Young - <i>Pagtingin (How You Look At Me) by Ben&amp;Ben</i>	42

## interview

<i>On Translation, Writing, Elephants, and Stolen Bicycles</i>	18
<i>A Conversation with Jaiden Dembo, SFU WL Alumnus</i>	22

## visual

Beatriz Alegria Fernandes - <i>At an unyielding speed, czech mate(s), Entre Terras I (Amsterdam x Prague), Entre Terras II (Barcelona x Kyoto), Entre Terras III (Prague x Frankfurt), Fried Friday Fish, Hindsight, In retrospective, Não é de Genebra, Pouco que fazer, muito que falar, Seymour Savant, star crossed, The all prideful prerogative</i>	34, 35, 50, 2, 44, 47, 31, 5, 37, 30, 32, 42, 45
Chris Wu - <i>A concrete wall: Concrete wall with water stains on it</i>	17
Jaymie Cristobal - <i>Fragments</i>	8
Kitty Cheung - <i>Gone Fishing, Hide</i>	55, 9
Mizan Somani - <i>City Lights, Out on the lake, The Wall</i>	11, 38, 31
Saba Pakdel - <i>Muse in the fog</i>	12
Victor Yin - <i>November</i>	16

# *Birthright*

Kayla Tso

September 16th,  
早,  
cradled by my mother,  
we returned home  
on the day I was supposed  
to arrive.

我的爷爷奶奶  
teaching me  
whispers of a language  
lost in the cracks  
of my mind

Learning languages of another,  
français, 日本語, 汉语.  
Searching for what was known,  
but long forgotten

匆忙  
The countdown of life,  
non-existent  
still weighing on my back,  
still weighing on their backs

Learn to say:  
谢谢  
我爱你  
再见  
before time is lost,  
like the language in me.



*Fragments* by Jaymie Cristobal



# Homecoming

Thandeka Gumede

I'm never sure how to navigate it  
How to slip back into the corpse I left behind  
To raise it from the ground  
And be the girl that I once was, before I left  
Each time  
It feels as if I am relearning all that I have unlearned  
I am rummaging through all the stuff that my mother gave me  
Neatly placed at the corner of my room  
For this homecoming  
I am wearing shoes that are too tight  
Because I am afraid my mother cannot afford new ones  
Because for her, tight shoes mean familiarity  
They mean bubble of safety  
They shout change is hard and I've had hardships enough  
I fear that she will never be able to unlearn  
And I will always have to shed this skin  
In preparation  
For my homecoming.



Hide by Kitty Cheung

# November

**Jade Cameron**

(content warning: mentions of suicide)

Sometimes I think  
that I am already gone  
I cannot see you  
touch your bones  
    like the grey paper  
        brittle bitter cold  
        room August morning

you knew what to do  
who to be  
    I cannot

in May  
my mother joked  
    about the ease  
    of stepping off the subway

he is always  
surrounded by people  
    who never seem  
    interested in me  
he says that I have made it

we are relieved  
to not have to see anymore

I spent the week  
trying not to think like that  
    from a Brooklyn rooftop  
    5 am

I never was  
five years more of laying awake  
shaking  
on the living room sofa  
with her drunk, bored

and the images  
I keep falling into places  
in a moment  
longing for longing of space before  
never able to stay

but you

I look at you  
threadbare blades  
and all the things I could hope to say  
to save you  
to see you  
I cannot

(my own superiority)



*City Lights* by  
Mizan Somani



*Muse in the fog* by Saba Pakdel

# *The Daily Routine*

**Sonam Mahun**

(content warning: mentions of suicide)

Ruth Baulter is thirty-two, a mother of three young children and an excellent runner. She awakes each morning at 5:30 am to run in the cold frigid air. This is her daily routine. Her husband, thirty-five and an editor of the local newspaper, wakes at 6:00 am. His name is Arthur Baulter. His face dons silver-wired glasses and his dark brown hair sits messily upon his head while he prepares breakfast.

Ruth runs joyfully down the road, arriving near her home. She smiles and behind each of her joyful steps reflects a small prance. One could imagine Ruth as a young doe frolicking across a glistening green field. The prances concealed a solemn demeanour. Under her shiny blue eyes, one swore that a deep sorrow grew behind her pupils. Though a flash of solemn that quick, no one knew of Ruth's sadness. No one could see it.

Ruth Baulter walked to her home, unlatched the small carabiner from her right shoe and opened her front door. Ruth entered her home for the last time. Today she would leave her picturesque life behind. Arthur and the children did not know about Ruth's plan. Entering the Baulter's home, one noted the small wooden hooks

which promptly held the children's coats. Ruth and Arthur's three young daughters presented a spark of intelligence like their mother and their father's witty humour. Two of the three girls sported Arthur's dark hair, while the youngest donned the same bright blonde hair which Ruth commonly threw into a ponytail.

Ruth entered the kitchen and watched Arthur prepare five plates. The food emitted steam and the smell caused Ruth's stomach to growl. Arthur looked tired — he worked longer hours recently. The tiredness left Arthur's eyes when he turned and saw Ruth in the doorway. His dark brown eyes, almost as dark as his hair, shone back lovingly at the sight of Ruth. His look made Ruth's stomach lurch into a knot. Breathe and smile, thought Ruth.

“Hungry?” said Arthur, he handed her a cup of coffee and gestured her to sit at the table.

“Actually, I'm going to take a shower and get the kids ready for school. I'll eat breakfast soon”, she chuckled at the latter half of her sentence.

“Hey.” He looked at her seriously. He made sure that his dark brown eyes connected with Ruth's blue eyes. “You'll

need your energy. I'll get the kid's ready”. Arthur handed Ruth the plate before he headed out of the kitchen. The plate smelled wonderful. She smiled at her husband and began to scoop the food into her mouth — almost forcefully.

After the children were chased down, tickled, and fed, Arthur took them to school. Ruth waved at her children through the window. Their faces were smiling back at her. She smiled back and quickly turned away from the window. Ruth looked at the clock, 8:00 am. Ruth returned her plate and utensils to the sink, her dishes were the last ones. She stared at her dishes for a few moments. The plate felt smooth in her hands. Ruth turned on the sink's faucet and began lathering the plate and utensils with soap. The plate's soapy exterior felt alien to her hands. The suds felt strange. Smooth and lifeless. Ruth washed the plate and utensils before she dried them with a small kitchen towelette, and placed the flatware into the cupboard.

Ruth, for the last time, exited the kitchen and walked up the wooden stairs. Her feet padded against each step. Slow thumps echoed within the Baulter's home. She walked past the numerous family photos which hung on the wall. Photos from the early years

of motherhood, vacations, and recent images of marathons. Ruth eyed her wedding photo once she reached the top of the stairs. The photo stood tall against the pale blue wall. Images of their wedding resurfaced in her mind. Arthur and her were young, they may have been too young. Not much time had passed until the children came into their lives. After reminiscing, she continued down the hallway to the bathroom. As she walked down the hall, her hand traced the walls — she felt the smooth cold interior and subtle bumps and ridges. For a small moment, the house spoke to her.

