

818.13 C77
V. 6, 2005

11658



CultureSHOCK!

an anti-racist review

VOLUME 6
2005

Social Issues Commission, Alma Mater Society, Queen's University

PLEASE RETURN TO OPIRG

The Grey House - 1st floor
51 Bader Lane
Kingston, ON K7L 3N6
opirgkin@web.net (613) 533-3189

Editorial Board Bios:

Janet Gordon wants to be the change that she wants to see in the world.

Ei Phyu Han loves loving

Jenmy Huynh embraces her eccentricity

Graham Kennedy remains silent

Steph King has an overactive imagination...

Jacquie Kiggundu believes love - sweet love - is gonna set us free

Kat Leblanc is living the life she always dreamed of

Dilnoor Panjwani hopes to bring eye level to a whole new low

Editors Note:

This year we received a large number of valuable submissions for Culture Shock: An Anti-racist Review. It is obvious that Queen's students have a lot to say about culture and racism and I hope that Culture Shock continues to provide an environment for this dialogue.

Our publication and the Social Issues Commission in general, received a sharp (and rather surprising) decrease in funding from years previous. Though this publication may lack the lustre and shine of previous years' Culture Shocks, I hope that the pieces that we have compiled speak to you and contribute to your understanding of the need to take an active stance as an anti-racist.

Jacquie Kiggundu
Chair 2004-2005



Chair: Jacquie Kiggundu

Editorial Board: Dilnoor Panjwani
Ei Phyu Han
Stephanie King
Graham Kennedy
Kat Leblanc
Jenmy Huynh
Janet Gordon

Thank you:

To all of our contributors and those who submitted; Jessica Soedirgo and Natalie Webb for their design work; the Social Issues Commission and the Alma Mater Society, especially:
Anjali Helferty Social Issues Commission for her unending support. Krista Lopes Social Issues Commission Deputy, Geoffrey Dudgeon, Daniel Graham of Allan Graphics Ltd; the Common Ground, Alfie's, Queen's Feminist Review; all the administrative staff and faculty who have kindly communicated with us.

For Their Generous Support
Department of Women's Studies
Department of History
The Cold Beverage Initiative Fund

Office of the Principal
Queen's Feminist Review
OutWrite!

Due to a lack of space we cannot thank everyone individually. We thank everyone who has contributed to Culture Shock in any way.

All contents copyright 2005. Culture Shock reserves the right to reprint in future issues any material which has appeared within its pages. Culture Shock also reserves the right to be acknowledged in all future reprints of original material which has appeared within its pages. All other rights are reserved by the contributor.

PLEASE ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE AND SUBMISSIONS TO
CULTURE SHOCK

c/o AMS SOCIAL ISSUES COMMISSION
JOHN DEUTSCH UNIVERSITY CENTRE
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO K7L 3N6

CULTURESHOCK@AMS.QUEENSU.CA

WWW.MYAMS.ORG/CULTURESHOCK

TABLE OF CONTENTS

01. "A Taste of Home/Questioning the Machine" // Ryan Quinn Flanagan
02. "Canadians" // Sarah Ogden
03. "but" // Fathima Cader
04. "Charades" // Ashleigh Allen
05. "Tower of Ivory" // Ryan Quinn Flanagan
06. "Empires expire, but the Poet is forever" // Ryan Quinn Flanagan
07. "Untitled" // Kathryn LeBlanc
08. "Discovering your inner limit" // Dilnoor Panjwani
09. "Prisms on the wall" // Ashleigh Allen
10. "Untitled" // Ryan Quinn Flanagan
11. "Ten Dollar Bill" // Alison Lau
12. "(no)body wants to move (no)" // Fathima Cader
13. "Havana, Cuba" // Lauren Denhartog
14. "A Reminder" // Dilnoor Panjwani
15. "War on Terrorism" // Saleem Haddad
16. "Tsetserlag, Mongolia" // Justine Turner
17. "China, 2004" // Ben Macdonald
18. "Untitled" // Emilie DeBlois-McElrea
19. "The Passion of the Iraqi's" // Jen Holub
20. "Eating Curry in Veragala" // Saleem Haddad

21. "Untitled" // Kathryn LeBlanc
22. "My Truth" // Kathryn LeBlanc
23. "Baise-moi, mon copain" // Anne Merrit
24. "Untitled" // Anonymous
25. "Untitled" // Janet Gordon
26. "Call to Prayer" // Dilnoor Panjwani
27. "Canapocalypse" // Sarah Ogden
29. "Prince" // Justine Turner
30. "Dressing up for Carnival" // Janet Gordon
31. "my palimpsest" // Brenda Wang
32. "Untitled" // Emilie DeBlois-McElera
33. "Scuba Masks" // Ashleigh Allen
34. "Of Guilty Consciousness & Deepened Burdens" // Rachel La Touche
35. "Searching for Jerked Chicken" // Rakesh (Raki) Samji
44. "Quiet, Love" // Ivy Oldford
45. "You can't see me" // Dave Gerrish
46. "Untitled" // Ryan Quinn Flanagan
47. "My First Hunt" // Dana Wesley
48. "Untitled" // Moneeza Walji
49. "Untitled" // Emilie DeBlois-McElera

A Taste Of Home/Questioning The Machine

Ryan Quinn Flanagan

Napalm, Viet Cong
pig farm villages north west of Saigon.

Why do my father and uncles
and cousins

lay stripped and strewn about the jungle brush?

Like pack animals on meat-hooks at the slaughterhouse café
mortuary monuments to the name of freedom.

Mach V, bloody tree, tv conventions

massacres dressed in handshakes
and moral pretensions.

Liberty in camouflage
and jungle fatigues

Agent orange horizons never seem to set-

and why do you come to my people?
my home?

Creating babies

and piles of bones-

And what do your Geneva conventions mean anyways?

why is it their validity only pertains to peacetime
sentiments?

We'd love nothing more than a return to peace
so your hatred can turn back inwards

To local sports teams
and resident aliens.

Born in Gillam, Manitoba, her black hair was straight and sleek and her almond eyes dark. The fading scar on her jawline was barely visible, blending in with her skin. "No, my family was entirely born in Gillam, although my Grandfather was born in Thompson, just southwest of here. We have no ties to Japan...none that I know of. Satiated?"

Born in Weyburn, Saskatchewan, his almond eyes were wide, his hair short and shiny black. The two scars on his cheek were noticeable, but fading. "Everyone in my family was born in Canada. Perhaps we have ancient ties to China, but I don't know. Satisfied?"

Born in North Bay, Ontario his skin was as dark as molasses. The scar on his neck hid in the night. "My Grandparents are from North Bay. So are their Grandparents. Maybe somewhere, way back, my ancestors were born in Jamaica. I don't know. Does that satisfy you?"

