



Classic Old Mood.

December 2015

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www.qwf.org/programs/wic

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Horrible dark hate
Absolutely rich image
Ceremonial innocence
Soothing melody, magical night
Proudly crimson glory
Classic old mood

-Kiara

I used to be quiet but now I won't shut up
I was mellow but now I am wild
I had to glorify my image but now precious touch blends tides
There were magical nights but now absolutely distinguished
I used to be ultra-radiant, still am.

-Kiara

Stuck here, just my luck
I'm in a f***** rut
You laugh and think it's funny
You're not in my position, I feel cruddy
You make my head muddy
I tried to be proud but you shoot me down like fighter jets in the clouds
You're supposed to care but you're never actually there
What happened to love you and you're my everything
You're worse than the others who fucked me over and gave me nothing
You make me feel like my hard work is unworthy
I treat you like a goddamn trophy and this is how you repay me?
You're just childish, plain selfish
All you do is chill and do bag; you're not making me glimmer
Go snort some more winter; call me when shit goes back to summer

-Kiara

Vaper veil, passionate escape
Some things I just don't want to erase
Approaching night, mesmerizing dreamscape
For me, you always advocate
My mind is an open case
Vaper veil, passionate escape
Together all good things congregate
My heart is covered with you, you can tell by the quick pace
Approaching night, mesmerizing dreamscape
Without you I'm vacant
I can't wait to see your face
Vaper veil, passionate escape
Approaching night, mesmerizing dreamscape

-Kiara

Among normal I am the strange
Among memories I am the forgotten
Among gems I am the tainted
Between betrayals I am the knife
Between loves I am the lust
Between light I am the dark
Among the world I am the hidden
Between songs I am the harmony
The one that will never be heard

-Kiara

I just want to say sorry
It's not always easy to be perfect and keep an image
Your eyes are like ice to me now
I promise to always feel guilt, regret
I listen for the plea but nothing
I am filled with disappointment and overwhelming sadness
In the quiet nights you hear nothing but sobs
Evening turns to morning and no change
You are my past but still presently familiar
Something tells me I'll never shake you
I thought differently once
But I'll never be able to break you how you broke me

-Kiara

This day I sit and write about anguish
Yesterday is no different from today
Tomorrow will be no different than the next
I remember everything I don't want to
I have so many unhealable scars
I gave all my soul and might
What if things never changed?
There could be happiness and no guilt
I would be transformed and not so demented
The sky is full of stars that shine so bright
Hidden among the dark moon
I found you, your essence but through all the good came the bad
I crash landed simmering from your heated blows
This day is just the same, relived and unrepaired

-Kiara

You are the curse to me, sucking all of me out
You are everything I ever wanted but not meant to be
You are my worst memories I'm unable to forget
You haunt me worse than demons
You are my personal nightmare
Walking, breathing ghost of my past that I can't escape
I can't give you what you want and its killing me
It's like trying to turn around on a one way street
I thought you could change me, you did, you changed me and your mind
You are a piece of heaven I got to taste
You were like my own personal dose of something essential
You were cold as ice and froze my heart

-Kiara

By chance he would light his turn
Who are you?
Tell me, uttering falsehoods
Tomorrow never left
He would say why today?
My mania found by depart
Costs me time, he must pay
I listen thoroughly, never tire
He speaks and with it comes tales
Tales of hurt and deceit
His words were brief
And with that came his victory and my defeat

-Kiara

How do I keep being so foolish?
I love to the depth of me
My soul can no longer contain
I have more anguish
Most hidden hate and pain
Strive for patience, I have none
Strive for dawn and not feel abandonment
With the passion of all I have in me
In my past I've suffered emotional execution
I seem to lose everything around me and myself
With my lost love and mocking memories
Smiles fading into oblivion
I shall tuck myself away and all senses
They treat me weakly
Buying my happiness cheaply

-Kiara

My memory of moments
A rising anxiety
A rough patch
Bring me back to the light
Specimens plucked from my heart
Ordinary people, just not the same
A street darkened
I saw a new beginning
How I got here I'll never know
A story of confusion
Once an untainted person now immensely sinful
My friends never understood, never got it
Bring me back to the light
Tell me how to live my life, I'm used to it
Wonder is thoroughly found
Beauty is hopefully waiting tomorrow

-Kiara

We are not the same
A simple yet hazardous separation
We need an abundance of hope
Weather changes moods
I'm writing fretful words of misguided livelihood
When I have fears I think of my emotional wounds, freshly healed
We still remain meshed together in some warped way
Never heard such hateful words
The urgency of my state is crucial
A timeless passion
Reminds me of fractured actions
Will you teach me how to be sane again?
We're caught in a rut of shameful tales; behind our eyes see truths unfair
In the morning, wake up wishing I'm not there
We need each other but that's another story