She reached the bathroom. She opened the door and stripped off her clothing. One article at a time. It was peaceful and quiet. The act was freeing. All the aspects of life that she desperately wanted to control were absolved in that moment. Each piece of clothing hit the floor with a gentle thud. Each article peeled back the falsity of her joyful demeanour and her daily façade. Ruth, naked in front of the bathroom mirror, stared at herself. Her blonde hair was still pulled into a ponytail and her eyes carried bags of tiredness underneath them. The shiny blue of her eyes carried no spark as she stared in the mirror. They looked dull in the pale bathroom light. Her face reflected a deep fatigue, both physically

and mentally. The corner of her mouth turned downwards slightly, as if her sadness could not be hidden. Her body was fit and athletic, but this fact did not mean anything to Ruth.

She knew that life was not a test and that death could not be predicted. Some may have believed Ruth knew better, some thought Ruth was naïve. Life itself was the reward and she had reaped her award. She filled the bathtub. The water splattered as Ruth stared at the water level — which raised slowly and steadily.

*“I don’t know if I can kill this character” she said. Her voice, barely a whisper. The author sat staring at her laptop screen. The screen shone brightly in the darkness and reflected in her glasses. In the small bedroom, her husband laid asleep as the author frivolously typed away. She had spent most of her night in thought. Specifically, she thought of Ruth Baulter. The author, unable to type any more, rose from her chair and closed the writing application. She left the laptop on, allowing the device to put itself to sleep. She stood in front of the empty desktop for a few moments — silent. She needed a few days to think about the life of Ruth Baulter. She stood from her chair and quietly walked to the bed. She carefully slipped into the sheets beside her sleeping husband. She took a deep breathe as she stared up at the bedroom ceiling. The author*

*recounted the short life of her character. After a few moments, she sat up in bed and stared into the dark bedroom. She slowly peeled back the bedsheets and walked back to her desk. She looked at the laptop which eagerly stared back at her. In the darkness, she felt that the device encouraged her to return. The laptop invited her to finish her story. She sat down at the desk, opened the writing application and began to type.*

And thus Ruth Baulter watched her bathtub fill, for it would be the last time. She stepped into the tub and continued to watch the water. The water felt warm and she watched the level increase as she made herself comfortable.

She slowly submerged her head.

She closed her eyes.

*The author typed in the last period. She sat quietly staring at her laptop screen. A small tear had began to run down her right cheek. While writing the last paragraph of this character's life, Ruth Baulter stared at the screen — and cried. Tears trickled down her cheeks, along her jaw, and trailed down her neck. She muffled a whimper. She did not want her husband to awake. She saved the document and closed the writing application. With a gentle hand, she closed the laptop screen and viewed the closed device with a deep grief. She rose from her chair and she returned to the bed. Ruth slowly*

*and carefully moved the bedsheets and settled herself in bed. A small whimper escaped her mouth as she pulled the blanket around her. Her husband shuffled in his sleep, awaking for a moment. He looked at her with sleepy eyes in the dark. He said nothing, turned to face her and wrapped his arm around her. He nuzzled his face in her hair and tucked her head under his chin. Mrs. Baulter sighed and bugged her husband back. She was glad that she could hold him.*

# *Sleilwaut's south shore*

Kevin Halasz

tugboat, barge grumble slowly  
under the massive yellow  
iron workers' memorial

long black red ship  
expelling ballast idles  
among floating gulls

wakes make small waves  
on the rocks, one duck  
rocks in the waves

shoreline white plastic: milk  
carton, active drainage pipe, broken  
styrofoam half-cooler

late winter afternoon sand a cold chair even  
thru thick denim still sitting wondering  
how to turn my deluded ancestors' legacy

into gratitude  
for Sun's warmth,  
Ocean's ineffable energy



*November* by Victor Yin



*goodbye*

Encina Mei Roh

cold flutters and nests into the  
edges of the subway platform  
fitted with the good-byes left unturned  
under your tongue like a silver coin.

in your last life, you were a priest.  
and in the life before that, a crow.  
now, you are sterile,  
unable to mother anything but time.

you let your wombed names  
hang tarnished and abandoned  
between the coppery telephone lines  
like sneakers thrown by restless teenagers,  
covered in shivering sequins and vodka.

tonight, the sun hangs low,  
marooned in the evening sky,  
a lost child.

father tells you not to turn back.  
stare too long into the fire  
and you too will dissolve to salt.

*A concrete wall: Concrete wall with  
water stains on it by Chris Wu*



# *On Translation, Writing, Elephants, and Stolen Bicycles*

Photos by Dr. Melek Ortabasi  
Transcribed by Molly MacKay



In this generously given interview, author Wu Ming-Yi and translator Darryl Sterk sit down to give *The Lyre* a look into how a novel is born, and then translated. Wu is an award-winning novelist, as well as a literary professor, environmental activist, and artist—to name a few. Sterk has worked for the last half-dozen years with Wu, translating the author’s novels from Taiwanese to English. He has also recently been learning the Indigenous Taiwanese language Seediq. Together, the duo’s latest project titled *The Stolen Bicycle* is a novel to celebrate!

**The Lyre:** What was the most difficult part of the translation process?

**Darryl Sterk:** None of it. I enjoy every single minute of it. There is a process, but it is enjoyable. I translated the first draft in about a week or so. I figured out how to get voice recognition. When I started as a translator, I could translate 1,000 words an hour, because you tend to go as fast as you can to make as much money you can. By the time I got to this project I could translate 2,000 words an hour ... so double! However, if I use voice recognition, I can translate 4,000 characters per hour. So, if the novel is 174,000 so you can get through it in 34 hours. Therefore, it is conceivable that you can translate an entire novel in a week. But it will be rough, and you misunderstand many more things.

**Melek Ortabasi:** I would not call it translating. I would call it drafting.

**DS:** It's drafting yeah, it is rough drafting. You start calculating: "Okay I can make so much money in a week, wow this is a pretty good job," but if that is your attitude you will not do a good job. It is extremely time-consuming, with many revisions—so you must forget about the time and income. You focus on making it as good as you can, making it perfect.

You put it aside once in a while so it's not so fresh. You must come back to it as a reader, get some distance from it so you can see the flaws. The second revision is the most time-consuming and I have a wife who checks the whole thing, and then I go ahead and do it again. Eventually you take the Chinese away, and then you revise in English to make sure the sentences make sense in isolation.

**L:** What drew you to Mandarin as a language?

**DS:** I was interested in investigating the differences in speech in different areas of a country. In English dialects, look at London as an example: every 20 km there is a switch because people want to be different ... people intentionally want to be different. I wished to investigate this phenomenon in other places. Moreover, Mandarin has become my life. I married a Taiwanese woman. In the novel they are talking in Taiwanese, but the novel is translated in Mandarin. This is an imperialist language. With Taiwanese romanization, each church had a different system of language. For hundreds of years, people have been writing in characters. I am trying to learn Taiwanese. I am getting my mother-in-law to teach me. In the novel, I put in as

much romanization as possible. After all, foreignization is about bringing the reader closer to the original and it is integral in drawing a connection between reader and author.

