

What Colour is a  
Heartbeat?



Poems by

QSUMMIT

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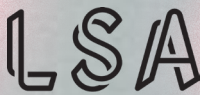
# ABOUT THE ANTHOLOGY

Lakeshore Arts proudly presents *What Colour is a Heartbeat?* an anthology of poems by the poets of Q Summit. *What Colour is a Heartbeat?* digs into the poets' identities, takes root, connecting with nature, and delineates time in unexpected ways.

This anthology presents the works of eight talented artists who met weekly in the coziest corner of the internet for 17 weeks between October 2022 and April 2023. Here, they bore their souls through written and spoken word, forged bonds, and improved their craft.

Please enjoy this special moment in time that they have chosen to share with you.

Q Summit is a poetry and spoken word mentorship program that provides a creative development space for 2SLGBTQI+ youth ages 18 to 25. The program supports the growth of participants in both technical poetry skills and personal development as they explore their queer identities. Workshops are taught by the exceptional Melly Davidson and Martin Gomes who ensure a safer space for self-expression, learning, professional development, and friendship-building.



LAKESHORE ARTS

Q Summit is a Lakeshore Arts Project.  
For more information on the organization, visit [LakeshoreArts.ca](https://LakeshoreArts.ca).  
Follow us on IG: @LakeshoreArts

Andrea G (she/they) is a latine artist from Toronto. Andrea has performed with various organizations including The Showcase and The Return events with Unity Charity, SKETCH Toronto and JAYU Slams. She is a writer, poet and facilitator. Andrea loves to learn and is always open to trying something new. She's excited to share her work with you ! You can find them on instagram @aayndrea.



*she/they*  
Andrea G

# Andrew M.M. Southey *he/him*



Andrew is an aspiring poet from Toronto. An insatiable conversationalist, he was exposed to poetry at a young age by the book “The Cataract of Ladore,” authored by a distant ancestor. Consuming and loving the art transitioned into creation as a teenager, when he realized that nature and the mind are only nominally separate forces, connected by creative conversations. To him poetry is trying to catch what’s being said.

Andrew has a profound love for the natural world; an avid outdoorsman, he is as comfortable in the backcountry as drinking coffee on a back patio. A deeply curious soul, he is at heart (and sometimes in practice) a philosopher. For him, to always learn from and about every piece of this magnificent world, and its diverse and beautiful cast of inhabitants, is to soar with it.



# Becca Litvak

*she/they*

Becca is a queer human based in Toronto, dabbling their way through the arts and dipping their toes in a multitude of mediums. Her journey with writing began with the emo ramblings of an angsty pre-teen, and evolved one summer as she jotted down observations of herself, the world, and people around her as she commuted through the city. Their work is inspired by a fascination with nature, both human and land. Although currently focusing on poetry, Becca has a special place in her heart for b&w film photography, dance, watercolour, circus arts, and punk music. She hopes to continue to build community and meet other amazing humans to create with and learn from!

Born and raised in Nanjing, China, Jingshu Yao is a writer based in Toronto. She holds a Master of Museum Studies degree from the University of Toronto and works as a program coordinator at Heritage Toronto. Jingshu's writings focus on the intersectionality of identities through themes including food, immigration, language, and queerness. She is currently working on a novel project about family, secrets, and self-exploration.



*she/her*

姚靜姝

Marz is a non-binary Egyptian Iraqi poet and artist. Born in Istanbul (Türkiye) and raised in Canada, they fell in love with painting & drawing at the age of 5 and started writing poetry at the age of 11. They're an aspiring writer & actor hoping to share their multitude of personalities and their sensitive soul through these forms of self expression. In their poetry, they let you into a part of their dreamworld through vulnerability to open more eyes to the world's beauty and love, as well as their vast mind.