Born in Hunter River, Prince Edward Island, her skin was light brown, her hair and eyes dark. The scar on her forehead was hidden behind a lock of hair. "Je suis né dans PEI. Nous ne sommes pas nés en France. Peut-être lointainement. Je ne sais pas. Heureux?"

Her light brown hair was wavy, her eyes hazel. Her skin was white, perhaps a few freckles. She bore no scars. "No! I am not Canadian. I was not born here. What? No, my family was not born here either. We just moved her from Malawi, East Africa. I have lived in Malawi my whole life. We have no family in Canada or anywhere else in North America. No, I am positive. I am not Canadian and nor are any of my ancestors."



CANADIANS

BY SARAH OGDEN

times when i

can't believe

grasp

the immensity of the power we each hold in our hands.

if power is measured by the flicker on the TV screen - but i
know that person and he was a kid like me - like me - and i
used to make fun of him and he used to share his lunch with
me.

but - i don't

explain this to me.

how are we born? with the stamp of greatness on the backs
of knees. with a nation's love shining from the palms
of our hands.

who

who are these people?

their familiarity is unnerving.

but

by Fathima Cader



charades

by ashleigh allen

you pin down a monarch butterfly

and ignorantly question my stillness

I am getting tired of your repeated

behaviour

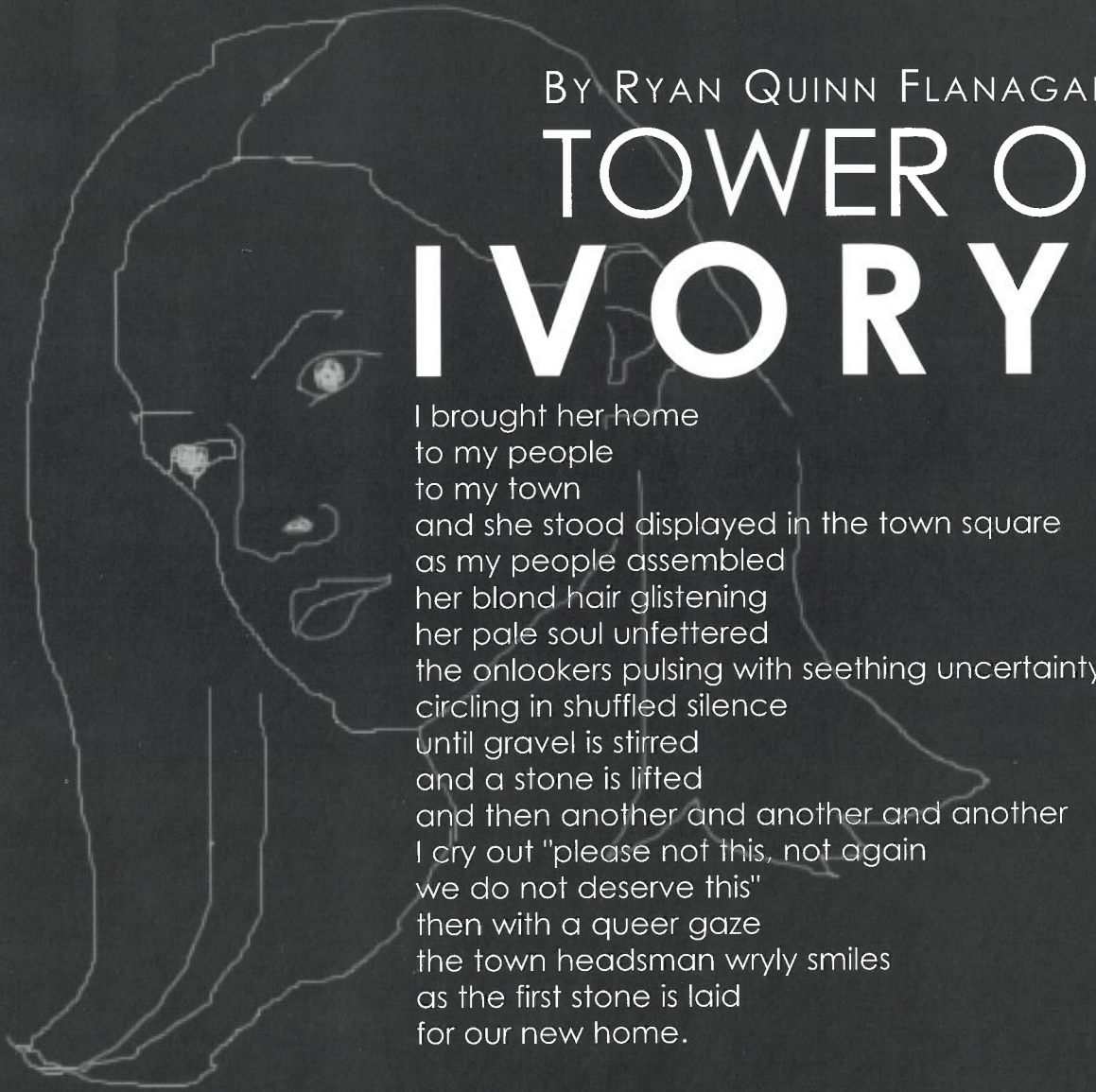
have you forgotten that

it was you

after all

who wanted to play

charades ?



BY RYAN QUINN FLANAGAN

TOWER OF IVORY

I brought her home
to my people
to my town
and she stood displayed in the town square
as my people assembled
her blond hair glistening
her pale soul unfettered
the onlookers pulsing with seething uncertainty
circling in shuffled silence
until gravel is stirred
and a stone is lifted
and then another and another and another
I cry out "please not this, not again
we do not deserve this"
then with a queer gaze
the town headsman wryly smiles
as the first stone is laid
for our new home.

Empires expire, but the Poet is forever

Those damn poets
those ageless bards of temperament
the literary thorn in the ass of Empires
poking and prodding at the social conscience
until the groundswell becomes unbearable.

Revolutionary rhyme has always fed the soul of 'free nations'
inkwells of insurrection pour forth from the heart of civilization
in an oratorical orgy of seductive parchment passion
those frenetic little quills
those devilish dissenters of diction
have always found a home
from Athens, through the ages
to present day Rome.