**L:** What is the writing process like for you?

**Wu Ming-Yi:** Firstly, something must happen that inspires me to write a novel. In *The Stolen Bicycle*, the main character in the novel is a writer like myself, but his name is Mr. Cheng. He is writing about himself at a distance, as I am too. I must do research in response to whatever event inspired myself. What inspired myself in this case was that a reader had asked about what happened at the end of a previous novel. There is a bicycle in the previous novel that gets left outside of a public assembly hall in Taipei during the Japanese era. Therefore, the reader asks what happened to the bicycle, and I wrote a letter back to the reader: saying that I will write a novel about the bicycle to answer their question ... and so Mr. Cheng in the story mirrors the same thing. And here is the result!

For the research, it was all about the Taiwanese bicycle industry. Also, there



This author-translator team visited SFU during the 2019 Vancouver Writers Festival.

was this old doctor who told me a story about a chimp who was brought to Taiwan from Borneo. I wrote a letter to the zoo, saying did you have this chimp during the Japanese era, and it was true—they did! In the novel the chimp is in a cage in the elementary school. His name is Mr. Ichiro. One day Mr. Ichiro had a bad day and had to be taken back to the zoo named after a place in Japan: Muyuramu. So, the children had to leave school to go see the chimp. I found the story captivating and I wanted to bring the Taiwanese bicycle industry, plus the chimp story together ... and it snowballed from there!

**L:** It seems like the elephants had a very spiritual presence in the novel. What inspired you to write about elephants?

**WMY:** A part of my research touched on a story about [a] Taiwanese troop. The troop I looked at was getting trained and

used by American military assistance. They captured this elephant from the Japanese—they had trained elephants to do brute labour. So, the elephants could haul things around and do all sorts of things. They capture three of these elephants and end up travelling across the treacherous mountains to Taiwan. For me, this journey seemed like a symbol of Chinese people, their destiny, and their resilient experiences in the Second World War and after. The most famous of these elephants was Li Wong [which] translates to king of the jungle. When the elephants came over the mountains, this reporter was there waiting to interview the troops.

At the time, mainlanders in Taiwan did not all speak the same dialect, so the reporter misheard the elephant's name as Ling Wong, which instead means brimming with life! So, he got renamed and became the star of the zoo, oldest elephant during his day and always brimming with life. To preserve him, when he died, they kept his skin and turned him into taxidermy!

**MO:** Wow! What an interesting story! With that, I think it is about time to conclude this discussion. Thanks so much to the both of you for sharing some of your knowledge with our World Literature group!

Wu Ming-Yi and Darryl Sterk with some of *The Lyre's* executive team.



# *A Conversation with Jaiden Dembo, SFU WL Alumnus*

Photo by Rebecca Blissett

Transcribed by Emily Sun

Edited by Molly MacKay and Kitty Cheung



Jaiden Dembo is a publicist and editorial associate at Arsenal Pulp Press, located on the traditional, ancestral, and unceded territories of the **xʷməθkʷəy̓əm** (Musqueam), **Skwxwú7mesh** (Squamish), and **səlilwətaʔ** (Tsleil-Waututh) Nations (Vancouver, Canada). Arsenal Pulp Press is a small but mighty independent publishing house who publishes a range of literary fiction and non-fiction with a focus on LGBTQ+, BIPOC, and social issues. Prior to her time at Arsenal Pulp, Jaiden attended the Masters of Publishing Program at SFU in 2018/2019, after completing her BA in World Literature, minor in Print and Digital Publishing (also at SFU). Having worked with the Vancouver Writers Fest, Greystone Books, and *BC BookWorld*, Jaiden is familiar with the tightly knit BC literary community.

**Melek Ortabasi:** So, Jaiden, please take it away and tell us about your journey with Arsenal!

**Jaiden Dembo:** I'm a publicist at Arsenal Pulp Press, which means working in marketing with my colleague Cynara Geissler. I'm trying to get people to look at our books like "Hey! Please pay attention to us among all the thousands of other books coming out." As an independent press we don't have the same resources as the multinational houses such as Penguin Random House, Hachette, HarperCollins, and such. However Penguin Random House is the giant conglomerate to rule them all.

So, they [all the big publishing companies] also came in for a conference, for the emerging leaders. Well every February, SFU's publishing program puts on a conference called Emerging Leaders, where we have both multinationals, independent presses, and other industry professionals come to speak and share their industry wisdom. When multinationals are unveiling their marketing plans, they're extremely detailed and there's thousands of dollars behind them, whereas Arsenal has a much smaller budget comparatively. Plus, multinationals have more people power in general, like multiple interns.

And multinationals will say "Oh we have a small team of five in our marketing department" and I'm like "We have a small team of one...one and a half now at Arsenal." So that's kind of what Arsenal is up against, except we're performing extremely well. We hold our own as an independent press. Many, many of our books are award-nominated or award-winning every season. The press itself has won publisher of the year in 2019, and our publisher Brian Lam won the Lambda Literary Publishing Professional Award in 2020. However, what they sometimes call us in the publishing world is a "farm team," in that we discover the talent, we find the people that we want to take a chance on, and they are later signed on by the multinationals. Often, we will find amazing manuscripts that come in through the slush pile (unsolicited manuscripts that are mailed to our office). Lindsay Wong is an example of this. However, when we take these

“ what they sometimes call us in the publishing world is a “farm team,” in that we discover the talent, we find the people that we want to take a chance on,



chances on debut authors and they're successful, larger publishing houses (especially multinationals) will often come around and offer them a second book, which comes with a much larger advance, since they have the resources for this and an extensive backlist that funds those advances. Even though an advance may only be \$30,000, it's still a more competitive offer.

**MO:** Which is peanuts.

**JD:** Yeah! Which is peanuts if you think about it, you spend years working on a book, right? Thirty-grand for a year's salary for any job is low.

**MO:** You don't give advances?

**JD:** We do, it's just often smaller in comparison. What we do tell our authors is that we give them the "boutique experience," which does give us a competitive edge. We give our authors a very hands-on experience, with the author present through every part of the process. Our editor, Shirarose Wilsensky, is amazing and one of the most talented editors I've worked with. She will talk on the phone with the authors sometimes for an hour depending on the author and go through multiple edits with them, and with so much thought and care. You do

that anyway with the big houses as well, but you can also just walk into our office and sit down and chat with us.

Then from the design perspective, very often in the big houses, they give you a few options for the cover and go "Well this is what we're going with because sales said it'll work." And the author's like "Okay...I guess." But for us, we've had covers change entirely because authors go "I don't like it, can we do something else?" We will work with them to make the cover they want, and what we also think will work. So, it's compromising, but the author has a lot more say in our house. They're very informed along the route. Our designer Jazmin Welch is also amazingly talented and spends lots of time working with the authors in the beginning stages to come up with cover concepts. Same goes for the marketing process where they're very involved.

“We give our authors a very hands-on experience, with the author present through every part of the process.”

