



Welcome to our
world!

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The Centre for Literacy of Quebec
Le centre d'alphabétisation du Québec

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Thoughts

Just for a fleeting moment,
I let the tides engulf me.
I leave them to trickle and seep.
To persuade every fiber,
Every particle of my being,
Creating swirls of passion,
In my head.
Thoughts escape their prison,
Fleeing the crevices of my brain.
Sauntering off to find purpose,
To find meaning.
Enjoying the comforting bliss,
Of freedom.

Gabby

I Am A Can Opener

I am a can opener.
I opened all the cans.
Until that other guys came,
And sadly changed my plans.
He thinks he's all so mighty.
He plugs into the wall.
No need to even struggle,
Or use your strength at all.
I'm starting to get lonely.
Don't get used anymore.
I'm locked up in the knife box,
My feelings so ignored.
I hope maybe I can go,
To a home far away.
Where I'll get used forever,
And won't be locked away.

Gabby

Him

As I stand in the mirror, staring at my reflection, my features begin to change.

It's him. I look away, unable to deal with the sight of his face.

That face. That one face.

How is it that I was strong all along, and now I crumble at the mere sight of him?

I look back into the mirror, and there he is.

There I am. My face is his face.

I am him, and he is me. We are one.

I stare hard into the face I see, challenging the demon in the mirror.

Words start to flow from my mouth. Ugly words.

I am yelling, swearing, cursing. My body is one with his.

I am now hitting, punching, kicking, and throwing things.

I hear his voice, my voice. "You're just like me." He says.

My eyes close and I become still. "That is not possible."

I say. He can't fool me.

I will never be like him, and that I know for certain.

I open my eyes and I see myself in the mirror.

I see me. Just me.

Gabby

My Friend Ed

This round thing.
Where do my feet go?
These ears ring.
Ugly numbers grow.

Conscience is guilty.
Water from my face.
Thoughts are filthy.
Tinted with disgrace.

The sweet on pink.
Twin Sugar cocktail.
Bricks in the kitchen sink.
Complements fail.

Dropped the reins to my horse.
The buckets fill with remorse.

Gabby

Thank You

Broken, scared,
And bothered by demons.
I was unprepared,
Searching for a reason.

Pushing fear away,
Bib by bit.
You showed me the way,
My path was lit.

Those things I use to be,
But now am not.
We formed a team.
And together we fought.

I have yet many goals
to achieve,
But where would I be,
if you didn't believe?

Gabby

She'd clearly, in her mind,
found another club to
disrupt their skirmishing
form of warfare.

The standing protesters
wanted the dirty people
to back off first

Eventually, the issue
was settled.

erasure poem by Gabby

Departure

It comes across like a swooping vulture.
Black and silent, it can engulf one's eternity.
No light, no sound.
There is not even the presence of a muffled sound.
We become depressed over the kings who were not crowned.
I don't sleep well.
I have nightmares about him.
I can tell that he now lies in the depths of hell.
James left me; he was a Dad but not a Father.
He walked around as such a bother.
Once he departed, there were no more tears.
All that was left were the harsh memories of my biggest fear.

Karyna

Lavender Room

Those whom are dressed monochromatically,
They wait tediously, feeling ambiguous in the lavender room.

The isometric patterns upon the wall perplex them.
They leave them to each have their own paradigm of them.
They try to thread together these patterns into something
unique.

Each of these individuals is stigmatized.

They are placed in a new form of genocide.
Thus leaving them without an identity or individuality.

They feel bewildered and somewhat invaded.

“We are just numbers, all of us.” Says one man.

Perception is lost; a new way of life is sought.
For many incredulous and insidious thoughts are formed.
We all begin to hate this lavender room full of scorn.

