



Different Perspectives II

## Writers in the Community Program June 2014

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

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

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65

(found poem)

“ I’m sorry.” He said

“You were really a good kid”

I

Didn’t do any good.

My friends

Were

Getting into trouble,

I looked

Like

I mean trouble!

I hoped

Hell

Was

Some tough punk

Rep

Really weird, not able to stay.

-Joey Billotto

Sonnet 18  
(found poem)

I compare a summer's day  
To rough winds,  
Summer's too short.  
The eye Dimmed  
Every  
Natures changing course  
Eternal summer  
Shall Rest  
In Thou  
Breath or eyes.

-Joey Billotto

My Montréal is diversified from all over the world.

My Montréal is St Catherine and St Laurent street, our heart and soul.

My Montréal is the home of some of the most creative and intellectual.

My Montréal is one hundred years of dedicated hockey culture, legendary scorers and Stanley Cups.

My Montréal is anywhere from peaceful in the day to hectic at night.

My Montréal is the Mount Royal statue, the Bell Centre, LaRonde and Buonanotte.

My Montréal is my home and my paradise.

-Nick Pistone

## Perfect Painted Pictures

Alejandro:        You could bring a horse to the water  
                         but you can't make it drink,  
                         You can bring a kid to school but  
                         You can't make him think,  
                         He can write a thousand words  
                         But they might not make sense,  
                         This lifestyle is dangerous  
                         Leaning up against the fence

Joey: A picture paints a thousand words  
But only speaks in silence,  
A picture can have a different feeling  
But mostly can be violence,  
We can have a different feeling  
But it will always make sense,  
What we can get through  
Will always be blocked by a fence

Alejandro:        Making that fast money the  
                         Emotions are intense,  
                         Can't stop them from judging  
                         But you can make a decision,  
                         The doctor's under stress  
                         While he's making that incision,  
                         These hood rats be walking,  
                         Shoot them down with precision

Joey: A picture can create rules  
That may be bent,  
At the same time  
Have a meaning to send,  
Creating emotions that  
It will lend,  
A different style picture  
Has its own trend

Alejandro: If you can't see my vision  
Then you sure must be trippin',  
Nobody as real as me  
That's why today you going to see,  
These rules right in front of me  
Align the perfect symmetry,  
The spoken word was heard  
From the homies in the burbs

Joey: Perfect painted picture  
Will never be enough,  
No artist ever told you  
That it wont be tough,  
Get all that meaning  
On one piece of paper,  
Just one wrong color  
And you can be a failure

Alejandro: Rhymes on the phone  
Trying to find my way home,  
Searching for the words  
Hidden inside the dome,  
Reveal the commandments  
That was written on a stone,  
If it keeps barking  
Just give the dog a bone

Joey: Painted poems

Can't be put into words,  
A picture can stick  
To your mind like a curse,  
Only the feelings  
Are able to come out,  
Don't let anyone tell you  
What your life is about

Alejandro: This path was chosen  
So I'm going to take the energy,  
Watching from above  
God knows that's the poetry,  
Write my name in history  
Call that stuff embroidery,  
Were about to end it  
Now clap for the melody

Joey: Paint it on a canvas

With a bunch of style,  
Painting so meaningful  
You live in denial,  
Painful living wishing  
You can take it to trial,  
Stretch this life into words  
And name it 8 Mile

Alejandro: Don't bring that superficial shit  
Send you right to hell with it,  
9/11 had no superman  
To prevent the hit,  
Just sit here calm down  
And don't quit,  
Something, something, something  
I'm just going to finish it

Joey Bilotto & Alejandro Lopez

Where I'm From

I'm from a street where cars are parked

I'm from a city where people rap

I'm from a long time of people who stand

I'm from a confusion about what I want

I come from a city that's known

I'm from hope and success

I come from where people fall

And I wish my life would become easier

-Ayanna Hazzard

## Dark REALITY

As our soul descends into the deep darkness that swallows us

like the sins that we try to break free of,

we think, we the broken free of the shackles

that have been placed on us,

but the reality is that we are still chained by the very shackles

that he/she was chained to.

It feels that we are stripped of our very freedom before we even learned how to walk.

People, children and babies stripped of their lives due to wars,

the rich live off the poor's blood and pain.

