

ISSN: 2563-0865

# The River

Issue 5  
Winter 2020  
**FREE**



## **WELCOME TO THE RIVER**

This is the 5th issue of the River Magazine. We got this one out a little later than usual, but better late than never, as they say.

If you haven't seen the River before, this is a publication of art and writing by individuals who live on a low income or experience poverty in the city of Peterborough, Ontario, Canada. Peterborough is located on Michi Saagiig Anishnaabeg territory and the Anishnaabemowin word for it is Nogojiwanong, *Place at the end of the rapids*.

At the time of writing, Peterborough is in a housing crisis. If you make enough to live in a subdivision, they are growing all over on the old farmlands on the edges of town. But somehow there's never enough affordable housing. Must be a mystery. If you don't make much money you'll spend most of it on rent and utilities for a room in a house, some people are spending more than three quarters of their income on rent. And inside some innocent looking Peterborough buildings there are places that are as strange and destroyed as an inner-city ghetto from the movies, where the air is hard to breathe from piles of garbage, cat feces, blood on the floor.

There are other places, where some person has kept a little room clean and tidy, their own small heaven, well cared for cats, workshops made out of reclaimed scrap, art on the walls as good as any that hang in a gallery, in the parks and railways there are tents in January with insides like bird's nests, and the Otonabee flowing between them.

The River Magazine can be contacted by email at [theriverpeterborough@gmail.com](mailto:theriverpeterborough@gmail.com), through the website at [rivermagazine.ca](http://rivermagazine.ca), or through PARN - Your Community AIDS Resource Network.

## **COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY CHELSEY EMERSON**

This photo was taken at the beginning of this year in spring when you could still see the snow on the ground. I was with my photography group out taking pictures of reflections. We were lucky it had rained and found a good puddle to catch the sun going down. The umbrella was planted on purpose to block the rays by the sun on the camera. This photo came out so well thanks to chances and is special to me because I doubt I could ever take something like it again.

- Chelsey





*Butterflies*  
By Meredith Warner





705  
By Eric D

### Flag Man's Lament (Anonymous)

I'm standing on the side of the road.  
Doing as I'm told.  
With my sign on stop or slow  
Showing Cars which way it goes  
I remember in the summer, I liked to stand  
Days would go by as planned  
I'd smoke my weed on break  
Enjoying every drag I'd take  
I found myself in the quiet  
now it's not quite the same riot  
I'm done watching the trees  
There's nothing left to see  
I've found who I'm meant to be

Know it's time  
To change the pace  
Get back in the race  
But I'm gonna change my pace

I made my share of mistakes in the past  
I'm finally freed myself at last  
Not a prisoner of my past  
I'm ready to move ahead  
Never again look at my life with dread  
I'm finally going to be who I am

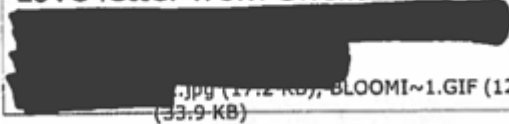
December 21, 2013  
By Maureen McGarity

Gilded  
in laced ice  
the bush glimmers  
beaded in brittle glass  
she shimmers  
in the bronzed light  
-taut  
Her life suspended in  
-exquisite agony  
she has been glazed  
in her fixation  
sealed  
by the rigid austerity  
of her earths' discordant temper-  
ament  
sinewed with cruelty  
She will not yield  
nor cave  
to her gentler insights  
kept she is  
by her Nature's mate  
groping with her possession  
kept she is  
till-  
the ostentatious weight  
of her master's being  
cracks open  
the veins  
of her embittered branches  
so she can finally  
be unleashed  
from her gravity's onerous bond-  
age  
she breaks her chains  
scattering  
in tousles  
of shattered winds.



Windows Live™

## Love letter from Sheila.



Security scan upon download TREND



Dear mom. If you ever knew how much I looked up too you, growing up. I think you would feel very different about the past. You see I only saw my own pain, children are selfish and needy and you growing up did not have a mom like I did. I could never Imagine how painful your childhood must of been for you. I realize now, just how lucky I was cause I did have a mom who cared and loved me, sure she was not perfect by along shot ,but she was my mom and she was mine and she was my world my universe my sun when I woke my stars in the sky at night when the moon shone bright at night. I remember a mother who tucked me in at night snug as a bug in a rug. Yes I had a mom who cared who I chose to hang around and were I was, as I said she wasn't perfect but she was my world my mother my life like no other and I loved her. Thank you lord she was not perfect or I don't think I would of thought her the perfect creature she was, too me she is perfect in every imaginable way. I screamed at her I hate you you ,don't love me. But I was so wrong she did love me like no other. I tore her heart apart and made her feel so bad and still she stayed by my side when I was sick, and she never said I hate you back. She turned her back and hid the pain in her heart and tears away from me so as I could not see that she loved me, cause she new id grow up one day and feel 10 times worse had she showed me my words had cut her her heart deep and left a wound only time could heal. You see I had a mother who sometimes lost her patients with me and god who wouldn't have, but she still tucked me in at night and made me feel so safe like no other. Her heart is pure her love divine god gave her to me , not me to her so I could live , he knew she was the perfect mother for me that only she could love me like no other you see for yes mom its you of course who else could I love like this but you. I love you mom , your daughter Sheila xoxoxo

FREE Animations for your email - by IncrediMail! [Click Here!](#)





