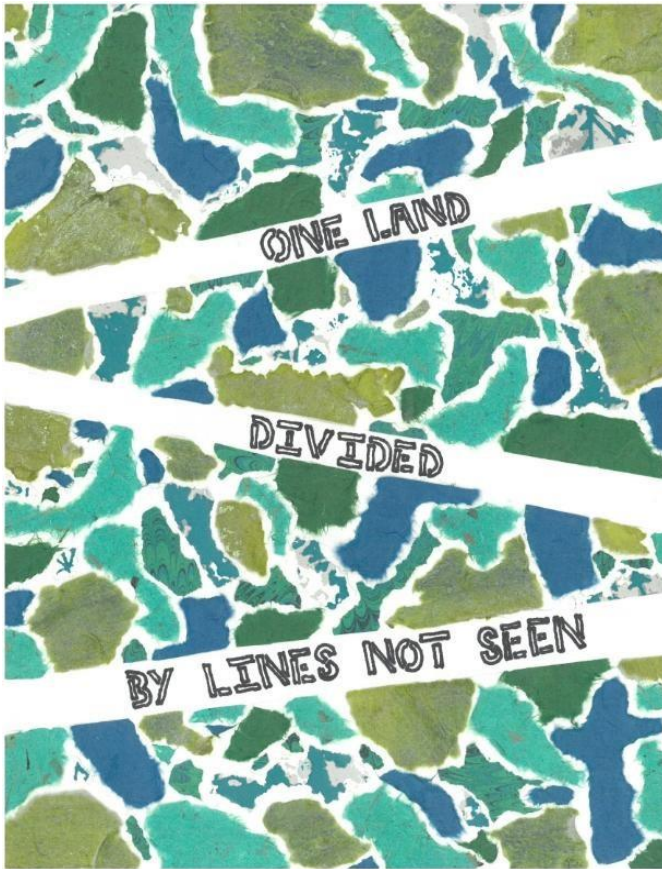


Refreshing and cool

Love is a sweet summer rain

That washes the world





**Poems by  
Netagamiou School  
Secondary IV and V**

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

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Chelsea Chislett-Rowsell

alcohol-  
my escape  
from reality

rainy Sunday morning  
cuddled in warm blankets—  
happiness

blinded  
I take another step  
in this journey called life

passed out  
in the driveway—  
never again

high school  
four years with people  
you won't see when it ends

your words  
taste as bad as this  
relit cigarette

studying  
one step closer  
to my dreams

bold skies fading  
waves rolling out softly—  
geese

walking down the street  
cars speed by—  
dead town



when the thunder  
roars  
the lightning strikes  
life hits hard  
but you'll be alright

I smash another bottle  
against the brick wall  
hoping you'll feel it  
an unkindness of ravens  
flies off in the distance

question after question  
I still don't understand  
what I'm doing  
I bite my nails  
hoping it soon ends

always there for me  
no matter the situation-  
white roses  
slowly drifting away from me  
as I walk alone

the bottle  
drifting away  
with her apology  
tears rolling  
down her face

Callie Evans

the lonely sea  
it takes me  
to Eden

fast feet  
on-going road  
they run

4:00 am  
a light sky  
can't sleep

the blowing wind  
takes down the last  
icicle

as I work my way  
to my hopes and dreams  
feel of air on my back

a rolling river  
trees surrounding  
I see a drop of rain

slipknot  
everyone cares now  
but today is too late

pick in hand  
soft rhythm  
inspiration

crazy train  
heard it played many times  
a new guitar

in my own world  
the words on my paper  
I'm lost in it

my hands shaking  
as I feel the water  
with my finger tips  
it keeps moving forward  
like I have to do

my hood pulled up  
the wind blowing my hair  
hoping I'm unrecognizable  
I take another turn  
down life's winding road