-Marvin

This My City

My Montreal smell green loud

My Montreal is hood proud

My Montreal got them corner stores

My Montreal got that 438 and 514

My Montreal got homies on the block

My Montreal is never out of stock

My Montreal got that STM

My Montreal got them Canadiens

My Montreal got that musical talent

My Montreal had them expos

My Montreal got them lambos

My Montreal got them cars

My Montreal is betta than yo city

My Montreal is Real City

-Mike Ignoto

(found poem)

Her mother be around boys

Thought this was really funny at the bus stop smoking

You'd be surprised how many people hopped off the bus

She stopped and glared at me and told me "what's with you?"

Blank as I felt, she went on up the lake.

She told me all about it

"So what? Do you really think you can treat me?"

-Mike Ignoto

Marvelous is someone kicking a soccer ball.

Hurried are people waiting at a bus stop.

Anxious is a classroom filled with students.

Injustice is Jason sitting on Ruwani's chair.

Magic is a cat floating in an alley.

-Angel Lucia

(Untitled)

My Saint-Léonard

is like a plate of my grand-mother's rigatoni.

It's very beautiful and tastes delicious.

It's like when you're at a family dinner surrounded by your loved ones.

Or when you walk around on a beautiful sunny day

Just seeing the old people talking to each other and smiling.

Or when you walk through the parks and see little kids just playing and having fun with a big smile on their face.

It just lights you up and make you feel happy about being part of the community.

My Saint-Leonard is special and gorgeous.

-Angel Lucia

Sober (a found poem)

He met

His parents across the bridge

Stopped

He really liked the bottle

Took a drink

He gagged

For a second then swallowed it

-Angel Lucia

Where I'm from

I'm from a street where Italians hold their Montreal Canadiens flags.

I'm from a long line of people who care about their culture and style.

I'm from a confusion about people coexisting together

I come from hard work and respect.

I'm from hope of success.

I come from perseverance and freedom

And I wish my future kids would become successful.

-Angel Lucia

My Montreal is like the city that never sleeps.  
It's like freedom to your soul,  
and beauty to your eyes.  
My Montreal is like tourists in the summer,  
and late dinners in the night.  
It's like the taste of your first poutine,  
and an addiction that begins.  
Montreal has always been a place I call home  
and it's where I belong.

-Irene

District 82  
(found poem)

Outside it was almost dark.  
Colored lights, against a wall.  
A look on his face, I don't know.  
Talking to himself,  
took the wine bottle.  
A startled look,  
Scared.  
"Yep"  
Throw up.  
Another drink to perk him up.  
He said,  
we aint missing nothing.  
"Sin City"  
Adults only.

-Irene

## A Riot Shield in a Riot Field

When you end up facing me  
Only for mercy will you plea  
From bruises to bleeding  
You will forebode my meeting  
And just like sticks and stones  
I will break your bones  
From Egypt to Ukraine  
My use is anything but humane  
When a riot is out on the streets  
They use me, to make it discreet  
I may be a shield, but the only thing I defend  
Is the government to bring a means to an end

-Kevin Lambert

## It's Time

Look at the clock, ticking and tocking

How it dictates our lives is really shocking

From 9 to 5 seems like forever

But the time for fun is always never

As the days become the weeks become the months become the years

As it all goes by something comes near

The end of our lives, something everybody fears

But for now, everything seems just fine

But eventually, everybody runs out of time

-Kevin Lambert

## **My Montreal**

My Montreal is a last bastion for Anglophones in Quebec

My Montreal is constant bickering between Liberals and the PQ

My Montreal is filled with more potholes than potheads

My Montreal is unfinished construction and the Charbonneau Commission

My Montreal is a Habs game at the Bell Center

My Montreal is More J-Walking than J-Smoking

My Montreal isn't really mine, but ours

-Kevin Lambert

(untitled)

Actions speak louder than words

Yet the pen is mightier than the sword

Beauty is only skin deep

Yet beauty is in the eye of the beholder

If it's better to be safe than sorry

Why does the early bird get the worm?

-Kevin Lambert

## **Insomniac**

Touching is a strong hand gripping a basketball.

Thinking is running a basketball play.

Dreaming is going to the NBA.

Time is a shot clock running down.

Coma is like an elbow to the head.

Music; relaxation for the mind

Love; the passion and commitment

Promises being broke, turns into lies;

that's being lied to

-Jerome

## **My Sun Youth Is..**

COMMUNITY

BASKETBALL

Help people and kids

Road trips to the states

Family

Drills in the gym and weight room

Hard work is easy

Failure

If you're afraid to fail, then you're probably going to fail

Donations to the poor and for the people that need it

Sun Youth gear to look fresh

Sports for the kids

Behind each championship banner

History

Hornets

Black and yellow

-Jerome Brown

## **Where I'm from..**

I'm from the streets where basketball players grow.

