



## II

And then,

Smoke

Rubble

Bodies.

Beirut is weeping. A city laid bare.

The sky here is fractured

Breathe in . hold . Breathe out . Hold .



Breathe in . hold . Breathe out . Hold .

The explosion's touch a brutal art

Behind the eyes a canvas of anguish unfurls

What once was now torn apart

Here, the tether pulls from within, yearning

In the ashes we wait

Remember the streets, Remember the buildings

For the city to rise

Two worlds apart

A phoenix of hope.

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### III

Re.verse

/rə'vərs, 'rēvərs/

To move backwards.

1. Before the heat came

They'd carve their names into trees

Lovers, waiting for the birds to come home.

2. When the pebbles don't skip – just fall

The children do not know how to swim

Remember, how the rivers yearned?

3. Time does not move backwards

We cannot drive forward in reverse

Imagine, if we knew this before we got here.

4. Nothing left to burn.

O.ver

/'ōvər/

Beyond and falling.

# i am living by the minute

Lisa Shen

when the days are too much to carry,  
i carve time into sand grains.

in one, i am sitting on the porch,  
watching starlings scatter the dawn.

in another, i am spooning honey into tea,  
sucking on a slice of lemon.

and yes, there are the moments that stretch long as the night, when all the skeletons rise to knock on  
my closet door, and i find myself kneeling over my grave plot, begging the soil to turn over —

but in this one,  
i am gathering wildflowers from the meadow,

lying on a sea of grass,  
watching airplanes wink into stars.

i move through time as steady as my heart beats,  
as sure as breath and tide —

once

then again

and

again

# In The Aftermath of Apocalypse

Connor Lafortune and Lindsay Mayhew

The world's pseudonym is Devouring  
We live in the underbelly, crowded  
It ingested all it could stomach, releasing  
only  
what we demand

We are liver  
demanding nothing  
but change

What is a good life without  
capital?  
What is currency without  
paper or plastic?

We take  
take  
take  
the shape of snakes  
embedded in the earth's skin

We used to measure wealth  
by what we could give:

Our time  
knowledge  
skills

Now  
we give nothing but a hand  
shaking over contract  
hoping His nails can screw them over  
this time

What  
is a nation  
without  
its genocide?

What  
is genocide

if not  
a nation  
calling it  
co existence?

What is history  
if not  
repeating?  
repeating?  
repeating?

A citizen is like its nation  
Idolized, Independent, Individual,  
complicit  
Settler is the right word  
for something seemingly passive  
but to settle  
is a choice to be empty, endlessly  
Devouring & devoured  
to forever feast on the famished

I was born in an exemplary country  
Yes  
Canada is the prime example  
of how to get away with murder

to be murdered again  
and never get away

I was born in a country exempt from accountability  
Yes  
Canada is a prime number counting itself over and over and over again  
forgetting First is a People they lose count of

What is land if not future  
empire

What is future if not empire  
being burnt down

I am flesh on fire  
sinew sewn to oil sands  
veins bleeding into wells  
waiting for bones to implode

fracked into fragments

What is history

if not

if not

if not

Possibility

never lacks

imagination simply fails

What am I if not mouth

screaming between swallows?

What are we if not dovetailing New

World with each breath?

What are you if not pigeon

following the flock?

What if we escape this barren soil

and pierce acidic cloud cover

marking the sky with distrails

rendering

the horizon with evidence of our living

breaking barriers of blaze and smoke to breathe

again

The world's pseudonym is Devastate

We live in the aftermath of apocalypse

waiting for ruins to flourish

petals of revelations

knowing it will all collapse