

STORIES.
ART.
DESIGN.

ISSUE NO. 25:
TRASH

SAD

WASTE NOT,
WANT NOT
Zero-waste grocery stores

DEAR JOHN
A love letter to the pope of trash

IT TAKES
A VILLAGE
Vancouver's thrifting landscape



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DUST BLOWN DOWN DOWN

by Kaja Jean

mama placed me on her knee in front of her vanity
with dollar store mirrors and second hand lipsticks
strewn on the table
next to cracked blush and mascara-stained q-tips.
she buried a kiss in my red hair
and a whisper in my ear
you came from the stars, dust blown down from heaven
i love you, doll. be good for mama
pullin on her cowboy boots
and jean jacket
both a greeny blue
just like my eyes she said
and flashed me a smile
her cheekbones glowin,
screen door to our trailer smashin and bouncin,
wavin her goodbye

the smell of cigarettes and hairspray
was soaked into our five furry pink pillows
and scratchy toilet paper
mama was always there. she was always with me.
most nights i wore her nightgown
cold silk on my sticky skin
wonderin how long i had the place
all to myself

til the sun had slipped
so far beneath the earth,
that cold would touch the air?
or til
i had used up all the ice cubes
the next afternoon,
and be greeted with pancakes
from the diner
down the road.

she would hug me tight
smellin like his deodorant
havin a good day, baby?

i looked at the clock
on the microwave
10:02
one hour and seven minutes off.
i was the first kid in class
who could tell time
miss. denver says you're real great with numbers, hon!
i couldn't wait for fall.

flickin on the radio
i drowned out the screams
two trailers down.
friday night
they played mama's
dance songs

in the bottom cupboard
was bourbon,
mini fridge
white wine,
i grabbed a glass
pourin a bit from each
mama let me get my ears pierced
last june

i sipped a little fire racin down my throat
and nestled into the vanity chair
tossin a bra aside
it wouldn't fit for a while yet.
i traded my studs for some hoops of gold
and turned the curlin iron on

people tell me to get a haircut
but mama says i can grow it as long as i want

i knew all the words to the radio
not just the songs
but the adverts too.
hours later i turned it down
and stepped outside
slippin a smoke in my mouth
sometimes you just need to blow out the day, baby.
my fingers wrapped around it like hers did,
poppin the unlit cigarette from my lips with a sigh
it worked better in the winter
when you could see your breath

honey, babydoll.
i turned around.
black tears
had fallen from mama's face
onto her breasts.
dirt covered the rhinestones
on her boots.

i held the hand she placed on my cheek
and put the cigarette from my mouth into hers.

she sank into the lawn chair
with me on top
twisted gently
so our bodies could rest together
i looked up.
an uneven breath
and quiet whimper
into the dark sky
remember mama, you came from the stars.
dust blown down from heaven.

she turned my face to hers and traced my freshly
dressed red lips with her hot pink nails
you are the apple of my eye, little guy. i wish all
men were like you.

fresh tears fell,
and the sadness in her eyes spread
to love
in the corners
of her crow's feet.

if you have to see your mama cry,
i think that's the best way it could be.

Photos by Tudor Dintica

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