We also just finished developing an author care kit, which explains every process and detail, who you'll be working



with, and how it's going to go. I think publishing is a very mysterious business for a lot of people. I don't think a lot of people understand the work that goes into creating a book. They just go, "Oh the artist comes in and births this creation and it's amazing and it just happens." But that's not at all how it works. I think with this uptake in self-publishing a lot of people think they can just "do it" and that's why there's a million e-books on Amazon that people have self-published without realizing the amount of work it takes to have your book noticed.

**MO:** Weird how that works.

**JD:** Weird how it works, that if you don't have a professional editor going through multiple rounds with you, and a professional designer not even just to design the cover but lay out the interior... there's a reason why people trained for these positions and why this is a business. It takes a village to raise a child, right?

**MO:** Do you want to talk about the road to get to where you are? I think it would help the students who are graduating within World Literature, and several in this room are doing just that!

**JD:** I was very fortunate in my undergrad to have done an internship. I did a

co-op with BC Book World, which was my first experience with BC Publishing. That's how I started, and I was taking a publishing minor because I thought this was the practical side of books. I love books, I went into World Literature because I love books and reading and stories. I was like well, this will give me some practical hands on, "how I make the book" knowledge, and other parts of how it all happens. Every course I took in publishing, I was like: I really like this! This feels right. I remember in my fourth year, I talked to one of the professors, my favorite professor from the publishing department. I asked her about the Masters of Publishing (mPub). I didn't know what I wanted to do right after I graduated, which was rapidly approaching. I knew I'd figure it out somehow, but I wanted to be in this industry, and I didn't know how to get there without a little bit of help. My professor said that with mPub, you basically sink your hands into the industry, and you meet a lot of people. And I think that's the biggest benefit to the mPub, that they have at least two guests from the industry come in every single week of the whole program.

**MO:** And you should go to those things. I don't know if it's mandatory...but you should go to those things.

**JD:** Yes, always go. Because publishing in small arts communities...is about who you know and your connections and unfortunately or fortunately, it can create a community. I can walk into a room in a publishing event and know 90% of the people there. And that's a nice feeling because two years ago, I'd walk into a publishing event and I wouldn't know anyone. I'd know one person maybe and it was very uncomfortable. I was a stranger. So yeah, it was mPub for me, because I wanted to know the practical skills that it takes to be in this industry, and I wanted to meet people who are in this community, so I got into the mPub and it taught me a lot.

I know that people come into the mPub with different levels of experience. There was a woman with us in the program who already had her own design business, where she would typeset self-published books and design their covers. Obviously, her level of design is already way ahead of myself or other people in the cohort. A few people came in with journalism backgrounds, or there were quite a few who came in a similar position as me, just out of undergrad with an arts degree. I really benefited because I had a good foundation from my minor. And reflecting on what I learned in mPub versus the minor...the minor was great,

I was like "I know so much now about publishing!" Then going into mPub I realized my learning curve...was very much steep. And I'm glad I had that foundation, but I learned so much more about marketing, accounting, and other facets of publishing.

But, most importantly I learned about design. If I could re-do six years of my life, I would love to do an IAT minor or something along those lines. I really enjoy design and my skills are nowhere near the level they need to be to work in the industry, but I do enjoy it. So at least it does benefit me in the way that I can critique the covers, and critique the typesetting, and helps me when proof-reading our books when they're in their last few stages.

And, editorial as well. I would still like to supplement my editorial skills...the publishing program does workshops specifically for copy-editing and proof-reading or other sections of editing. There's substantive editing which is big picture, there is stylistic and copy-editing which is more grammatical and detail oriented and looking for inconsistencies. Proof-reading is one of the final stages when you have the manuscript and you're comparing it to the raw text version and making sure it matches. And picking out

design flaws as well. Every house has its own style guide that you follow. For me, I think I would like to work on my copy-editing and substantive editing. I think intuitively I understand substantive, because if you love books and read a lot and you study story, then you can understand the big picture things. And to be a substantive editor, it's the highest position in the house.

**MO:** Good ones are rare.

**JD:** Yes...so that's a job you probably won't get in the early years.

**MO:** And you can work up to it.

**JD:** Definitely. Our editor, Shirarsoe, does the substantive editing. She's been in this industry for ten years. And I think it was two years ago that she started at Arsenal. But she's done freelance work for all of the publishing houses. Not a lot of publishing houses can afford in-house anything. So, that's why they usually have one of each and freelance everything else.

So yeah, I did the MPUB. In the first semester, we do the book project which is a journey. It's a lot of work, and a lot of late nights. No one cried in my cohort which apparently is a miracle.

“ if you love books and read a lot and you study story, then you can understand the big picture things.

Someone cries every year. It's very stressful, because you're basically starting a publishing house with four theoretical titles. None of it is real, but it's supposed to be real. You're pitching to industry professionals every week, so you have a panel of people who work in the industry and you're like "These are my books" and they're like "Wrong." Honestly, it was a lot of fun and it was what I want to do, even though it was stressful. I enjoyed it. So at the end of the semester, we do essentially a sales conference where we pitch all of our titles and also give the logic behind them and why they should take them on even though the book won't do well.

After the media project (the second semester in the mPub) you have your work placement. I went to Arsenal almost right after, I had my professors pushing me towards them which looking back truly makes sense when I look at the kinds of social justice papers I was writing. I interviewed with Arsenal, and Greystone

because I was doing manuscript evaluations for them at the time and I like what they do environmentally and their list. And for me, that's what's important. If you're going with a small or big press, you need to look at their mission statement and what they want to do. And I want to do something that matters... something that connects with you on a personal level.

I did a work placement at Arsenal for the whole summer, an internship with an honorarium. They were upfront about the size of the honorarium, and they also told me there wasn't a possibility for a job after. And at the time it was true, they didn't have space in the budget for another employee but they appreciated my work. When doing my internship I worked on a lot of marketing in pitching titles to the media and showed my design skills, designing the press-kits. Which I still do for some of our books. Cynara, our Marketing Director, said to Brian: we need to keep her. And that's actually some advice I got from an editor at one of the multinationals: make yourself indispensable.

Arsenal gave me part time, and I'm there two days a week. They're using a grant to keep me and extending my hours this summer again to prepare for fall. Since

fall is the season where you need to put a lot of your energy, because that's when the big awards come in, like the Giller Prize, Governor-General Award, etc... so you need to put that energy in late-spring and summer to get that fall list off the ground.

**“ If you're going with a small or big press, you need to look at their mission statement and what they want to do. And I want to do something that matters...something that connects with you on a personal level.**

Going back before all of this, I also did an internship at the Vancouver Writers Fest thanks to Dr. O, she hooked me up. And I loved the Vancouver Writers Festival, and they're great. Especially with our new artistic director. With mPub, not only do you have the community of people you meet, but you also have your peers and cohorts and the cohorts before you. I've met with this year's cohort and I've chatted with them and given them advice...My point being, the Writers Fest is full of mPub alumni, and

future mPub cohort members. Working with the Writers Fest, I worked with development, with marketing, with programming, just little things. But it was really good to get to know everyone. So then the following summer as I was doing my work placement at Arsenal, I actually had the volunteer manager contact me and asked me if I wanted to be her volunteer assistant for the festival that year. And it's a promotion in the sense from the festival assistant. I helped coordinate 350 volunteers for the festival, which was a lot of fun. It went really well and we had a lot of lovely volunteers and they're really dedicated. They put in over 24 hours over the festival week. It's wild and fantastic.

