

# *eyelash*



*a literary zine*

January 2018

This zine was produced in collaboration with incarcerated women as part of Writers in the Community, a program run by the Quebec Writers' Federation



[www.qwf.org/programs/wic](http://www.qwf.org/programs/wic)

Many thanks to Angela Leuck  
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We would also like to express our gratitude to the following supporters, without whom the Writers in the Community program would not be possible:



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The Quebec Writers' Federation acknowledges the support of the Canada Council for the Arts, which last year invested \$153 million to bring the arts to Canadians throughout the country.

JL

*eyelash*



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SSSH

Shovel, shiver, shit it's cold!  
Show me sunshine.  
Show me shameless tan lines.  
Share the picnic with Shannon  
and show me the way  
back to the beach.  
*Ssssh!* quiet time.

—Tracy

## I'M A ZEBRA

I'm a Zebra  
black with white stripes  
or  
white with black stripes  
with Chris Rock's voice.  
I come alive in Madagascar,  
otherwise I'm left in the jungle  
hardly noticed for my beauty  
until the Zoo needs another  
exhibit  
*Whoo whoo*  
it's my turn again.

—Tracy

## EAGLE

Fly like an eagle.  
Yeah, try it if you can  
to be the spokes-model  
for a country.  
So much to live up to,  
yet all I want to be  
is not extinct

—Tracy

## STRONGER

I'm stronger, because I had to be.  
I'm smarter, because of my mistakes,  
happier, because of the sadness I've known,  
and now wiser, because I learned.

—Stephanie

## LOYALTY

Loyalty is large and limitless,  
unless someone you love or like  
loses their luminosity.  
Lessons learned lift up our sadness  
and become laughter.  
Lifting up your hand and praying to the Lord  
can only make you looney if you lose your mind.  
Being loveable is a learning process  
and a luxury you can find in life—  
a lover to share with.

—Stephanie

## BUTTERFLY

I'm born.  
I lay waiting.  
in my cocoon,  
white and safe.  
I sleep.  
Spring blasting sun.  
My cocoon is moving  
or is it me?  
I'm struggling  
for my freedom.  
At last  
I am free,  
born again,  
to start.

—Stephanie

## LEOPARDS

Two leopards.

Are they fighting? Are they playing?

Spots begin to blur.

Are they fighting? Are they playing?

Two leopards.

—Stephanie

## CURTAINS

Why do we have curtains?

Well, my curtains hide what

I don't want you to see

my living room

my bedroom

my play on stage

my private things

but I find it hard

from time to time

to open the curtain

to my heart...

Why is it hard to pull the string

and let someone see what's inside?

—Tracy

## APPLE

There you are in my fridge  
waiting for your destiny.  
Are you taken for lunch in a box?  
Are you given to a favorite teacher?  
Are you made into my delicious pie,  
or  
are you just bruised and rotting?

—Tracy

## LOVE

Love is not simple, because if it were,  
well, then, it would be boring.

We have the capacity to fall hard and quick,  
like a rain storm.

Love simply is.

It's hard to fall out of love  
when it is perceived as a guideline.

There are many forms of love:  
intimate, professional, friendship, parent/child,  
animals.

You cannot possibly love another person  
unless you love yourself, and this fact  
is always being denied and turned into myth.

To love oneself and be loved in return  
is a true blessing and gift.

—Stephanie

## EYELASH

eyelash in my eye  
bothering the *bleep*  
out of me  
hey, will you do me  
a favor  
blow in my eye to get this  
annoying eyelash  
out of my eye  
before  
I lash out

—Tara-Lynn

TOP

Top it off with a joke  
otherwise I'm liable  
to insult somebody  
and suffer the "said"  
consequences of my ignorance  
oh, but at the time it just seemed  
like the thing to say  
then I'm reminded of the times  
I should have said something  
but didn't  
don't you hate it when  
you're fuming to yourself  
over a verbal altercation from days ago  
and you think of what you  
should have said but didn't  
you almost want to rehash the argument  
just to be able to say it  
but who does that I guess

—Tara-Lynn

## FORGIVENESS

Does this mean to let go?  
Does this mean it's ok?  
What if I'm not ready to let go?  
What if it's not ok?  
Well, tomorrow is another day.  
Let's try forgiveness tomorrow.

—Tracy

BELIEF

**B**owing down to a religion  
**E**ventually having a thought  
**L**iving through a day  
**I**n here there is only one  
**E**verybody has one or maybe two  
**F**inish off by choosing my belief

—Tracy

## ADDICTION

Addiction. Oh, my, what a word.  
What a huge responsibility.  
What a thing that has taken over my life.  
So torn, so lost, so vulgar, so not right.  
When will I see the light, 'cause damn,  
the way I'm living my life is not right.  
All I can think about is my next hit.  
When will I quit?  
I'm stuck in this big rut.  
Makes me hurt  
in my gut.

—Alicia

## FOX

The sleek red silky fur of a fox  
that trots around, ears perked and alert.  
What is he looking at?  
What is he contemplating?  
“On my next meal,” he says.  
What the... Did I say my thoughts out loud?  
“No,” says the fox. “I see you in me.”

—Stephanie

## REMEMBER

Isn't it easy to forget who you are?  
I think so,  
because who you are is it.  
This is me in a nutshell.  
The funny thing is in life  
only at the end  
do you forget all the bad  
and acknowledge just the good.  
Is this a fad, or something  
we do as a survival technique  
to protect ourselves.  
Ask the dog.  
He never remembers the bad  
but, nevertheless, loves unconditionally.  
He has a five-minute memory.