-Kiara

Existence

Walking, breathing robots operated by lack of independence

Taken away from desire, love

Too messed up for a life wanted

Hands extended but not befriended

No trust for those who seem to help

Can't quite wrap around the mental yelp

Try, not try, give up and try again

All to get back up and feel pain yet again

Help, please help

Lines unfamiliar

Trying to change for the better

Feel happy back together

Existence doesn't always work in our favor

Sometimes there's care or tractors

A cruel cycle

Seeming less and less vital

-Kiara

The Lonely Star

The sad star was so lonely,
But helplessly in love.
Sitting there in the dark sky,
Peacefully watching Sam the cloud.
He never knew the consequences of loving,
So when she turned him down.
He just kept trying,
Even with a frown.
Every night he'd shout to her,
"A little bit of fire is good,
But don't let that fire get so big,
Or it'll burn you bad bitch!"
From that night on,
He was a vicious little star.
He has not been admiring her,
Not even from afar.
Visions of fire and smoke,
He watched as she moved a little to the north.
But stopped in her tracks as she choked,
He laughed a little noticing what she's really worth.
"You have no idea what rage is,
Until you've been rejected to the point
Where you feel subhuman
Just like I do!"

-Khalila

Emotions.

I can be strong as hulk
Ready to snap.
I can be as tough as him,
But pay attention to my feelings
I will always be the kindest.
I can be caring, in ways you don't expect
I can be as quiet as a mouse
But able to make enough noise to fill a room.
My strength can be gentle like feathers
I can be delicate as a flower,
Ready to crumble beneath your touch.
I can be emotional in ways you don't expect.

-Khalila

Letter to you.

I just want to say what's on my mind,
But it's not always that easy.
Your eyes are like crystal balls,
I promise to always be honest.
I listen for the sound of your voice calling my name,
I am filled with a thousand emotions.
In the quiet of your arms,
Even with the chatter surrounding us!
You are just amazing,
Something tells me you're a keeper,
I thought of you in my future,
And it seemed pretty right!

-Khalila

All I want is you
All I want is for you to stay
I want you to continuously show the care that you do,
I am smitten with you
I can be as strong as you,
Or weak like a feather
I am afraid of being apart,
Because you now have my heart.
People think I am crazy
But I am just love struck,
I am the one who always cares.
When everyone else needs me,
But all I want is you!

-Khalila

How do I tell you how I feel?
I love to stare in the depth of your eyes
My soul can't take your beauty
I smile a lot, when thinking of you.
I have more feelings,
Most of which I've never had.
The feelings that make me bubbly inside,
And make me wish you were here.
With the passion I see in you,
I seem to lose control of my feelings,
They dance and sing,
In search of the feelings in you.
With my lost of control,
Smiles flying in every direction,
I shall never forget,
The moments we shared that I've savoured.

-Khalila

Our world.
The world is safe,
I lift my arms,
And drop my guards.
The stars are out
And you are the brightest one,
I dreamed you left.
But you returned I forget how to speak,
When we're on the phone.
I'm scared to love
When I don't,
I shut people out.
I think...
I think I might be in love.

-Khalila

Beauty is a wonder
My memory of us
A rising start
A rough canyon
Bring me back.
Specimens plucked from you,
Ordinary or not
In a beautiful street light
I saw you.
How I got your love
A mysterious story,
Once a couple
My friends are shocked.
Bring me to the moon,
Tell me you love me
Wonder what love is,
Beauty is love!

-Khalila

Erasure Poems

Source text: Zorba the Greek by Nikos Kazantzakis

It was becoming still lighter. Captain Lemoni, austere and taciturn, took out his amber rosary and began to tell his beads. I struggled not to see, not to hear, and to hold on a little longer to the vision which was melting away. If only I could live again the moment of that anger which surged up in me when my friend called me a bookworm! I recalled then that all my disgust at the life I had been leading was personified in those words. How could I, who loved life so intensely, have let myself be entangled for so long in that balderdash of books and paper blackened with ink! In that day of separation, my friend had helped me to see clearly. I was relieved. As I now knew the name of my affliction, I could perhaps conquer it more easily. It was no longer elusive and imporeal; it had assumed a name and a shape, and it would be easier for me to combat it.

His expression must have made silent progress in me. I sought a pretext for abandoning my papers and flinging myself into a life of action. I resented bearing this miserable creature upon my escutcheon. A month earlier, the desired opportunity had presented itself. I had rented on the coast of Crete, facing Libya, a disused lignite mine, and I was going now to live with simple men, workmen and peasants, far from the race of bookworms!

