

A black and white photograph of a tree's branches, heavily laden with small, round berries. The branches are dark and intricate, creating a complex web against a lighter, overcast sky. The berries are scattered throughout the branches, some in small clusters and others alone. The overall mood is quiet and contemplative.

Welcome to
Afterthought

December 2018

This zine was produced as part of Writers in the Community, a program run by the Quebec Writers' Federation.



www.qwf.org/programs/wic

Many thanks to L.A.

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



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

NV

Cree Poem Hunting

Indoho – he is going hunting
for poems

In dohodow – lets go hunt
poems

Nims indoo indoho – she is going hunting
for poems

Where my grandmother
makes the best
bear stew.

-T.

Nice sunlight, vanilla cappuccino, no bees
I wanna go outside but I can't
I'm trapped. Cloud blue
See morning mist, fresh air
Autumn leaves, sun beam
I see these things behind windows
Because I cannot go outside.

-R. L.

Hockey ice
 Triangles
Fair play
Los Angeles

-R. L.

My words aren't a lie
Just the truth never fixed

I'm working threw the fakes
That just wanna take my place

A king was a prince
Work your way
You get big

Say my words to the youth
Hope you listen and you think

Life is gone with a wink
Take your time and just blink

Time is money and it's
Short take your time
You have support

Work your way to the top
Claim your place there's a spot

-K. M.

Wild like a flower
Proud like a lion
I am the people's voice
For the one's that can't speak
don't follow my foot
Step you lead your own
Deep in your memory
Like your head's under water
Swim to the top
And breathe over
Your problems.

-K.M.

Cold as my heart
Strong as my soul
As good as my thoughts
As bright as my white AF1's
As busy as New York's Time's Square
Calm as a cat
As clear as water

I can be strong as a knight
Ready to fight
I can be tough as steel
Pay attention to my words
Or I will kill with my sword

I can be skillful in ways you don't expect
I am strong as a horse
Able to accomplish things regular people can't

I can be gentle as someone could be
Delicate like a baby's first words
Ready to explode

You know me if you watched 300
I can be your worst enemy in ways
You don't expect

-D.M.M.

Just because I'm not the same
Doesn't mean hurtful words
don't feel the same
I come from a poor place in Montreal
But that doesn't mean I'm not strong and tall

I live life the way I should
Not the way other people would

My life is a mystery
But I do not live in mystery

I want to end this light skin
And make my life history

-D.M.M.

These walls are the color of depression,
When the girls see me they gain obsession,
My life feels like fiction,
For five years I have been suffering from addiction,
Try talking to my parents but they never listen,
As the tears from my eyes start to glisten,
I am feeling real low like my car's suspension,
My life is like a disease, a fucking infection,
I feel like I am in a never ending detention.

-KF

How do I spend a merry Christmas
when the people I love are at too far of a distance
to grant my wishes, when feeling imprisoned,
of finding my way out of the system.

I have more satisfaction now that I got a sanction
Most of the time I was too anxious
To strive for greatness, turn my words into actions

With the passion of a drug addict,
drugs were more than a habit
in my body, rushing through my veins
brushing off the madness
I seemed to lose my sadness

With my lost depression, seen from my perspective
Smiles weren't reflective of my realest present
I won't mention any more confessions
Cause my story ever lasting
But my shares need to be ended

-K.M.W.

Leave the past behind you
Getting hurt or hurting people
Breaking out of old ways
Embrace good memories
Look forward to the future
Healing and helping others

-A.M.

Every Action Has a Reaction

Cold as northern sky
Strong as dense roses
As good as cozy and comfy
As bright as sweet apricot
As busy as Mediterranean summer
Calm as a Nunavik light
As clear as morning mist

As ice
As a city
As a star
As a bee
As a storm

-A.M.

What If

What of dancing leaves
Before fresh spring
With the rain

What if I have to learn calmness
In time to be inspired

Suppose the lemongrass
Is cut

Memory of foliage
The challenge is daylight

-A.M.

What if sapphire came before gold,
in the city garden he was told,
there is lots young and old.
Like the fresh water when it begins to mold.

Crossing paths
Running
Light beaming like
I'm dreaming it isn't
What it seems
Smiles, Laughs, play
Like lucid dreams.

-M.H.

