TRINITY REVIEW 128

EMMY FU
I YOU
#1

FAN WU
HAVE ME

OLIVER CUSIMANO
BLACK OAK BREWING COMPANY
LAKEFORT BREWING COMPANY

HAMISH BAILANTYNE
SALAD
BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL

STEFAN HIGGINS
THREE PHOTOS

TOKYO HOSOYA
MIGHT OF THE PERSIMMON THIEF
RAID OF THE MUSHROOM PEOPLE

HAMISH BAILANTYNE
TRANSFORMER
CUMBIA YOGURT W HONEY REPOSE

LENA SUKSI
PROPOSAL

MICHAEL CAVUTO
BRUISED RIB

TOMMY KEITH
from DON'T FORGET TO WAVE

FAN WU
SEEING A FRIEND AWAY

TAYLOR ABLEMAN
NITEWARD(NOW)TOWARD
GIFT OF DEBT (FOR ERA)
BEERNOTE ON THE SPIRIT AND THE COAL)
PASSING OUT IN AN ALLEY AND BEING FOUND BY A MAN ON HIS WAY TO A FUNERAL

HOSNA RUSTAM
MARINA

MADISON CARROLL
HIVE PHOTOS

ANAIS FRANCO
ONE WORK

MILES FORRESTER
DELINICON: MASTODON (W/ STOMACH)

YOYO COMAY:NEWMAN
DISTRACTION: OR, PRESENCE

RACHEL SCHLOSS
ESCONDIDO

TRINITY ART SHOW 2016

CHARLENE LO
THEO AND CHARLENE
CHARLENE AND CHARMIAN

KAYLA TREMBLETT
ENSNARED

MAHDI CHOWDHURY

MICHAEL CAVUTO
HARVEST GIFTSONG
GABRIOLA (TIDAL GIFTSONG)

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I, YOU

you love you
small & bloodied sparrow in bed—
vindictively today
say goodbye

i love your i, calm ship
against angrywrathen swimming
pool of my dedicated god,
this ending without

an end will love
you you
halfpulped soul—

#1

old-timer slips lil tip
for the First Time:

“never the fingertips
never those glitter tips” his
tip is always the whole,
always the whole hole

hold up, holed up
tip toed slipping the tip
through glitter

all the ol’ time.

turn, my luck; it swans and *lisps*
knocking heads like boys
bearing the whites of her bed
rosemary wrists—sassafras— *speak releasing sound*

love me as you loved
unlace— *tsk tsk tsk*
even abrading

blood on the glove
sparring rain upon the one *tick*
leafed clover, *rise full*
of the cleaving

coward low-down
dull on the gossiping lawns
to deny the early morn

who says that waking
keeps you young

beauty -
let that
great obscene stock
word back in
our head
because we
would like
it again
close
to
the mind's
open at
eyes

LAKEPORT BREWING COMPANY

all markers
supposed
to create resemblance
to what is going
on detached themselves
and adapted
quietly

SALAD

you toxic
    falling light
there's a number
of takes but no
no pale tomato sweaty
manchego

      you're mixed up! a hangover
augurs   surely
a new
   moon

far ranging newt sweet lake to
suck on
            float float

the day as the
day
      hour of the heat come
tolling
         flores!   flores!
and that wily ox
                  basura

CDMX 6:iii:16

BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL

it's humming with these
weigh ups
    why
look   long at
     a mood

again   again you pull
up   him dead!
 again
      him
the dreams   the days are
creative as hell

lost yesterday for hours   a chop
shop jungle   beautiful beautiful
    tomorrow
         the pope

CDMX 12:ii:16

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I, YOU

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NIGHT OF THE PERSIMMON THIEF

RAID OF THE MUSHROOM PEOPLE

HAMISH BALLANTYNE

TRANSFORMER

Toko.

