



The Trinity University Review

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THE TRINITY
UNIVERSITY REVIEW

CXXV

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MMXIII

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

The preface, faceless:

the face that holds itself moving. Before the face reflects
a lack a live, a word alights the hand. The whole of the
movement envelopes this blind touch: here the whole
word, at rest. The hand (curled the book to the touch: to
the fore of the word. This moment the book / and leaves
here *come hither*—

|xi

From a way, a welcome.

-I.L., K.K., & F.W.



TEA HADZIRISTIC

I told someone *the city is so perfect*
you would like to find its danube eyes and gouge them out

if I were to risk the word home I would say home
is where it corresponds

| 1

the city shaped to your desires—
pre-shaped, pre-desired

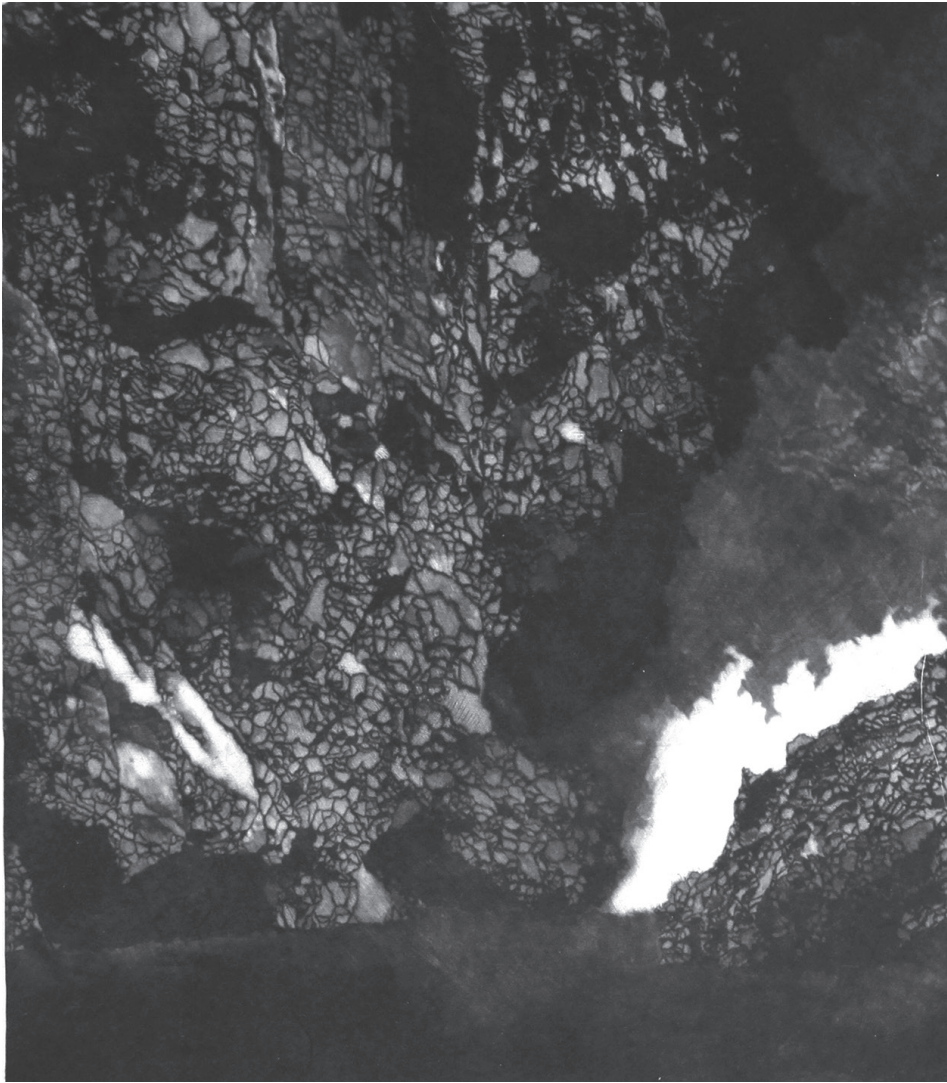
they say the language you think in
is your mother tongue, the mother tongue unthought
resides in the lung tongue