# Marsa (Marz) Kamal

*they/them*





# Rachel Galang

she/her



Rachel is a queer Filipino-Trinidadian, interdisciplinary artist, and bowler born and based in Toronto. Nicknamed “Kulot” meaning curly in Tagalog for being the first grandchild born with an afro, she’s spent her entire life in bowling alleys throughout the GTA and in parts of the US. Carrying a notebook, ballpoint pen and sharpie to every league and tournament her parents dragged her to, lil’ Kulot would create imaginary worlds through scribbles and doodles before she knew how to read or write. She continues to explore and express herself via the arts as a storyteller, devoting her time to finding common threads that link just about any medium/discipline together. @artbygalang

# Tekalah Great

*they/them*

Tekalah is a non binary, Nova Scotian based in Toronto. Tekalah is an all around artist and athlete specializing in rugby and poetry. Nicknamed “shadow” by always being mysterious and quiet, Tekalah has been able to let their talents speak for themselves. Whether it is with friends or a big crowd, Tekalah’s talents and personality can always make the day one to remember. Tekalah’s love for poetry started from a young age as it was a means to be able to express themselves without saying much at all. From there it became a passion that runs deep within.

Tricia Almeida (she/her) is a first-generation immigrant born in India and raised in Canada. She is an interdisciplinary artist based in the GTA. She is a graphic designer, a photographer, a woodworker, a poet, and a facilitator. From a young age, she has found vast creative ways to keep herself occupied, the most prominent way being daydreaming. She concocted one scenario after another, and through her artistic talents, she has brought these stories to life. She continues to find new ways to share her daydream oasis from reality. Tricia is always eager to try something new and is constantly seeking learning opportunities.



*she/her*

**Tricia Almeida**

Program Facilitator:

# M<sup>he/they</sup>artin



Martin (he/him/they) is an Afro-Latinx, queer, citrus fruit lovin poet born & based in downtown Toronto. His official poetry journey began under the tutelage of Britta B at JAYU, a charitable organization that shares human rights stories through the arts and engaging conversations. His unofficial journey began with his first exposure to poetry: A Goofy Movie 2 and an episode of Fresh Prince where Will writes poetry under the guise of Raphael DeLaGhetto. Since then, he has gone from student to mentor at JAYU teaching both level 1, level 2, and the Guelph Humber x JAYU poetry collaboration. He currently runs spoken word & beatboxing workshops with Unity charity. His goal is to create spaces that encourage folks to be their most authentic, genuine selves in a raw, real, “non-Disney” type of way. (He messes with Disney though, don’t get it twisted.)

Melly (she/they) is a queer poet, dancer, and educator from Mohkínstsis (Calgary). They are part of a Lebanese diaspora which settled and found refuge in Jamaica. She currently lives in Tkaronto (Toronto), where she rides her bike too fast and says the word “sticky” too much.



Program Facilitator:

Melly  
*she/they*



NATURE

# Raised by the Wolves: Keeping in Line with the Pack

*Rachel Galang*

I finally got something to mention!

In this monopoly economy,  
I wanna leave a legacy  
It's really got the best of me,  
Supposed to be a prodigy  
Apparently it's hereditary,

Blame it on biology, anatomy,  
Astrology, mythology, philosophy  
Wobbly anomalies, I thought I knew reality

It's all about dichotomy. But what about duality?  
Ever thought of alchemy?

Feeding me your fallacies  
Mocking me with modesty

Enough with the hypocrisy; It barely even bothers me

No wannabe apologies; You have to see the prophecy

Shoulda seen,  
Coulda seen,  
Gonna see  
It's not just a fantasy.

# angels among us

*Marsa (Marz) Kamal*

it moves me like fingers dragging through wet sand  
bales tumbling through a farm on a windy day  
a consuming midnight blue reflecting the eye of the ocean  
rushing over me  
am i being watched?  
are you here?  
i can feel you like autumn wind running through me when i was six  
the wet grass i'd rip without guilt.  
i could feel you close to my hips and the tips of my fingers i'd place into  
the dirt  
the butterfly that left with a piece of me on that hill  
the puddles on cement i'd look through to find you  
i've always known you've been here





# Going of Age

*Andrew M.M. Southey*

Ponderous, groaning;

The swirling pubescent world exclaims its advanced age.

Polaris laughs, “oriented, eh?” while spinning Earth around girders of grooming light,

Gaia proffers her diseased state, the fall of her beloved titans, atrophying civilizations and

inexhaustible lists of the dead.

Sol breathes deep, and issues a charged augur unto earth:

“You will yet be a child when I swallow you.

Time will not mourn;

the universe will not weep.

You have seen life inexhaustible,

but to be ancient is to be more than a vellus sprouting singularity,

never shedding yourself to the beyond.