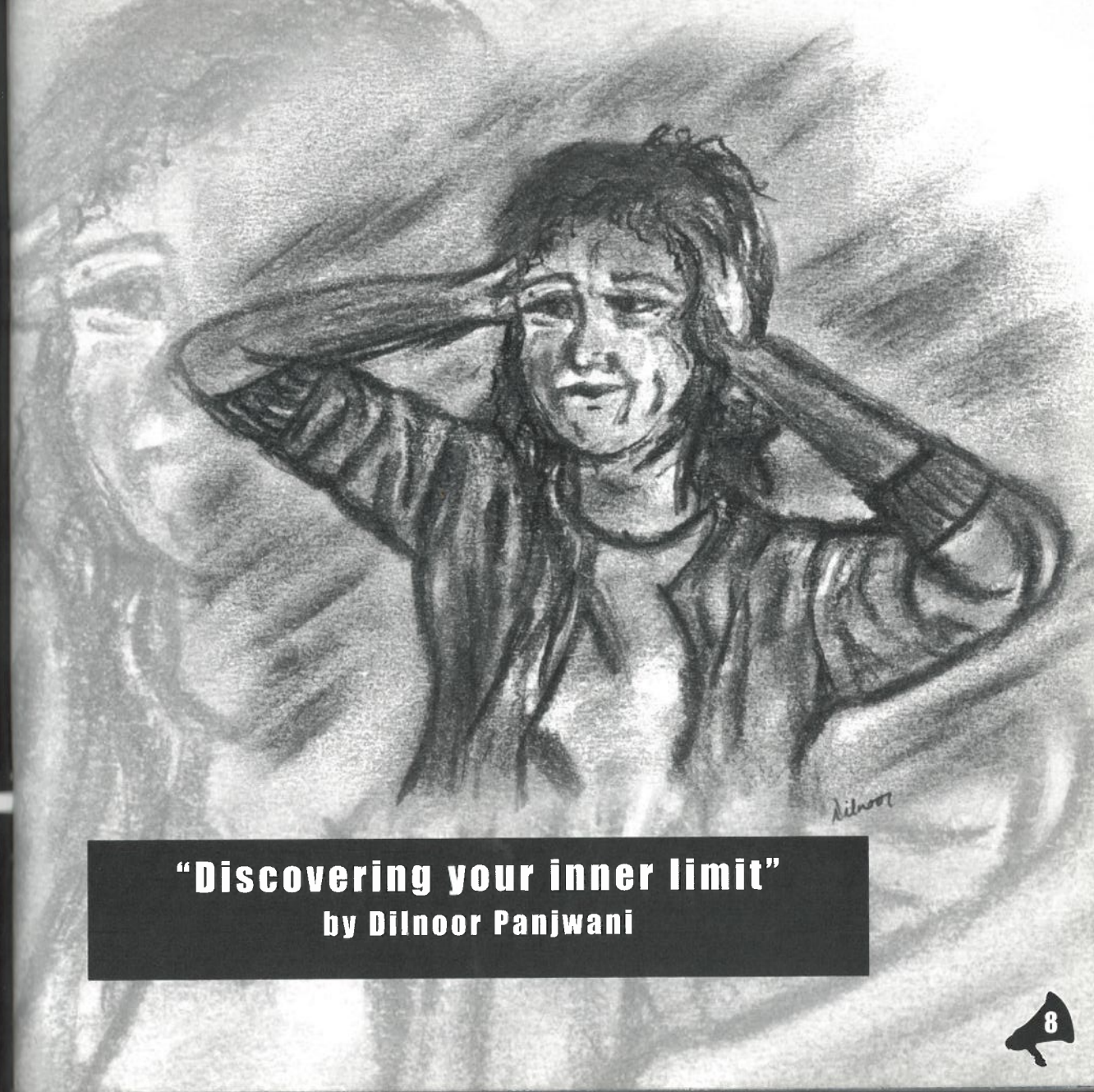
so Mr. Bush, you must eventually concede
as your predecessors once did
that the magic of poetry shall always strum an impassioned social chord
and no matter how bloody you paint our world
'the pen will forever remain mightier then the sword'

By Ryan Quinn Flanagan

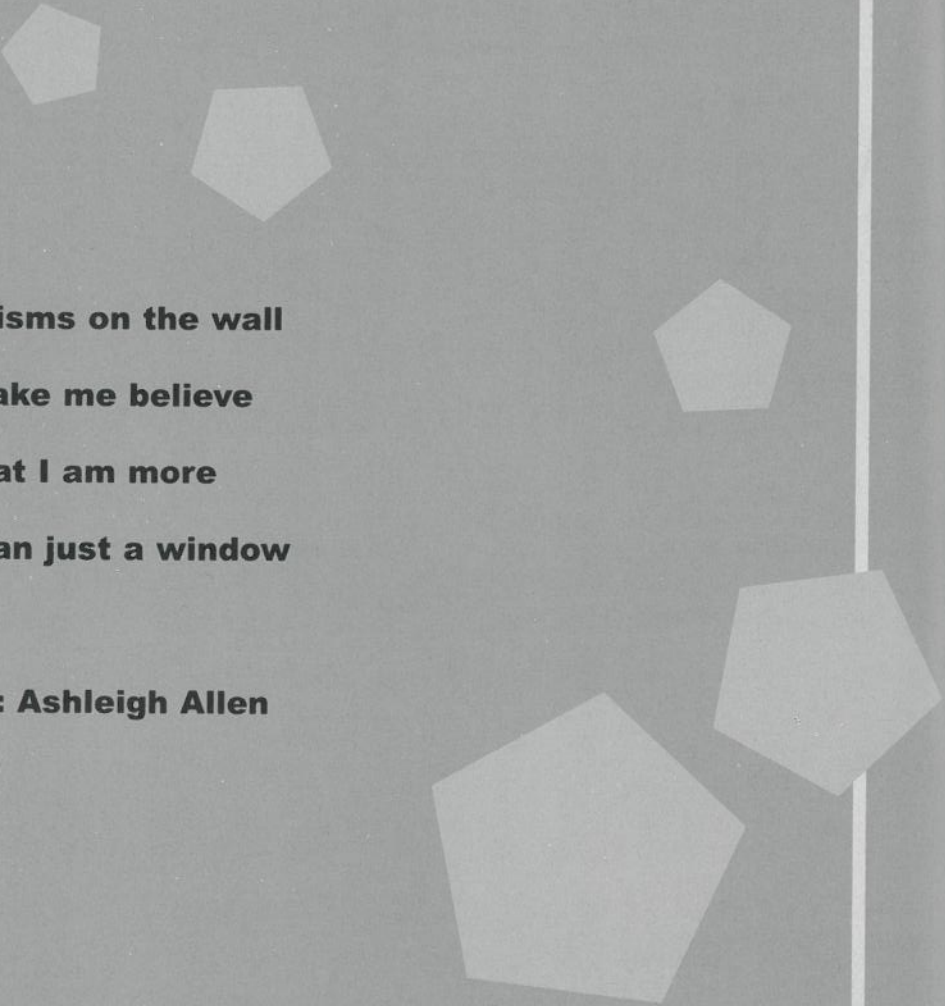


“UNITITLED”

KATHRYN LEBLANC



“Discovering your inner limit”
by Dilnoor Panjwani

The left page features several light gray pentagons of varying sizes scattered across the background. A vertical white line runs down the center of the page, and a horizontal white line runs across the bottom.