a possession kept burning
by dearth

like meeting a lover on a long cycle,
a silence worth all the silence

is it not sweet when suddenly your name
starts ringing

they say we went into the strawberries
with only our throats





Aurora McFee

SAND OVER THEM

YIWEI HU

surface
the hulls beneath the water clear
as moonlight

4|

a studied craving
lust and the unwoven claim
midnight for themselves

sound that spurns voice
as only could
the loneliness of beaches

life a perpetual sickness
recuperating
with the drowned washed ashore

beneath every skin is a bone
bitter whose breaking
arc sacrosanct of pain

what does one say to a calm disgorging
irresolute faces
featureless at high tide

SLIVER

YIWEI HU

sallow-shoed
beneath that awful awning
yearning a knife-wound
 slow slip yawning

split lips forth
spill of yellow light
a sun gutted
 a ray-finned fish,
 shored
 the watershed,
 and its below

CZARNY STRAW

WARREN HEITI

from *Ofelia*

6|

Gravity is black and viscous
and my skin is damp with it.
Rest, among these cliffs
of wind, means
death, but there is no
motion in the eye of the stone
cyclone, loneliness
imploded, all our light
contracted under the marble slab
of the lake, its waters opaque
with pain. How did you
leave this place, your shadow
a bag of granite, your hands
already half night?
I would not have had the strength
to drag this faceless depth
out of the Tatra Mountains.
I stand on the shore,
transfixed, my thoughts thick
with rain, and I listen:
bass,
lack. Lack
of all want. What
did you mean by this
silence?
What can that blackness mean
except a magnet
for more blackness?

And why does it
console me?
The black sun's plasma
coagulates over the hole;
the wet mind condenses
and comes to rest.
You baptize me in your gravity.

TALE AND SYNOPSIS

ANGJELIN HILA

8|

The wife I have seen now numerous times: a pretty but unkempt woman who invariably wore eyeliner and—it seemed to me—a thin white robe—satin I called it—that dragged against the pavement, the grass, the dirty street: there I saw her as well—vulnerable and hurried, although all she was doing was taking out the garbage. I called her Inger because she seemed displaced, uprooted and Inger in *Growth of the Soil* feels as such in the uncultivated wilderness alone with a man whom she scarcely knows. But with time she takes root there, despite remaining a renegade—the memories of her past pull her toward frivolity, outside the constraints of her husband's stoic world, who is consigned forcefully to his incorruptible role. Inger, indeed, is even unfaithful—though only once—but despite this, we sympathize, because like us, she seeks excitement, tenderness—these absent from her husband's repertoire of modes of being: he is stern, brusque and aloof, he is of severe manner. My Inger seems more constrained, more troubled and just as what loosens Inger—a third party—and also makes her remember her husband, her family, that she no longer is that young—so an unremarkable, discreet interference will awaken my neighbor—to whom I appeared in the form of a stranger with a familiar message, a seduction enveloped in white satin in the dark, faintly lit street. It is the breach that breaks the monotony, the dullness of harmony, and brings about conflict that demands resolution. It is in conflict that life is renewed, bonds reaffirmed.

¶ In *Growth of the Soil* Knut Hamsun presents, perhaps, the last man and woman to be thrown into the world—but, who, ironically, are akin to the first: the Adam and Eve of the pristine Nordic wilderness—pioneers, though in fallen state that through human intentionality transform the landscape to their benefit. But they are also swallowed up by it: once lost in the forest, Isaac, husband of Inger,

comes across “something standing there before him, a Being, a spirit, a grey silk... a pair of eyes.” It is not the Holy Ghost but the “Evil One.” It is merely a vision, or an apparition, but nonetheless, it is between Isaac and the forest, Isaac and the vast wilderness. Apparitions aren’t so uncommon these days either: My Inger’s husband comes out sometimes to sit on the steps of the porch, smoking a cigarette. He looks about him with leeriness and undue reservation. He draws long puffs, his cheeks thinning, his eyes squinting ponderously. After he is done he gets up and goes back inside. He speaks to no one. Husband and wife are seldom, if at all, seen together.