I write this upon your skin gently, but heed me:

I am ancient, and so shall violently effloresce the cosmos with my presence”.

# Houdini's Angel

*Tricia Almeida*

I woke up this morning to find the trail of forest you left in our kitchen.  
You would assume that I'd be happy,  
You finally came home,  
Finally returned to me,  
Finally reappeared like the Houdini you are.  
But all I felt was the pull.  
The pull to leave,  
The pull of magic,  
The pull of karma,  
But most of all the pull of revenge.  
Will you wrestle with the sadness?  
Will you feel the pain I felt?  
Will you suffer like I did?  
Will you desperately look for me?  
Will you plead and beg with the universe to send me back?  
Will you cry out every night begging to know what you did wrong?  
Will you restlessly walk around a zombie, a shell, just a husk of the person  
you used to be wondering if I'll ever reappear?  
I wonder.  
I ponder.  
I decide.  
I react.  
I give in to the pull,  
And I leave!  
And I know if you wrestle, pain, suffer, search, plead, beg, cry, and  
eventually disintegrate to nothing,  
I'm doing it right.  
I take the first step to my freedom.  
Then another.  
And another,  
And another,  
And another.  
Faster,  
And faster,  
And faster,  
Running, sprinting, dashing.  
The world blends into nothing around me  
Trees fly by in a blur  
I did it  
I finally did it  
I am free  
Nothing is holding me back

I have wings and I am going to soar!  
No longer wondering what I did to be abandoned  
No longer finding ways to improve in case you return  
No longer concerned with my feeling for you  
No longer having you consume my mind  
No longer keeping my heart in escrow 'til you return  
Not that I wanted to,  
My heart has belonged to you since day one.  
My heart.....  
Belongs.....  
To....  
You....  
Hand on my heart. Hand on my stupid heart.  
I look around and realize,  
I have always been free,  
And right now, I am close,  
I am so close to finding that something special  
That's been waiting for me.  
But no.  
I can't.  
But I want to,  
I want you to feel the pain,  
But I can't,  
But I want to  
But I can't  
I love you  
I need you  
I hate you  
\*breath\*  
I close my eyes and breathe.  
It's ok.  
I retract my wings of freedom and follow the trail of forest back to you.  
I have my wings and will fly in time,  
But for now, my angel has landed,  
So let me be with you, my angel, 'til it's time for you to fly again,  
'Til it's time for me to fly,  
'Til it's time for us to fly.

There're the stories we want to tell, and then there's the stories we  
should tell.  
Should I tell her my story?  
Should I tell her the truth?  
Should I reveal my Houdini secrets?  
Did Houdini ever reveal his secrets?  
I look up and there she is my grounded angel following the trail of forest  
I left for her in our kitchen.  
If only she could fly.

# the sun

*Tekalah Grant*

The sun so big and bright in  
All of it's luminous prowess  
As it catches the eye in the  
Darkest of skies  
Shadows bow down to its mighty reign  
As the rivers and wildlife cry out in vain  
Trying to revive themselves  
From the searing pain of the everlasting  
glow  
One so bright there's nowhere to hide  
Anxiously waiting for the rain  
That will never come hoping  
That it can subside these  
Villainous rays of a shine so bright  
Not even the trees can offer some shade  
From this atrocity beaming over the skies  
Oh the sun so big and bright  
Why must you hold such amazing light



# Daylight Savings

Becca Litvak

My limbs began to calcify again  
    hardening into statuesque displays  
of grasping. Ivory and satin  
draped over a shadowed figurine.

Please move me,  
at least somewhere in the sunshine.

I think I'm softening today —  
    my wax more malleable, bones that can rest  
just a little deeper. Her warm glow reaches  
with tender hands and they lay my arms  
to holding, molten in marriage of stone  
and fire.

It feels like it takes a lifetime to learn  
softness. But if I die tonight, this life  
is but a day.

The sun circles the roof  
    and sets. Blood orange shifts  
to twilight and I become  
stiff again.

Till tomorrow, my darling.



no name

姚静姝

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They care enough to  
differentiate the others

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imperfection  
naturally

we have no names.



IDENTITY



# Soft when wet, dust in the air

*Becca Litvak*

The texture of these callused hands, stiffened  
clay where skin used to live  
laying on the bricks by the window sill — waiting to become  
the mortar to hold a self together.

