

There are
Details
to be
Settled

December 2013

There are Details to be Settled by the writers o

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ABSENT

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Attendance Record			
Student	P	A	Reason
<i>Brittania</i>		x	<i>Attending HeavyMTL</i>
<i>Chad</i>		x	<i>Thought there was no school</i>
<i>James</i>		x	<i>Travelling time, maybe tomorrow</i>
<i>Nicolas</i>		x	<i>Refused to get out of bed</i>
<i>Phil</i>		x	<i>No matching clothes</i>
<i>Jordan</i>		x	<i>Just couldn't be bothered</i>
<i>Gillian</i>		x	<i>Accidentally boarded the 747</i>

Weird

Are you feeling ok?

The colour purple is the saddest.

You mad, bro?

The ocean is the final frontier.

What does the fox say?

Lunch is the biggest meal.

Brittania & Jordan

And a sandstorm collecting in your chest, moving slowly through your body, from head to toe, and as it evacuates your being, it drags your soul and carries it far out into the atmosphere. Your soul is gone, your head is blind, forever you trail, but never behind.

Phil

Sandstorm

And a sandstorm collecting in your chest may remind you of a sudden heartache, a feeling not so pleasant but just enough to keep your mind alive, free if you must.

Brittania

A black bear, three years old, at 3 p.m., ate a fish. The fish had come out of a dirty lake. After a while he started floating and was able to say, "I float," the only words that was ever said from a bear. When he stopped floating, he hit the ground and everything in that forest stopped moving. Nothing moved except for a four-leaf clover that slowly floated onto his head.

Chad

I went to my cousin's house in the forest and I saw a black bear. I was frightened of the bear but I didn't want to show fear. When I was three years old I had encountered my first bear. When I was three I was not as scared as I was now of bears. It was around 3 p.m. when I had seen the bear but I knew there was a dock around the corner. I slowly took baby steps until I hit the corner and bolted to the dock. When I got there, I just saw a float. So I ran toward it as the bear was looking for me. I hopped in the float and realized that nothing moved in the float. I jumped out of the float and ran to my cousin's. As I arrived, my cousin asked, "Have you seen the black bear?" I said yes, it's been chasing me. He says the same. Then my cousin turned to me and said, "Look what I found." I turned my head. It was a four-leaf clover.

Nicolas

Nostalgic Future

(after Charles Simic's poem, "Walking")

I never run into anyone from the future.
It's fall and I'm in a crowded city.
I look in stores, apartment houses, and offices.
I find not even one familiar face.

The cars in the street – did they always have wheels?
And the wolves so friendly, so nice?
Where is the hovercraft that passed this way?
Where are the greengrocers and barbershops?

A schoolhouse with a silver fence?
Miss Harden is most likely still at her desk
yawning as she grades papers late into the day.
The bumper is, I can't find my way.

All I can do is take another tour into my mind,
hoping I'll meet myself to show me the way
and a place to rest, since I've no return ticket
to where it is I came from earlier this evening.

James

Looking

(after Charles Simic's poem, "Walking")

It's spring and I'm looking outside of my house.
I see birds, trees, country homes, deer
And hardly see any wolves

The animals seemed to have been around lately,
And the squirrels so tiny and cute run up trees.
Where are the chipmunks – have they become extinct?
Where are the dancing green grasshoppers – are they lost?

I see a white picket fence.
My bike is locked to it.
It sits there in hopes of a late night ride,
The thing is, I have no motivation.

I walk around my silent cabin
Hoping that one day there will be another voice to accompany me.
But that's a lot of wishful thinking.
Time to be at ease and finally stop thinking.

Brittania

Transformer

(after Charles Simic's poem, "Walking")

I never take shortcuts through the alleys anymore
It's fall and I'm alone in my car
I drive by apartment buildings, people and parks
while listening to Lou Reed sing about a perfect day

The people I pass look different here
Walking with purpose, unlike my old neighbourhood
But then again, The old neighbourhood has changed too
with open stores, cafés and purpose

And the bars with the VLTs and smoke stained walls
whose patrons sat staring, hardly speaking
Are they spending money at the hip new spots
where the crowd is younger, richer, cooler?

But you can always turn down the alley
and see the feral children playing
busting each other up and laughing
and pretend that nothing has changed

Jordan

hung to dry, left like bait
you see the chance, trust in faith
get it now before it's too late

whatever time, whatever date
you miss your chance, you feel ashamed
get it now before it's too late

your heart has stopped in permanent state
get it now before it's too late

Phil

Lost

She frowned and kicked the ground. Dust flew up into the wind,
The girl just watched the dust fly.
She sat down still with a frown and looked into the sky,
The stars were out and the moon had clouds hovering over it.
It was windy and dark outside,
The girl sat there. Her eyebrows made a v shape, she was crying and
grunting,
Again the girl got up and kicked the dirt, dust flew up.
She was lost.

Brittania

My Friend Tony

My friend Tony had a 3½ in a little place downtown. His building was a mahogany colour. I loved my friend's apartment. It always had a streak of light coming through the blinds. It was pretty cool but I have not forgotten about his cool car. It was imported from a Russian friend of ours. He works at a dealership in Russia. I have a bright pink ribbon at home for cancer for the ones I lost.