*Sailing Boats*  
By Mike Lucas



*Beauty Kills*  
By Juneth Ralston



*This Is My Life*  
By Alex Simpson





*Cottage Rainbow*  
By Faelan Dobbin

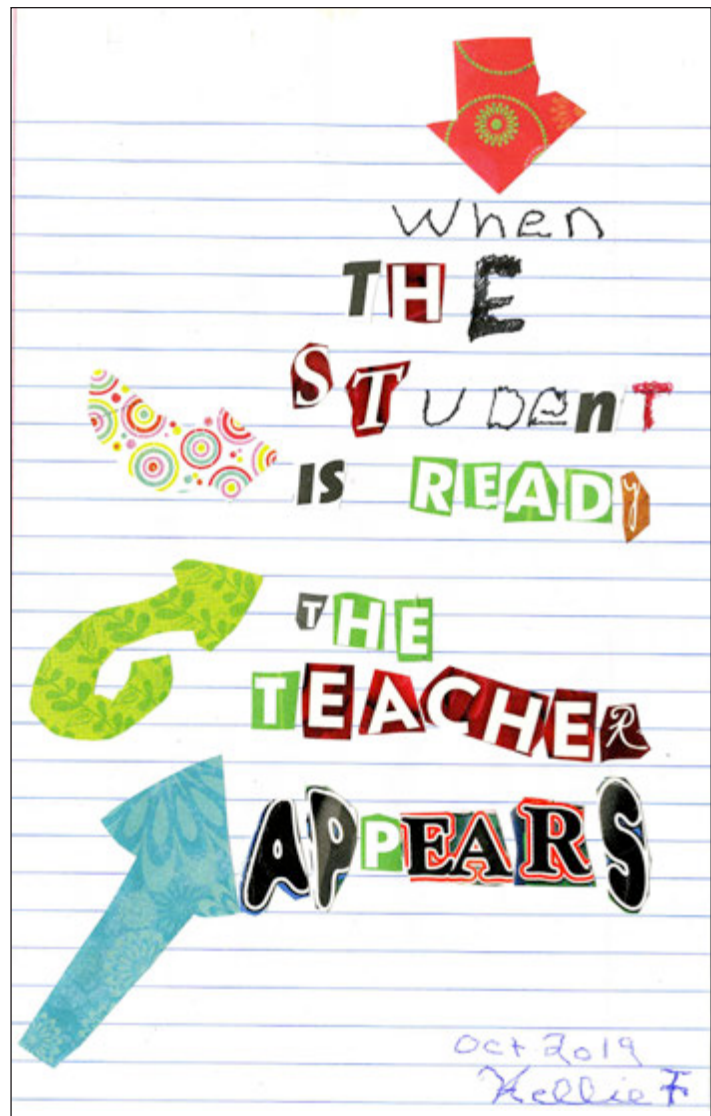


*How Light Travels*  
By Carolyn Barber



In the End  
By Ivory Keen

In the End  
Everything will fall  
But I won't back down  
I will face it.  
Tears stream down my face  
As I remember those I lost  
They made a fatal mistake  
When they let me live  
In the End  
I will stand tall  
I accept my fate  
And those I failed to serve  
In the End  
A smile spreads across my face  
I remember the fight  
And the sacrifices made  
In the End  
I will face the shadows  
I will walk with the stars  
I am not afraid



By Kellie Fairman

## A Modern Resolution to The Enclosure of The Commons

GEORGE PAUL MOLSON

An introduction to [Geoism](#) (which can be applied to any resource possessing natural scarcity)

There is an underlying inequality that goes unrecognized in modern free-market capitalism, however its source is not regarding free markets, but the establishment of private property. The problem can be understood as follows: Imagine that you have an area of land that a group of people are occupying as a commons. Before the establishment of private property everyone has equal access to the land and therefore it can be said that they have equal equity in the land. Now imagine that the government intervenes and decides to privatize a part of that land. By virtue of doing so the government has given exclusive occupancy rights to a single holder, and taken away the occupancy rights of every other person without giving them fair compensation (commonly known as the enclosure of the commons). An underlying inequality has therefore been created by government intervention and the disenfranchised masses should be compensated for their lost equity from the property that they were formerly able to occupy freely, but no longer can. A simple solution to this problem does, however, exist; if the value of the private parcel of land can be evaluated and the market rate of return is known, then the private parcel of land should be taxed annually or monthly at the market rate of return (the rental value of the property) and the proceeds of this tax should be divided amongst everyone else who can no longer use the land as compensation for lost accessibility. The implications of this model are far reaching. Surprisingly, even if it were used as a substitute for all other taxes, it would create a more equal distribution of income than most modern nation-states currently exhibit, and I believe generate a *higher economic growth rate* not a lower one. The discovery of this underlying inequality is not entirely new, but was rather first recognized by the late economist Henry George who wrote a book in 1879 called [Progress and Poverty](#).

One of the major implications of this model of "taxation" is that by virtue of offering a mechanism for redistributing income in the form of a residual income it offers the possibility of implementing a fully market-based approach for determining spending for items such as healthcare, education, and pensions in place of existing centralized government decision theoretically. For example, if a person were sick, disabled, in need of funds for education, or retired and requiring additional income, they could simply choose to occupy land with a lower than average market value, and would receive a residual income from the other property-owners as compensation for using less than their share of property. I would like to point out that a person occupying a property of average value *pays no net tax under this model*. It should also be noted at this time that such a tax would not be applied to all private property, but only those resources that occur naturally, and not the portion of the value of goods that have been appreciated due to labor activity or value-added processes. The rationale being applied here is that since no person is responsible for creating natural resources, no person or group of people should have an exclusive claim to them, but rather equal equity should be assumed. Labor, on the other hand, is created at the discretion of individuals and is considered the produce of their efforts or capacity and therefore should not be taxed. I additionally recommend that the residual income created from the payment of private property externalities be protected to deter predatory lending that has become replete. It is recognized that for the purposes of utility and practicality private property does need to be allocated, but should only exist with proper resolution of the aforementioned inequality. Ironically enough, if the government does only this it can potentially enhance the economy by creating a framework that facilitates fair exchanges. Given that the government has a monopoly on the use of force, the underlying inequality should be considered an externality of government intervention.

Contrasting this with the current policies of most developed economies, current fiscal policy unduly taxes labour (through income tax) while ignoring the inequalities created by the creation of private property entitlements. This results in the artificial depression of labour rates while temporarily raising return on capital. Seen from the perspective of demographics it keeps the relatively small portion of people who derive the majority of their income from the ownership of capital artificially higher, while keeping the wages of the majority of people who work for their income artificially lower- a scenario which is both inequitable and falls short of its meritocratic claims. It is also absolutely true that the modern welfare state emerged from the system's inability to pay the externalities of its own enclosure, and had it even cleared its own bill, we would need it to do far less.