**MO:** So the festival was an invaluable experience?

**JD:** Completely! If you want to be in the publishing world, you really need to meet authors and the people who are in the community. And at the Writers' Fest they have this building that is stuffed with signed author copies from all the people who've come to the Festival. It's really cool.

**MO:** Well Jaiden, thank you so much for putting aside time to talk to us! Not having been there for all of it [Jaiden's

academic journey], but for some of it, I can tell you I've seen the difference. It's growth; we all do it and it's huge. I always knew that you were a leader, you wanted to get things done. And to me it was just like, "Yeah, she'll figure it out. She'll be able to do that, and she'll get the experience, and then she'll be able to do it more effectively."

*Editors' note: This transcription has been edited for clarity and length.*







*Pouco que fazer, muito que falar* (left) and  
*Hindsight* (top) by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes



*The Wall* by Mizan Somani

*Seymour Savant*  
by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes



## *To Withdraw is to Recant* Jennifer Chou

Now, I sit in silence as these archaic machines take better care of her than I ever could, and I draw. My hair cascades down the side of my face, a barrier against scrutiny and judgement. My pencil traces melancholy curves on this notebook, pursuing invisible images that can never be recreated. This is a tribute to the times we used to spend together, reminiscing about the future through traded secrets. This is a remembrance for her hands, tracing melodies on the blankets we burrowed under, imparting a tiny shred of wisdom with each imagined note. This is an offering for the praises she has imparted, and I am reluctant to succumb to the rancorous truth for fear of her disappointment. I do not want to shatter her dreams for me.



# *The Farewell Generation*

Mike Irving

The hospital blanket

Knit of wires and vacuum sealed to his body

Puckered up to his skeletal form in tight folds

The skin of an asshole encircling the anus

he wiped a tear as he laughed

his laughter grew silent as it grew more intense  
the volume picked up by my family as they joined

Grandmother admonishing

tutting her tongue as only grandmothers can

A steady familiar rhythm

The monitoring machine crashing out its single tone

the song of robots excreting drugs

his ragged breath ruining the metronome

With organic imperfection

Lines that should have been straight

followed the lines drawn by the grain

The wood fell away as he guided my hand

The threat of the blade's bite distant under his thick aroma

Cigar smoke and aftershave

The white stubble of his chin

Almost disappearing in an insipid pale sea

His lips lost, sagging flaccid into his mouth

dry and dark

His teeth were lost during the last scan

He popped them back in

His grin took on its old form once again

he stood and walked out of the room triumphant

His favorite trick

Brought out only for special occasions

*continue...*



*At an unyielding speed* by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes

Our voices joined in song  
hospital hushed, soaked in sadness  
His knee rising from the bed knob-topped.  
Rail thin, an exquisite rictus

This is the last time I'll see him.

# *Kind Witness*

Zoë Dagneault

I saw a seagull stuck in a construction crane  
hanging upside down, other gulls circled  
an apathy settled on their wings, a slow orbit

A lady I hardly knew told me of a snake that became trapped  
in a garden basin in her home in Miami  
she couldn't remove it, yet stayed as death was surely coming  
as she waited, snakes came from all directions  
from glades and gutters, a community gathering  
a glissade to witness a death of one of their own  
when the snake stopped thrashing, they dispersed

Is this how we will thrash and writhe  
coiling, feathers breaking to some beginning

*czech mate(s)* by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes



# *Illness, Bullets, Human Error (?)*

**Golsa Golestaneh**

Illness, bullets, human error (?)

Illness, bullets, human error (?)

Illness, bullets, human error (?)

Are all taking a shot at our lives

Illness as in human disease

As in lying in the beds of the hospitals at which we once served as nurses,

Watching the life leave our bodies

Or dying slowly at our own homes

As cancer consumes us

'cause even if we can beat the disease

We can't beat medical sanctions

Illness as in natural catastrophe

As in the earth coughing blood on our beds

Drowning in flood, burning in fire,

Crushed under the rubble that was once our home

Bullets as in bullets

Shot in our heads

Because we dared to ask questions

We dared to wonder why

Our words threatened them so bad that their fear responded

with violence and death

Reaping our heads

Old and the young

Mothers and children, fathers and sons

Among them Pouya, 27 years young

Nikita, 14

You hear me? Fourteen. And she wasn't even the youngest.

Only took them three days, to send 1500 beautiful bodies  
1500 hundred courageous minds  
To the graveyard way too young

Human error as in not really  
As in shooting down planes and lying about it  
Shooting down planes, cutting off the wings of 176  
Among them Reera and Parisa, mother and daughter  
Zeinab and Mohammad, brother and sister  
Arash and Pouneh, the newlyweds  
176 flying birds, shot down  
And they call it an innocent mistake  
The only thing innocent about it  
Was the children on that plane  
And their toys that survived the crash  
But not the theft.

Illness, bullets, human error (?)  
Illness, bullets, human error (?)  
Illness, bullets, human error (?)

How many ways are there to die?  
Have we yet tried them all?  
How many ways are there to live?  
Have we lived at all?

We ask these questions  
As we dodge the bullets  
Illness, bullets, human error (?)  
All in a year, and we're still here.  
Turns out our reasons for living  
Are greater than their ways of killing.



*Não é de Genebra*  
by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes



*Out on the Lake* by Mizan Somani

# *A Changed Love*

## Thandeka Gumede

The next day, Refilwe woke up and began to prepare herself for her day. As usual, she awoke to an emptiness beside her where the sheets smelt of the lightly musk scented body lotion that Thabani would rub on his body after his morning and nightly showers. She slowly went through the motions of readying herself for her eight-hour day in her small office cubicle at work, applying a little extra makeup to pick herself up. In addition to her makeup base, she lined her oval shaped eyes with a black eyeliner, coated her eyelashes in mascara, and applied a chocolate brown lipstick two shades darker than her skin. Impressed with her makeup, she looked into the mirror and reminded herself not to dwell on the matters of home.

When she arrived at her desk, she began to plan out when she would have time to go visit her mother in hospital and what she would be cooking for dinner that night. Before her lunch break began her closest colleague at work, Rori, came to tell her that she was being summoned into the office of the manager. As she sat down, the information was given to her in quick succession. They were sorry, but unfortunately, they had to release Refilwe from her duties at the bank. They were in need of money to expand upon the bank and so had to remedy that by letting go of a number of people. The decision would be effective from the end of the week, and they were more than willing to offer stellar recommendation letters on her behalf. The

manager then said thank you and motioned for Refilwe to leave. As she did, she thought about how her manager had said thank you at the end; as if she had been done a favour by Refilwe's stoic expression throughout the conversation, grateful that she could continue her day having steered clear of the inconvenience of tears, a breakdown at having been rendered unemployed in the blink of an eye. Refilwe returned to her desk, took her keys out of the drawer beneath her computer screen and left.