**Prisms on the wall
make me believe
that I am more
than just a window**

by: Ashleigh Allen

Untitled

Sometimes
in the race to gain a face in the world
in our own societal existence
we forget that we are part of a larger organism
(the largest we know of).
Are WE not worth fighting for
in the endless struggle against I
not we as in an efficient machine
but WE as humanity.
WE all bleed together
and no matter how many ways murder is treacherously justified
it is never right.
There is another way
there always has been
it's simply a choice between Love and Hate
and yes, the choice is always ours to make...

Cohen said: "Love is the only engine of survival"
and the bleeding hearts of the world know this to be true (all hearts bleed)
When the missiles are gone
and the face of Hate is no longer feared, but rather faced
the healing of hearts, and forgiving of wounds shall begin

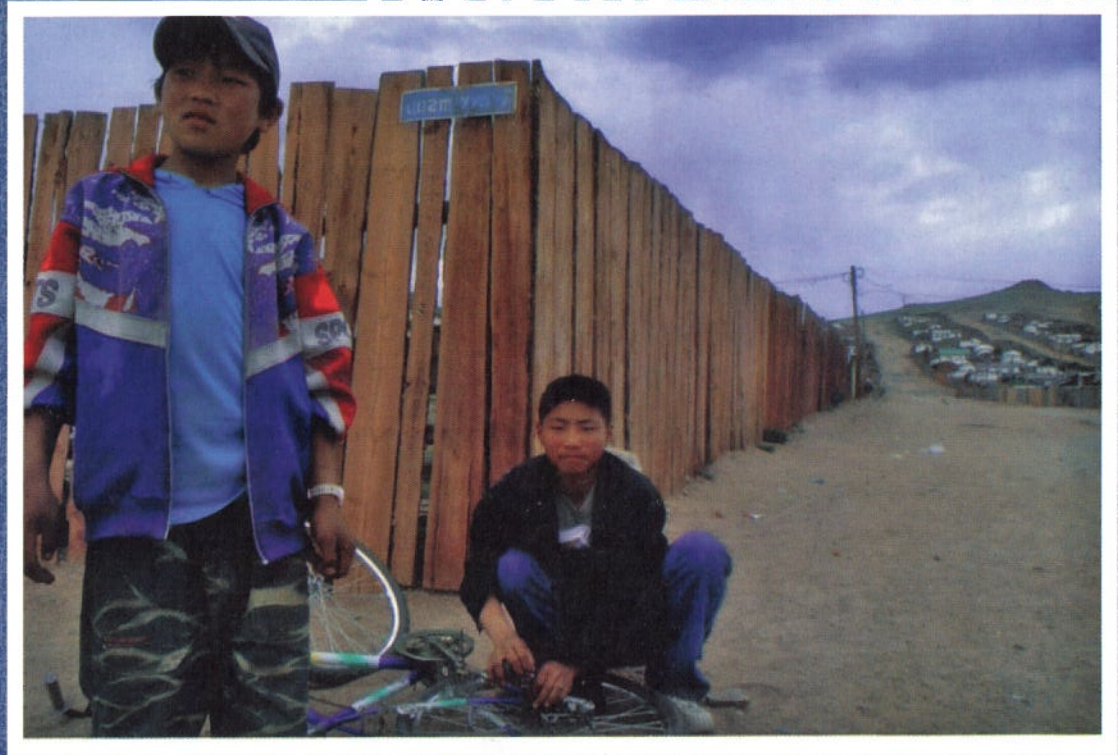
By Ryan Quinn Flanagan

“A Reminder”

By Dilnoor Panjwani



“Tsetserleg, Mongolia”



BY JUSTINE TURNER

Ten Dollar Bill

I am a seed that festers and grows
among your poppies, row on row -
a weed.

Secretly terrified of spreading,
so you are. And so I am,
to not offend.

It is better to cower than stand erect;
Better to hide my giant head
behind my body's thread, and sway
gently with the sea of red,
eyes closed with euphoria, ohh...

Better that than to unfurl
into the nightmare of the other,
the glint of judging eyes from all sides below
in the raw loneliness of a view from toledo
can you see the violence of the sky?
how the midnight brews like the sea
and lets break the horror of the spotlight
that diffuses on me
all alone-o

and this is so,
poppy, I nestle down among you
chanting your forgetful songs
till I am bloody red, I am,
and leave my weedish ways behind.

(NO)BODY WANTS TO MOVE (NO)
BY FATHIMA CADER

A MILLION COINS, SHATTERING THE GLASS. SO MANY MORE DREAMS. I'M COUNTING THEM ONE
BY
ONE. A GRAIN OF SAND SLIPS PAST ME, THROUGH MY FINGERS, LODGES ITSELF IN MY THROAT,
MAKES
MY VOICE RASPIER. HARDER TO LIE, HARDER TO SCREAM THE TRUTH, WHOSE TRUTH.
SILENCE BECOMES A COMFORTABLE CLOAK, WRAP MYSELF IN STREETLIGHTS AND GREY
PAVEMENT.

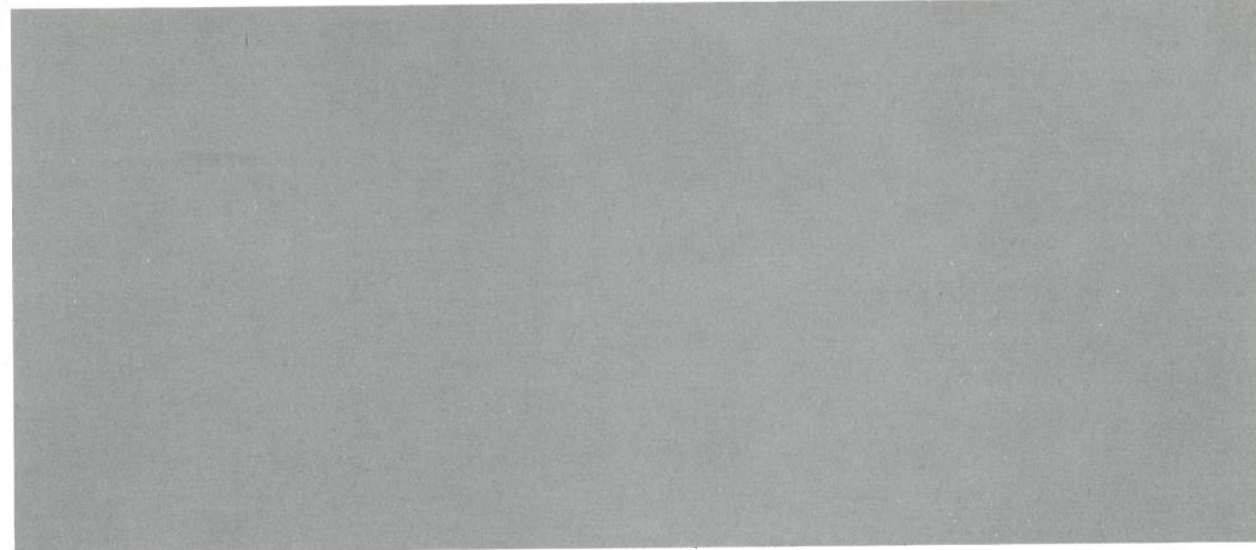
A MILLION TONGUES. PER CAPITA PER WORD PER LETTER. THE STORIES FLOAT JUST OUT OF MY
REACH.
TEASING MY GAZE, STINGING MY EYES, TAKING MY BREATH AWAY, NO, JUST HOLDING IT. CAN'T
BREATHE. THAT ISN'T THE SAME. BECAUSE I TRY.