Karyna

Life's Way

I am walking in the woods.
I am one with the wind.
I am one with the grass.
I am one with all surroundings of nature.
When I look up at the trees, I absorb.
I notice every little caterpillar.
Every piece of bark which it moves upon.
I wonder what it would be like to live a caterpillar's life.
I am moving fast now.
Fear is filled in me.
My fastest doesn't seem fast enough.
The Blue jay swoops down and consumes me.
My small, green and squirming body is gone.
All is not lost; I am now a part of this bird.
I am soaring high above the forest.
I am breathing in such fresh air.
I am now faster than I used to be.
As I continue to fly, I suddenly feel eyes watching me.
I am being watched closely.
I am being hunted.
Next thing I know, I am I am on the ground.
I am dead, I feel like I'm being absorbed into the earth.
My soul is now once again, one with the wind.
It is one with the grass.
One with all surroundings of nature.

Karyna

These Old Clothes

I used to live these clothes.
They are too small for me now.
I become attached to these clothes, don't ask me how.
It's time to donate them so someone else.
I'm sure they will wear them as much as I did.
Maybe they will eventually feel for them the way I felt.
I don't think they will keep them in a closet all hid...
Then again, maybe I should keep them.
I still love them from stitch to hem.

It's not my fault that, I've had them so long.
Maybe one day, I can give them to my child.
That way, they can still stay a while.

Karyna

Call Me Insane.

Everybody a part of this world seems a lot like a tunnel.

Everything feels terminal.

I am dangerous.

I still bring weapons on board.

Alcohol, sex and music had compensated for lonely nights.

Protein bars, powdered lemonade and tuna fish inspired me
to throw up.

I ignored friends who insisted that I could not live like this.

I am a nonfunctioning disaster.

Netflix and DVD's are not enough to satisfy me.

I became acquainted with morphine.

I am slightly bonkers.

erasure poem by Karyna

Silence vs. Sound

Silence consumes me.
It consumes the air.
Sound is lost
In the shadows of despair.

The noise is lacking
As if it was destroyed.
Everything is missing
From my empty void.

Hidden in the cracks
And crevices of my mind
The sounds are lurking
Yet are impossible to find.

Joy is essential.
Joy is the key.
In order to get better.
In order to succeed.

I must fill my void
And replace my sorrow
With the sounds of joy
For a brighter tomorrow.

M.C. Bows

Mississippi Cave

Azalea and Jasmine were perplexed by the murkiness before them as they entered the Mississippi cave.

The eloquent scent of coriander lurking in the air intrigued the young women

towards the conspicuous place.

They had just been in the dark wood

searching for Azalea's kitten

when they decided to follow the smell.

Now,

the two feel far from safe as

they quiver into

the dark.

Before their fear could completely

take over

every little crevice

of their bodies,

a ludicrous sight

flabbergasted

the girls.

They thought to see

a hippopotamus

prancing in the cave

with some platypuses!

Quickly,

they realized that this was

a trick of the shadows,

a mere illusion,

and continued to follow

the ever-precious scent of

coriander.

But

what
would
await?

M.C. Bows

Life

Nothing lasts forever
Neither the bad nor the good
So what is the point?

M.C. Bows

The Little Lady

Deep down in the dark tunnel
Lies a lost little lady
Searching her saddening soul
For feelings she's always feared
Oppressing obscurity
Aggravating anxiety
Unnerving impulse issues
Consuming and covering
That thickening thistle scent
Numbing her nasty nostrils
Guiding her guilty conscience
Down the dizzying dusk path
Towards the tangible truth
Living within her live self
Vicious is this vigorous
World where she lives
Hope has fled from people's homes
Sadness simmers in its place
Because before her beliefs
Reality reigned over
Now the nonsense of hope is
Shimmering shyly away
In every corner
Every crevice
And little slip
Deep inside
Her mind.

M.C. Bows

Flower

When the red flower
Begins to bleed
You start to wonder
Was it always red?

Maybe it was a
Happy colour
Like yellow or pink
Or orange or white

Was it a sad one?
Melancholic
Like deep blue or grey
Or even purple

Did it stand up straight?
Just as mighty
And glorious as
An ever-strong king

Perhaps it leaned
Over one side
Unable to stand
Suppressed by burdens

Were the leaves healthy?
Tough enough to
Battle every
Single obstacle?

Or were they too weak?

Crumbling with touch
Much too crippled to
Simply take a breath

You have no answers
To these questions
You don't know its past
You can't know its past

All you do know is
The flower bleeds
And is in need of
Your best assistance

The flower needs help
Despite the past
In order to have
A better future

M.C. Bows

Modern Art

Curling outward
It's almost like
A brain
Inside out.