¶ He is no Isaac and, come to think of it, his wife no Inger either. For at the side of Isaac is his creator, the author, who favors him above the rest and is sure to balance his hardships with rewards, the ups with downs. He gives him a wife, a successful farm, children—he is not too keen on the children: misfortune and mediocrity follow them—but Isaac himself is sure to triumph, if it be lifting a hefty load of lumber even in old age despite his diminishing strength or winning Inger’s affection back (Inger is fickle and possesses far more complexity than Isaac, who is of simple constitution and linearly minded). Isaac the quiet, Isaac the man of few words who faces vexation with a frown, not a hostile frown but more so something betwixt a frown and sigh: a frown-sigh. He says: ‘hmm’

¶ or ‘Oh lord’, his reactions almost channeling poetic awe; Isaac’s distance from his own difficulties channels the author’s detachment; it is the failure to filter out his wonder toward his own creation. His benevolence, too, often slips through. I’m not nearly as benevolent. I observe and absorb, unintentionally weaving a story by imagining the unseen. Ironically, I am at the center of the conflict and the benefactor of its resolution.



Olive Li



SUZANNE TERRYBERRY

I gave my mother
Forty years to learn to love me.
Too bad. She died and lost her chance.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE JOINS THE
HAITIAN REVOLUTION (OCTOBER 1791)

GEORGE ELLIOT CLARKE

Their weapons summon blood:
we summon God.

12|

The French prattle of civilization,
and very impressively so.
But Evil is halo'd with Intelligence.
Truly, our supposed superiors cultivate
Thievery, Gluttony, Rape, and Battery.

Th'European Christ
chirrup in ciphers:
Accordingly, after we're afterthoughts,
we may access his azure,
cozy heaven—
all rum and palm trees.
But first we perish
due to unanswerable, routine suffering,
supremely hostile Slavery,
profiting lace-collar buccaneers.

(The French are vampiric beings,
and should be staked on a pyre.)

To our massas' damaged eyes,
we must appear exemplary criminals,
Old Testament-style exterminators,
incarnating brio, bravado, brawn,
the total bullshit that okays bloodshed.

Oui, we should be promiscuously bloodthirsty!

After all, mes frères, mes soeurs,
the dead got no god but God:
Their mirth is our drunken vomit
decorating our enemies' graves.

| 13

Let our violence equal the revelry
of malevolent storms.
There is no bloodless Christ.

Let our Christianity mirror theirs—
as ruddy as Golgotha.

Let those café hypocrites call me
a “miscreant misanthrope”:
I don't give a damn—
so long as our knives and hammers wax red
in destroying these uttermost wolves!

[Roissy (France) 8 juillet mmxi]

LA MUSE ET LE POÈTE

ROBERT DIPARDO

Daydreams that were more real than day,
what made you want to visit me?

14|

What did you think was here besides clay,
daydreams that were more real than day?

I only had to blink, and away
you went... Could what I'm grieving still be
daydreams that were more real than day?

What made you want to visit me?

I.2.i - EGLINTON AT 5

MICHAEL BOUGHN

It's never through with you, never
done with the deaths original
to your own figurations
of happy trails or another

stroll through the garden
of shattered hearts, pieces
crunching under relentless
reflections on the nature

of metaphysics. Examined
traffic patterns yield
crusading misprisions in place
of flows when deflect

enters the picture. When the picture
enters deflect confusions
confound patterns claim
to assigned seat. The light

changes and no one moves
because distant incursions
of injected greed breeds
entropic fixations normal

stasis and no one really wants
to get there knowing pensioned
conclusions offer little hope
beyond brief visits to distant

unapproachable worlds
of bad teeth, crushed goats
writhing in dust, and another
beautiful day in the light

stolen from time at a cost
calculable only in utter
disregard for what passes
for decency, a concept ripped

from pages of unique
literary merit. Repeated adjectival
superlatives ring bells
in alien belfries rousing objections

anticipated well before approaches
to various ramps announce
impassable blockades of jammed
up steel and rubber founding economies

of pain and routine passages
through unthought habits against blank
skies of late February. Food
and roof wander into labyrinth's

multitude of reasons and become
stone. Not stoned, which would reopen
negotiations with traffic patterns
toward possible, what? entropic

