

*TRINITY REVIEW 130*  
*winter journal*



*in winter*  
2018

- low of -44
- high of -3
  
- failed a course  
on theoretical clockwork
- doggie daycare
- ate a banana a day
- imagined sex: 12 languorous times
  
- new year's day with 4 friends  
1 kitty cat  
in a big blue  
bristol flat
  
- godforsaken stomach flu
- mahjong upon dusk drinking  
clear bottle beer
- then made this book for you, and  
learned that eyeliner makes  
eyes heavy

— *E.F., A.W., M.A.G.*



*in winter*  
2018

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1     *bruce meyer*  
2     *margaryta golovchenko*  
3     *helen chen*  
5     *malcolm sanger*  
6     *beau peep*  
7     *sabrina chen*  
9     *alessia dowhaniuk*  
10    *duncan morrison*  
15    *lazola pambo*  
17    *harrison wade*  
18    *nisarg patel*

21    *toko hosoya*

23    *jayne kitchen*  
25    *sybil o.*  
26    *tristian lee-hyman*  
30    *a.f. moritz*  
33    *lorina hoxha*  
34    *ami xherro*  
38    *adam foote*





## A STUDY IN GRACE

All the hidden things that give us comfort—  
this bed that folds into a reading couch,

the breakfast you made and I ate quickly,  
song birds that perch on your balcony rail,

a winter sun that watches from the south  
and receives them—these are not merely shelters

but shadows we cast and leave behind  
that no longer bear the weight of being loved.

## SOUP WOLVES

Mother says to eat the beet soup  
and the child ears hear cold and silver  
the floating cream that relies on association  
eat it or the wolves will come

What she means is eat the soup  
that fooled our enemies into thinking we're sated  
by our own kin, who handed us a knife for chiselling bone  
and helped us learn how vocal chords are tuned.  
eat it or the words won't come

## HOUSE-SITTING

pretty little plant

Sunset :

*seeking, setting, stilling*

Sunrise :

*shifting, stirring, staring*

imaginary plant

do the seeds ... exist? or

have I dreamt them up

a figment of my imagination and

Hopeful bubble wrap

I'm afraid.

to ask

I rearrange your kitchen cabinets

Ibuprofen on canned feelings

where have your dish towels gone?

they're in the fridge, next to

Thanksgiving leftovers  
long-forgotten mushrooms  
lemon-*smell-see*-it's fake! daylight  
Sharp knives in the dishwasher  
upside down, tumbling out  
like the buzzer beep of your dryer  
sounds like a visitor  
it scares me

Shit, I left my cookies in your freezer  
now they're burnt  
an alarm blares,  
rushing water  
I do not make the bed.

Happy Birthday to me  
My Water is Toxic  
And I have killed your plant

*i'm sorry*

## THE NEIGHBOURHOOD CAT

a block from my new apartment is a brothel  
though I would think they may offer some kind of massages as well  
it has large storefront windows empty save for a small Buddha  
and one of those fat cats that you see in the back windows of the best taxis  
though the last time I passed the cat wasn't there  
there is a red sign saying "OUVERT" that is almost always illuminated  
in front of these old floral curtains that block you from looking into the place  
in fact you can only glimpse the interior through the glass door  
that looks directly onto a wall, though at the right angle you can see around the corner  
if you slow down briefly like slow motion as you walk by  
what you see is another wall in a similar half grey-blue and half beige  
and a plant sitting not on but beside a chair  
only once I saw someone inside—two people actually  
an older scrawnier man in a blue windbreaker, blue jeans, and tatty blue cap  
being led by a young woman in black heels and a black and red robe with a red sash  
they walked out of the wall and around the corner  
there used to be a phone number in one of the front windows  
a different number on each sheet of paper they printed out (10 sheets of paper in total)  
and taped to the inside of the window with a piece of clear tape on the top and  
bottom of the paper but maybe this went at the same time as  
the fat cat or maybe at different times  
I didn't write down the phone number though I have a lot of questions as you can see

*POEM*

I'm so hungry I could eat another horse.