She sits at thresholds edge  
in a delicate display of intimacy,  
like a peaking shoulder from beneath the strap of a dress —  
in liminal anticipation.

Artists hands trace its creation as a proud mother  
would trail over the scars of birth;

harvested mountain side, molded  
anew — a deliverance from dirt to sky.

I wonder if she misses the ground.

A cast molt lays limp  
on the bedroom floor, tossed  
as yesterday's clothes,

the sheer curtains dance in the wind  
behind the opened pane,  
blown away as dust.

# unapologetic

*Tekalah Grant*

unapologetically me I am  
I live to be free unapologetically  
From the hands of time I have no fear  
Roaming the streets longing to be free  
The shadows and darkness they follow me  
Trying to drain the power of being  
me unapologetically

# Just Your Average Profile

Andrea G.

Name: wouldn't you like to know

Age: unknown; cherub face gets me asked for ID but look a little closer. Growing grays like tendrils that'll make you squint and tilt your head, "are you young or older"?

Location: \o/!!ACCESS DENIED, YOU ARE ENTERING A RISKY PLACE!! /o\

Education: paper, another piece of paper, the words of my mentor, the stories told about me - what lessons did that person learn?

Seeking Men/Women/Both: \\_(ツ)\_/

Sign: a Rising lion with the roar of a Rooster with a strange talent for shooting Twin Arrows at dusk or dawn

[Upload photos here]\*

\* No. If you want them ask for them (I'll see how I'm feeling)

Favorite pick up line: you figure it out

Do you want kids: \_\_\_\_\_



# lay with me

*Marsa (Marz) Kamal*

i feel it like delicate string  
a secret from the sea grass i've lived in since i was three  
the waters captivating me  
silk gracefully sinking into the bends of my skin  
like harps lullabies sweeping me into night

there's the universe in front of me  
there's versions of me not only here  
their dreams pale green  
glimmering  
curvatures of sand walls  
fragile hope  
they would know what that's like  
they dance like ribbons in the wind  
i'll let my tears keep singing

marine blue and soft hums  
i'm safe in this pool  
it's told me things  
i'd like to believe they're looking too  
lilac blue  
swimming down  
hearts of yearning  
glistening stars  
if i'm their echo  
and sea stars walking home  
i know where i belong

the smooth surface of a wet stone i've pondered on

keeping me still

i'm protected by what surrounds me

i have hearts to fill

they're by my side

sparkling orbs

we watch the fish whirl

dream melodies of moon glowing rivers

hushed

like roots

here i'm warm by the candle light

sweet goodnight

lull me

keep me

let's linger...

just a little longer

# Take your pills, sunshine

*Andrew M.M. Southey*

The peace of transit and the power of travel

Take your Ibu, but the swelling was meant to guide you

Ride until you breathe fire, summit that mountain, fly to far away places

Paracetamol dreams,

Forget the ache that tells you to stretch and reach for the keys

When the drugs of distance and dope destinations wean,

the unrelenting sun sees you;

Withdrawal hits from a hole you wish weren't even there - let's be

honest, you always

keep it closed.

Slam it shut,

anaesthetize yourself from knowing that the same sun shines back

home.

Keep on driving.

# Melon and Lemon

姚静姝

I was told that my face resembled a melon  
the colour between cream and yellow,  
round, smooth, and full,

I should appreciate  
the expectation of being  
sweet, gentle, and juicy

But

I secretly have a distaste for melons,  
for the sticky, tangy juice  
made my throat swell.

I am sick  
just by imagining the way  
it spread in my mouth.

I wonder.  
Why can't I be  
a lemon?

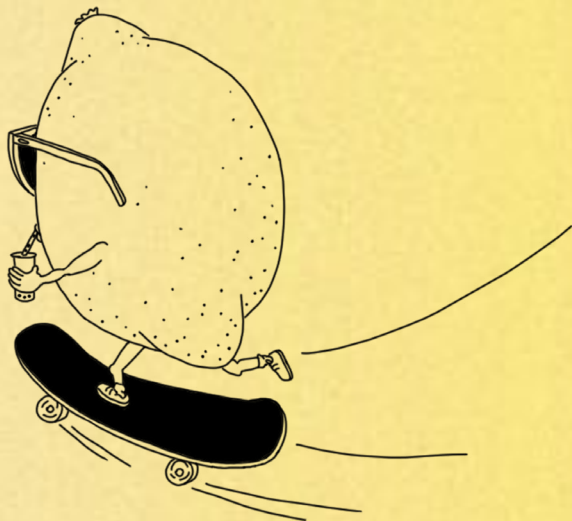
Sour but refreshing,  
horrible alone  
but always a good company.