TOKO

farm rise
    cowbell
but for the drip line
or a storm's walk
overseas

·

not like Port   the sunny are
remember days he
        treads   an old a wary
        sea

how long to sing
pretty island up
    to life

·

all hands

and his jealous little
dane

dawn in the arms of a
fern

For his part the god sunk
in the killings bay

Whale oil december

.

lantern dance
Dark the thrush
spooks on

Cape Scott 28:vii:15

CUMBIA YOGURT W HONEY REPOSE

Change she
who loves to
be loved and eats
  the image

grief etches these little
communities Cumbia
yogurt w honey repose an ease
with the pans

  of late so important
the poem must also
give of itself

Victoria 13:i:15

PROPOSAL

Looks like you're making things.
Spearing flies and showing
them, delightfully black,
drawing pictures of big golden lambs.
Your warmth falls over the back of a refrigerator,
spitting. There is, in your tight fist,
a gathering of loose tea you stole
to press and get ready to
make us happen. I'm panting.
You inhale so hard
you empty streets. I'm tripping.
Your brazen stamp stops the potatoes being done.
Your tiny pinky wave makes bodies float.
When your life is being a lover,
how is it your hands get cold
with the big windows thrust open?
Because you hold them up as they are whenever you can.
Every end to you stands up.
Your reach breathes.
What grows there? I felt it.
But more of you resists what glows. That part
knitted like a net, I fell to,
as you peeked
through it shining. But
in the depth of meeting,
there is really a lovely thing.

We can eat, swelling like ready bread.
Your force:
If you're going to fuck me,
do it properly. The guy took just your cash.
I'm taking it all, but still babbling
to the loveliest foot
I've seen live,
pressed to itself
without its careful shoe. My gift.
Your eyes shut, testing music, lets me look,
throws me farther. I want to be with you.

a cruel
twist in fate

Could've sworn I'd gotten the girl
Could've sworn

I could convince you
Of anything Give her

a man-name / cheat my way

out of death instead

  No Rest
bellyup Tough not to cough

  & not a soul
to sweep a lie for

HAMISH BALLANTYNE

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BEER (NOTE ON THE SPIRIT AND THE COAL)
PASSING OUT IN AN ALLEY AND BEING
FOUND BY A MAN ON HIS WAY TO A

LIONS
INTERNATIONAL

SEEING A FRIEND AWAY
LI BAI

送友人
李白

青山横北郭，白水绕东城。
此地一为别，孤蓬万里征。
浮云游子意，落日故人情。
挥手自兹去，萧萧班马鸣。

Departure

Green peaks line the north,
White stream winds down east.
Henceforth we must part.
Lone weed blown to where

Cloudbreak, wayfarer's heart,
Sunset, the old mate's soul.
Wave hands—parting sign.
Two steeds whinny at leaving's time.

Displacement

north : mountains stretch (blue grey to green
whitewater circuits thru eastern city walls
here marks parting of necessity—
friendship / fissure
one tumbleweed blowing a million miles out

cloudrift : nomad's mind
sundown : long beloved's sentiment
the sight (*you*) of two hands waving (*go*)
two steeds *neighing & neighing* upon
separation

Desolation

we grew together
mountainlocked & this
moat of white foam
marooning us into the city

mercy on an old friend
(his mind in cirrus
his head hot
with sunset heft)

you leave me
a lone tumbleweed
wandering through wheat
shaken ablaze

the neigh of your steed
repeats
your one cool
wave *adieu*

now again
now, again
the insensate sunset
insate, incensed, uns
eceded, sansens
then moon, moins
period.sun -
menses, men see
the son un
born again
relapsarian no
w a
gain

GIFT OF DEBT (FOR FRA)

will you only have ever known love as a missing rib
(to facilitate autofellatio?)
antetypical circumcision
(autocircumcision, with teeth?)
see how xronos eats his children, his mouth a crux
and his children cronuts or crosses
(marking the death they bore him)
growing into a dark wood o
!wild wet desert

none lives save the dead demanding salvation

a call from beyond,
i answer--
it's CIBC again

BEER (NOTE ON THE SPIRIT AND THE COAL)

choked by a lump in thought's throat
the silence is a gagging sound
the stench of hot black bile cascading from chin:
history's end
sputtering hot red shit

Beer do be me for me
i am where i think not
be do me for me
bead dew on the grass where
i pass out where i am but
be i not there in the wake
but(?) in the ache of tattoobruise
brews there no one's memory
save what the Beer be

