

In Too Deep



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www.qwf.org/programs/wic

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DM

IN TOO DEEP



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A Lost Boy

Hatred walks into the park.
They start making fun of you.
Hatred calls me mean names.
Hatred tells me I'm fat.
Hatred tells others she's too ugly.
Hatred tells others not to talk to her.
People tell hatred that he's not cool.

A.M.

You'd Think You'd Know

Who is that? You'd think you'd know.
They try to make my life worse, oh.
You think I'm scared? Hardly so!
You watch me smile. It's all for show.
Unwanted by my family, great.
You go to me for blame, wait 'till I break.
A snitch, a witch, a bitch, a prick.
Which one am I? PICK!
My life you'd think is fun & happy,
But I'd pretend with jokes and being sassy.
Scarcely few have seen the real me,
I'm getting tired of it, you see.
With the bitterest of thoughts in my head,
I idolize something unsaid
Facing times here and there with never-ending dread.

Sage Springs

Little Black Creek

In a world so cruel, it's easy to feel like a black creek.

Different, weird, out-of-the ordinary, a creep.

Who cares, though?

There's amazing things in being a black creek, that's hidden in the mountains.

Once you've been found , you'll see you're one of a kind.

No one else like you. Super rare.

It takes searching.

But most of the time you're just stumbled upon.

Feels like you weren't mean to be found.

But you were.

You have a unique darkness other bodies of water don't.

So, I guess, you're a beautiful, mysterious, hidden black creek amongst the mountains.

Sage Springs

Untitled

I woke up in a hurry, to a yell
Time running faster than my mind could foster
Taking it upon myself, I rushed and it broke.

Laying on the floor I froze,
The rise within me was overwhelming, I couldn't stand
I saw glimpses of her with each short breath
And with each short breath a tear had shed.

Looking back I see it now, loss of control
Loss of mind, loss of time
But if only it was in my hands, in my grasp
I take it upon myself and I break
Mind running faster than time could foster
To silence, I fall asleep.

E.M.



Deadlock

The Sand Bar, disconnected from the beach
Has seemed so out of reach
For many too scared to take a bold step
When all it really takes are small breaths
The Sand Bar has it's opinion
And remains on the side it believes in
As those who stay neutral in times of moral crisis
Will lose a sense of life, and start to despise us
The world has to offer money to those who
Like the Sand Bar too
Choose the hard path, the rigid roads
For those in need and those to grow.

E.M.

Common Sense

Common sense enters the world

Where has it been?

So many lives have been lost due to its absences

Lack of its presence has created a dystopia.

Love and lost, peace and war, all a mess because of

No sense.

H.S.S.

Untitled

I am everything but I am nothing.
I am land, mountains and oceans
but I am also nothing.
I am everything, but I am just a place.
I am the world.

Everyday people kill themselves in the name of I. They hurt, lie, steal and cheat but blame I. They say I make them who they are, but no. They blame me when there is no one else to blame. But let's not forget it them who created their own problems.

Was I the one who killed an entire race.
Did I chain, enslave and rape another race.
Do I hurt women of the earth for pride.
No. I watch but I am still to blame

For centuries, ive watched them destroy themselves. Hurt each other and blame it on I. I am dying and it's because of them. My water is overflowing and my air is polluted. When will they realize that they are the only ones to blame. Not only for their social or political problems but for my upcoming death.

H.S.S.

Untitled

Love is a word that seem to slip trough everyone lips and yet mom and dad did say it enough. Love is something everyone is looking for but no one seem to find . The saying goes love is in the air and yet our people are still being massacred children are still starving and beaten and our brother and sister hurting to a point of no return craving a solution to the pain so they smoke it . A wise women once told me that love is blind is that the reason people kill in the name of love. Love is a word that seem to slip trough everyone's lips and yet there's not enough in the world.

V.G.

Untitled

Tied to you like a chain to a slave
I asked myself is my soul officially sold to the
devil
you torment me before I wake
I can't run I can't hide
tied to you like a chain to a slave
it used to feel equivalent to being a angel and
you were my wings
but now I'm slowly descending to the deepest
pit of my own hell
but in the darkness I saw a light
and that is called hope

V.G.

Walking On Thin Ice

Time stopped, as my knees dropped deep into the ocean.

There was no sound, as my body slowly hit the ground.

Growing up in pain & Breaking out in vein is what they used to say.

Growing up thinking that I had it all under control & that I had pushed all my feelings down below.

Until trauma struck & left me stuck.

We all give up at some point of time.

While peace is like a crime.

Lose it & pay time.

Leave it all behind.

& Follow the light and see what you find.

But not when the blind is leading the blind.

Throw caution to the wind & hope to dive in.

But don't fall too deep, to a point that you can't breathe.

C.W.