DRAWN INTO THE COLOURS. BIRD WINGS STREAKING THE WHITE AND BLUE, LEAKING COLOUR IN
THEIR
WAKE. NOT THE SPELLINGS OF MY WORDS. POINT OUT THE CAPITALS. SEMANTICS, COMBING
THROUGH
SOMEONE ELSE'S SCRATCHES, LOOKING FOR SOME PROOF OF DEGENCY.

IMPROMPTU HIATUSSES, LIKE SUDDEN SILENCES, ARE SOMETIMES SIGNALS OF ANGELS PASSING
THROUGH.

"China 2004"

By Ben Macdonald



By Lauren Denhartog Havana, Cuba





“Untitled”

Emilie DeBlois-McElrea



Passion
of the Iraqi's

“the
passion
of the
IRAQI'S”

by Jen Holub

NWPAPA (FATHER)

You took me to a pizza place
in 1982 they turned you away and said
"we don't serve your kind here"
1982 was the year
Canada officially became a
"multicultural" country

"why did you marry a white woman?"
I have always wondered and never asked
please tell me it has everything to do with
love
and nothing to do with shame

NMISHOOMIS (GRANDFATHER)

I come to the place you raised
your children, pigs, raspberries and peas
the place I have reserved
for acceptance and happiness

If I was a tree you would be my root
you nourish me,
keep me strong,
I have grown because of your strength
I am because of you

KWEESS (ME)

I travel....
I stand among other cultures
Who am I to judge?
I don't know their struggle
I don't know their triumph
I don't know their hurt
but
I do know that indigenous knowl-
edge
is worth fighting for
I can only speak from one place
I can speak from my body of expe-
rience

I feel lucky....
to know the blood line I am part of
to know strong conscious men
to be racialised
to be cultured

**BY
KATHRYN
LEBLANC**

"My Truth"

By Kathryn Leblanc

I am a small scar
on the body of a major institution

I have come so far
only to be greeted by....
SHUT DOORS
SHUT MINDS

Where is the acceptance?
welcome?
appreciation?
respect?

These are all now the myths of my culture

I am searching for sincerity

I never asked
to be so controversial
to be pitied
or
to be the ascot of a sports team

I never asked to be a survivor

Everyday I break another's assumptions
ALCOHOLIC
DRUG ADDICT
TROUBLED
UNEDUCATED
WORHLESS

I police myself
I am dogmatic
I am a walking contradiction
I am a BRITISH/NATIVE
a DOMINANT/DISREGARDED
a CONQUERER/OPRESSED

I have no right to appropriate representation
I no right to speak the truth
I have no right to dream of a REVOLUTION



Eating Curry in Veragala by Saleem Haddad

“Untitled” by Janet Gordon



CanApocalypse

by: Sarah Ogden

Those that lived. They didn't know why. They had proved no doubt, that Human beings could adapt if forced to back track, revert to a prehistoric Way of living. Nature was better, thank you Rousseau and others, it seemed To foster authentic bravery, courage, selflessness, the essential, the skeletal Requirements.

Simply of land and sky were all they had knowledge of now. The transience Eruption had came and went. Some had stepped under the stream. Some Had emerged alive, unclean. We ran out of natural resources, oil wells Dried up, fresh water turned to poison, ashy with pollution. So we came Up with imaginary oil that did the job, we boiled our water and filtered it And this young, arthritic, gasping world kept on going into that widening Gyre.

Ignoring the falconer. On borrowed time, no doubt. That could not be Denied. Deaths by going for an afternoon walk were on the rise. Deaths By breathing had quadrupled. Birth rates were ridiculously low, but Overpopulation had long since ceased to be the worst problem. The Damage had already been done. All of my friends? Where did they Go?

To Montréal, Toronto, Le Québec Libre? Of course. Quebec had broken Off drifting somewhere near China by now... perhaps. The CN tower Lay splintered, broken in two. Plunged in the cracked desert ground The heat slowly melting the glass floor of the highest observation deck P.E.I., Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, were lost Atlantis's Now submerged hundreds of feet below the Atlantic. Although the Atlantic's waters were not cold and crisp, there were no jellyfish Brooding in the depths, gathering and scattering, gathering and Scattering. No, the Atlantic was bathwater warm and stinging to the Touch.

Everyone lived in mountainous Saskatchewan, the highest point of Land. Rumours abounded of groups of survivors, who lived in the flat Lands of British Columbia, of Alberta, those provinces where you could Stand on the most northerly tip of each and see all the way to the Southernmost tip of each. No mountain chains, or Grand Forks or Crows Nests obstructed your view. The parliament buildings had Washed up on the shores of Nunavut. Near Kimmirut. Hina Na Ho?

Celebration occurs with the finding of another living plant.

Celebration' in Inuktitut

Dressing up for the Carnival

by Janet Gordan



“CALL TO PRAYER”

dilnoor panjwani

J'ai parlé au Rossignol de mon âme perdu.

Qu'est ce qu'il t'as répondu? qu'est ce qu'il t'as répondu?

Il m'a regardé et il a sifflé
Doucement, tendrement, délicatement

Qu'est ce qu'il t'as dit? qu'est ce qu'il t'as dit?

Il m'a dit quelque chose que je n'ai pas entendu,
Que je n'ai pas compris,
Parceque....

Je n'ai pas pris le temps,
Je n'ai pas écoute doucement
Trop impatiente, trop futile, trop occupé,
Par des futilités.

■ ■ ■ BY ANONYMOUS

War on Terrorism

By Saleem Haddad



by:Justine Turner



my palimpsest

by Brenda Wang

i have never known
whether to feel guilty
for being
Christian, middle class, educated
or to feel victimized
for being
Christian, a visible minority, a woman.

sometimes i am surprised
when i look in the mirror
as if i don't expect to see
the image that stares back at me.
i don't recognize the girl i see as myself.

when i look down at my hand writing this,
i am surprised to see the yellow skin.
the same hands that write essays
and play the guitar.
this is not what i'm "supposed" to do.

i am not who i'm supposed to be.



'Untitled'

By Emilie DeBlois-McElrea

Untitled



by Emilie DeBlois-McElrea

I spent the better part of the morning moulding all my
love

Into the perfect spherical ball

I called your name and launched it at you

You were looking the other way

Scuba



Masks

By Ashleigh Allen

I watched it drown in the lake

You turn to me and ask : "You had something to say?"