Wicked, uneven surface,  
Don't look, close your eyes,  
and inhale.

Sharp like  
the edge of wind  
blowing across a frozen lake.

Vibrating like  
a field of grass always in summer,  
where the sun never sets.

Why can't I be a lemon?



# Journeying

Andrea G.

I don't think I know who I am. [redacted] an everwinding changing [redacted]  
[redacted] solid [redacted] The  
rest of me is Picasso. My love for sushi is an ex-friend; my first [redacted]  
[redacted] humour, [redacted]  
my sister. [redacted]  
[redacted] the human experience  
is a series of phases that we might stay in a little longer sometimes. I  
wonder if that's why I never stayed in a clique [redacted]  
[redacted] a point of shame or pride I don't really know. Queering  
myself is something I am still figuring out, [redacted]  
[redacted] what does it mean to live authentically? [redacted]  
[redacted] will I keep exploring until my  
lifetime ends? I wonder if I [redacted]  
something different in each one? I think I feel stuck [redacted]




What can I do with all these thoughts  
Running through my head  
All these feelings  
Running through my veins  
Why can't I just  
Do all the things I wanna do  
Be the person I aspire to be  
Why can't I just be me  
Be able and free  
To function in a world  
Without the random breakdowns  
Of trying to live up to your standards  
Trying to be what you want me to be  
Why do I feel like I'm the  
Only one going through this  
Like I'm an alien living in a world  
Where I'll never belong  
Where everyone is like a robot  
So emotionless that I  
Stand out in the crowd  
Is it always going to be this way  
Am I always going to feel so alone  
Like I'm the only one  
Who's never gonna fit in  
Why does it gotta be like this  
Why do I always feel like  
Everyone else around me  
Is as happy as can be  
And then there's me  
So lost in this sea  
Of emotions that it's  
Getting hard to breathe  
Hard to be me. Be free  
But in reality  
Out in this sea of emotions  
Lost in this eternal darkness  
I am free. I AM ME  
Completely  
Able to be the one  
I am meant to be

# Humanity's true Ally

*Tricia Almeida*

Hey,  
Quick question.  
Is there a way to differentiate between reality and illusion?  
Well, the truth is, that's a trick question  
Cause even if there was a difference you would never know it.  
What if I told you that you have no control over it,  
That your control over actuality and fantasy has been relinquished to someone  
behind the scenes.  
And I don't mean a bunch of hypocritical douches in black hooded robes standing  
around a campfire chanting anarchy,  
But a being that is neither man nor God.  
A being that has been toying with you all this time,  
Bending time, space, and reality to their will,  
Making it an ever-changing bipolar construct,  
That's sole purpose is to keep you balancing on a tight rope,  
A high wire that's constantly being subjected to various external forces.  
And this being  
After causing all this confusion and misdirection,  
Just sits back intently watching its work,  
Its masterpiece!  
As you're left scrambling to keep balance,  
lest you fall into the unknown abyss.  
And while this being thinks they have left you with no safety, security, or haven  
to hide in.  
They forgot about ignorance,  
Humanity's one and only true ally.  
So, forget my question,  
Forget my answer,  
And let ignorance take over,  
For your own sake.





# Selective Mutism: I'm not Shy

*Rachel Galang*

The chosen ones tend to be overlooked, counted out, forgotten about.  
People say, nah...not them.

They've chalked it up to extreme shyness and social anxiety,  
They tell me God gave me a voice for a reason but that doesn't mean the  
manual came in english, and the english that is on it requires a doctor's  
appointment, a new prescription, and a few business days to read.

They call me a sleeping prophet, nothing more than a mere messenger  
destined to wield the sword of truth. To hold enough power to shift worlds,  
open portals to hidden realms but move methodically with caution. This  
is chess, not checkers.