PASSING OUT IN AN ALLEY AND BEING FOUND BY A MAN ON HIS WAY TO A FUNERAL

squirting in the alley
my baleen ballon ballast
coat rubber, black wrink
rinds crackle, weighted
eternity is for hard
hearts rerended, and
time, for bitches
and for wresting
from raptures, reap
what shepherds drive
over cliffs

Your opponent
as deep as white fish's black blood
and just as narrow

fills up air
like gangrene in a tent
except when underwater
then reeks like yellow dill

too stuffed up with pink infection
that won't drain

"Liquid Assets"
flotsam rocks against that type of linen
then fat carps move through silt

my white trash dirty mud mouth
sounded like a motor
on a ship named after
daughters.

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DELINICON: MASTODON (W/ STOMACH)

YOU

Sing from your tummy: Terror. Terror. Terror remembered vicariously
-A tusk in a stomach.
Curl. Swirl. Sterility. Drawing loops in the twilight.
Our Orion's belt split, spilt. Splattered strands of stars across the sky
past Ursa and other Ursa. From the blonde bears to elephants.
Before language alit dawn: The mammalian innards of a mastodon.

The Mastodon song shall be sung:

Mastodon, inherited enemy,
Mastodon, single hegemony
Mastodon, bathetic troubadour,
Mastodon, inverse toreador.

There will be an America, and retroactive proboscidean Americans
and arched nipple tipped bones protruding from adirondack chairs.
Birch and pine barks, accidental small birds, and ash leaves
all skeletons spilt from megafauna skeletons
in a skeleton constellation under a beautiful cabin.

All must move
From here to
There.[1]

[1] A mountain moves
Free as a hare
But takes more time
And with more care.

NOW COMPARE[2]

The figured oak

In a smoking chair .

&[4]

A filament[3] of wind

In a young girl's hair

[2] In the stillness of a stare does metaphor two things ensnare.

[3] A finger, a palm, a fold of wind.

[4] as in: *&rhyme elides time… &c, &c, &c*

Like[5] and, like[6], *Like*.[7]

EVERYTHING

[5]

[6] http://timesofindia.indiatimes.com/home/science/People-who-say-Like-a-lot-may-be-smarter/articleshow/36577771.cms

[7] You know what I mean?

The chalky craw[8]

Of cello and bow.[9]

SCREAMING

An outboard motor hums

And the dark sea

Drums under. *offstage:[10] (lake slaps dock)*

Overhead: the thumbed

Strums

Of afternoon thunder.

AT ONCE.[11]

[8] A crows mewling maw.
[9] So?
[10] Where it's at, mostly. (continued on page 7)
[11] Revise. Too bold, too obvious. I'm giving it all away.

Distraction or presence? [12]

February, 2016

[12] This is an afterword, but it could also be the title, if you think it would be a good one. Although I might suggest that if it were a title, we would call it "Distraction: or, Presence", like the movie *Birdman* or *Candide*.

ESCONDIDO

A girl turns
onto her side,
pillow between her thighs.
The plates under California
shift, slightly–
the mayor
of this small town
takes a breath.

MILES FORRESTER
DELINICON: MASTODON (W/ STOMACH)

YOYO COMAY-NEWMAN
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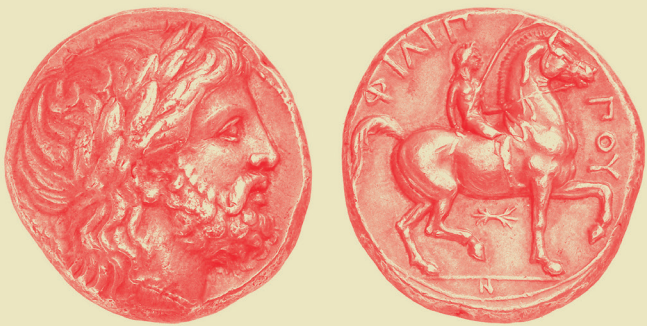
ΦΙΛΙΠ
ΠΟΥ

In this everything ends:

or so the
story goes

the snail & the poplar

cicada, how should
I know you—if

not from the sound of
your voice, with what

will you sing to your ancestors?