I prepared excitedly for my departure, as if this journey had a mysterious significance. I had decided to change my mode of life. "Till now," I told myself, "you have only seen the shadow and been well content with it; now, I am going to lead you to the substance."

At last I was ready. On the eve of departure, while rummaging in my papers, I came across an unfinished manuscript. I took it and looked at it, hesitating. For two years, in the innermost depths of my being, a great desire, a seed had been quickening. I could feel it all the time in my bowels, feeding on me and ripening. It was growing, moving and beginning to kick against the wall of my body to come forth. I no longer had the courage to destroy it. I could not. It was too late to commit such spiritual abortion.

Suddenly, as I hesitatingly held the manuscript, I became conscious of my friend's smile in the air, a smile composed of irony and tenderness. "I shall take it!" I said, stung to the quick. "I shall take it. You needn't smile!" I wrapped it up with care, as if swaddling a baby, and took it with me.

-Kiara

The captain knit his bushy eyebrows.

"No, I can swear to you, when I saw the archangel of death before me, I didn't think of the Holy Virgin, nor of St. Nicholas! I just turned towards Salamis. I thought of my wife, and I cried out: 'Ah, Katherina, if only I were in bed with you this minute!'"

Once more the seamen burst out laughing, and Captain Lemoni joined in with them.

"What an animal man is," he said. "The Archangel is right over his head with a sword, but his mind is fixed there, just there and nowhere else! The devil take the old goat!"

He clapped his hands.

"A round for the company!" he cried.

Zorba was listening intently with his big ears. He turned round, looked at the seamen, then at me.

"Where's there?" he asked. "What's that fellow talking about?"

But he suddenly understood and started.

"Bravo, my friend!" he cried in admiration. "Those seamen know the secret. Most likely because day and night they're at grips with death."

He waved his big fist in the air.

"Right!" he said. "That's another matter. Let's come back to our business. Do I stay, or do I go? Decide!"

"Zorba," I said, and I had to restrain myself forcibly from throwing myself into his arms, "it's agreed! You come with me. I have some lignite in Crete. You can superintend the workmen. In the evening we'll stretch out on the sand—in this world, I have neither wife, children nor dogs—we'll eat and drink together. Then you'll play the *santuri*."

"If I'm in the mood, d'you hear? If I'm in the mood, I'll work for you as much as you like. I'm your man there. But the *santuri*, that's different. It's a wild animal, it needs freedom. If I'm in the mood, I'll play. I'll even sing. And I'll dance the *Zéimbékiko*,* the *Hasápiko*, † the *Pentozáli* ‡—but, I tell you plainly from the start, I must be in the mood. Let's have that quite clear. If you force me to,

* Dance of the Zeimbeks, a coastal tribe of Asia Minor.

† Butchers' dance.

‡ Cretan national warriors' dance. C. W.

waiting for the serenade. At eighty! You see what a mystery woman is, boss! Just now it makes me want to cry. But at that time I was just harum-scarum, I didn't understand and it made me laugh. One day I got annoyed with her. She was hauling me over the coals because I was running after the girls, so I told her straight out where to get off: 'Why do you rub walnut leaves over your lips every Saturday, and part your hair? I s'pose you think we come to serenade you? It's Krystallo we're after. You're just a stinking old corpse!'

"Would you believe it, boss! That day was the first time I knew what a woman was. Two tears sprang into my grandma's eyes. She curled up like a dog, and her chin trembled. 'Krystallo!' I shouted, going nearer so as she'd hear better. 'Krystallo!' Young people are cruel beasts, they're inhuman, they don't understand. My grandma raised her skinny arms to heaven. 'Curse you from the bottom of my heart!' she cried. That very day she started to go into a decline. She wasted away and two months later, her days were numbered. Then when she was at her last gasp she saw me. She hissed like a turtle and tried to grab me with her withered fingers. 'It was you who finished me off. May you be damned, Alexis, and suffer all I have!'"

Zorba smiled.

"Ah, the old witch's curse has hit home!" he said, stroking his moustache. "I'm in my sixty-fifth year, I think, but even if I live to be a hundred I'll never lay off. I'll still have a little mirror in my pocket, and I'll still be running after the female of the species."

He smiled once more, threw his cigarette through the fanlight, stretched his arms and said:

"I've plenty of other faults, but that is the one that'll kill me."

He leapt from his bed.

"Enough of all that. Cut the cackle. Today we work!"

He dressed in a twinkling, put on his shoes and went out.

With my head bowed, I ruminated on Zorba's words, and suddenly a distant snow-bound town came to my mind. I was at an exhibition of Rodin's works, and I had stopped to look at an enormous bronze hand, "The Hand of God." This hand was half closed, and in the palm an ecstatic man and woman were embracing and struggling.