## Christopher Frequet

a strong silhouette  
teaching me  
when a father couldn't

walking alongside  
a single shadow  
in the cold night

a single body  
taking care of  
a child in a state of oblivion

he opens his mouth  
only to speak lies  
her soul washed out

the heavy clouds  
fading to grey  
breaking down

i step in a puddle  
splashing water  
in my boots

breaking down walls  
opening doors  
letting light in

plugging headphones in  
turning on music  
escaping from reality

her makeup runs  
in the rain  
as he walks away

wiping my shoes  
on the mat  
forgetting about you

in an empty room  
a tape recorder  
playing on repeat  
my hand  
clenching my hair

the clouds  
fill the sky  
blocking the sunlight  
i shut my eyes  
waiting until morning

the wind whistling  
through the lonely hall  
just like  
my grandmother  
once did

the silence  
is when she  
gets no rest  
keeping her body frozen  
his control so heavy



## Shayna Ingram

summer days  
outside  
time gone

pictures on the wall  
memories  
gone

an ocean voyage  
waves breaking against the boat  
the sea welcomes me

refreshing and cool  
love is sweet summer rain  
that washes the world

love is like winter  
warm breaths thaw cold hearts until  
one day the spring comes

the waves crashing  
against the shoreline  
gone

cats  
softness of their fur  
comforts me

scent of fresh bread  
baking  
in the oven

honey  
sticky  
goodness

long days  
nothing to do  
time is so long

we all enjoy  
spending time  
with our mothers

window open  
sound of birds chirping  
while cleaning

summer days  
outside  
time gone  
trying to have all the fun  
all one time

pictures on the wall  
memories  
gone  
nothing to forget  
about our loved ones

long days  
stuck inside  
time is so long  
kids outside  
jumping in puddles

not certain  
on what to do  
still thinking  
wondering what people are  
thinking about

## Jo-Anne Lemoing

his smile lights up the room  
now he's gone  
and we're sitting in the dark

beautiful sunset  
looking out  
in the distance

as nightfall  
comes  
I finally make it home

watching you walk away  
as tears roll down my face  
knowing this is the end

you will never be forgotten  
always in my memory  
a loved one lost

too hard to cope  
her lips on the bottle  
a tear rolls down her cheek

mid morning snack  
personal waiters  
what would they do

wind blowing in my hair  
too hard to breathe  
I continue anyway

didn't know what to do  
mind full of thoughts  
trying to keep up

loud four-wheeler  
going down the road  
wish it would break

feelings of uncertainty  
questions unanswered  
my thoughts are filled  
with all the lies  
you told me

stood in a crowd  
so many faces  
wishing i was alone  
remembering nights with you  
glad they're over now

driving to the airport  
to pick you up  
my heart breaking  
as i think about seeing you  
after all this time

## Marius McKinnon

summer nights—  
sustaining strings vibrating  
echoing its beautiful notes

my beating heart  
as waves hit the shore  
the bitter taste of salt on my lips

medium gauge—  
firmly entrenching my hand  
with the approaching dawn

like a mighty flowing river  
a couple's love  
standing the test of time

chirping squirrels  
food being cooked  
over an open fire



relaxation—  
swift moving snowmobiles  
racing through nature's gold

beating heart  
sweaty palms  
taking the plane  
watching the earth below  
*Jets* play tonight

## Matthew Ransom

generator roars to life  
power's gone  
again

waves crashing  
seagulls circle  
over head

fresh air  
snow melts  
on the field

boat on the horizon  
mind wondering  
will you see them again

child riding his bike  
the warmth of the sun  
sound of kids playing

woken by the early sun  
why does it come so early  
—sleepless nights

spring—  
long  
storm days

falling leaves  
crisp  
cool air

thump—  
apples fall  
from the tree

small bird  
guards its nest  
protecting the young  
the never ending  
duty of a mother