—Stephanie

## PICKLE, PICKLE

Pickle, pickle, everywhere  
in my garden, sitting in the sun's glare  
you may be green and  
you may be mean,  
but never forget what you were,  
a fresh cucumber.

Cucumber, cucumber, everywhere  
in my garden, absorbing the sun's glare  
you do this with relish and eventually  
you become relish on my hotdog.

—Stephanie

## I REALLY NEED TO TELL YOU

I really need to tell you...  
that I am not ok.

I really need to tell you...  
that I suffer each and every single day.

I really need to tell you...  
that the stars are not shining.

I really need to tell you...  
to stop whining,  
because what I should tell you  
is what's important.

That you will be ok.  
That each day you suffer makes you stronger.  
That it's just the clouds blocking the shining stars.

Let out the inner child you block and never stop  
trying, nor crying, because it's at this level of  
self-understanding you can commence to identify  
what your needs are and what's important.

I really need to tell you...

—Stephanie

## GIRLS

I'm surrounded by girls  
everyday

Some are mean  
and some are nice

Some hide away and wish they  
could be forgotten

Some need attention  
and some have too much.

Boy, what would life be like  
without girls.

—Tracy

# CRUNCH

## crunch

It's the sound you  
hear when walking on the orange,  
red and brown leaves of autumn.

## crunch

I really love the sound  
my candy makes in my mouth  
between my teeth.

## crunch

Is how I feel about  
the paper that never gets to see  
the light of day cuz now

## crunch

it goes in the trash can.

—Tracy

## IF I COULD BE ANYWHERE

If I could be anywhere  
I'd like to be  
sitting on the wings  
of the dragon in  
*The NeverEnding Story*  
floating above and through  
the clouds over, under  
through each puffy  
silky airy cloud  
over and through  
each colour of that  
rainbow so that  
I could feel the purple and  
red splashing on my face  
tasting the orange...is it citrusy  
floating down to drink  
the shimmering blue water  
until I finally and gently  
land on the oh so so green  
green grass of home!

—Tracy

## I ONCE WAS HAPPY

I once was happy—  
does that mean I'm just a smile?

I once was hurt—  
does that mean I'm just pain?

I once was sad and crying—  
does that mean I'm just a lost tear?

I once was guilty and convicted—  
does that mean I'm just a convict?

—Tracy

## HUMILITY

**H** is for hiding in myself

**U** is for unforgiving thoughts

**M** is for memories I try forgetting

**I** is for insecurity everyday

**L** is for living with this

**I** is for intense emotions

**T** is for time I can't get back

**Y** is for yesterday not today

—Tracy

DO I...?

Do I think too much  
or not much at all?

Do I think I am too strong  
or not strong at all?

Do I live for today  
or get lost in my yesterday?

Do I need to let go  
or hold on tighter?

Do I need to ask for help  
or can I do it alone?

Do I feel the love  
or no love at all?

Do I feel free to be me  
or am I afraid to feel?

—Tracy

## LOVELY LOBSTER

Lovely Lobster living in the sea  
loving life till Larry the Catcher  
snatches you up and along with you  
are many more matching friends  
in a net, scared, wondering where  
you end up next. If you're lucky, it's  
in a tank for many to admire,  
if not so lucky, in a boiling bath  
prepared in a delicate way but  
still consumed, smothered with  
butter and eaten by another  
Larry in a suit and white bib.

—Tracy

## I'M SORRY

Every day I hurt,  
every night I cry  
while knowing in my heart  
that all I have is a simple  
*I'm sorry.*

Why is *I'm sorry*  
so difficult to say?  
I realize that these two small words  
are all too easy to say if not  
meant whole heartedly.

But who am I saying this to  
changes how it is said and what  
is meant. *I'm sorry*  
doesn't

say enough to you, Mom, *I'm sorry*,  
explain to you, Justin, *I'm sorry*,  
make it hurt less, Denis, *I'm sorry*,  
make you hear me, Brady, *I'm sorry*,

But to all of you...  
Please, you must understand  
the hardest of all is  
Tracy, *I'm sorry*.

—Tracy

## CONFESSION

And the priest replied, “You are forgiven.”

But who is really forgiven?

You share something with someone and they  
promise to respect you.

But why is it you being judged when you  
act out of necessity?

Who then is forgiven?

The most important person to forgive you  
should be yourself first, then you  
can share and confess anything with yourself.

You don't need someone else to forgive you,  
because it's obtainable by your own divine Self.

—Stephanie

## SPIN

When you start the washing machine,  
what does it do?  
When you start the car,  
what do the wheels do?

My head is spinning  
around and round it goes.  
Where? Nobody Knows.  
I don't even know.

You spin., I spin.  
We all spin on the  
merry go round  
until we are topsy tipsy turvy  
all over the ground.

—Stephanie

## GIRLS

I have three nieces.  
They all have blue eyes.  
They enjoy having fun.

I have four brothers.  
They act like little girls  
when they get hurt.

Eventually girls become  
little women.  
They want to have fun

—Stephanie

## LAVENDER AND SAGE

Have you ever heard that smells  
become more potent when there's a mixture.

The smell of a cat who sprays  
to mark his territory;  
pee is a lot stronger  
when the smell of the humidity  
in a rain cloud is coming.

Lavender and sage  
is the smell of tranquility.  
When burnt, they bring into fruition  
positive memories of things in my life,  
a revisiting of the past.

—Stephanie