To summarize, governments are responsible for creating the single largest cause of inequality, by virtue of not correcting the externality of their intervention in creating private property rights and attempt to remedy the economic inequality that results from this by unduly taxing labour, which is little more than a cosmetic remedy for a deep underlying problem, and artificially depresses labor rates and artificially [and only temporarily] raises return on capital. If left unchecked it will result in an ever-growing disparity between the rich and the poor, of which there is already great empirical evidence for. Finally, the most promising thing that this system offers is a stronger pressure towards automation and a society where the machines work for the living instead of the living working for the machine.

The only thing that the system ever had to do was pay its own externalities - the alternative is for it to be the author of inequality while claiming to be a corrector of it, and yet this insight can lead to its sound resolution.

[http://www.henrygeorge.org/pdfs/PandP\\_Drake.pdf](http://www.henrygeorge.org/pdfs/PandP_Drake.pdf) [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Progress\\_and\\_Poverty](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Progress_and_Poverty)



## Wasteland

By Chad Northey

We scaled the summit.  
Nothing looked as dark as in that moment.  
When light ceases to exist.  
It brings a rotten feast that makes you sick.  
Knowing that you are the few left alive.  
It's the worst thing to know.  
It destroys your mind.  
As we look to the sky.  
It never seemed so empty as it did then.  
We ask the question that has no answer...why?  
Desolation creeping in.

Wasteland.  
Void of everything we know.  
Even after we rebuild.  
We could never call this home.  
Memories haunt us like a ghost.  
And serve to remind us why we've lost all hope.

Nights grow longer leaving daylight a seldom friend.  
As days grow colder we're reminded how we feel within.  
Through the ages all signs pointed to the coming end.  
Ignorance breeds a stubborn mind and grants only empty hands.  
(And empty hearts)  
Now as we rebuild our only thought is how long until this new world is torn apart.

The past will rise from its grave because it knows we never learn from our mistakes.

Wasteland.  
Void of everything we know.  
Even after we rebuild.  
We could never call this home.  
Memories haunt us like a ghost.



*My Canada*  
By Joe McCarthy



*A Shore Thing* by Angel

#### The Miracle of Us

We spend so much time looking for miracles  
 That we forget that the miracle is us.  
 Each one of us has the power to transform, not only ourselves,  
 But the world around us into a thing of beauty.  
 The kind of beauty I am talking about  
 Is the beauty of our innermost self,  
 Because it is the only beauty that lasts.  
 Physical beauty is so fleeting,  
 But if we possess inner beauty, it transcends all other beauty,  
 And we become like priceless works of art  
 To be cherished forever.  
 From the moment of our first gasp of breath  
 We are living miracles in the making.  
 May we always remember this.

*Marylou Green 2019*



## **Fire & Ice**

by Sarah Cockins

I gambled my future on the fragile uncertainty  
that I would be better; a better person, all better  
from scars that will never heal and the nightmares  
that follow in my wake and fleeting sleep.  
I held onto this stubborn hope, despite  
the crumbling foundation that it depended on.

I wanted to forget everything. I still do.  
To recreate myself from scratch,  
with my own hands, shaping the clay  
and rebuilding the foundation and structure  
that I never had.

But to reach out and ask for help;  
it's even more than vulnerability.  
I speak of storms, hurricanes, and winds  
that slice through bone,  
to someone who has only ever known  
the soft embrace of an afternoon breeze.

With the last of my fire, I burned bridges.  
The ruins that I've rebuilt time and time again  
are once again covered in frost and  
the hearth has since frozen over.  
Not knowing what else to do, I stoke the cold forge.

## **Breaking the Habit**

By David LaChapelle

It is a continuous struggle

Trying to break free

From this psychological dependency

Living from cigarette to cigarette

Is no way to be?

Committed to rise above it all

To live up to potential

To put health a top priority

Let the healing process begin

Success is within you

You are not alone

Others have gone this way before

Master your everyday

Slave this addiction away

The full moon is high above the city  
As we pass by buildings  
And trees  
And the shore  
The time gone by unknown  
Our friendship is shown  
By the comfortable silence  
We revel in

***By Emily Clarey***



Blue Jays are more than a baseball team. They are beautiful but really fast. You get the innermost beauty of a subject. Some are difficult to photograph.

*Photo and text by William Lawe*

soul and spirit

By J.R. MacLean

ma and pa in over their head  
making love on a slithery bed  
child grows up with nasty beast  
caged inside and unreleased

the getting, spending wanting mind  
binds the heart with twisted twine  
ego grows in dreams and cant  
importance in a desperate dance

brilliant spirit, troubled soul  
pain-impelled to seek a role  
that doesn't corrode, crack or bend,  
that sets the woundings on the mend.

spirit sees and questions all  
dimly hears a silent call  
soul in anguish but answers still  
guide me with unwavering will.

attention's the knife that cuts into now  
the real revealed to the inner vow  
maggot and worms join in cocoons  
chrysalides gleam under endless moons  
two by two the wings are spread  
ma and pa by and by are dead

reborn in love, reborn in trust  
now become what you must.



*Death of My Rabbit by Stephen Land*

## Deep Inside

Deep within the soul  
Covered by flesh  
Lies regret  
Lies hidden secrets  
Deep within  
Brought forth by a spark  
Finally once and for all clear

By Bruce Teel





[August 2019] I'm an honorary Rotarian. I received the Paul Harris fellowship (that's a humanitarian award) they give out three of those a year across all of Canada which makes me an honorary Rotarian I got that for work I did in Sudbury. I really went crazy when I got clean for those 6 years. But um, yeah. So there's that and working for the Salvation Army as a case worker.