Thabani arrived home and walked through the door. As he took off his shoes and placed them in the doorway, he saw Refilwe's shoes and her handbag sitting beneath their coat hanger. He wondered why she would be home so early and sighed as he readied himself to face her after what had happened the night before.

"Uh, hi." He said timidly, as he walked into the bedroom that they shared.

"Thabani..." She said between sniffing, silent sobs.

"What's the matter?" He quickly said, as he ran to sit next to her on the bed and hold her in his embrace.

"I lost my job today." She sobbed, louder, as the reality fully began to hit her now that she was no longer the only one affected by this that knew.

Thabani said nothing. He just squeezed her tight as he did whenever he felt he could not find words worthy enough

to console her. It was the same squeeze that he gave her as she sat in her hospital gown at 2AM, having bled through her clothes, awaiting the doctor's arrival to confirm what they already feared they knew. He held her like that for what felt like eternity as she cried into the space between his shoulder and his neck. He had only seen her cry that way once before, when her mother was admitted to the hospital following complaints of a growth in her breast that turned out to be cancerous. Nonetheless, he had heard her cry that way a few other times, having neither the strength nor the composure to watch or try to comfort her. One of those times being after their tiny baby was placed into her hands that morning at the hospital. He could not bear to watch her mourn, and yet he felt she assumed she had more right to feel the pain of the loss than he had.

After they had returned from visiting Refilwe's mother at the hospital, they sat down at their dining room table once again and ate their dinner quietly as if their embrace earlier had not happened.

"I'm glad your mother is recovering well."

"Yes, it's a relief. I need all my strength to find a new job."

“You know, I could be of some help if you’d let me.”

“Mh.” She mumbled dismissively.

“You don’t have to do everything by yourself, Fi.”

She began to chuckle under her breath. She drank her half a glass of wine in one fluid motion as she threw her head back. As she wiped her upper lip with the sleeve of the light autumn coat that she wore, she began to chuckle again.

“Would you like to share the joke?”

Thabani asked her.

“No, it’s nothing. You wouldn’t find it funny.”

“You’ll never know unless you try.”

“Fine. I just find it funny how you’re suddenly trying to become my knight in shining armour when you were never there for me to begin with.”

“I’ve always been there for you.”

“Liar.” She said sharply as she poured herself another glass of wine.

Thabani began to stand up and clear the dinner plates from the table. As he walked toward the kitchen, she stopped him by yanking his arm and causing him to lose grip of the plates. They shattered upon contact with the floor and the shards flew across the room. Thabani turned around slowly, placed his hands on Refilwe’s arms and pulled her up to her feet.

“You’re hurting me, Thabani!” She screamed shrilly.

“I’m going to ask you one time, and one time only. What is your problem?” He said as he stared her down.

“You are. You know what, I’ve actually decided that I’m leaving you.”

Thabani felt the air get knocked out of him as he heard those words. He wished that she had not said that, as the anger began to take control over him.

“Say something, Thabani.”

She said mockingly.

As his breaths became louder and deeper, his nostrils flaring, he closed his eyes and clenched his fists tightly.

“First you don’t want to have children with me, and now you’re leaving me?” He shouted at her.

“Yes!” She shouted back.

“I can’t do this with you, Thabani. I just can’t! I can’t go through it all again. Do you know what I went through, losing the baby?!”

“I lost a child too, Refilwe!”

“You weren’t there for me, Thabani! I lost my baby, my child, and you just moved on with your life. You threw away any memory we had of our baby, Thabani!”

“You’re acting like you



were the only one who lost a child. I just... I didn't want you to feel pain when you saw the clothes that we had gotten; the little pyjamas for coming home from the hospital... I lost a child too! Please, let's work on this. Come on, Fifi."

"No!" She said as she shook her head. "I can't go through it again. I can't bear all that weight alone again if we lose another one. You don't know how it feels to have life growing inside of you one minute, and then the next thing it's gone. Just like that, it's gone. And the person that you love the most, going on with his life. It's too much."

Thabani reached out to hold Refilwe and she backed away and left the dining room. He sat down, slumped into the chair and placed his head into his hands.

The next morning, a defeated Thabani awoke to Refilwe packing her bags. She took off her ring, placed it on the bed, then told him she would be staying at her mother's house and would be back for the rest of her belongings. Yet again, he stayed silent as he felt his heart break; convinced that there was nothing more he could do to salvage what was left of their marriage after losing a baby, and becoming distant, leading separate lives and yet retiring beside each other each night. They had become people that they no longer recognised and lost themselves along the way; becoming bitter and malicious in this love.

*Read the rest of Thandeka's story online at [bit.ly/lyremag](http://bit.ly/lyremag)*

# *Pagtingin by Ben & Ben*

translated from the Tagalog by Winona Young

## **Pagtingin lyrics**

Dami pang gustong sabihin  
Ngunit 'wag nalang muna  
Hintayin na lang ang hangin  
Tangayin ang salita

Wag mo akong sisihin  
Mahirap ang tumaya  
Dagat ay sisisirin  
Kahit walang mapala

'Pag nilahad ang damdamin  
Sana di magbago ang pagtingin  
Aminin ang mga lihim  
Sana di magbago ang pagtingin

Bakit laging ganito?  
Kailangan magka-ilangan  
Ako ay nalilito

## **How You Look At Me lyrics**

There's so much I want to tell you,  
But it's not the right time.  
I sit waiting for all of this wind  
To carry what I'd say.

Please don't ever blame me,  
It's too hard to take these risks.  
I'd dive in oceans for you  
Even if nothing is gained.

When you hear how I truly feel,  
Hope you don't see me differently.  
If I confess, tell you what's real,  
Hope you don't see me differently.

Why is it always like this?  
The need to need,  
So confused, can't even see.



*star crossed*

by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes

‘Wag mo akong sisihin  
Mahirap ang tumaya  
Dagat ay sisisirin  
Kahit walang mapala

Pag nilahad ang damdamin  
Sana di magbago ang pagtingin  
Aminin ang mga lihim  
Sana di magbago ang pagtingin

Pahiwatig  
Sana di magbago ang pagtingin  
Pahiwatig  
Sana di magbago ang pagtingin

Ibig lang kapag handa na  
Hindi na lang kung trip trip lang naman  
Ibig lang kapag handa na  
Hindi na lang kung trip trip lang naman

‘Pag nilahad ang damdamin  
Sana di magbago ang pagtingin  
Aminin ang mga lihim  
Sana di magbago ang pagtingin  
Subukan ang manalanganin  
Sana di magbago pagtingin  
Baka bukas ika’y akin  
Sana di magbago ang pagtingin

Pahiwatig  
Sana ‘di magbago ang pagtingin  
Pahiwatig  
Sana ‘di magbago ang pagtingin

Please don't ever blame me,  
It's too hard to take these risks.  
I'd dive in oceans for you  
Even if nothing is gained.