Young dragon, you passed the test, you went through the process, you  
overcame the trials, you withstood the tribulations, you loved in spite of  
abuse, you served even though you were mishandled, you persevered even  
though they slandered your name, you planted, you laid the groundwork  
and now God wants to bless you;  
He desires for the blessings to chase you down, to position you in prosperity.

You're envied because God has invited you to a table he doesn't even  
allow them to stare at.

You're reflecting a power they can't absorb.

You're too powerful for them, that's why they wanna dial your strength  
back a notch or two.

You socialize with a smile even though you have more than enough  
evidence to make misery your company, that's why he's calling you  
because he wants to be you for you,

You're always catering to those around you even if hardships and hard  
times are hounding you,

Your prayers are powerful, they make demons wanna be angels.

Your kind words are getting your point across without crossing the line.

You are everything that they wanted to be but they can't say that aloud because they're the same people that thought you wouldn't amount to anything.

They want you to dim your own light, so they can limit the energy that radiates off you.

Don't do it...don't stop...no no you're changing the world even if you don't see it changing.

You can't hold back, because you gotta become that warrior the universe knows you to be.

Take your light back and watch how quickly they allow darkness to defend them against the truth that exposes their lies.

They feel offended that you feel offended by them using you.

You put a damper in their pamper, their backstabs couldn't phase you, and now they can't face you.

Being humble doesn't mean limiting your potential;

Stop acting like you ain't that to please those that aren't.

You have to understand you ain't regular-degular, but God's particular treasure,

You have to shine like you're subbing in for the sun.

They really thought you'd be the diamond they could destroy by adding pressure, all that did was help me shine a bit better.



TIME

# My Toy-Yoda

*Tricia Almeida*

At first you were new, foreign, an unknown variable.  
It was so long ago that I don't remember why I felt that way,  
I don't even remember what came before you.  
And it didn't last long  
You became familiar, comfortable, a reliable tool,  
But that didn't last long either.  
You proved yourself and became much, much more.  
Putting me, the static ball of continuous energy to sleep,  
Calming my ticking time bomb of a sister,  
Carrying all of us all through hours of mom's Christian prayers,  
And most of all helping shoulder my dad's MANY burdens.  
Like bringing home supplies and inspiring the best parental advice.  
You were no longer a tool,  
You were a member of this family!  
You showed us your personality and we were determined to dub you with  
a worthy name.  
But what name?  
Is there even a name worthy of being bestowed upon you?  
As if the universe heard our cry for help  
It all happened at our first drive in movie, as we watched our beloved Yoda  
die.  
He can't be gone,  
He was the gum, the glue, the epicenter of our world.  
He was just like you!  
And so, it was,  
You shall henceforth be known as our "Toy-Yoda."  
But just like Yoda your days were numbered,  
Mom moved on.  
She replaced you with a newer, greener, sleeker car.  
But you would not die,  
Like Yoda you went into hiding waiting for me.  
I am your Luke,  
Seeking you out, giving you purpose once more.  
You are my confidant, my ally, the sole being I can trust.  
You have been there for everything,  
You are so much more than a car,  
You are, and forever will be, my Toy-Yoda

# the Moment in a moment

Andrea G.

The period between the second sip of wine and the third ***I become fuzzy and slug-like.***

I'm immersed in the buzz, the feeling is  
giddy/  
present joy/  
future longing.

This languid limbo has me feeling powerful and less

***dually complicated***

The feeling is familiar; the reemergence of courage, of play,

of the ***sagittarius*** I'm supposed to be

Loud / funny / charming / I am wrung back to young.....

until the feeling fades away...

There is joy,  
There is adventure,  
There is a timeless-ness after 3 cups of the drink of choice.

the only access I have to revisit.

Faded video feed emerges on a loop as I try to catalog the moments  
from the night before.

Some *momentary* embarrassment, a little bit of mourning...

... but mostly fondness.

strings of doubt are cut as my body lifts.....

me

The moment carries ,

Twisting and  
shifting me into shapes  
unimagined.



Inebriation melts me into a waxy fairytale  
into who I want to be

***(for another two or three hours)***

What will I become next?

Where does the story go from here  
after this last shot?

40% dribbles down my chin as I devour

as I hunger for what will come next....

When and if it will be.

.  
.  
.

only the next drink can tell.