I : hand you a scuba mask

you(r ignorance) yell(s)

"Why are you always giving me scuba masks?"

Of Guilty Consciousness

By: Rachel La Touche

and

Deepened Burdens

For hollowed death is subtlety you more then gladly save for me
So narrowed eyes, suspicious lies, and shadows shall decease
And when the sun doth rise again, you shall convene amongst your men
To carry on, a joyous song, of burdens now released
This parody begins the set, a character I've more than met
The legend of a woman I have known for quite some time
Her face I want and must forget, but stories live on, I regret
Upon her pedestal she sits, so similar to mine
A darkness soon consumes the air, her tattered voice begins to share
Of life's exhaust, her colour lost, her family torn awry
A sudden laughter fills the room, a comedy, I must assume
Or sarcasm she cannot find, and neither now can I
The laughter turns to nervousness, a situation of distress
Confusion comes, her heart succumbs, and broken now in two
She cannot face what lies ahead, the sky has turned the colour dead
And as she stands, with heart in hand, she wanders her way through
Her life revealed in mockery, has pleasantly revealed to me
That eyes bestowed, are now mine own, to hide away from view
For focus has now turned away, and on her shoulders it shall weigh
To burrow more, beneath her core, and drive the madness through
A somber sleep I shall begin, beneath the ground I am within
For shame inside, is hard to hide, devouring me whole
And on that day I stepped apart, to see in her hand, my own heart
While she stands tall, despite it all, a resurrected soul

Searching For Jerked Chicken Rakesh (Raki) Singh

Christo wasn't your average small town University student. We both weren't. He arrived on a math scholarship worth over five grand. I ended up at the University just because they would have me. He could integrate cosine functions and derive three dimensional parabolic arcs in his head. If he got stuck on a problem, he'd puzzle over it endlessly, making him a little socially awkward.

Christo was big and tall with hands like baseball mitts. He was half black, half brown and was brought-up Roman Catholic. Constantly confused and whimsically eccentric, he spent much of his math-free cognitive day engaged in speculations of dinner.

His half of our apartment was a beige wall and mounted math awards. Mine was a mix of Warsawpack posters interspersed with quotes by Chomsky. Our apartment hung over Main Street not far from campus. It was street full of expensive clothing boutiques, the odd eatery, and the even odder All-Year-Christmas-Shop.

We stuck out on that campus like orange pylons on a city highway. He was tall and I was short. Math and English. We were opposites but we were also the same, and very much a duo. We were labeled potatoes, brown on the outside and white on the inside, like it was some sort of super power. Girls, ethnic or not, wanted absolutely nothing to do with us. It was because our accents were never quite in sync with our bodies.

We never considered ourselves to be too much of anything when it came to that topic of discourse. Though, it probably did, at least subconsciously, promote our shared obsessive compulsion to play Return to Castle Wolfenstein to ad nauseum. As if disposing of digital zombified Nazis would somehow fix our social life.

It was a peculiar November night when Christo lifted his large head out of a math dissertation on the fourth dimension, looked across the apartment and yelled:

"Guy, I am as one might say, craving of sustenance."

Looking up from my copy of Walden, I replied with, "You know what? I'm hungry too, bro."

Christo got up and paced. "I'm craving equally of both spice and meat."

"Curry?" I asked.

"No, not curry-like, I want a food experience that is more violent and visceral," Christo started miming the motions of intense meat chewing, "more hands-on, but still exotically spicy. Something right off the bone."

"Chicken wings?"

"No, no, eastern spicy not western spicy."

"What? Jerked chicken?"

"Ahhh, fall-off-the-bone, juicy, lime-infused, spicy, curry-tinged jerked chicken. I like meat, guy. I think I now know what we have to do."

"We gotta go get jerked chicken. Let's do it fast, bro, because I really should be studying for exams."

"You are most correct in your assertion."

Christo got up and in five big gangly steps, he had picked up his wallet and put on his

black wool jacket. After battling his can of body spray, he walked over to the door and looked at me impatiently.

"Let us go, guy."

"Alright, alright, let's go."

We locked the apartment and rode the elevator down to the lobby. Christo was getting really hungry. He stood twiddling his fingers and nodding his head. Our elevator music was a cacophony of garbled bowel murmurs.

"Dude, you are hungry."

"Yes. I must have that jerked chicken."

We exited the lobby. The streets were alive with light despite it being dark out. With his head up and his chest out, Christo started to walk east down Main Street. He was a man on a mission. We walked along for a good five minutes before I actually started to think.

"Bro?" I asked.

"Yes?" Christo said still marching forward.

"Do you know where this Caribbean food joint is?"

"Uhhhh...No." He replied.

"Dude, I'm so dumb for following you. I thought you knew where one was. Where were we

going? Does this town even have one?"

"I was thinking about eating. Upon further reflection, perhaps, the problem at hand is finding a restaurant, and then eating."

"Can we go to the grocery store and get the ingredients and make it ourselves?"

"No. It takes over twenty-four hours to marinate. It requires slow roasting on a barbeque. And all this discourse on it is making me even more famished."

"Shitty-shit-shit. If we find a payphone with a telephone book we can look in it to see if there is a restaurant to get jerk chicken."

Christo turned to me, and smiled, and thought about food. "Let us go down Christie Road. The closest payphone is there. We shall find our restaurant. Food is at hand."

"Shit, the party street on the last Saturday night before exams? Naw...bro." I stared at Christo and saw the fire in his eyes and I heard the trauma in his tummy. "Fine. Let's go."

We turned off Main and walked down Christie. The street was banging with music and laughter. We had to sidestep various broken brown bottles that were being tossed around by a group of fraternity boys in front of us. The boys wore matching blue jackets and red hats. They were big. Gym generals. Their golden symbols were stitched alphas and omegas. They were all rough, rowdy, and drunk. Though their sense of continuity was admirably cohesive.

We were just coming up to the payphone when a curly haired, cinnamon-tinged woman, wearing a short white skirt and a long slender pink jacket, stumbled out of a white house.

Freshly smashed.

Smelling and seeing fresh frosh meat; the frat boys stopped, turned and stared at her. All eyes, open mouths, and hard-ons. The girl started to walk our way but stopped, turned, and said in her soft voice to the frat boys, "hey, I lost my ride. I am so wasted. Do you guys know how to get back to Campus?"

From the frat boys there was a general giggling murmur of 'Hey, hey, she's hot' and 'I'd slam her.' This murmuring continued for a few seconds when one of them had an epiphany and yelled out over the other brothers:

"Hey, hey, you better come with us. We'll take care of you. Make sure you get home. You don't want to go that way. There are black guys who live over that way. Loads of 'em. You wouldn't want black guys to get you."