I'm so hungry I could eat a starving nation  
and still  
have room for you.

I'm so hungry I would do anything  
for a Klondike bar.

Anything.

*EROTIC POEM*

Singular: die  
but add just one element: DICE!

Go on  
tell me a better way to live forever.

*LOOK:*

[time creaked  
splitting into  
oblivion

dust at the  
entrance slipping

ignorant facing  
reality

taunting their own  
bubble]

[the grey moaned  
twisted and  
changed

ashes to ashes  
to dust

catching torn  
flesh  
wounds of surface

seeping into the  
core]



[the water recalled  
a blood smear's

whisper  
rusting away  
languorously

storm shadows  
beat him bloody

rain through  
like bitters]

[the men played:  
sitting on the edge of the pier  
unaware of the ships

sitting in their own hands]

## MOTHERS

A day in which interactions mirrored each other with varying shades of intent:  
The first consisted of a mother (not mine)  
Touched my hand as we passed  
The second interaction was a voice behind my right shoulder  
That I did not recognize

In the same moment that I pulled a piece of dust from the floor  
The dog licks a familiar wound  
The same dust will sit on the same corner of hardwood  
The same wound, tomorrow

I have counted all the mothers and here they are:  
One sits in an armchair as her daughter braids her long grey hair  
One smiles wide enough to wear as a blanket  
One offers me coldness and newness in the same breath

How can I wince so hard  
When my name is screeched  
From the bottom of the stairs

Underneath all the mothers there was  
The same hardwood floor  
And me sitting on it

## AN EVENING

The apartment was vacantly impressive. A hollow plastic statue coated in gilt. The main hallway displayed two untraceably “African” carved masks over a black end table holding a decorative vase of keys and takeout menus. The statues’ eyes followed my movements as I put away my coat. Continuing into the living room I marveled overhead at overly high ceilings and at the ornate furniture located below. The general ostentatiousness of my surroundings did not seem self-aggrandizing or important to me but rather a desperate and sustained campaign for respect. My date, the inhabitant of the apartment, led me on a tour of the living space, carefully pointing out the reproduction of an etching of two skeletons fighting like dogs over a fried fish in the kitchen. Its placement was bizarre and contributed nothing aesthetically except dread and confused pride. Having exhausted the supply of cultural watersheds in the main living space and not yet wishing to display the bookshelf in the bedroom, my host invited me to sit at the reclaimed factory work bench for dinner.

“I don’t have many friends in North America,” he explained as he set a plate of vegan pizza on the table between us. My date was a man of average height, roughly one hundred and seventy-five centimetres. His hair was black, parted on the left and side and already showed signs of thinning. He was attractive but undistinguished physically, the type of person who was neither especially beautiful nor especially ugly. His difficulty with friendship did not surprise me.

“I don’t think it’s easy to talk to you people. There is a cultural divide that separates Europeans from people on this continent. There is a superficial similarity between us but in terms of our appearances and the way our buildings look, the contents of our culture, we could not be more different,” he continued.

“So it’s hard for me to make connections with North Americans. We’re not individualists in Europe. We have excised that ghost from our bodies. It’s because of geography, everyone’s so confined together that the differences between us have faded. Even the right speaks only for the community and not for the individual.” Absent-mindedly checking my phone for the time, I notice that a significant amount of time had passed on our date without my host asking me a single question about myself. His disinterest in me came from benign self-absorption. Not a dislike of me but rather aristocratic indifference. I was thankful that however unpleasant the next several hours of our date could go, I would be able to pass through them with minimal effort.

When the meal was over, I had discovered that my date was born in Vienna, Austria to an Austrian father and a North American mother. He had spent his childhood and much of his early adult life in Austria before his parents’ divorce brought him to North America. He, unsurprisingly, did not own the apartment in which we were eating but instead lived there rent-free with his uncle’s former lover. The former lover, I learned, was a strong, intelligent man. A “great man,” in my date’s estimations. At that point, my date began to inform me about his personal measure for greatness in men but seemed to hesitate before offering the true test distinguishing those who are great from those who are not.