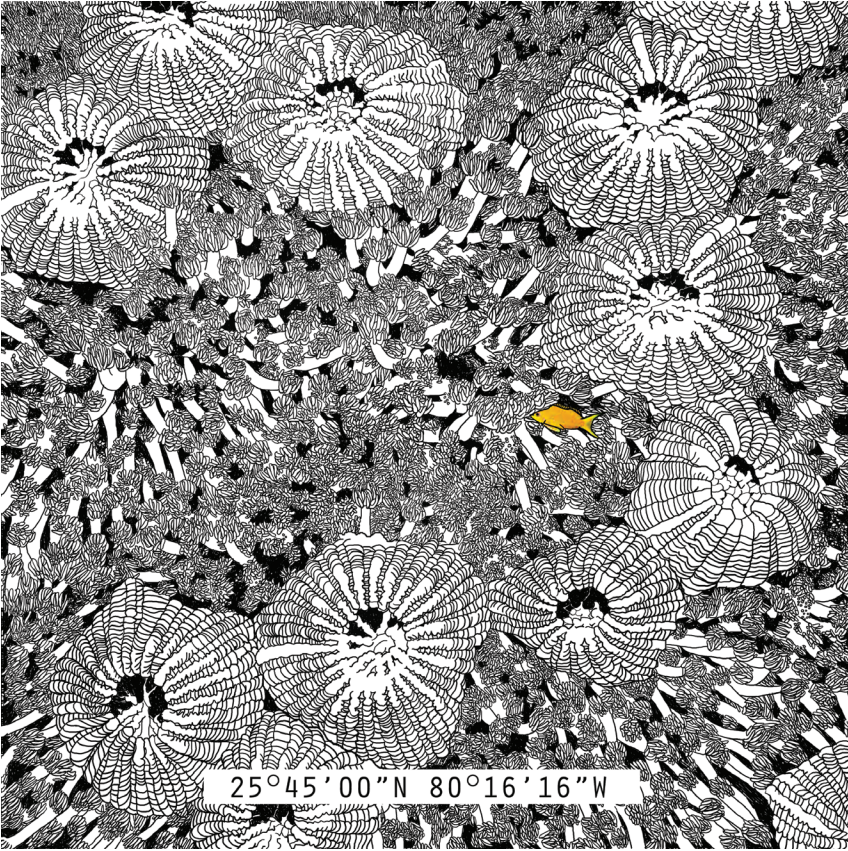
fibrillations or analogical
eruptions into parking lots across
GTA, little gestures of love oozing
into front seats with hot pizza

after game's folderol? Sheer unlikeliness
of the sky caught up in rivers
of red lights, silent and still
overstabilized motion interruptions

stretching into fields of grief
for unrecognized iron fortune's
rendition of almost there if it
weren't for the damned traffic

announcements leave it likely, in fact
newsworthy for broadcasts
across temporal grid interstices
every night at six while economies

quiver thinking of arrangements
opening, beginning to move
into the night, shifting constellations
flowing toward another long day.



25°45'00"N 80°16'16"W

Kelly Cho

I.2.ii - NO BEER

MICHAEL BOUGHN

“Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to have fun.”
—Benjamin Franklin

Hidden horizons are a dime
a dozen when essences
drop their drawers

|19

in stunning displays of rare
rectitude's bare life. If
cheeky doesn't quite expose

hidden things to adequate
scrutinies, inward forms
will. It is the ascending

that gets stuck in the craw
when any old will do
if only you get

the joke. Converging lines
of extremely tenuous
are a kind of punch

woven out of wheelbarrows
and oceans into ways
to get by when the face

of the bay, moods scintillant
across its skin, speaks
only to calculations

of exterior triangulation's
contracted rectal retentions
disguised as a sure

thing. No beer is then enough
to reset severe seismic
interpenetrations that leave

town as quickly as time
allows. Where amid I
drifts through recurrent

anthems and thirsty
penguins where beer
is known to occur

among dripping window's
revelations of weekly
prowess and endless

interpretations of bounce
and calls provides escape
from silenced halls of misplaced

splendor. Small consolations
count, but sometimes even beer
is not enough to make up

for desolations intimate insistence
on stop time encounters'
extensions into bakeries

of human stupefaction, though
never forget the first thing we
did was invent beer, knowing

even then that Isis had a plan
anticipating Benjamin
Franklin. If god wants us to have

fun, no beer is a real sign
of analogical incursions' rendered
aether reeking of ontic

regulators and theo-shit
kickers. Woe to joyful anticipation
when the knock comes and it is time

|21

to pay up, at least as far as that figures
in economies of intended outcomes
and fair game pasted across the back

of any erratically moving thing
across paved expanse of remarkably

consistent anti-vaginal terrors



MICHAEL CAVUTO

22|

Mother carried me through
the house a heavy child
hung limply about her waste
and I feel not far in age
from that me—

She cradled me
in the curve of the half-
crescent moon, listless
sway she laid me
in the rockingchair
floating the swells of those
overcast rooms.