I sat there staring. Christo started smiling. His mind was seeing the world through jerk-chicken-coloured glasses. He bounded up to the frat boys in two-gangly-large-steps and boomed out:

"Excuse me! Yes. Where is this so-called black area of town? I'm starving for some Caribbean food, particularly, that of jerked chicken. You seem very knowledgeable about the town. So, where are the restaurants in this so-called black neighborhood?"

The frat boys were taken back by big Christo. They stood stammering. I took my chance. With hunched up shoulders, a low hat, and a weak smile, I worriedly whispered:

"Hello. You. Pssst. Brown-haired girl. The fastest, easiest, and safest way to get back to campus is to walk north back to Main street. Take Main two blocks west. You'll come right

into campus."

She looked into my black eyes. A streetlight overhead dropped a conical ray of yellow light over her. She smelt like tangerines and vodka. Poison and satsuma. In one smooth motion, she delicately pecked the toe of my right skate shoe with the toe of her left high heel.

"Thank you. Those other guys are jerks," she said.

Looking at me, her red pouted lips slide upwards as she turned and walked off quietly towards Main. A second or two later, Christo bounded back to me and stated:

"Those guys were imbeciles. They did not know where any Caribbean restaurants were despite all that talk about the so-called black population of the town."

I stared directly at Christo and smiled. The frat boys had turned and were marching south down Christie like a retreating field battalion.

"Dude, fate put us on this shitty street for a very important reason. It wasn't to get information from those frat boys-"

Christo cut me off. With a serious look he said, "Yes. I put us on this street. It is all very logical. It was for the telephone book and the payphone and the jerked chicken. That incident regarding the oblivious imbeciles was... incidental."

I looked at him and kept smiling. "You are exactly right, Christo."

Truth in Grammar or Hands and such Substance

By Sarah Ogden

"I could stand a thousand trials"

All of the worst battles of our world

I would walk through every fiery riot

Yes, just ask and I will endure through every guillotine during the Reign of terror

I would lay on the ground in Hiroshima and Nagasaki on those August days and live

Suffer I could in Africa during apartheid's most hideous years and somehow persevere

I could drag my fun through Siberian snows as part of the Allies and watch others fall while I march on

Standing at the top floor of the first tower of the WTC on the morning of September 11 and miraculously survive

Yes, you can see me sitting down to supper with family in Northern Ireland and taking an IRA bullet, but revive

I would be a Kurd in Iraq and breathe the mustard gas not knowing what it was but return from unconsciousness and find clean air

A child I could be, in an unfortunate residential building in Iraq caught in a "President's" campaign for oil but escape, while my limbs may be lacking

See me holding my severed limbs together in Rwanda's worst days

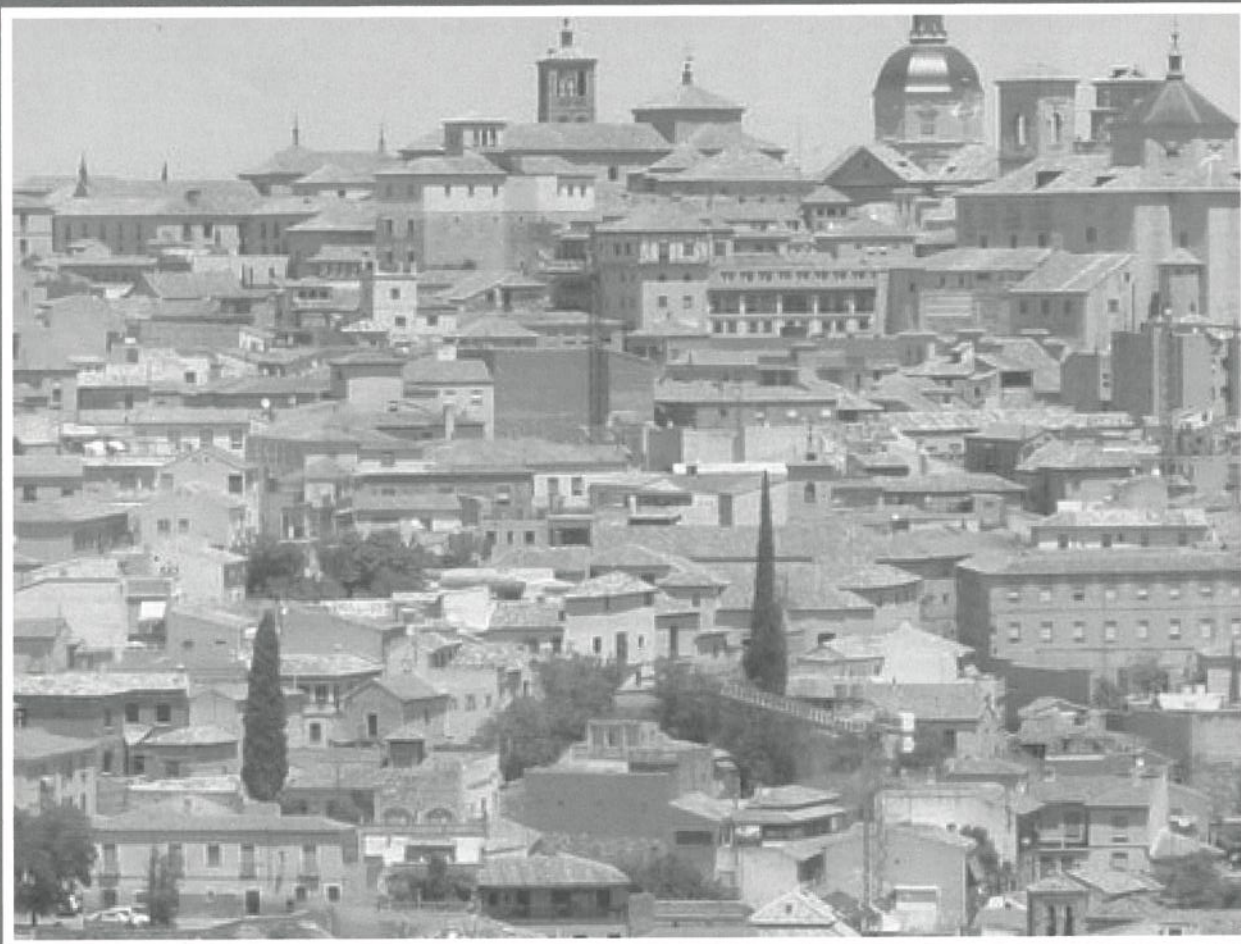
Native and annihilated by "explorers" in the first days of America, but somehow I would survive

I would be African-American and lynched in the 20s and 30s and I would slip out of the noose, barely alive when they all walked away laughing

I would be Native in Canada in the 20th century and be torn from my home, but endure in assimilation

I would be Jewish and walk through the gates of Auschwitz but come out again, a sliver of a shadow of myself

Insert next genocide, holocaust, terrorist attack, phony war, assimilation, etc, here and don't use periods because that implies an ending