I'm probably a lot different then people here in some aspects but not in all, I still have my addictions that I fight with every day. Well, I'm not a people pleaser but I'm a social worker at heart. That's what I always try to do is to help out I get that same feeling, you care about people's well being and try to help out where and when you can, I try to do the same thing just right now I do it on a different page.

This [tent city] is much healthier than my last home. It was full of bed bugs, mould, and a very aggressive and bullying property manager and those were a few things I do not deal with. There were people dropping from fentanyl all day long. I had to bring two different people back to life.. and I just couldn't deal with that anymore.

I'm a cancer survivor right now, I had lung cancer two years ago. They operated on half my lung, took it out. It's in my lymph nodes, and those kind of conditions just were not healthy for me to live in that.

It was a choice for me to be here, I mean yes I could have kept the \$600 mouldy room in a basement which is incredibly.. just.. Obscene. It's just completely obscene for that room for that amount of money and those conditions. I chose to be here where I'm much healthier, in a lot of aspects much safer. We take care of each other here for the most part. I'd say this is safer than any of the 'crack-shacks' or any of the really dive-y room-y places around town, much safer!

And I can't access the shelter. For myself, I have some very post-traumatic stresses, some very severe post traumatic stresses, that as growing up in places like this.. I've been in and out of places like this since I was 15 [shelters], with a lot of abuse in those things, so I don't use them. I can deal with abuse. But why should I have to?

I'm quite capable. I'm quite "highly-functional" as some would say. I do have my.. well, I'm on ODSP for a reason. But I'm what they call highly functional. I am capable of getting a job, it's just that whether or not I can maintain the job at this time, and that's a big thing. So you get a job, but then you lose a job 2 weeks later.. how does that affect how you feel inside and about who you are?

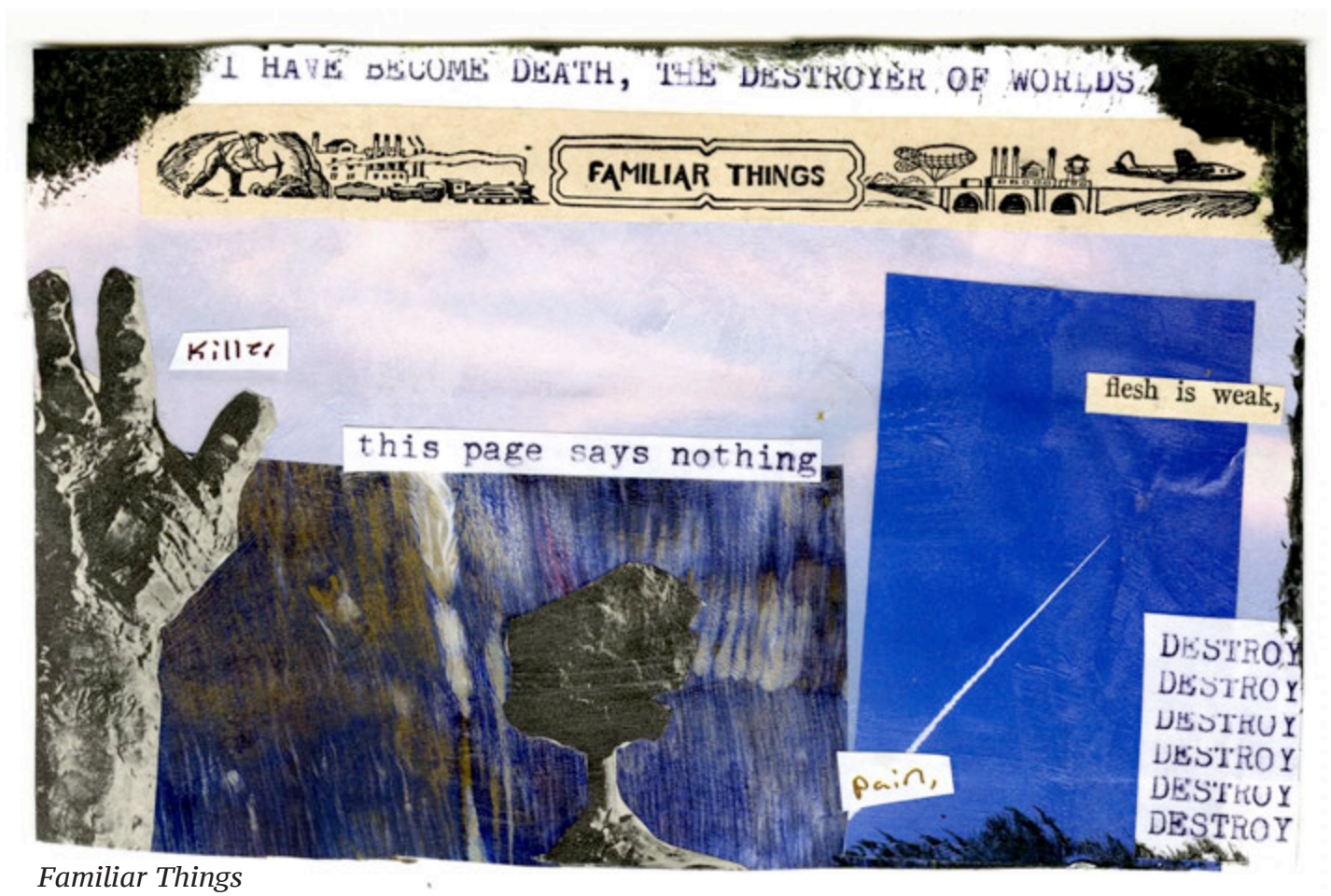
I probably had literally over 300 jobs in my life. A lot of them because my mental-state or how I get along with people, there's so many different reasons why.. And I've had very good jobs! I've worked for the Post Office, I've worked for Bell Canada, I ran a company after I worked for the Salvation Army in Sudbury and ended up as a caseworker.

I managed three different buildings in downtown Sudbury and one of them was an off campus student housing for Laurentian University, and I had parents coming in and interviewing me because I was the manager of the building and they want to know how their kids are going to be looked after because I'm the single point of accountability — and the parents just loved me! I did that for two years after the Salvation Army.