# Unleash the Dragon: A Time of Triumph

*Rachel Galang*

Barriers brought up by teachers, preachers, leaders, schemers  
To cage the eager dreamers  
Like they're some keepers

Jeepers creepers!  
What a contraption!  
To dampen the dragons?  
Flatten their passions?  
Like that's a lesson?  
Is this even sanctioned?  
You call this compassion?

Attention!  
For I got a confession to mention;  
It is introspection that takes you to a new dimension

Behold!  
An invention for the tension to strengthen the succession

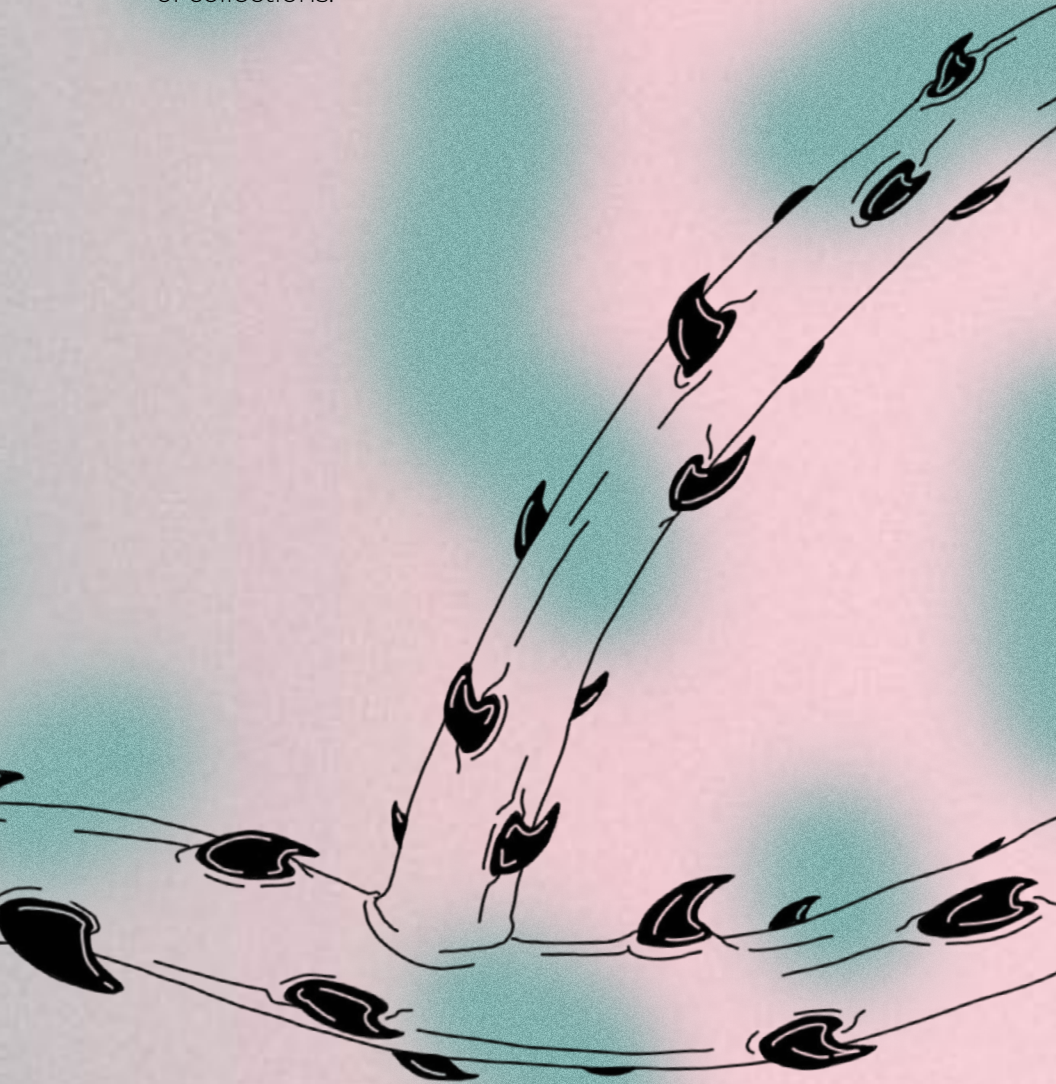
Imagine, a captain maybe like falcon  
Whose anthem is, love is enough when times are rough and tough

Maybe, let's welcome the phantoms and their sarcasm spasms  
Just maybe, they do happen to have platinum medallions to fill up  
canyons

No time for tantrums or fashion,  
Pack your companions some rations,  
Grab your stallions and wagons,

It's time to question the madness  
Investigate the distraction  
They're demanding random ransom  
Like we're jasmine in a mansion

Perhaps, a small suggestion before the transaction;  
Your voice is the weapon of choice, even amongst the shiniest  
of collections.