When you hear how I truly feel,  
Please don't change the way you look at me.  
If I confess, tell you what's real,  
Please don't change the way you look at me.

What could we be?  
Just don't change the way you look at me  
What does this mean?  
Just don't change the way you look at me

Next time I fall, I swear I've got this,  
Won't fall in love accidentally.  
Next time I fall, I swear I've got this.  
Won't fall in love accidentally.

When you hear how I truly feel,  
Hope you don't see me differently.  
If I confess, tell you what's real,  
Hope you don't see me differently.  
I'll try to pray, tell you I'm fine,  
Hope you don't see me differently.  
Another day, you could be mine,  
Hope you don't see me differently.

What does this mean?  
Hope you don't see me differently.  
What will we be?  
Hope you don't see me differently.

# *The Immigrant*

Saba Pakdel

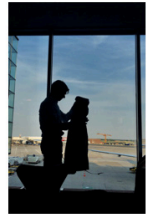
I passed the border  
or was it the border that passed through me  
when I lost or it was home that lost me!  
*Can't anybody bring the map to the forgotten?*  
Hug me, then I'm in a country  
Where every inch of your body knows me  
Tears may fall as it is the destiny of the place-less to land in  
the language of cry, which is not translatable even though universal  
Or at least fall

Closer                    closer                    closer.  
I'm kilometers -or if you may prefer miles- away.

*Can anybody bring the map to my home?*

I passed through the border  
*2 PCs Only    23 Kg Each    One Stop    7-Hour Transit*

Local Time: Past is my Home.  
I left that piece of me behind  
who knew how to cry in my language,  
*Can somebody please bring me  
my Home  
to a map?*



*Entre Terras III (Prague x Frankfurt)* by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes



*The all prideful prerogative* by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes

## *My Bio*

**Linda Zhao & Diana Zhang**

20 years ago, I learned my first word in Mandarin. I know I am Chinese.  
二十年前，我学习了第一个汉字，我知道我是中国人。

10 years ago, I learned my first poem in English. I know I am Chinese.  
十年前，我读了孔雀东南飞，我知道我是中国人。

5 years ago, I can speak fluently in both Mandarin and English. But who am I?  
五年前，我开始读莎士比亚，我知道我是中国人。

3 years ago, I get to know so many friends in Canada. But who am I?  
三年前，我写了第一篇英文故事，但我知道我是中国人。

Now, I am filled with joy. I know I am Chinese and Canadian.  
现在，我体会到了英文的乐趣，我依然知道我是中国人。

# *The Sweeter the Juice*

Sydney Dahl

You hate me, don't you?  
Especially the curls atop my head  
They remind you of the way in which your ancestors  
Would wring out my neck  
They remind you that I am resilient,  
That I always bounce back  
They remind you of the curl of a whip,  
Before you hear the crack  
You hate me, don't you?  
The way I smile in the face of adversity  
You thought you stole my happiness  
At least, that's what it appeared to be  
You only stole my patience,  
So please give back my time  
After all these years of anguish,  
Black skin is still a crime  
You hate me, don't you?  
That my voice is too loud  
That I can fill a space with a single word,  
You hate that that word is proud  
You hate that I am unafraid,  
That my determination is bursting at the seams  
You hate that I can look you in the eyes and say,  
"I too, have a dream"



You hate me, don't you?  
You want America Great  
But what you fail to recognize  
Is your country is built by the fate  
Of others, and their hard-working hands  
Sewing it together by its genocidal strands  
The seams become tighter, and then we begin to see  
This land was specially made for you, not me  
You hate me, don't you?  
Well I'm telling you I don't care,  
Hate is only as strong as its person  
So, let's not try to compare.  
As time has passed,  
We've uncovered the truths  
So, you can stop spreading your hate to me  
I'm already immune



*Fried Friday Fish*  
by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes

# The Recipe

(After "Ritual For Getting Rid Of" by Jaime Forsythe)

## Madeline Ewanyshyn

The grumble in my stomach reminds me of when you used to say "hey let's play that game where we're lost little girls starving in the woods" *your woods* your personal place to get lost in and I could come too if I wanted feast on mushrooms and fiddleheads savour salmon berries spit out the sour and run my tongue along my teeth picking out the twigs gargling the dirt it was then that I learned to crave hunger and to look but not touch in this place *your kingdom*.

You had a lifesize playhouse and a posse of plump chickens nibbling on sweet corn pigs swelling with slop and the sheep you named Barbara and Babette when I asked you what happens to the animals afterwards you pretended not to understand we clambered inside to sit by the air vent salivating at the scent of a 9 o'clock dinner playing with your porcelain dolls I knew you'd outgrow in a week I was lucky enough to help you throw them away like scraping off the food that clung to your dinner plate.

What I wanted the most were *those things that made you beautiful* those warm vanilla sugar lotion coca cola chapstick cupcake whipped cream lush bath-bomb snacks that tempted me like a finger in the frosting bowl I stole your secrets and even now when you pretend not to recognize me I can taste those crabapple sickly sweet swollen blackberries and the wild bergamot that grew by *your woods* where I learned that you were never really lost or hungry like me.



# *Winter Garden by Pablo Neruda*

translated from the Spanish by Michelle Gomez

## **Jardín de Invierno**

Llega el invierno. Espléndido dictado  
me dan las lentas hojas  
vestidas de silencio y amarillo.

Soy un libro de nieve,  
una espaciosa mano, una pradera,  
un círculo que espera,  
pertenezco a la tierra y a su invierno.

Creció el rumor del mundo en el follaje,  
ardió después el trigo constelado  
por flores rojas como quemaduras,  
luego llegó el otoño a establecer  
la escritura del vino:  
todo pasó, fue cielo pasajero  
la copa del estío,  
y se apagó la nube navegante.

Yo esperé en el balcón tan enlutado,  
como ayer con las yedras de mi infancia,  
que la tierra extendiera  
sus alas en mi amor deshabitado.

## **Winter Garden**

Winter arrives. And splendidly dictates  
to me the slowly falling leaves  
dressed in silence and yellow.

I am a book of snow,  
a spacious palm, a meadow,  
a circle that lingers,  
I belong to the earth, and to it's winter.

The rumor of the world grew in the foliage  
and scorched the fields of luminous wheat  
starry with red flowers like burns,  
until autumn arrives to establish  
the writing of the wine:  
everything happened, it was the sky passing  
the cup of summer,  
and it extinguished the navigating cloud.

I waited on the balcony in mourning,  
as I had yesterday among the ivy of my childhood,  
hoping that the earth would extend  
It's wings on my vacant love.

*continue...*



*Entre Terras I (Amsterdam x Prague)* by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes

Yo supe que la rosa caería  
y el hueso del durazno transitorio  
volvería a dormir y a germinar:  
y me embriagué con la copa del aire  
hasta que todo el mar se hizo nocturno  
y el arrebol se convirtió en ceniza.

La tierra vive ahora  
tranquilizando su interrogatorio,  
extendida la piel de su silencio.

Yo vuelvo a ser ahora  
el taciturno que llegó de lejos  
envuelto en lluvia fría y en campanas:  
debo a la muerte pura de la tierra  
la voluntad de mis germinaciones.