“Please, continue,” I asked, having drank enough by that point to be genuinely interested in his way of seeing the world but he was unwilling to offer more. Disappointed, our dinner was concluded and we moved to the couch to watch a movie, generally the point in the evening where hosts lose interest in speaking at their guests but I could tell that the evening would not end in that way.

There existed no feelings of physical intimacy between us. During the process of selecting a movie our legs touched accidentally and it felt as if I had brushed up against a table or the back of a chair. The intimacy we did achieve was strictly emotional. While watching a saccharine scene in a poor quality melodrama he broke down revealing a personal struggle with his own father, matching that of the poorly acted characters on the screen in front of us. The contortions on his face as he related the story betrayed a genuineness not often seen in public. It was a pathetic display of helplessness. Pathetic in a positive, honest way. The pitiable sight of an animal crushed under the weight of a predator, of a child crushed under incomprehensible authority above him. As the film ended he began a short monologue on violence and art and I seized the chance to speak more than a few sentences for the first time in the evening.

“When I was in high school I delivered a speech on Yuji Kawano. A Japanese writer who fell out of fashion in the nineteen-eighties. Somewhat well-known in the West for a memoir about struggling with his sexuality. He’s been afforded the status of a gay icon in the West which is odd because he was also deeply reactionary, almost fascistic in his political views. He’s probably the only fascist with a mural dedicated to him in San Francisco. He killed himself after leading a failed coup against the Japanese government. The coup was comical, I should emphasize that. It was anachronistic and should have been the plot to a comedy film. Anyways, the speech I gave wasn’t that good or entertaining but I think the point that I was trying to get across was that even though we try to play up how animalistic and violent we are, people really just want to have comfortable, quiet lives and to die in peace. It’s only a vocal minority that wants everything to be about struggle and contest. We’re still animals but I don’t think that makes us incapable of being kind. There’s more emotional nourishment to be found in a community of people than in the barrel of a gun or on the edge of a sword.”

“What did your class think of your speech?”

“Everyone hated it. I don’t think anyone even clapped.”

“Do you think that disproves your thesis?”

“I think it proves how unpleasant twelfth graders who talk at length about the moral implications of avant-garde Japanese literature are but I don’t think I would have needed a speech to prove that.”

“You’re right.”

“About the thesis?”

“About how unpleasant that must have been. The idea isn’t bad but the way you speak is so stilted. It’s like you’re a machine doing an impression.” I’m not hurt by his statement but I know I could have said the same thing about him. We spoke refreshingly. Unwilling to adopt conventionalities we were disliked and unmoved by our unpopularity. It was a freeing solitude.

Seeing nothing better to do, we began a marathon of a formulaic American murder mystery to finish the night. The plot was thinly formulaic with occasional ventures into extreme melodrama punctuating overly intellectual dialogue about the American legal system. Each episode ended with the depressing realization on the part of the characters that the law, although fair, produces unpleasant results and while righteous in its justice can be inhumane in its cruelty. A sad paradox, but one that seemed to be popular with its audience as the show’s multiple seasons and numerous awards proved. The lead actor, a Brazilian man, spoke in an exaggerated American accent that sounded like it came from nowhere and everywhere simultaneously.

He was honest and likable, motivated only by the goodness and a genuine desire for justice. The show subjected him to a series of humiliating, painful events as a means of testing his faith before finally letting him die in a fire. The performance was perfect and the moment of his death obscured my eyes with tears.

Amazingly our date had yet not entered the stage of awkwardness that generally occurs after you spend more than seven hours with the same person. His supply of facts about himself had not yet been exhausted and he was in the middle of a comparison of the Austrian and North American school systems when the sun rose over the city. Grabbing our jackets, we moved to the twenty-sixth-floor balcony and watched the streets beneath us fill with light. Refraining from speech, he lit a cigarette and the moment of dawn was passed over in silence.