As I said, I have my own addiction problems. I hit that bump in the road, so here I am for now. It's not where I'm going to stay forever, I'm going to come through the other end of this and hopefully continue off what I like doing, and that's helping other people! That's what does it for me, it's like that spark inside.

I didn't say earlier that I'd given a kidney away to a total stranger, it was part of why I won the Paul Harris award. I also sat on the Homelessness Committee for the City of Sudbury. I was there as a former homeless person and as a building manager of the City at the time. We were responsible for dispersing over \$750 000 worth of funds within the city to organizations and they couldn't be used for payroll or stuff like that, it had to be solid stuff.. down payments on houses, or refurbishing what they already had.. which didn't really strike me as right because I mean.. \$750 000 but your only doing infrastructure on what's already there, you're not making anything new. For \$750 000 you could've put a bunch of down payments on a bunch of different places with low rent and do the mortgages off the low rent and pay for them. I brought this idea up to the City but they didn't like it very much. It didn't strike them.

By Jeff Reford



*Familiar Things*  
By Stephen Black



*Demon Penny*  
By Jonathan Targowski



*Mask*  
By Lori Richard





## Equality

A person recently told me  
that everyone is equal.  
I've heard it said in religion too.  
Did she mean we all have what  
it takes to work and be a success.  
That it's in each and everyone of us.  
Or did she mean the suffering is  
all equal. We're all in this  
Together so we all have a cross to  
bare.  
That those who work suffer as  
equally as those of us that are  
mentally, physically, emotionally  
or financially too disabled to work.  
Do I believe we are all equal?  
Do you?  
I have experienced or feel this can't  
be right.  
I've been on both sides sort of  
But minimum wage is an injustice  
I've seen injustices that  
only see to be geared at me and those I see with  
some form of disability  
Those of us who have been  
or are in the workforce on

minimum wage, who have  
yet to see a pay check that  
can give them a safe place to  
call home, and/or who have  
worked all their lives but own  
nothing and live by the government.  
Artists we're called.  
You have to wonder who or what  
those people who have everything  
if they're real. Have you seen the Terminator?  
That this is all some kind of  
ownership by the "people who have it all"  
Kind of like a farm that has cows  
or chickens, or pigs. And we the  
disabled are a herd of "whatever".  
And what are those things in the sky  
that aren't stars - they're bigger - like ships  
that move slowly.  
And the moon? And the sun?  
"Humans" have gone to the moon.  
Are we all Equal?  
\*dun da...dun da...dun da\*  
Think about all the cats and dogs  
in the world. Are they all equal?

**Poem and drawing by Ziggy**



*The Water flows through the rocks*  
By Josh Gillis

The photo was taken in Jackson Park, just near the playground on the south side of the park down in the valley. I took this photo using a Canon T6 with the 18-55mm lens on it, the photo was not done using a tripod, and was done freehand. The settings were 1/5th of a second exposure at f/22 at ISO 100. Something about me, I got in photography 10 years ago fully, enjoyed it as a hobby prior. For me photography is about telling the story of what you see in the world, and to show the beauty of it.

A NEW DAY  
BY SEAN STABLER

MORNINGS ARE ENDLESS DARKNESS  
EVERYWHERE I LOOK IS DESPAIR AND DEATH  
NO BIRDS CHIRP NO LAUGHTER TO BE HEARD  
DEATH AWAITS ME DOWN EVERY AVENUE  
I WANT TO EMBRACE IT AND FINALLY GIVE IN  
I WANT TO FALL INTO AN ETERNAL SLEEP  
SO TIRED, SO FRAIL AND EMPTY

I TURN AND I FEEL A PRESENCE  
IT'S ONE OF HOPE AND SURVIVAL  
I AM SURROUNDED BY AN EMOTIONAL HUG  
ONE I HAVE NEVER FELT BUT HAVE YEARNED FOR  
I FEEL SAFE FOR ONCE, LOVED  
I KEEP MOVING FORWARD TOWARD THIS WATMTH  
LIGHT BURNS MY EYES FROM BEING IN  
THE DARK SO LONG  
THE HEAT IS SO INTENSE  
IT IS SO WELCOMING BUT STRANGE  
I GRAB HOLD, IT PULLS ME GENTLY IN  
I FEEL SCARED BUT SAFETY AS WELL  
LIFE HAS A NEW START  
A TOUGH ONE BUT WITH GUIDANCE  
I SURRENDER  
I HAVE FINALLY FOUND HOME  
A NEW DAY COMES OUT OF THE HORIZON  
I'M NEVER LETTING GO  
LAUGHTER, CHEER, SO MUCH LIGHT, BIRDS CHIRP  
I AM HOME I AM HERE TO STAY



## A MEETING OF TWO GALACTIC TRAVELLERS

gwynnifer bones has a magical way of thinking about life // theyre possiby delusional // writing and music is their therapy and outlet

### **"Do you know why we're here?"**

"No." She replied. "I don't know what excuse you came here for."

The officer's hand was on his weapon.

The apartment was uncared for.

"I told you it's already happened." Her voice gruff for an old woman. "Its moved on."

"We don't have time for your delusions."

"We've asked you to put out the cigarette and stand up."

The officer's voice frustrated and growing sterner.

On the edge of the recliner she puffed nervously and began muttering to herself.

"I was just - I told them."

"You don't remember outside in the hall today? You t [REDACTED] bodily harm."

The officer began to assault her emotionally, followed by calling her misogynist slurs.

Something violent happened that brought her to the floor on her stomach.

A second officer cuffed her.

### **"Do you know why I'm here today Anne?"**

She was sitting on a single bed.

She was looking away from the man, wearing a suit, holding a clipboard.

"You've been told we can't help you if you don't accept our help."

She closed her eyes.

"Your [REDACTED] has been cut off."

"There's nothing else we can do at this point. We will be filling your bed immediately. You can get your personal affects from the nurse's station."

### **"Do you ever wonder why any of us are here?"**

"Pardon son?"