Basketball it rolls with us

The ball rolls to the hoop like the broken ankles of my defender when going to the basket.

When I shoot the ball, it smiles and whispers that it's going to the bank.

The sound of a ball when it goes into the net is like whipping a wet towel.

-Jerome Brown

## Cars

I hit bumps and I bruise. I get scratched and scraped. My owner rebuilds me to look perfect. I get a new paint job and I feel brand new. He drives me fast, I feel alive, but the more he drives me the more I age. I get older with each kilometer. I eventually start to rust, and my owner gives me away. I am old and useless.

-Jimmi Vecchio

Sober

Found poem from Rumble Fish

We  
    jammed  
        blasting

noise.

I     remember

bein' choked.

    He's  
        drunk  
he left you alone.

    The old man     sobered up     to  
go home.

    He was  
    trying  
to see through fog.

    He stopped to admire  
carefully.

-Jimmi Vecchio

I guess you would say I was born with a part of me half dead

I walk around with a dark cloud hanging over my head

Cursed with snakes slithering through my skin

They bring out the demons that live deep within

Somewhere in the darkest path I have lost my soul

Fell once too many times down the rabbit hole

*Im*

Dream is a star-struck tourist in Times Square

Abstract is 2 homeless people in the metro

Nightmare is a family going on a road trip

Wild, 10 kids playing a pickup game

Freedom is a tree blowing in the wind

-Jason

My Montreal is....

Going to the park and playing basketball with complete strangers

2 hot dogs and a poutine on Thursday night

Listening to my music on a long bus from Anjou to the West Island

Hanging out with your friends every day after school

Having the bus driver tell my friends and I to turn down our music

- Jason

86

(found poem)

Hard                    to

Remember            her                    I knew

You                    had                    midnight eyes

I felt the                    street had caved in

The funniest things                    I'd forgotten

- Jason

## Wisdom Poem

Better safe than sorry because if you're safe  
then there's nothing to be sorry for.

The early bird gets the worm  
because motivation is pushing him to learn.

Don't judge a book by its cover  
but a judge covers a case by the book.  
That's what you call poetic justice.

Beauty is only skin deep  
because the deeper you weep the more beauty you will seek.

Actions speak louder than words  
but if you only use actions you will never be heard.

-Jason

## Glasses

I always feel like someone is looking through me  
and people can see me clearly now.

I fit perfectly to some bit feel weird to others.

Over time people see me differently.

Sometimes people judge you if you have me.

Some people feel ashamed of me and put me away.

Some people need me as soon as they wake up.

-Jason

## Opus

Some people need me to get around the city. Some people take me everywhere. Others need me to get home. Some people fill me up once a week or once a month. Sometimes they lose me and get a new one. Other times you lose me and find me again.

-Jason

You'll sell her like a diamond  
But the only jewel she truly adores is you  
Eventually you'll see this  
For one doesn't know what they want  
Until they lose what they desire  
Not even the eyes of an eagle can see into the abyss  
But in trying to do so  
It's easy to miss the few beauties  
Which lie right in front you  
And to ask the darkness for guidance  
Is to take the very breath away from love

-Julian Hannus

As hollow as your words, yet thick enough to cover the wounds falling from the eyes that can only sing the song of betrayal, this veil can now bridge the gap in between.

Hiding a trail of black left behind from the mascara pouring down her cheek, or masking the face of the unsure while walking down the aisle asking ones self is this where I truly belong?

Take off the veil to stop running, an evening of such bliss cannot just be forgotten and left to dwell in the past. Nor can it mend what's always been broken.

Beauty and despair always find a way to complement each other, through a veil you can now see both in the world as tonight they dine together with you as their guest.

-Julian Hannus

## Awakening

A perfect figure and a perfect mind  
Now desires overcome all morals  
She's as divine as a flower petal, to where  
Even on its way down it never loses grace  
Awakening me from a nightmare  
On which I've been caught in for too long  
While trying to gather all the pieces left behind from a flame  
One on which has now stopped burning  
Just her whisper from afar  
Can be heard, even by those not listening  
Singing me a song which can open my eyes to elation  
Just maybe a new chapter is seeing its dawn  
Paving a path filled with apprehension  
For a life that has only told tales of sorrowful endings

-Julian

To gain an inner peace from letting go due to the fact that I've been living in hell long enough to know it exists,

and now tripping from the insanity of this very curse laid upon me, while being left in isolation away from a world of pain.