*“BIRD DROPPINGS”*

Under the Marula tree  
I sit patiently for bird droppings  
to splatter on my head  
ten minutes passed  
and still no sign of the creature

I conclude to myself  
that she must be busy mating  
or trying to find  
the right position to strike me  
the procedure has to be done  
with careful analysis



After a long wait  
it finally happens  
I feel a cold splatter on my head  
she has done the business  
blessings are headed my way

These are wise lessons  
I was given by my forefathers  
be it myth or legend  
tradition has always  
reincarnated the ages

*TO*

I have written two poems  
for you that you  
will never see (this  
                  is the  
                  second).

and I will not give  
you either of them (and  
          I will not let  
          them leave).

because, like a word,  
they are too small,  
too coarse with voice,  
and would break  
themselves between

*FORGOTTEN TITLE*

Wind  
    Of  
        Fall  
Breaks -off  
            Not yet ripen

Leaves  
of  
Red Spruce

I know  
    Not  
What to  
    do  
with this  
boulder of  
    time.



本

+

the roots or stems of trees

origin, basis

originally

a book

this

the current



ink on paper (2017)

*toko hosoya*





## PENNSYLVANIA

The wheels whip the soaking wet air,  
pines standing like adulterers waiting for a twilight.

Somewhere in the mountains,  
small creatures battle each other  
and their dead smudge  
on the road.

The sodden logs pop like bottle caps.  
I rush to lock myself inside this drawer of fog.



## SHAH

Somewhere in our past we set up tents in the middle of a steppe.

Like looking in a great blue stomach  
and seeing goats.

or when I kiss your back  
and then I am hungry for heavy mare's milk.

Once under your prudence  
now I am yoked to it  
and between us  
just  
one diadem.

## STRIP MALL

Excuse me she said my daughter wants to be like you:  
And she looked up at me and tried to touch like I was God.  
GODDAMN GOD DOGGONE HER THAT DOG.  
Woof and the fetus retracts. No one wants to be like that  
and that fact. Baby hair tendrils like cotton candy round  
a fork MMMM oh now Mama looks scared like of alleyways  
in the dark. Below is coddled dumbness in candy pink skin  
and THANK DOG it's pure like white and free from sin.  
She whisks it away like whipped cream with sugar on the tips.  
Leaves a lasting flavour on the teeth and \*smack\* on the lips.

Lucien: Le système est donc très tendu et difficilement réformable.  
Si il y avait une chose à changer rapidement c'est l'accès rapide à certains métiers pour des jeunes qui ne veulent pas de diplôme ou qui n'en ont pas les moyens. Cela boucherait une partie des métiers vacants (artisanat, agriculture, restauration).

TUE 9:06PM

Me: yeah that makes sense

TUE 9:07PM

Me: On aura une relation à trois.

Polyamoureux ou qqch.

Me: Un canadien, un italien, et un australien.

TUE 11:50AM

Lucien: Ahah coooooochonne

Lucien: T'es suuur que ce n'est pas une pub de Benetton?

TUE 11:59AM

Bastian: Je peux mourir tranquille maintenant.

Translation: Mental Process—*The system is stressed and it is difficult to reform. If there was something to change quickly, it would be easy access for the youngs, no... for young people that don't want a diploma... degree, or who don't have (\_\_\_\_\_). That would move the empty jobs... That would change the employment demographic (\_\_\_\_\_).*

Translation: *We'll have a three-way relationship. Polyamorous or something. A canadian boy, an italian boy, and an australian.*

Translation: *(laughter/silence the difference isn't clear via text) Female pig? No, the expression. I know it usually means naughty, but I can't think of anyone who says "naughty" besides british kitchen show hosts. "Pig!/Naughty!"*

Mental process—*Sounds like a Benetton ad to me. Different Register: You sure that's not a Benetton ad? Literal—You're sure that's not a Benetton ad?*

Translation: *I can die in peace now.*

Lucien: La bave du crapaud n'atteint pas la blanche colombe  
Oct 7th, 7:05PM

Me: that means nothing to me  
Me: so I'm just gonna ignore it  
Oct 7th, 7:05 PM

Lucien: Tu connais le francais quand ça t'arrange  
Lucien: T'es un petit marin  
Oct 7th, 7:05PM

Me: Exactement  
Me: Tu me connais très bien.  
Oct 7th, 7:06PM

Lucien: Wsh koi de 9?

