



pulp
MAG

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COVER • TAYLOR HUDSON • *Is This My Body? (As Fresh As A Spring Chicken)*

5' x 7' • Oil on Canvas •

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PULP MAG acknowledges our work is conducted on unceded ancestral lands of the Kwantlen, Musqueam, Katzie, Semiahmoo, Tsawwassen, Qayqayt and Kwikwetlem peoples. Unceded means this land was never relinquished for use by its peoples; peoples who have yet to receive justice or reparation for their loss of land rights, fishing rights and homelands.

Kwantlen Polytechnic University (KPU) takes its name from the Kwantlen First Nation. We at pulp MAG encourage our readers and community to explore all the ways to further support decolonization; we work to support the efforts of Indigenous voices.

PULP MAG aims to be a safe, inclusive space for emerging artists of all types. We want to give a platform to unique voices with important stories to tell, no matter the medium. We believe in the importance of artist recognition, exposure, paying our creative talent, and in building a strong community to hold the work. At pulp MAG, we especially appreciate the avant-garde; we are ready to push the boundaries of art with you.

VIEWS EXPRESSED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE NOT NECESSARILY SHARED BY THE EDITORS

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I will microblog every day // self-publish poems // snapchat // vomit on
the sidewalk // go off tho // learn how to make a gif // sell my
re-productive material // make an insta-story of me winking on loop //
eat a vacuum-sealed ghost chili // delete all this shit for my mental
health // worship the earth as my mother // call my mother once a
week // order that cook-your-own-meal shit that's like \$40 // only
download
pornography // eat
garbage // get an \$80
livestream for \$ //
roast my own
end up just shaving
meaningful tattoo //
sleeping w/ me // find God // commit to a saltwater aquarium // pay
for a dating app // sell all my books // keep up w/ the news // learn 13
secret uses for common household objects // delete everything
again // do hot yoga // get a shelter puppy // delete everything // live
for me // delete // delete // oh oh oh fuck me // delete // delete //

**2019: The Year I
Act Like A
Dumb Bitch For
Likes**

empowering
out of my neighbor's
haircut // beat off on
propagate my pothos //
coffee // say fuck it //
my head // get a
trick a man into

Many Tongues



smells like Mama

other kids like the smell of chocolate chip cookies, which crystallizes in the air when you sneak a peek in the oven and lands all sugary in the back of your throat. Ingrid's mama likes the smell of Lemon Pledge, 'cept the cheap kind from the dollar store on 6th and Main, 'cause that's what her mama always used. Ingrid likes the way the Earth smells after it rains real hard. she says it smells like worms waking up and the cement in the summer when cranky Ms. Wilson lets the neighborhood kids use her garden hose to hook up a sprinkler.

Evie likes when we have sleepovers and snuggle all three of us in Ingrid's bed and stay there even after her mama says we're getting too old for that. she always laughs and tucks us in anyway. i think Evie likes it 'cause Ingrid's mama uses liquid detergent in their own laundry machine, and Evie's family has to go to the coin laundry with powder soap for an extra quarter. it sounds itchy and maybe like your clean clothes also have the clean of all the other people's clothes, if you can even carry clean around.

i guess i like all of those things, but none of them are my favorite. i thought about it long and hard and decided that my favorite smell is Mama, straight home from the hospital. she's always real tired after her shift. she plops down on the couch like she'll never get up again, toes her shoes off, and says "Twelve hours is enough for me! Not a second more than necessary, thanks!" i like to snuggle up next to her and put my face in her scrubs. she sighs like she doesn't want to push me away and asks me if i really want to be doing that because you have no idea the gross stuff i saw today, Al. she calls me Al. everyone else calls me Alana, which i am okay with because that way Al is a secret just for me and Mama.

i like the smell of hospitals and sanitizer soap because it means Mama's home, which means Pop will be less mean, even just a little. he loves her even more than i do, which is a lot. he drinks less on the days she doesn't work, partly 'cause she pours his beers and adds a little water, finger to her lips at me while i dangle my feet from the counter watching, partly because she does all the things he yells at her without whining, which me and Ben sometimes do because can't he change the channel himself?

Evie and Ingrid thought it was real cool when i opened our orange sodas using the edge of the countertop, but Ingrid's mama rushed in and scolded me, saying i'd hurt the countertop and anyway, they were screw-tops. i guess Evie and Ingrid don't open bottles for their dads, and maybe i was teaching them something wrong.