-Julian

Wind

It carries your scent, miles away  
Leaves goose bumps piercing up your spine  
Strong, sometimes light  
Next thing you know  
The tree stole your kite.

Untitled

Caught in a lie  
Her pulse goes off beat

The look in her eyes,  
Sting  
The feel of her lips,  
Razor sharp

She walks with love followed,  
By the darkest shadow

At ease  
But unbalanced  
She moves like a wave  
And takes you away

Deeper and deeper  
Like an anchor  
Rusting away  
In her soul

She looks like  
The sweetest fruit,  
With the deadliest juice

-Jameela Dufaan

I doubt myself constantly  
There are two opposite spirits living inside me  
Persistently battling one another  
The war I'll never win  
Unfamiliar reflection  
Vortical flow within  
Back and forth feeling of grandeur or contempt  
Anxiety strives despite my hardest attempts  
Cast the pearls aside as they say  
Get down to the meat no one sees  
And when they do no one stays  
Because spilling guts is suicide  
They'll be down and out I'll just go get High  
Nighttime falls and darkness floods  
My soul is lost in a tornado of blood

-Alissa Degani

You were there from the start  
Beautiful caring woman who loved me with all of her heart  
Never took her mind off of me  
No matter how much I begged her not to worry  
She watched me as I walked through dark alleys at night  
She's the one who handed me the light  
Only, the batteries would die as I walked out the front door  
And so did her dreams of me growing old  
Even though she still wanted her little girl  
She saw the switch go off by my hand as she offered, begged me to take hers  
But I did not want to be loved I didn't even know how to love myself  
She was sure these were not the cards I had been dealt  
But maybe they were

-Alissa Degani

Looking up from below

The reaper cleanses her of her sorrow

Crunch of the leaves underneath her feet

Can't bear to see the light of tomorrow

Absence of taste lingering her lips

Subtle change in the fall breeze, her aroma shifts

She trembles with every step,

Overwhelming dark adrenaline

Sparrow shadow drags behind her,

Death driven by her own engine

-Alissa Degani

My Montreal is the rebellion against the cops, at Berri-Uqam metro on my way to get a coffee.

My Montreal can be diverse, but limited to closed-minded citizens walking down the street with pepper spray, armed like an army.

My Montreal is abandoned artistic buildings covered with graffiti, paint stripping down the colorful walls filled by Sterling.

My Montreal is full-filled with brainwashing news, sayings and estimated sunny livings.

-Louis-philipe Charron

S.E Hinton (a found poem)

She said, rest now her arms shooting up doin' dope. Done super lite she wasn't hooked thought dope didn't ask out the blue sky.

-Louis-philipe Charron

(Untitled)

Fast, mellow feelings indeed actions speak louder than words.

But she never took a risk towards the second choice,

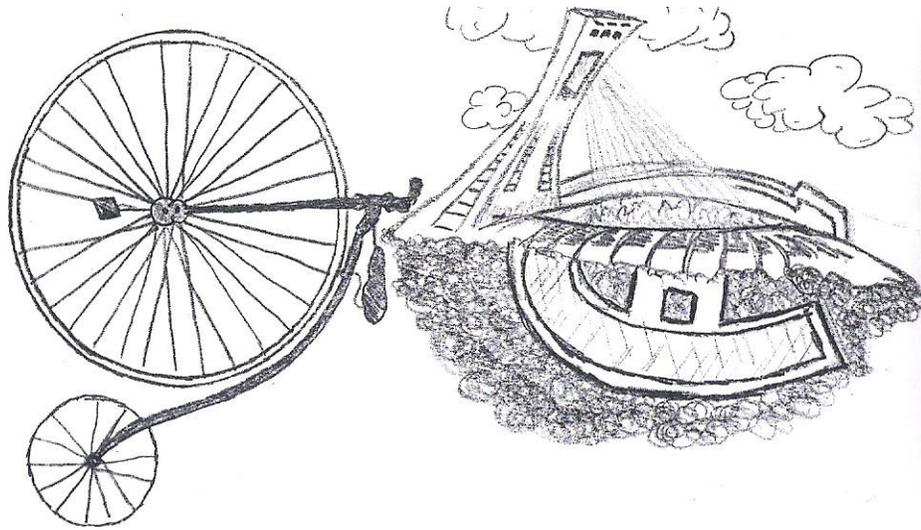
However Kimberly climbs mountains to see lowlands,

She travels through fast mellow feelings in fact seeking for revenge.

-Louis-philipe Charron

Graffiti, all around my Montreal covering the dark walls of such a bright city. My dark core.

-Louis-philipe Charron



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