Me: Really?

Translation: Mental Process—*Sticks and stones may break my bones...*  
 Literal—*The toad's slime doesn't reach the white dove.*

Translation: *You only know French when it's convenient for you.*  
*Marin? Like a sailor? Like the bike brand? Do they have them in France?*  
*That's not it. Hah. It's a typo. Malin. Nothing new. You're a smartass/  
 you little devil.*

Translation: *Чѐп.*  
*How did you know?*

Translation: *sup?*

*BEHEMOTH*

This is behemoth. These are his bones.  
A weakling with a rifle  
was more than a match for the exemplar of  
the mystery and unaccountable  
violence of God.

When we first found him to be  
not a shadow in histories but a bulk  
in chattering darkneses of leaves,  
in Africa, the sun made honey and amber  
where he lived, in the mud of clearings, the quiet pools  
and the rivers wider than good dreams,  
dreams of the nights of a life without duty,  
a child's life... Then we loved him,  
his body in the luxury of water  
suspended with his spouse and infant, his eyes  
and nostrils in the air, our world.  
Or standing in the grass: a sad pacific man.

Stillness. Perpetual possibility of a crushing instant:  
panic, rage, the charge of that mass, its sudden self-  
transformation from still earth to power snapping young trees,  
crumpling the human body. And then he would return  
to settled quiet. In the melancholy gaze  
of that being given to live, only live,  
we saw the moment of destruction flowing out  
with the day's heat into evening.

Here

is leviathan. Here are her bones.  
She who was the body of the central  
emptiness of ocean we floated on, dared to sail on.  
Now the emptiness will have to be her body.  
Her ribcage on the beach, we always say  
looks like a ruined cathedral. Not much  
is known of her. The days were large  
when she had a body of her own.



## DIASPORË

(që vjen me thënë gjak i shprishur)

Në kohë miset e ftyrës janë bjerrë  
flokë ndër sý, në dët e në qiell  
(spanish moss) ose

aty ku nuk ka fjalë mâ  
varen lakuriqa n'ajër mbi vende  
pa emna ose  
marrë hua, Atlanta, për shembull  
me blerimin e dhenave në krah.

Kush endet mâ e mâ në Jug  
në verë, ndihet i lum  
në kthjellësinë e idhtë  
edhë nësë pa gjuhë

përplasë nuk di se ku  
në një gojë të huej.

## DIASPORA

(which is to say, strewn blood)

In time the facial features have blurred  
hair between eyes / in sea and in sky  
(Spanish moss) or

there where words are no longer  
bats hang in the air over places  
with no name or names  
borrowed: Atlanta, for example  
with the green of the world in its arms.

Whoever embarks  
further and further South  
in summer feels joy—

in bitter clarity  
and perhaps without speech  
hurled blind  
into a foreign mouth.

## LEAVING

When I left:

### **The Musician**

Who are the subjects of your sex jokes  
Choke-holds on their 10 string guitars  
a flamenco rhythm to get you hot  
and wanting again.

### **The Comedian**

Haha! Jokes of travelling magicians,  
Jokes of life! Behind the caftan  
are your legs!

### **The Poet, The Drunk**

The tendril-moss'd inlay  
widens the surface for conversation.  
We are two coffee loiterers in Cairo.  
Tell me about your daughter.  
I will tell you about my son.  
The muscle of the fig leaves  
makes our talking smooth  
but once the rain starts  
you know we will be shouting.

### **My Temporary Dream**

I wanted to be a Thursday night  
long pose model.  
I wanted to watch  
everyone watching me.

### **Sorrow**

I became a girl  
talking at the bar.  
My feline mouth today  
takes the tequila later  
for the uneasy comedy of life.