There are spheres
And shells
At the tips of some
While others are darkening daggers
Piercing into your heart
One by one.

They move about
Eerily
With some sort of
Purpose
In mind.

Among these intricate colourful swirls
There is a single
Black
One creeping out slowly
Ready to conquer the world.

M.C. Bows

Triumph of the World

I lurk
Amongst the yellow
Amongst the red
Amongst the green and blue and orange

I'm alone
But that's alright
I won't be for much longer
Because I have a plan in mind

A devious plan
One day soon
You shall see
I will begin to grow long

Long enough
To conquer what I wish
Long enough
To turn the whole world black

It'll be black with anger
And with despair
Amongst every habitant
Of this measly planet

Happiness may reign
It may even be
In complete power
For now

But

Things will change
In the globe of positivity
I'm the speck of negativity

One day
This will all change
I will turn into the globe
And defeat the speck of positivity

Because evil

Always

Triumphs.

M.C. Bows

Watch Your Words

She sits on the bed
There's a mess in her head
She writes to escape
Her unwanted fate
With her gentle pen
She scribbles one again
"I'm smaller than an ant"
In her messy rant
As she finishes the word
The gods overheard
They decided to arise
And give her a surprise
Slowly she began to shrink
Dropping her precious ink
Her body turns black
She grows smaller than the plaque
Hanging on the wall
Showing her success before the fall
Into madness
Into sadness
Six legs began to sprout
She realized what this was about
She had turned into what she felt
On what she dwelt
She was a little bug
Hidden in the rug
So small and frail
It was hard to exhale
If only she weren't so sad
But she didn't even have a comrade
Or anyone at all

She was in complete withdrawal
But all she could think
She didn't deserve to blink
She didn't deserve to breathe
She didn't deserve to eat
This wasn't apprehensible
Neither was it irreversible
Her transformation
Showed her representation
Of herself in her mind
Compared to humankind
She would never change
Until her attitude would change
She would never be herself
Again.

M.C. Bows

Oak Tree

I stand up tall
With healthy leaves
And a beautiful breeze
On this day of fall

I can see the waterfall
There are wondering thieves
And so many other trees
I am content with it all

But then she arrives
And pours me some water
Only to poison my roots

How can one survive
An accidental slaughter
From the filthiest of fruits?

M.C. Bows

He was "fine."
He seemed natural
But
Months after I'd trusted him
I was concerned.
"Are you O.K.?"
I tried to hug him.
He felt betrayed
And vulnerable
and he left.

erasure poem by M.C. Bows

What if you awoke
And no matter how hard you fluttered your wings you could
not fly
You could not get out
So you went to bed

When you awoke
You charged at the fence surrounding you
But you could not destroy it
So you went to bed

Suddenly you awoke
You tried to swim past the fence
But there was no water to swim in
So you went to bed

Slowly you awoke
You walked over to the gate
But you could not unlock it
For there was no key
So you went to bed

What if you awoke
Outside of this prison
Well I guess we won't know
Until tomorrow comes

Mitchell

I don't like him, I never did, not today, not ever
Never, for he never liked me
Because of that I am void
Of this feeling belonging
I walk alone, for my own
With no home, or any friends to call my own
For I am alone.

Mitchell

Never

I never liked it, nor did I hate it, I never saw it, nor did I touch it, it never talked to me, and I never talked to it, I never got in its way, it never got in my way, the wind my greatest friend for never.

Mitchell

Mr. Simpson had a conundrum and wasn't sure what to do
So he got on a plane and flew
On the plane he was feeling blue
For he did not know what to do
When he landed he went to go find some bacon
But he was not aware there was no bacon to be found
Then with a frown
He thought this is preposterous
And flew all the way back home

Mitchell

Here is my old rhyme
Not obscure with time
Still in my mind
It has one line
The best of time
My old rhyme

Mitchell

Mr. Rooster

Hi I'm mister rooster my life consists of protecting the hens and strutting around. Until one day a strange man picked me up (P.S. I tried to fight back but I was no match) and carried me around showing me to all his friends. Then he put me inside a large pot filled with water and it got hotter and hotter.