The skeleton of a fan
when the autumn wind blows.

* After and including Alejandro de Acosta & Joshua Beckman's English translation of Jorge Carrera Andrade's Spanish translation of Otsuyu's Japanese in *Micrograms* (2011, Wave Books).

GABRIOLA (TIDAL GIFTSONG)

Chatter, reserved
—but also, already drowned out
in kitchen sounds

a ripping of herbs & the pestle's grind

If the uncooked fish
was a little bit much, then a slight
name change to silence
the guest his own history

What next—the current
comes in
As a constant, Unturned

woman
with her back to the table
Who Hears
a receded speech & knows
its answer:

The meal served by the seashore, at the
very edge of Water

EMMY FU is a first year in Trinity College, University of Toronto.

OLIVER CUSIMANO understanding / that few places get / graces / made / rage children who usually / do not remember that / friends answer ...since... all markers / supposed / to create resemblance / to what is going / on detached themselves / and adapted / quietly. ...Before he was interrupted to write this bio, he was reading Emerson's "Experience." He can be reached at olivercusimano@hotmail.com.

STEFAN HIGGINS is an artist from Vancouver Island. He is subletting his bachelor apartment in Kitsilano, 2055 York Ave, from May 1 - August 31. $1,100/month, 5 minute walk to Kits Beach,10 minute walk to Whole Foods. Urgent.

TOKO HOSOYA is an 18-year-old artist based in Toronto. She is currently studying illustration at OCAD University.

HAMISH BALLANTYNE is a poet from Vancouver Island.

LENA SUKSI is writing a series of poems called The Conspirators. *What appears here is something else entirely.*

TOMMY KEITH is a Canadian photographer currently working on a long term project called Don't Forget To Wave. *His photos have appeared in numerous online publications such Ain't Bad Magazine and Fotografia Magazine, as well as in print and exhibitions.*

FAN WU is the parody of a body flecked by desire's unchewing indigestion. His chapbook of creative betrayals of Tang poetry, en-

titled Hoarfrost & Solace*, is out in June.*

TAYLOR ABLEMAN, torontontographer.

HOSNA RUSTAM graduated from Lycee St. Jaques in Hazebrouck, Nord-pas-de-Calais.

MADISON CARROLL is a photographer and aspiring archivist from Philadelphia.

ANAIS FRANCO is a visual artist currently practicing at the California Institute of the Arts in LA.

MILES FORRESTER is a poet and conceptual artist situated in Toronto Ontario. He has a BFA in Creative Writing and Art from York University. He has been published in Acta Victoriana and The Passive Collective.

YOYO COMAY-NEWMAN, born in Toronto, never published a poem before, and here I am, a real big shot.

RACHEL SCHLOSS is a poet and archaeology student at the University of Toronto from New York City. In the past she has had poems printed in The Hart House Review and the UC Review.

CHARLENE LO's work has been shown at the Art Museum, Hart House, John B. Aird Gallery, and Trinity Square Video.

KAYLA TREMBLETT will be graduating from the Art & Art History Program at the University of Toronto this June.

MAHDI CHOWDHURY was born in Dhaka, raised in Toronto. Artist and graphic designer with work featured in TIME Magazine, My Modern Met, Buzzfeed, etc. Currently in second year at U of T. Double major in History and Philosophy.

MICHAEL CAVUTO is a poet living in Philadelphia. He was the Editor-in-Chief of the Trinity Review 126 *and is a founding member of the Toronto-based pure sound quilting collective Sex Panic! With Dale Smith & Hoa Nguyen he edits the* Slow Poetry in America Newsletter.

THE TRINITY REVIEW
April 2016

Editors:
DANIEL LEBLANC (EIC)
LORINA HOXHA
MALCOLM SANGER

Assistant Editors:
EMMY FU
CAL JANIK-JONES
CAMERON JONES
ALLEGRA WIESENFELD

The Editors extend thanks to:
ALEX DURLAK
GEOFFREY SEABORN
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Best of luck to the editors of TR129.

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