### **Temptation**

The spurred seduction of your  
New York City snore,  
Providence and its three poisons:  
attachment, aversion and blood,  
the long-legged dance  
of the jealous river nymph.

**Punishment!**

Please!  
 From the fluvial hook,  
 chastise my hunger

if I am the last one in,  
 the one forgotten at the gate.

**An Old Joy, A Gain**

So if I were young again  
 a young grain  
 divided into three,  
 So if I were a pragmatic saint,  
 the infected heretic,  
 eater of sand—  
 sterile and unwanted  
 you make me a wanting thing.

**Incertitude**

If you are home  
 when I get there,  
 I don't know whether to be sad  
 or relieved.

**A Fantasy Origin**

The alluvial glove—  
 from the first comes the second.  
 Creation is separation.  
 Old sands from the first flood.  
 You make a woman out of a girl.

**A Complication I liked at first**

A land of roots  
 challenged by the poverty of others.  
 The mother of diamonds  
 is the filler of stone.  
 The painter of fiction,  
 the body's last groan.

**The End**

The body has house in ruin.  
 I have a fool's steady hand,  
 emptied the sea out your grave.  
 That morning turned me out  
 like a pitted olive. I swear  
 I ran out of there like a slicing knife.

**Now,**

I study hell in the Chinese countryside, the seats reserved for our reunion. The Yama-kings will call bronze snakes and iron dogs to our torture. Others will avoid our hell, three times good once bad. We will drink from Lady Meng's Broth of Oblivion and forget our old life. When we cross the Bridge of Pain you will throw me into the Red Water River. I will spend eternity falling and you will spend it walking the slope. The sand will tire out your legs but they will not break.

**But now,**

The figs are in flower. The untended chasm, spelaeon sheath of your nectar, amorous corpse from earliest origins, I want to crash into you like life to saltwater! The egg becomes a fruit, so protect what you've got!

**Ha Long Bay**

Plastic and caves  
 no atrocious darkness made man.  
 Immured between water jugs  
 then pierced by an arrow  
 he escaped on the cow's back.  
 Recruited into a cult,  
 tanned, run-in, and infected  
 riding a dune to empty.

In Vietnam I thought of marrying you on a motorbike.  
Sleeping with an unfinished sentence,  
*I miss you too*  
too loud to wake  
by bashful surprise.

**In October,**

The sea will call out Jesus from sleep. Where he left off with  
my bathing suit he will call upon you to finish the job. Tear  
off skin, my bones from the scale, linger still or scream, I  
will never come again. Water will madden with trying. What  
happened in the spring will finish in the fall. I am not yours.

**My Body**

The last emblem of fascination. Sometimes I wear it like a  
hat. I am my own spy. A little bit of light makes a fine dusk.

a route  
to the land  
iqualuit  
april for  
right light liveable a  
place the crew can  
wait  
hunt and  
capture the hour for films  
blue green  
seeming the ice that was 2002

who can cook those movies  
    now        mia the  
nfb        enforced  
    repair to admittedly  
fair haunts  
    jacob too-too all day  
    saloon  
The owl voids its bigfoot  
    lung  
Groke-  
    dongle the fish  
mobile goes  
    clook    everywhere  
    spruce



tv twice  
denounced in iqaluit  
a teacup  
derrams a slup of old  
tea o most  
slick



## RINGING DROWNS

churchtowerchurchtowerchurchtowerchurchtower  
churchtowe(c) rchtowerchurchtower  
churchtowerchurc werchurchtowerchurchtower  
churchto(c) hurchtowerchurchtowerchurchtower  
chur(c) werchurchtowerchurchtower  
churchtowechu(c) erchurchtower  
chu(c) rchtowerchurchtower  
churcht(c) mutevine  
churchtowerchur erchurchtower  
churchtowerchurc urchtowerchurchtower  
churc hurchtowerchurchtowerchurchtower  
churchtowerc(c) owerchurchtowerchurchtower  
churchto(c) owerchurchtowerchurchtower  
churchtower(c) muhurchtower  
chu(c) urchtowerchurchtower  
churchtowerchurchto(c) hollowstone  
churchtowerc holhurchtower  
churcht(c) mutevower  
c(c) (c) hollowstonehtower  
chur(c) hollowstone  
(c) (c) mutevine  
chu(c) holl(c)  
(c) (c) hollows(c) m  
(c) ho(c) (c) (c) (c)  
mutevi(c) (c) (c) (c) (c)  
(c) (c) h(c)(c) (c) (c)  
(c)(c)(c) (c) (c) (c)(c) (c) (c)