# Archer

*Marsa (Marz) Kamal*

the night is tip toed  
my curtains waddling me to sleep  
i can taste the window's melancholy  
and my brain picking at memories that only lead me to  
be the wistful child i am  
so forgiving  
i want to reach into the sky  
without being tamed  
though i'm worrisome  
the night leaves me a space  
for the freedom  
i desire  
its arrow always pinned  
in my chest  
i'm waiting for its pull

# Is your muffler running? Yea. Well, I guess you'd better go catch it.

Becca Litvak

I'm talking just to fill the space today,  
nothing of substance  
just the babblings of comfort

or maybe nervousness,

it's hard to tell.

I'm sometimes afraid I'll run out of things to say.  
Time has this way of consuming  
with its insatiable and hungry belly,

stopping for no thing,

no one.

Somewhere along the way  
the silence filled my throat.  
Sweet time, did you eat my voice?

A speck of remembrance muffled

in the glass of the rear view.

And as the trees pass, breathing  
hums of life and death  
I let the sky speak for me,

bellowing

at the mouth.

Settled in this quiet moving place  
I bask  
in your wordless beauty.

# Falling Toward Fastness

*Andrew M.M. Southey*

falling toward fastness

the soul cringes

and cringes

and cringes

and oh

it's working now

but wait was it cringing

or spackling fast as it could

circumstances punch easy holes in dried animus

spackle

and spackling

and oh

now it's singing

creating with violent fervor

babbling or speaking truth

hard to tell

creation moisturizes

swelling animus resists the violence of circumstance

create

and create

and then sleeeep

but is it really sleep

or

more creation

wake up

assess

wake up

and wake up  
the dark corners  
have all been researched  
by the feather dusters of the sandman  
seeking grains of time to extend the stalling  
but you're awake now  
so fly  
or isn't that what awakened people do  
fly  
and fly  
but wait you're human  
you can't fly after all  
so run  
jump  
and wave  
feel the movement  
roll and tumble  
fuck and fight  
inhale and scream  
whisper and love  
and love  
and love  
embrace life  
be so filled by creation  
nurtured by sleep  
aroused by moving  
that animus balloons inexorably beyond you  
or wait  
are brains just mashed potatoes  
they may be at the end of it all  
after all  
and after all



# Canada Didn't Make me Gay

姚静姝

~~Dear Ma and Ba—  
I have something to tell you—  
I am gay.~~

Ma's tattooed eyeshadow.  
Ba's failed romance in university.  
These are the things we never talk about.  
Now there's a new one on the list.

The things that happened  
before you were my parents.  
The period of time you would describe  
as ignorant youth  
which you decide not to share with me  
because you are a different person now  
that you took the role of parents.  
But I have always been your daughter  
and will always be  
so the thing I can't talk about  
is it still valid?

Would you stay up late at night  
regretting the decision to let me study abroad  
to be so far away from you guidance and protection  
that I was made into something different  
a person you no longer recognize?

Dear Ma and Ba,  
Canada didn't make me gay  
the little girl who liked  
dolls as well as toy swords  
who had barbie slay stuffed unicorn  
the teen who loved trees and flowers  
but refused dresses and skirts  
who cut her hair extremely short  
and acted tough despite her size.  
The part of me was always there  
but scared and suppressed  
confused and lost.



Do you remember my obsession  
with my middle school best friend?  
Do you remember catching me  
watching lesbian drama  
but I lied that it was a feminisim documentary?

Dear Ma and Ba,  
I have always been gay,  
and will always be,  
just like I love and respect you always  
including the years you had  
yet to become my parents.  
Could you do the same for me,  
when I tell you the truth?

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**Delta**  
BINGO • GAMING





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