Concave bowed as my breath
slowed, as the padouk hull this canoe
drift down umbilical creek.

You laid me in the
rockingchair, in my lap
quick now and arched
outward, taut with a thrusting
gust flared off the mast

Sounds of water rap against
padouk boards, give way
to still eddy lulls—

rockingchair, rockingchair creak

from INTERIOR DESIGNS: A GUIDED TOUR

ANDREW MCEWAN

Room 3. Exhibit 1.

[tour guide speaks]:

My gestures are invisible
and arranged in necessary sequence.

|23

Are there strangers to the group?
Indiscriminately, the tour welcomes.

I speak to the original guide.
Tours depart at regular intervals.

This exhibits rehearsal.
Did you speak before the tour began?

Room 3. Exhibit 2.

[tour guide speaks]:

24|

When we stop I volunteer an interpretation.
The minutiae reorganize accordingly.

Before me, for instance, an artless figure
standing as you stand gazing.

Impose the light of a vacant stare
onto the texture of each surface.

Nothing removes you without your permission.
Yet, I describe persuasively.

Room 3. Exhibit 3.

[tour guide speaks]:

I approach the phrase another room
in the misdirection of the tour's sentence.

|25

The history of this space
informs our route, my words.

I speak before you speak in unison
mimicking a common motion.

When you approach an end
you may almost touch bodies.

in Following

[audience speaks]:

26|

“The pleasure of multiple voices felt in our skin.

We note the moment as it passes.

Empirically, we are told, another.

The clarity of a didactic body stands before us, lips open.

*We break the pamphlets in our pockets down to their
constituent elements.*

Letters and pulp fall sweaty to the floor.

We mistake gestures for a familiar face.

A friendship.

A swiftly closing door.”

FISH MISFIT

BENJAMIN J. B. CAUGHRAN

a
fish misfit
which flits
and swims
with bits
which miss
the mark;
its heart
is large
and kind
but it's mis-spined
it dines
on food loot
too gooey
for the rest
leftovers the best
it has et
ever





Shellie Zhang

RHYTHMS III

MICHAEL CAVUTO

30|

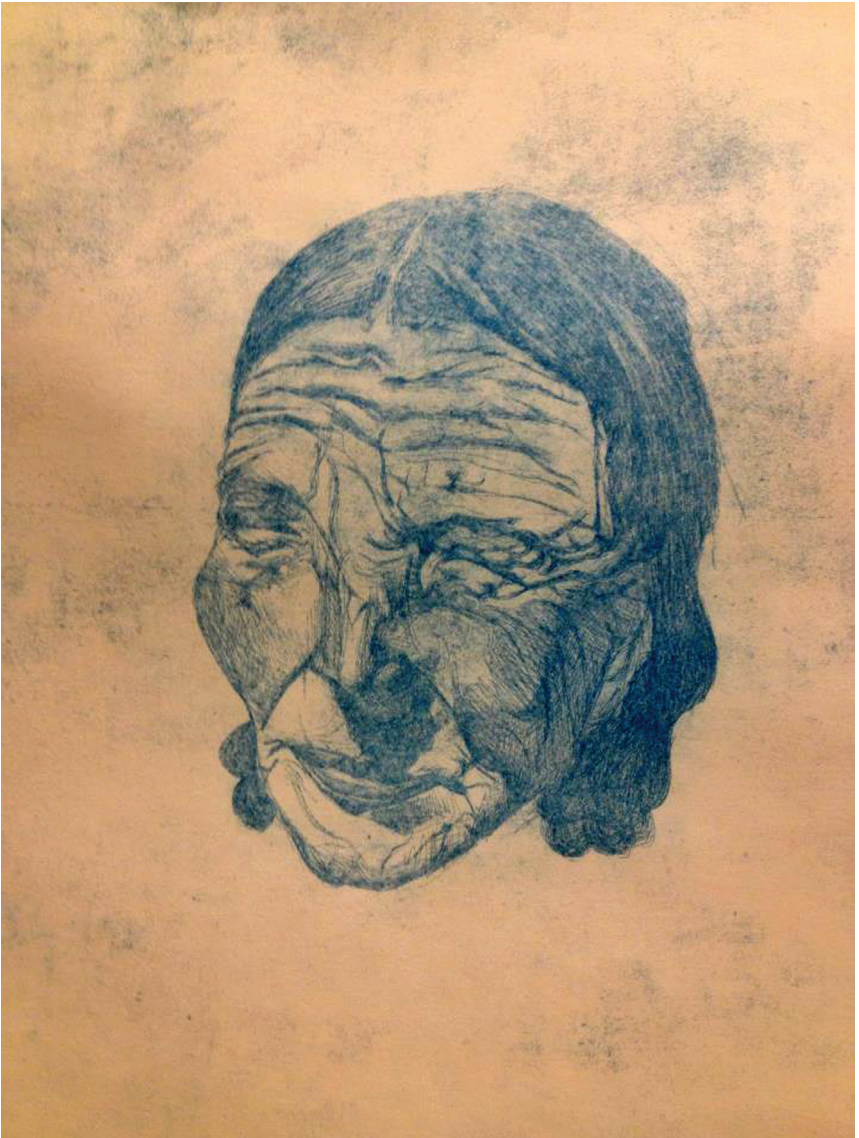
Arcadia framed with willows
and tulips, spotted springs over
the Adirondack impasse
locked away lastly
eternal
Edenless & gateless with rod iron
thickets of arbor