More than the day and the night
Breaking out of the dawn and the dusk
More of the light and the dark
The display of time
Their ways, they've learnt
Its for people who pay attention
That really gets to me at times
Leave me be on nights that are had
The best nights are always portrayed as the worst

The new day is a new start
Growing over the bad things
Living despite death that always comes
The mess of the past
I'll take to the end
Like a person agrees with a spouse

-J.M.

I am from nothing
And the growing I've withstood
From the mind and the body
My home is another town
And I will live here now
I wish there was less yelling
And more cooperation
Because tomorrow comes quick
Home is the place
I spend the most time.

-J.M.

Before winter silence
What did the animals do

What is the calming breeze
Does it sound like relaxation

Before I knew the word for sanctuary
I know that's my happy place

It looks like the quiet water of the St. Laurence river
Every time I speak, I'm making a point

D.M.

I Keep on

I keep on like waves in the Atlantic
Like an ocean storm
I've been drowning
You wouldn't know what I've been through

Memory of betrayal
The challenge of trusting people
I never knew how hard it was in the world

My eyes are on the port
I keep on hoping to arrive
Because I stayed strong
To live for a long time.

-D.M.

Trapped in My Mistakes

More than the afterlife
Breaking out of a cold prison cell
More love from your family
The display of the dvd player
Their perks become their flaws
It's the reality
That really gets to me beyond everything
When all the things in my life
Leave so I could keep living
The life I was once given
The new day will soon come
Growing over every single one of my mistakes
Living despite I still have fear
In my life, the mess of my past
I'll take it to the end
Like a future to come.

-B.F.

What if life was a game
Before you answer
With the bottom of my heart

I have to learn what life really is
In time we will all find out
Suppose if there was someone controlling us
They will finally understand,
They can't control the uncontrollable

Tell the truth about us
There is so much to learn
Ans too much to know

Nobody even gets a second life
I should have lived mine with no regrets
Why do I have one life?

I have knowledge you don't
I would tell you but
What if life wasn't a game
And we were all reborn
With a second life to learn
Someone else's knowledge from
Another point of view

-D.M.M.

Don't believe what others believe
And begin to believe what you believe
As if you are the only one who matters in life
Or someone who can be a complete ghost in life

If you read this poem
Let the lines sink in

Truth is you're your own person
With limited capabilities
Truth is if you believe that you won't make it far
With limited capabilities

If you want I can guide you
Then show you the path

If you come you will learn
What needs to be learned
Be the best that you can
Life is less great for some

-D.M.M.

I am a polar bear that has
More hair than a hare

I am a hare that
Likes a dare

I am an owl but I
Speak with no vowels

But I am not a sheep, I will
Take the leap

Even though its steep
I have never been this deep

I am a lion
But I'm barely tryin'

-G.P.

[excerpt]

Anxiety got the best of me
Turned myself against myself
Think I need help
This is how I felt, how I feel
This is real, I can't heal
Taking drugs to feel loved
Now I'm just a scrub
Think I've had enough

...

My brother died in a car crash
When I got the call my heart smashed

Matter of fact
Let me take you way back

When I was in elementary I wasn't friendly
Principal called my dad
They thought id end up in the penitentiary
Was good academically
In high school got a lot of anxiety
Ain't prepared that was me

M.W.

Don't believe in entropy
And see October sky
As if you are wild
Or a particle

If you read Winnipeg leaves
Let soft feathers dance
Truth is lost
With the trajectory

If all your matter tends toward chaos
Be the harmony
Life is like a red rocky canyon

If you ponder wavelengths
You won't escape from here
You are like faint rust
But my climate
You have natural light

You might call gravity
The wisdom of Earth

One thousand bricks
Don't equal to a house

A poem in school
Is a poem in a school

So be the entropy
Behind the trajectory
-R.L.

Two Cats and A Can of Chicken Soup

They live on a roof of an apartment building. Steamy and wet, full of vapours. Their favourite pastime is to chase the pigeons.

A tin of chicken noodle soup lies in an alley way. The cats chase the rats from the dumpster. Chubby climbs the recycling bin while Scrappy emerges on the far side. Chubby hisses to intimidate Scrappy. Meaty paws and scratches. The roll and shriek in a tussle; spilling the soup onto the sludge of the dumpster bottom.

-A.M.

-B.F.

-J.M.



Printing made possible by our friends at Rubiks