"I'm no son, I am a seeker of fire though."

Anne noticed the oddly dressed person had an unlit cigarette.

The two were beside a parking garage. Anne handed the person her lighter.

"Can you spare one?"

They produced a pack and handed it to her.

"Why'd you ask that?" Anne asked.

"I see you around here a lot when I've been searching for [REDACTED] They replied.

"I wonder why any of us end up the places we do."

"Oh" Anne said softly. "Life will move you around."

The person began to speak and then stopped.

They inhaled their cigarette.

"Why are you dressed like that?"

"Like what?"

"You're wearing a [REDACTED] and so much layering"

"Why are you wearing what you're wearing though?"

"Honestly, I'd just be worried for you is all. There's some bad folk out there."

"Do you feel like we're being watched?"

Anne looked around.

"Why?"

"Sorry, I get caught up in my own world sometimes." A short breath. "I feel like I'm being followed, and I don't think you'd appreciate being swept into my story."

The person left abruptly with out any further word.

Anne was left with a half full pack of cigarettes.

She felt a confused blessed feeling and chuckled to herself.

## *Money Blows* By Gytha Chapman

Have you ever listened  
To musicians talk  
Outside the dirty bar  
That you showed up to  
Out of obligation to your roommate?  
They seem to know  
More about the world  
Than your professors  
And mother  
And doctors.  
There's a language,  
A code  
Musicians were given,  
By a suspicious higher power,  
That the rest of us  
Never had the privilege  
Of receiving.

The bandmates are stoned  
But there is always room  
For one more joint  
And one more joke  
Before we head back to  
The adult equivalent of  
A jam session in Dave's garage.  
I am more than marijuana.  
I am more than a groupie.  
I am more than a drunk.  
I am more than a stoner.  
I am more than the vibration from the  
speakers.  
I am more than the dance moves  
That I fuck up because  
I'm too high to glue myself  
To the beat.  
I haven't eaten today.  
In the battle of food or beer  
Beer always wins.  
It's easier to forget hunger when  
Your gut is bloated with lager.

I lost two pounds last week.  
The weight evaporated off my body  
Because my metabolism panicked  
When I had to go from

Two bowls of pasta a day  
Down to one  
Sometimes with a cup of coffee,  
But only when the gluten  
And the poverty  
Have me feeling constipated.  
I told my friend that  
I lost two pounds last week  
And she congratulated me.  
She doesn't see me  
Counting how many tablespoons  
Of oatmeal I have to last out the  
month.

I quit smoking four months ago.  
Not for the sake of my health,  
But because I can't afford  
To pay for a habit that could kill me.  
If I hadn't quit smoking four months  
ago,  
Maybe I would have contracted a  
Terminal illness by now.  
I wouldn't worry about  
Food and finances  
Because to feed a dying body  
Is to waste.

Sometimes I wander up to bus stops  
Late at night  
When no one is around  
So that I can scour the ground  
For the smoke butts that were put out  
too soon.  
They wait there  
For a degenerate like me.

I filled out a form for financial  
assistance  
Because my parents don't know  
That I wad up paper towel in my  
underwear  
When the moon makes me bleed  
Because I cannot find the  
Four dollars to sop it up like other  
women.

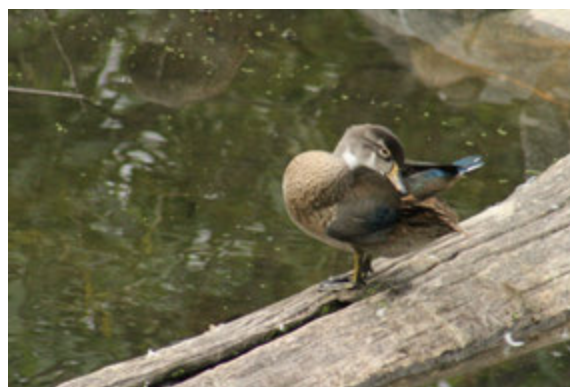
My name is on that form,  
And so is my shame.

Now, you can find me out back  
In the smoker's pit of your local dive,  
Diving into a flat Molson,  
Begging the least shiftiest old man  
For a dart to numb my lungs  
From all the screaming I've done  
As I banged my head to the beat.  
You can find me out back  
With the musicians,  
Listening in on  
Their language,  
Trying to pick up  
A word or two  
While keeping a close eye  
On the joint that the drummer  
Has rolled,  
Lit,  
Puffed,  
And passed to the right.  
Counter-clockwise,  
Against the grain,  
In direct rejection  
Of the standards that have  
Kept me off the streets  
Until now.  
Inhaling the smoke only makes  
It easier to think about  
How to repay the marijuana man.  
I have weak knees  
But for the sake of a few more meals  
And a few more highs  
I could justify  
Getting down on my weak knees  
Until the flick of my tongue  
earns me a gram.  
I starve as the artists do.  
The ones who suffer for their art.  
My art is staying alive,  
So you can imagine  
I suffer greatly.



### A Little Dabble, Do Ya?

You beaver pond folk will scream and croak, quack, hoot, and howl  
When with luck I'll grow up a Wood Duck, a splendid waterfowl.  
I never knew my father since he didn't bother to keep Mum company.  
A hole formed by decay where a limb broke away was made cushiony  
By our Mum who plucked feathers from her breast to keep us warm...  
High above ground level we could revel quite unafraid of a storm.  
Dry after hatching, we climbed with sharp claws scratching to meet  
Mum on the ground who gathered us 'round to lead our little fleet.  
On innocent feet, our brood complete shadowed our wary mother;  
Through the woods we stole to our watery goal, an adventure like no other.  
Got to love beavers, those waterworks achievers who restore fertile  
Early growth stages which degrade as a pond ages over a short while.  
We snatched bugs here and there, in water or air, on plants of many kinds,  
And now we're older, our dabbling got bolder, showing our behinds.  
We like to feed where tiny duckweed indicates environmental health.  
Once threatened by extinction, we exude distinction of true natural wealth.