Mitchell

Heart

It beats the same beat
Forever
On and on
Through the good
And the bad
When we feel happy
As well as sad
But it does not give up
For without it
We do not feel
Happy or Sad
Good or even Bad
For with no emotions
There is no point

Mitchell

A typical day
I beat
Every second
Of every day
I feel different things
Good
Such as Happy and calm
Bad
Such as sadness and anxiety
But every time I beat
It gets harder to keep going
And when it seems impossible
I just need to keep going
Because you believe in me
To not stop

Mitchell

It's under the moon
Never too close
Never too soon
It does not choose
But it can be chosen
It cannot see
There are more than a million
If you let it be
It can be a friend
Or an enemy
It is not just for one weekend
It can be very dastardly
Snowflakes they can be cold
But they can also be sweet

Mitchell

October

What February is to April

The uncertainty and imbalance

Leads us

to a

plugged in Iphone

but everyone is a victim

erasure poem by Mitchell

The Burial at Sea

The sails fluttered slightly in the wind as the men crowded the deck. The priest had just finished speaking, the murmuring of the crowd died down. The body of the marine officer was released into the sea. Canons began firing to salute his passing, as silence descended to respect his memory and to remember his life.

I clung tightly to the ropes as I observed the ship's priest perform the ceremony. The long sails were calmly swaying as was the sea. It seemed all was calm as the body was lowered into the sea. Then the silence which had befallen us was shattered as the canon fired. The traditional ending to the ceremonial burial at sea.

Thomas

The Tree

There once was a tree like no other
It was completely unique
People tried to find another
For the tree made fruits called sunque
They were the most delicious fruits around
Only the richest around could afford them
Adventurers searched, for there must be others around
A farmer found a fruit as valuable as a gem
And instead of eating it as many would
He dug a hole and put it in
He watered that spot as much as he could
For years he laboured but a tree did not begin
The one day he went to water the spot
Only to find the tree had grown a lot

Thomas

End

No light, no sight, no right
Not a squeak, nor a peep, not a sound
No pain, no lane, no gain
Not a touch, nor a taste, no place
No smell, not well, this is hell

Thomas

Derp

The fabulous book of derp was a smashing hit
It's author as cool as a hippo with matching wit
All whom he knew told him it would be shit
Yet he is no fool, nor a mule, he did not fold
Even when the reception was cold
They told him he was crazy, but he knew for a fact
That the world wanted derp, so he wrote and wrote
And now all his perseverance has been gratified
He proved them wrong and himself right

Thomas

The Ditch

There in the ditch was
A thing destructive
It was unfired but
It was still active
Even brave men dare
Not approach it
Then one day a man
Not brave but cautious
Desired to build
A wall around it
He then filled it with
Water, dirt and clay
And now it is safe
For people to build near

Thomas

What am I?

I was sitting on the chair in my living room, in my hands a book I had bought earlier that day. As I finished the 4th chapter something strange began to happen. It was as if the skin in my hands started to ripple, I blinked, once, twice and the strange phenomenon didn't stop, in fact it was spreading! That's when the pain hit, terrible, terrible pain. It was the worst I have ever felt, so much so that I blacked out. When I awoke, I was on the floor, I tried to push myself up but found that my arm wouldn't move, looking over at it I received the biggest shock of my life. Instead of my arm there was a wing! Looking at my other arm I discovered that it too was now a wing. Panicking, I wave my arms only to begin flying. I calm down, this is probably just a dream-pain. I just hit a wall and felt pain which means this is probably not a dream. Despairing, I wonder if I will ever be human again. Just as I think this, my body begins to change again, expanding. A few seconds later I'm human again. I quickly check myself over, everything appears to be where it should be. I collapse in relief and wonder what just happened?

Thomas

A gift for an old friend who was the exact opposite of beauty by all accounts, she would say "Yes." But before becoming an author, she, a highly educated biologist, after high school worked as a lab assistant, a job she secured by moral vigilance.

erasure writing by anonymous