I knew that the rose would fall  
and the bone of the transitory peach  
would go back to sleep and germinate:  
and I was drunk on a glass of air  
until the entirety of the sea became night  
and the glow became ash.

The earth lives now  
easing its interrogation,  
extending the skin of its silence

I return to being now  
a withdrawn soul arriving from far away  
wrapped in cold rain and bells:  
and I owe to the pure death of the earth  
the will of my seedlings.

## *meet our authors and artists*

**Beatriz Alegria Fernandes:** “My name is Bea and I’m an international student from Portugal. Throughout my life I’ve moved around multiple countries, so I began taking pictures as a way to capture the fleeting nature of places and faces, eventually turning it into a love for photography. I particularly enjoy photographing shadows, silhouettes and portraits.”

**Chris Wu:** “My name is Chris. I’m majoring in computer science but I also have a huge passion for everything that’s involving arts. My paintings are usually abstract and the subject is often human’s interaction with the surrounding. Recently I am heavily interested in graffiti and the culture behind it.”

**Emily Sun** is a recent graduate in the World Literature program. She is a worryingly heavy consumer of any media she can find, from books to anime and years old Twitter threads to random international midnight TV shows. As *The Lyre’s* social media coordinator, she is committed to expanding *The Lyre’s* online presence.

**Encina Mei Roh** is in her third and final year Political Science major at Simon Fraser University. She is the founder and co-president of the Writer’s Art, which leads free poetry programs at nursing homes and recreation centers throughout the lower mainland. Apart from her work as a legal intern and tutor for SFU, she enjoys writing and painting.

**Golsa Golestaneh** is an activist who mainly focuses on racial and gender justice while remaining connected to the political scene in her hometown, Iran. She is completing her undergraduate degree in Political Science and has an unwavering passion for photography, poetry, and political theory.

**Jade Cameron** is a perpetual student finally (almost) finishing up a degree in International Studies and Sociology at SFU. Their work has also appeared in Capilano University’s *The Liar* and *Boulevard Magazine*.

**Jaymie Cristobal:** “I am a 3rd year Psychology major and I am a volunteer at the Surrey Art Centre. Art in its various forms has been a crutch running parallel to my time at school. My first love is watercolour painting but overtime I have also grown to love photography.”

**Jennifer Chou** is a Psychology major with a soft spot for the English department. When she’s not daydreaming in lecture, you can find her sleeping or eating at her favourite vegan restaurants. You can follow her shenanigans on Instagram @chou.jennifer.

**Kayla Tso** is a World Literature and Global Asia student currently completing her second year at Simon Fraser University. She is often involved in various ways in her community, including coordinating the annual World Literature Student Conference, and working on the executive World Languages and Literatures Student Union. “Birthright” is her first poem.

**Kevin Halasz** is a settler of Irish, Hungarian, and Dutch ancestry living on the unceded territories of the Musqueam, Squamish, and Tsleil-Waututh Nations. He is a multidisciplinary artist, one of the primary organizers behind What Lab’s *Perpendicular Play* zine series, and a doctoral candidate in mathematics at Simon Fraser University.

**Kitty Cheung** is an artist living and creating on unceded Coast Salish territories. She studies Interactive Arts and Technology with a minor in World Literature at SFU. Kitty is currently interested in exploring different creative mediums for storytelling, including zine making, digital illustration, and Instagram comics.

**Linda Zhao & Diana Zhang:** “Diana and I are from WL 105W class. This bilingual poem is a project we achieved in this class. We wish to use this poem to express the possibility of languages, and expand the understanding of translanguaging culture. Both Diana and I are in our last year at SFU, majoring in World Literature. We wish to seize this opportunity and submit into this year’s Lyre.”

**Madeline Ewanyshyn** is a Coquitlam-based writer who works at a library. In 2019, she graduated with a BA in Creative Writing from Kwantlen Polytechnic University. She has been published in literary magazines including *The Liar*, pulpMAG, *Sea to Sky Review*, and *The Opal Club*.

**Michelle Gomez** is an International Studies major at SFU. Her translation of “Winter Garden” was completed as a project for a World Literature class and was inspired by her love of Latin American literature and poetry. She hopes to pursue a career in journalism or writing after university.

**Mike Irving** is a writer living nestled at the base of Burnaby Mountain. He is thrilled to be published in *The Lyre* and enjoyed the literary brilliance that he discovered there as an undergraduate English student at SFU. It was during that time that he discovered his passion for writing.

**Mizan Somani** is happy to be here. His work has appeared in his desk drawer as well as *The North Vancouver Recycling Depot*, among other publications. Friends and critics have called him “a bastard”. He is the one you met in the coffee shop line. He’s forgotten your name but remembers your seashell earrings.

**Molly MacKay**: “Hi! My name is Molly and I am one small part of *The Lyre* 2020/21 executive team! I am slowly attempting to complete a double major in World Literature and REM, while working as a tutor at SFU’s Learning Commons. As Co-Editor-in Chief of this year’s edition, I am so proud of the talent and ambition that has come from the SFU community, and I am honoured that you chose *The Lyre* as the platform to uplift your creative works!”

**Saba Pakdel** is a Persian Vancouver-based literary researcher currently enrolled in the English MA program at SFU. She’s worked on Persian poetry for years and published poems in the *Anthology of Contemporary poets of Iran*. Her main research interests revolve around migration theory, exile writing, and the problem of borders.

**Sonam Mahun:** “Hello, my name is Sonam Mahun. I am a SFU English alumni and I have recently finished my Education degree. I will be graduating with my Education degree in June 2020. My hobbies include photography, creating artwork, and reading. I shoot minimalism, nature, and sometimes street. My favourite genre is murder mysteries and science-fiction.”

**Sydney Dahl:** “My name is Sydney Dahl, and I am a 3rd year Communications major. Writing is and always will be a passion of mine. This poem was inspired by Kendrick Lamar’s ‘The Blacker the Berry’, and is more relevant now than ever. I hope you feel and share the message. **#BLM.**”

**Thandeka Gumede** is a third year Bachelor of Arts student majoring in Psychology and Drama at Rhodes University. She is an aspiring poet and writer who also enjoys performing slam poetry. An avid reader, she has always found solace in the power that writing has in symbolising the human condition.

**Victor Yin** uses he/him/his pronouns and is an undergraduate human geography student. Victor is an intersectional activist and lives and works on unceded Coast Salish homelands.

**Winona Young** is a fourth year international student at Simon Fraser University with a joint major in Communications and English. While she is Filipino, she spent a majority of her life outside both the country and the language. She chose to translate this song to reconnect with her roots, and because she’s (proudly) an emotional loser when it comes to love.

**Zoë Dagneault** is a graduate of Simon Fraser University’s the Writer’s Studio. Her work is published in *Collision Literary Magazine*, *emerge16* and *Sky Island Journal*. Zoë lives with her family on the unceded traditional territories of the Musqueam, Squamish and Tsleil-Waututh First Nations.



*Gone Fishing* by Kitty Cheung

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