Poem and photograph by  
Murray Arthur Palmer



*An Expansion of Weaving*  
By Teresa MacDonald

## The Brave Work

out here in the 'trenches'; you don't fix it with wrenches  
guns and knives and syringes, just can't get it done  
lay your heart on the line, time after time after time  
when its bruised and bleeding; you'll know you've begun  
with the 'brave work'... it's not for the faint hearted;  
it's the 'brave work'...roll up your sleeves, lets get started; with the 'brave work'....

there's those that lust for dollars; they only hunger for fortune and fame  
cut-throats and thieves can wear white collars; you'll rarely hear my heroes names  
they do the 'brave work'; in the schools and the streets...  
it's the 'brave work'... little victories, big defeats; in the 'brave work'...

providing shelter for the homeless; and hope for the sick at heart  
they labour in shadows, they are nameless; fearless, and always prepared to start  
with the 'brave work' ...it's not for the faint hearted...  
it's the 'brave work'...roll up your sleeves, let's get started... with the 'brave work'...

out here in the trenches, you don't fix it with wrenches  
guns and knives and syringes, just can't get it done  
lay your heart on the line, time after time after time  
when its bruised and bleeding; you'll know you've begun...  
with the 'brave work'...it's not for the faint hearted;  
it's the 'brave work'... roll up your sleeves. lets get started...  
... with the 'brave work'... (roll up your sleeves!..)

dennis O'Toole - Broken Anvil True-as-Steel (Moongoose) Music

(the lyric to a song inspired by years of working in 'human services';  
and the people I worked with and for...) ... love to all, d.



*The Crow*  
Calvin Switzer



## Normal

By Rebecca Turland

I've lived my whole life wishing I was normal. It's something that I've strived for, something that seems to grow further away with each passing year.

Sometimes I wonder where my mental illness came from. Did I get it from my mother? I've always felt so helpless around her. My mom was a single parent, battling depression and suicidal thoughts for most of my childhood. She told me about these thoughts from a young age. I couldn't help her. I didn't have a clue what to do and I was afraid. I remember when I was 14, she told me she had a plan to kill herself and then went missing overnight. I was terrified. I thought she was dead. I felt like I was spinning out of control. The only thing I could think of doing to calm myself down was to abuse a prescription narcotic. Immediately I felt a calm euphoria that I have spent the rest of my life trying to recreate.

That same year, dark thoughts started to enter my mind. I started to feel a terrible sadness that I couldn't alleviate no matter how hard I tried. I began to self harm and made a few attempts on my life. I was in and out of the hospital for about a year. I lived in a small town, and none of my classmates understood what I was going through. I was ridiculed, and told to go kill myself on a daily basis. I felt so isolated and ashamed that I stayed home most days. That was the start of me feeling less than other people.

Through therapy I was able to start to feel better, just in time to start high school.

High school was better in terms of depression, however, I had grown accustomed to staying home most days, and the only way I could make myself attend school regularly was to use drugs. If it weren't for the drugs I would have probably been suicidally depressed for all of high school. I also had crippling social anxiety, but the drugs relieved that and allowed me to be a social butterfly. I felt great when I was high. I felt invincible. I accidentally overdosed a few times at school, but for the most part things were under control.

That all changed once I began university. I struggled to handle the pressure of school, and I was extremely lonely. I was 2.5 hours away from home, and my depression came back with a vengeance. I had a lot of anxiety about leaving my mom on her own. My social anxiety skyrocketed. I would lock myself in my room and get high, day after day. My first year of university ended with an overdose. In a fit of anxiety I took an entire bottle of pills and wound up in the hospital. I moved back home. My drug use progressed as I battled suicidal depression. I kept overdosing and ending up in the hospital. I started to suffer from drug induced psychosis. Nothing made sense to me anymore. I was lost. One particular overdose landed me in the psych ward. There I was diagnosed with bipolar disorder, among other things. I was set up with a psychiatrist and a counsellor, and was started on medication. I didn't get better right away. In fact, I got worse. I started having manic episodes where I would lose touch with reality. I would become paranoid and delusional, and I experienced hallucinations. On a few occasions I thought God was talking to me through my thoughts. It was terrifying.

I went through years of trials to find the medications that worked for me. Unable to handle the stresses of work and school, I had to go on disability, which brings its own host of problems. Living in poverty is extremely stressful.

I've done a lot of therapy, and not my mental illness is under control for the most part, as long as I keep stress to a minimum. However, I still gravitate towards drugs to deal with difficult emotions.

I can honestly say that I'm mostly happy these days. I may not be normal, but then again, who is?



Left  
*Unique Clay Piece*  
 By Brian McCarthy



*Triptych* by Kyle Lamoureux



*A warm soul*  
(Anonymous)

Looking for a miracle  
opening your mind  
time seems to stop  
leaving you and your thoughts  
tending to an aching soul

Start with baby steps  
gathering strength  
the path to success is bright  
only a dream away  
searching for something real.

Steal my pain  
hoping to find the truth  
seeking a connection  
a spark to electrify me  
burning through my darkest days.

Happiness is hidden  
behind every smile  
like a song within  
written just for you  
a secret worth discovering

Life remembers every footprint  
letting moments echo  
memories flood our heart  
little miracles dance  
beautiful eyes tell so much more.

"The Demon" By Robert Moore  
I have taken over you  
growing slowly throughout the years  
I gave you visions of ecstasy  
while I fed upon your fears  
I made you feel inadequate  
I crept into your soul  
I was growing, ever stronger  
as your heart was growing cold.  
I let you see only hopelessness  
the hurting pain and strife  
I pushed until your will collapsed  
so I could own your very life.

Now, I am feeling some resistance  
I can feel your spirit grow  
I sense somewhere in the distance  
you are searching for your soul  
My life is slowly ebbing  
into darkness I must go  
but as I lie here sleeping  
I will never cease to grow  
For I am always in you  
I will never truly end.  
So you must keep a constant vigil  
or I will own you once again.