Caitlin Rowsell

Spring  
The snow melts  
The blood remains

A child's laughter  
The past  
So long

The taste of carrots  
Bitter-sweet  
My Grandma's cane is gone

Ice cream  
It melts away  
Unlike the memories

One land  
Divided  
By lines not seen

In his place  
Memories  
Entangled in the cobwebs

In the open window  
Curtains dance  
As if life was restored

Inappropriate comments  
Ignorance  
Accepted

Industrial crocs  
Shield everything  
Except the heart

Drifting  
Between two places  
The light switch isn't the same

Her little ringlets  
Blowing in the wind  
On the salon floor

Calloused feet  
Protecting  
The injuries

Tissues you gave me  
Won't help  
Remove garbage you left behind

Picture frames  
Hanging on  
After you put a hole in the wall

Anger  
A power that kills  
The wielder's soul

Social moths  
Pests living in the dark  
Die in desperation for light

Silence  
May there be truth  
Dying in the hands of a whisper

Art projects  
Held together  
By false hope

Guilt  
Eats away at the soul  
Only until there's nothing left

A tone-deaf nation  
Coming together  
Sounds beautiful



Falling tides  
Rocks  
Anchored to the chaos

She sees rainbows  
Yet open eyes  
Blind her with darkness

Family trees  
Surround us  
Blocking our view of the outside world

A whisper in the ear  
The truth  
Unknown  
How amusing  
Such form of torture

The clear blue sky  
How I hate cleaning  
My brothers' names staining the thought  
The emptiness  
Making room for your smile

Glistening  
On the water  
I drift away in peace  
The cry of the seabirds  
Reminding me of the life I left behind

Breathing in cold wind  
I ring a broken doorbell  
Waiting  
On the doorstep of tomorrow  
Curtains swaying in an open window

The waves clash  
Wind and heavy rain  
The plane is delayed  
An hour apart  
A decade too long

Boards  
Full of clouded thoughts  
No chalk to be found  
We draw  
Smiley faces in the dust

Dana Shoapik-Nadeau

nice flip flops  
against the water  
people laugh

stormy days  
not nice  
power went out

a girl sings  
in her father's arms  
waiting to be loved

time for fishing  
at 3 in the morning  
people bond

looking over the hill  
lights everywhere  
big place

hard thoughts  
while music plays  
daughter cries

mother cries  
she moved away  
no kids

unloved can't find no one  
to call my own  
forever alone

A little girl  
hugs her father  
scared to face the world

sad mind  
crushed heart  
scars

## MEMORIES NEED TO BE MADE

t-shirts and shorts  
sunbathing  
on top of the skidoo

*Caitlin*

ripped jeans  
on the warm beach

*Dana*

flip-flops  
against the water  
people laugh

*Dana*

a little boy sits by himself  
sand between his toes

*Jo-Anne*

my head starts to pound  
thinking about  
all I have left to do

*Jo-Anne*

hard thoughts  
while music plays

*Dana*

in tune  
with fading footsteps  
the beat of the drum

*Caitlin*

wearing out my shoes  
down city streets

*Marius*

worried voice  
as I call my mom  
no longer knowing where I am

*Jo-Anne*

take me back to your rugged shore  
I'm sure missing you

*Marius*

your arms wrapped around me  
your breath on my skin  
yet I'm alone

*Jo-Anne*

boat swaying  
together we are forgotten

*Caitlin*

the lonely sea  
it takes me  
to eden

*Callie*

a lone seabird  
choking on debris

*Caitlin*

like vanishing pebbles  
gone forever  
inshore fisherman

*Marius*



girl cries while  
listening to father's favourite song

*Dana*

my sister's fingers  
slowly pressing down  
the piano keys

*Jo-Anne*

house is a mess  
but memories need to be made

*Chelsea*

## A SINGLE SEAGULL

sun shines  
over the horizon  
waves hit the beach

*Matthew*

the wind blows gently  
through my hair

*Christopher*

the sand runs  
between my toes  
as I walk alone

*Matthew*

still hearing  
your words  
in my head

*Christopher*

it's almost as if  
you are still here

*Matthew*

a single seagull  
stands alone  
on a rock

*Christopher*

## WINDOW OPEN

window open  
sound of birds chirping  
while cleaning

*Shayna*

dishes need doing  
I write a poem instead

*Angela*

scent of fresh bread  
baking  
in the oven

*Shayna*

why do I assume  
her French toast must be better  
because she speaks French?

*Angela*

honey  
sticky goodness

*Shayna*

Mother's Day brunch  
three different kinds of jam  
berry love

*Angela*