“Winding Streets of Toledo” by Akber Samji

Quiet, love

By Ivy Oldford

Two broad leaves,
both a breed of maple
one bright yellow,
one burnt orange

Overlapped like hands
on a black pedestal
by a wrought iron fence
at a busy street corner

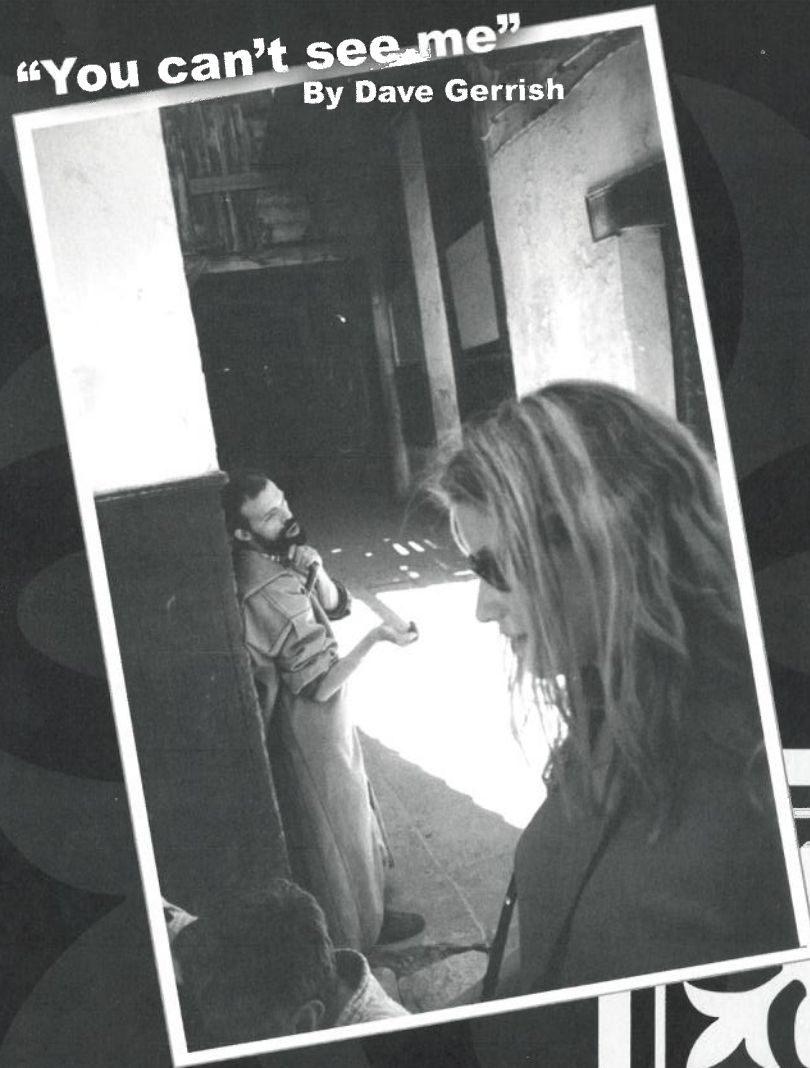
Unruffled and peaceful in gentle rain

Trampled stems like bones lying
parched and splintered
are no distraction.

Scuffed sidelong by shrouded feet,
they will be those skeletons,
scatter the pavement
before the snow falls

"You can't see me"

By Dave Gerrish



If an American is concerned only about his nation, he will not be concerned about the peoples of Asia, Africa, or South America. Is this not why nations engage in the madness of war without the slightest sense of penitence? Is this not why the murder of a citizen of your own nation is a crime, but the murder of citizens of another nation in war is an act of heroic virtue?
-Martin Luther King Jr.-

Sometimes
in the race to gain a face in the world
in our own societal existence
we forget that we are part of a larger organism
(the largest we know of).
Are WE not worth fighting for
in the endless struggle against I
not we as in an efficient machine
but WE as humanity.
WE all bleed together
and no matter how many ways murder is treacherously justified
it is never right.
There is another way
there always has been
it's simply a choice between Love and Hate
and yes, the choice is always ours to make...

Cohen said: "Love is the only engine of survival"
and the bleeding hearts of the world know this to be true (all hearts bleed)
When the missiles are gone
and the face of Hate is no longer feared, but rather faced
the healing of hearts, and forgiving of wounds shall begin

Ryan Quinn Flanagan



MY FIRST HUNT

My breath stops
Quiet and absolute stillness
Crouching behind the camouflage
The spruce branches below are rough
Waiting for the sound
Scanning the gray sky
There is a cry in the distance
A faint wild call develops into many
Echoes above the clouds
Yet the winged are still too high
Luring them
Mimicking their song
Suddenly he rises tall
My father's shotgun in the air
Boom!
Boom!
Boom!
I squeeze my eyes shut
Winced from the shrill ringing
Shell casings fall to the ground
The potent smell of gun powder fills the air
The rush is over
I help my father gather the fallen
And we walk back to Buoy's Bluff
To share the hunt with the family

DANA WESLEY



“Untitled” By Moneeza Walji

I am not a low-fat, skim milk, triple cupped
latte for your consumption.
The mochaccino frothed over too decadent
for you to afford, except on every second Tuesday
on the third of the month
in your date runner agenda.

As your skim milk skin scans over the pages
I imagine your fingers scanning over me.
My curves and the whole milk
no sweetener.
cappuccino extra thick, you ordered yesterday.

Is that too offensive for you sir?

Too dark to see the side of me I conceal.

The weaknesses you devour with your moistened lips and caress
Your fingers gingerly under the table where we
pretend to talk.

I am tired of pretending.
My skin is not skim milk and I am not
Sweet to the touch, but bitter
like yogurt that cools the intense heat of your throat.

I am not a low-fat skim milk no froth latte for your consumption
Maybe you should place another order.



Baise-moi, mon copain

I am speechless to study
the indecent softness of your lips
against my cheek, "je veux te baiser,"
you know the warmth of a blushing,
a ripeness of skin, blood hot; storming
"Comme les racines d'une orage"

That heat, and I shake
like a thunder, your hands et les miennes
until there is nothing but motion
pulsing and random and crashing;
deux corps qui se rencontrent
fort comme les vagues de la mer

there is a tempest between us,
your speech constant like chaos, like hurri-
canes
les vents entre tes bras, strong
and I am inside, and je suis
dans ton milieu.

"Baise-moi," again, "baise-moi,"
your words sink inside my mouth
down and deep, I can follow the path
like sweat across our stomach, la chaleur,
le fond entre nos corps, baise-moi
and these forceful words, these...

maintenant je suis perdue,
and you anchor me down.

And encore, encore hold me,
holding firm in crashing waves,
pendent la tempete, I am marooned to you,
drowning, jetée au fond de ta mer
in the ceaseless storming between us,
I am capsized beneath you,
and quiet to your tempest.

Je ne comprend que ta langue.

By Anne Merrit