Arcadia
a landscape that bleeds
over itself and itself
bleeding
can never last
with what it takes from
its own spirit—

Arcadia, arcane and ephemeral

but this here is Utopia
this is the image of
man's impermanence
a recluse of the mountain laurel
tenant of the hill-top
brothel, a troupe of petrified
ballerinas out
of Matisse in rituals of pagan circles
struck through
with lacerations by his
destructive plane
and foreign concubines
deformed with a heavenbound twisted
spine cantilevered
with gears

creaking toward cynicism and the
American immortal
rundown culture delis, the
serial girls stymied behind green
glass of factories, and one
last trip to the tree by the house
as its blossoms float down to
a welcome finale, a beautiful
end to paradise



Olive Li



TAE HU KIM

iron carriages descending down god in the dark is to be
found his pieces are they left remains in countered earth
in between the parts of his withered feet did he ever kiss
his toes when imagined left a spot bare to the lunge of
spaceless stark in managed stare toward the scattered toward
the skylights in the star therein his body separate rests his
place down here between these arms these arms of mine as
i descend as this carriage shakes a lightness iron in my head
it shakes your lips a hint within my own we go you have
already far already gone to plummet down to god done dark

my city my city the preacher cried his clothes worn dried
the heat of closed and empty night in face of sun that does
not bear her watch to be my city my city in tired bones did
she feel his echo body the shape that wears his shadow in
that star part articulate like salt scattered head and scattered
grains is he a fallen shaker on a kitchen counter top is falling
a kind of graceless art if god did not intend him fall my
city my city the preacher cried my city why you caught my
graceless soul like chopped mushrooms i did taste in the
crevices of his fingers when he kissed me in his hands the
preacher cried why not for the shadow that his body wears
in the stars did you not a person become in my mind i can
not tell whispers between you and me now any time more

when i was five my mother took me from the ground where
i had grown for ages now i am a stunted part my roots gone
dark she flood me in a plastic cup by a window side and he
the body in the star or who he was before he died did he ask
me how i did now miss my ground and would i speak to him
if could i with my curling leaves am i a tree or am i a boy
that missed my chance what would i be if i curled with him
not in the meted tell of still glass air and not down where
he thought i told him go down deep into the dark of god
below where hands and metal trays and pour and spray meet
con and crete and measured shares non this per this son
this cent of grey i meant by where by if i stayed would we
have blossomed quite so in this way i meant the soil where
he now lies no wish of ashes did he have no stars no salt no
gone he did gone buried where i wished i grew did he knew
this was where we would go any way like in this so in my end