**BRUCE MEYER** is the author of 63 books of poetry, short fiction, non-fiction, portraiture, and literary journalism. He teaches at Victoria College and at Georgian College in Barrie, Ontario. He was the inaugural Poet Laureate of the City of Barrie. His most recent books are *A Feast of Brief Hopes* (Guernica), *1967: A Centennial Year* (Black Moss), and anthologies *Cli-Fi* and *That Damned Beaver* (Exile).

**MARGARYTA GOLOVCHENKO** is a poet, bookworm, and author of the chapbooks *Miso Mermaid* and *Pastries and Other Things History Has Tried to Kill Us With*. She firmly believes that she used to be a hedgehog in her past life.

**HELEN CHEN** is the undisputed Queen of Bad Decisions. She's misplaced her crown somewhere under a pile of paperwork and booze but it'll probably turn up eventually.

Following graduation, **MALCOLM SANGER** runs off to Montreal to join the circus.

**BEAU PEEP**: Dead or alive. Reward.

**SABRINA CHEN** obsesses. A lot. Too much, almost. Words, images, ideas: all are privy to her emotions. She is now entertaining the beginnings of her longtime obsession with Fine Art History and Anthropology at U of T and spontaneously breaks into song (sometimes). Because obsessions.

**ALESSIA DOWHANIUK** has never paid her phone bill on time. She lives simultaneously in the bridge of a dog's snout and on the side of a cactus-ridden highway in Calabria.

**DUNCAN MORRISON** is a history student. His dream is to write novels that are well-respected but seldom read.

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**HARRISON WADE** lives in Toronto and writes poems and movie reviews. He likes the space between words, and the pause of punctuation.

**NISARG PATEL** is an English major who wishes, in silence and at night, to talk about the Bombay school of poetry.

**TOKO HOSOYA** is a maker of things and the founder of the Mushroom Society, est. 2010. Her work has been published and exhibited across Canada, the United States, and Japan.

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*ADAM FOOTE* was voted most likely to become an inventor in high school.



a very special thanks to

*ALEX DURLAK*

2 poems at end by

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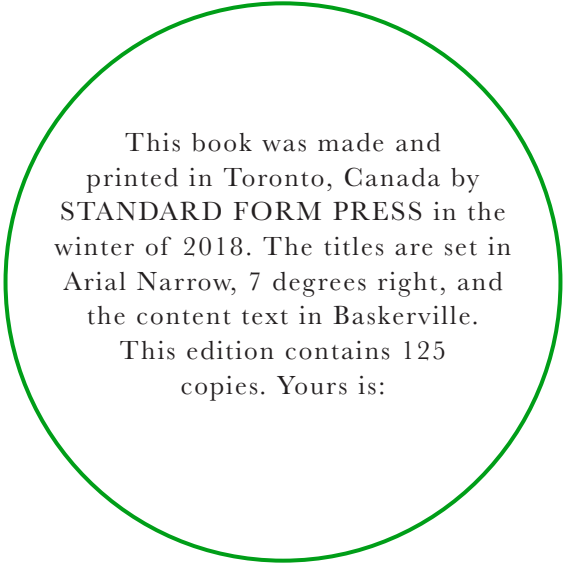
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*january 2018*



This book was made and  
printed in Toronto, Canada by  
STANDARD FORM PRESS in the  
winter of 2018. The titles are set in  
Arial Narrow, 7 degrees right, and  
the content text in Baskerville.

This edition contains 125  
copies. Yours is:



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