I will lie here always  
creating voices in your mind  
so you must keep a constant vigil  
for I am always keeping mine.

# Jiibaakwewigamig Ikidowin Mikan

## Kitchen Word Find

T	A	A	S	H	I	I	M	O	W	I	N	A	A	K	I	K	W	I	N	K
A	Z	A	A	S	A	K	O	K	W	A	A	N	I	N	G	A	N	D	I	G
B	I	I	Z	A	A	G	O	D	A	A	G	A	W	I	N	O	A	K	A	I
W	D	E	D	A	A	G	I	N	I	K	A	G	A	Z	O	K	A	K	Z	T
E	K	W	I	N	I	M	O	O	T	A	Z	H	I	D	I	W	I	N	G	I
W	O	O	N	K	K	I	I	T	A	A	Z	H	I	S	E	M	O	W	I	G
I	N	A	P	I	Z	O	W	I	N	A	A	N	I	W	U	N	G	O	O	A
N	A	P	I	I	N	A	E	S	H	I	D	J	K	E	K	I	N	O	M	A
G	A	A	B	A	A	S	H	I	M	Z	I	A	H	O	O	D	A	W	E	N
U	W	I	N	O	E	G	U	N	G	G	A	W	I	I	Y	A	M	I	I	E
N	A	A	N	O	M	U	N	G	A	B	I	Z	H	O	Y	O	D	I	W	N
G	A	Y	A	A	I	K	I	N	I	N	U	Y	S	U	O	D	A	K	O	S
S	N	K	I	N	K	A	W	I	N	A	B	O	O	K	D	A	A	P	S	S
A	G	I	A	I	W	I	J	I	I	M	A	N	O	P	I	A	S	U	K	N
A	I	B	W	T	A	Y	A	A	M	A	D	M	I	N	B	A	A	N		A
Y	I	A	I	Z	A	M	I	N	O	Y	A	I	N	I	N	I	K	W	G	A
I	G	A	I	H	N	A	Y	A	O	A	K	I	I	S	A	A	H	M	I	G
I	A	N	S	O	E	H	S	N	N	W	A	J	G	I	G	G	M	S	Z	A
W	K	A	I	O	N	A	T	O	E	I	I	I	Z	H	I	H	I	H	I	A
A	N	G	N	S	S	W	I	O	W	N	G	M	A	I	A'	A	T	I	I	N
G	A	I	I	K	U	N	G	N	O	I	A	H	A	G	K	N	I	N	B	I
N	G	Z	N	A	N	W	A	A	W	A	N	U	K	S	I	A	G	G	I	W
A	A	O	G	K	O	M	Y	A	Z	H	A	A	D	E	B	G	W	O	I	I
G	A	B	O	A	A	G	I	Z	H	A	G	A	B	T	A	A	E	O	G	I
A	N	I	O	T	K	O	O	N	I	M	O	O	S	H	A	A	M	S	I	M
S	I	G	A	A	S	I	I	N	A	A	G	A	N	E	Y	T	I	O	N	A
I	K	A	A	K	E	D	I	H	Z	I	I	G	A	M	I	I	I	Y	A	W
I	I	B	O	O	Z	I	B	A	A	B	B	B	I	N	I	W	K	W	A	K
W	Z	G	A	A	Z	H	I	G	A	A	O	I	T	I	Z	I	W	U	G	I
I	O	N	A	A	G	A	A	N	S	A	Z	M	A	B	I	I	A	N	A	N
I	O	Z	H	I	N	G	W	A	A	K	A	O	A	I	G	H	A	U	N	I
G	B	A	K	W	E	Z	H	I	H	A	N	S	N	S	A	Z	N	N	E	M
O	N	A	A	G	A	N	G	I	Z	I	I	B	I	I	G	A'	I	G	A	N

**Abwewin**  
**Akik**  
**Ataasowin**  
**Bakwezhigan**  
**Boozikinaagan**  
**Badaka'igan**  
**Dakisijigan**  
**Emikwaanens**  
**Gitigaanens**  
**Gibozan**  
**Giboziganaabik**  
**Giziibiiginaagane**

**Giziyaabika'igan**  
**Gaabaashim**  
**Gaasiinaagane**  
**Giizhide**  
**Gii-Wiisagang**  
**Inapizowin**  
**Jiibaakwe**  
**Jiibaakwewakik**  
**Minikwamiiwinaagaans**  
**Mitigwemiikwaan**  
**Miijim**  
**Mookomaan**

**Onaagaans**  
**Onaagan giziibiiga'igan**  
**Waawan**  
**Wiisini**  
**Wiiyaas**  
**Zaasakokwaan**  
**Zagakinigaade**  
**Zhiiwitaagan**

GAGIIGAH ASHIIG nindizhinikaaz

# JIIBAAKWEWIGAMIG IKIDOWIN MIKAN

## English Meaning:

Abwewin	Frying pan
Akik	Pan
Ataasowin	Cupboard
Bakwezhigan	Cooked bread
Boozikinaagan	Bowl
Badaka'igan	Fork
Dakisijigan	Refrigerator
Emikwaanens	Spoons
Gitigaaans	Vegetables
Gibozan	Roast thing in oven
Giboziganaabik	Roasting pan
Giziibiiginaagane	Wash dishes
Giziiyaabika'igan	Dish towel
Gaabaashim	Boiling
Gaasiinaagane	Wipe dishes
Giizhide	Be done cooking
Gii-Wiisagang	Pepper
Inapizowin	Apron
Jiibaakwe	Cook
Jiibaakwewakik	Cooking pot
Minikwamiiwinaagaans	Drinking glass
Mitigwemiikwaan	Wooden ladle
Miijim	Food
Mookomaan	Knife
Onaagaans	Cups
Onaagan giziibiiga'igan	Dish soap
Waawan	Egg
Wiisini	Eat
Wiiyaas	Meat
Zaasakokwaan	Fried bread
Zagakinigaade	Put away
Zhiiwitaagan	Salt





*Calm Piece*  
By Jen Bird