Nicolas

An Irish wake for an absentee

Sitting around my battered three and a half
we sang songs of varying degrees of ridiculousness
until dawn

Our boots resting upon the imitation mahogany coffee table
We passed the bottle
for inspiration

A streak of light silenced us
and we each dwelt awhile in our own thoughts
and started up again

I've not forgotten that night we mourned our friend
A bottle of Russian, bright pink faces
Laughing drunk

Jordan

Picture Perfect

I feel like the weight of the world is on my shoulders,
I just don't feel like I'm enough sometimes!
The system pulls every string you have until you're nothing.
What can we do to be picture perfect?
What can we do to be happy?
The pain is overwhelming.
I feel trapped while I'm trying to clean up my act.
Sorry to say, I'm not PICTURE PERFECT.

Brittania

Trust yourself. Create the kind of person that you will be happy to live with the rest of your life. Make the most of that person by fanning the tiny inner sparks of possibility into sparks of achievement. Achievement will swallow down all the mistakes you made learning to achieve. The one person who can live a perfect life without mistakes...doesn't exist. You have to make the best of yourself with all that you are given.

Phil

Completely Out of Key



Jordan

The Mummies

I have seen them.

They looked scared of themselves, as if they hadn't known they were dead.

What is death?

Some say death is when you fall into a permanent sleep, facedown in your grave, a rotting corpse.

They say death is when you pass on to the brighter side of things.

Death is scary.

The mummies seem to have been wrapped together. Maybe they were a couple, maybe they were friends.

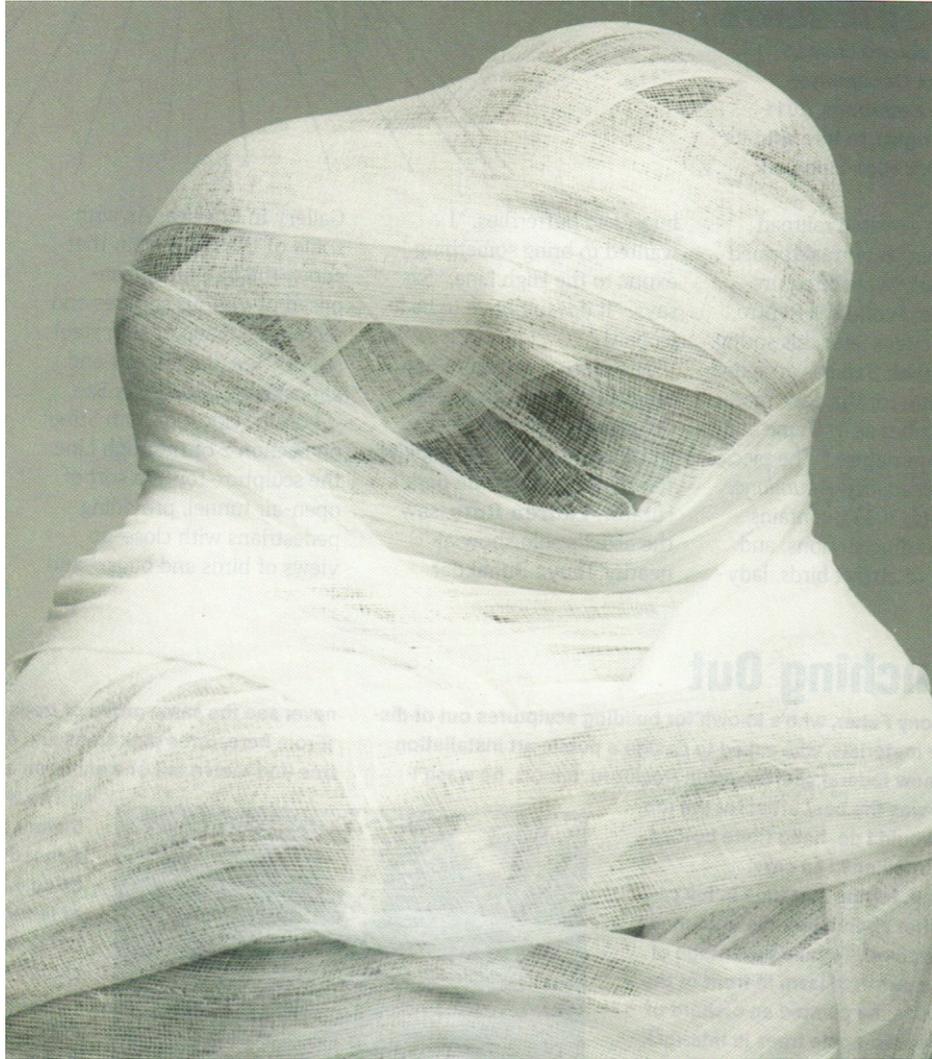
At least they were combined together.

At least they aren't alone through death.

The gauze wrapped over their bodies make me believe they're mummies.

Mummies at peace.

Brittania



The Thirteenth Cat

It is lucky to toss a folded five-dollar bill into your underwear drawer.

If you step on a crack, you break your brother's back.

If you throw a bat into a black hole the earth will be sucked away.

If you drop an orange, you will die.

If a candle is lit at 2 a.m., your death will occur at 6 a.m. sharp.

If you catch the same fish three times, it will grant you one wish.

You will receive good news if you sing Rihanna at midnight every day
for a week.

If you get injured on February 29, you can wish your injury on your
enemy.

If you smash a guitar, you will no longer be musical.

If your tears hit the floor, the acid will melt the floor.

If you forget what you were going to say, that thought appears in
someone else's head.

If you eat the hottest habanero, you can speak Spanish for ten minutes.

If you say someone's name at the moment of sneezing, they will fall in
love with you.

If you hear a kettle whistle at 4 p.m., make a wish.

The Absentees



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