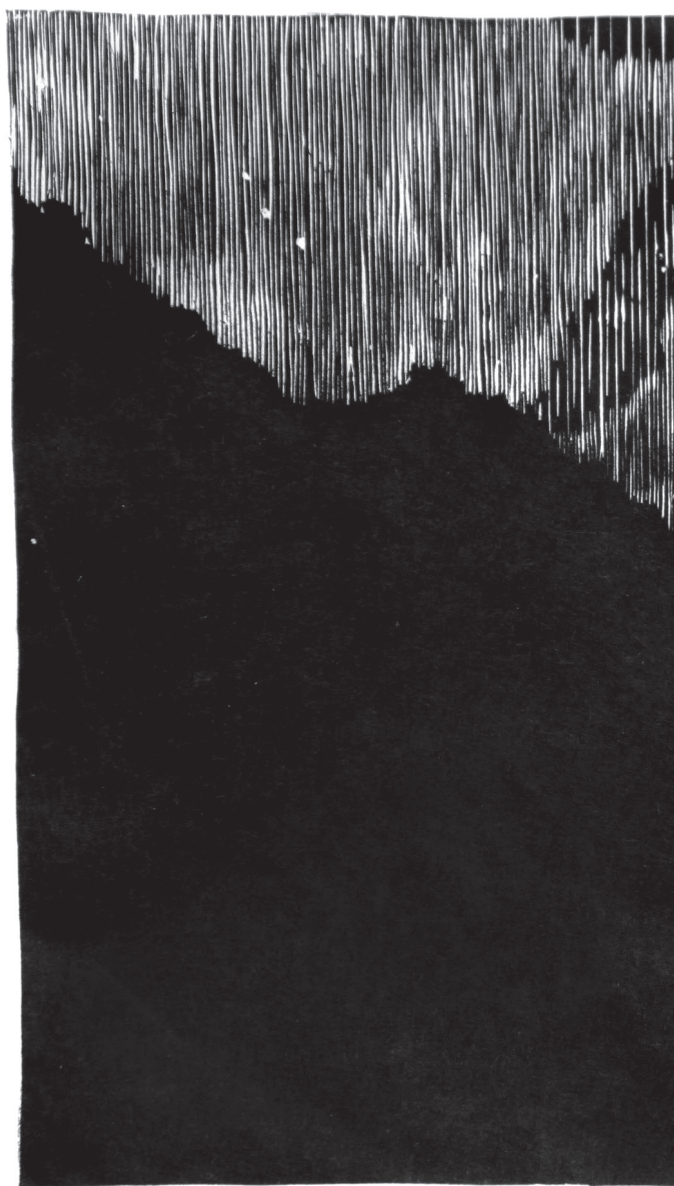


AMI XHERRO

36|

was it silence that comforted us in the night?
or was it the bed, was it the wine? was
it me that silenced you,
was it faith in the night that would
renew itself, a night which makes its
own night on account of the day,
and in the night I saw you clearer—
I saw you like water inside of me
the jealous hunger of your fingers
to take that which I would give you
myself if only you were not water
but something on which to feed
and something which to hold
and after I saw you like
fire and I liked it and then a child and
sure, I put you together—
neither a man nor something else—
surely you were no king—
but you are tall and pink
and soft at your waist
with a single eyelash on your left shoulder,
and did you know? I studied you
while you slept for details and for ideas.
I heard you for sound but I
received silence and
I was not disappointed for all silence
can be water as all desires can be roused
and abandoned and called again. If you
come, they will too and so no worries
for if night comes to you once it will
come again and it will come
itself and naked and until then
I will imagine some absent river
from which my eyes may drink a little
and in this night your fingers will once

again be tame, and your chin upright and
patient for me, and you will swim and
dance for me in dreams as I record
only water for days
and the day will begin at our feet.





Aurora McFee

WHITE
WARREN HEITI

from *Ofelia*

40|

The light
wastes itself
on the asphalt, the static
in the harbour, the long
blank hall where I waited
to give back your letters.

Lex talionis, a tautology.
Violence is the effect
of violence. The four
pins of light rhyme
in the pyramid of fire;
the electric lamp harmonizes
with the sun's artillery—
only silence
is incoherent.

I thought: there is no
cause. I was incandescent
with anger, while your silence
was dense, the size
of an eye, heavier
than a star—
gravity that cancelled
light. Chaos
is what does not
reciprocate: the crucible
of your unlit window, the pupil
of the crow.



HALEY PARK

a thousand white centres
succumb my sight

sheathed from the skin in
tingles to gut vomit spit

overlaps
churns

two laden blips:

the furnace has started
to an end, becoming

LONELY

JOZEF A. KOSC

It is lonely at the top
Where above only skies
And the glories of those before
And the Heavens



JULIAN BUTTERFIELD

the feeling of something
flew from my throat,
rested
and retracted, bore the
imprint back into my
mouth.

now my smile is
shaped like mountains.

mt. elma, february 2011

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☪
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of the Trinity University Review.*

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