Visual

Ryan Broderick
Acrylic on Canvas
47.2" x 31.5"
2019

MD000203



Unwanted: Where Things Crack

On the southwest lawn of Christ Church,
in the shadow of the gothic structure:
rows of headstones are sown
along Old McLellan Road.

Among rotting dogwood petals, a marker
for Jennie Dailey and her son.
The carvings say his eight days
were without her.

On another, a hand-clasped bouquet,
stone flowers weather-worn—
frame jagged, like a broken tooth.
Ernest Francis Wiltshire, 11 months.

A greying man carries marigolds
to a plot a few yards down,
clears the stone of pine needles, snaps
photos on his phone.

Beyond trimmed cedar hedges,
90s homes—black tar rooves, beige siding.
Electricity poles connect to the graveyard
like fraying fishing line.

All that's growing here are the dandelions;
full moons of gauze, lacy auras.
In his waiting, wind rustles them,
the only dialogue offered.

What grows is unintentional; the moss
sprouts where it's unwanted, where things crack.
Spiderwebs are knit over each other. No one mourns
what was lost, three generations past.

This is the place where dandelion seeds go—
those blown out candles, echoes of smoke.
This is where people bury what they cannot
keep.

Crabapples

“There was something rotten in your mother, and there will be something rotten in you.” That’s what Bryony’s grandmother had told her nearly every day she stayed with her. Bryony wondered if she was right.

Bryony stood in front of a stand-up mirror, staring at herself. She wore a red polo shirt, with an image of Snoopy and Woodstock playing basketball. Before they’d left Vancouver, her dad had let her pick out whatever she’d wanted from the Sally Ann down the street.

Bryony ran her eyes along her body. She checked her legs, lifted up her top to inspect her stomach and crept a hand down the back of her shirt, feeling past her knobby shoulder blades. She was searching for a sign of rot: bruises, spots, wounds. She couldn’t see it. But she could feel it most in her veins, right where her hand met her wrist. She curled her nails gently along the skin, only stopping when she heard her dad call.

“Bryony!”

In the backyard, Bryony joined her dad, standing on the trunk of a fallen cedar tree that marked the entrance to the ravine. It was pressed against a mossy boulder, embedded in the ruddy-coloured soil. It was late August and the air was brisk. She looked at their new home. It was certainly big, even though it was just the two of them. It had been cheaper to buy this house, her dad said.

Bryony bent down, her kneecaps jutting out, and surveyed the ground. About a foot away from her, little white maggots devoured a bloated red apple. Their fat, wriggling bodies squirmed with greed. Bryony snapped back into a standing position and resisted the urge to tear at her skin with her fingernails; to slap away the bugs she was *sure* she could feel writhing over her own rotten body.

“What do you think?” Her dad asked, gesturing at their new home. Bryony looked from the dilapidated shed on the edge of the property to the apple tree where a wooden

swing hung. The seat was made of soggy driftwood and was tied to the tree with a threadbare rope. The lawn was overgrown: patches of it were green from the rain, but dry, twisted tendrils grew up here and there like bony fingers reaching for life.

“It’s fine,” Bryony said with a shrug. Her dad gave her an apologetic smile and reached into the pocket of his work jeans. They were sprinkled with damp sawdust. He took something from his pocket into his hands and toyed with it, still staring forward.

“It seemed like the best choice at the time. I think we can make it work. But if we can’t... I could try and sell it by the end of the year. Then we could go back to your grandmother’s place for a while.”

The thought of returning to her grandmother’s made Bryony’s skin crawl again. She couldn’t let that happen. But this house was nothing like what they’d had back in the city. It was old and falling apart. The rot would catch up to them, sooner or later.

Her dad took her hand in his own and gently pried open her fingers so that her palm was flat. He placed a little Lego man there. Its face was yellow and it had a big, stupid smile. She didn’t know what she was supposed to make of it.

“I found it when I first bought the property. Saved it for you.”

His smile was so genuine, so hopeful, that Bryony could only thank him.

At first, Bryony liked the idea of having the house all to herself while her dad was at work. She peeked into the locked doors, roaming around looking for something to pique her interest. But that, along with unpacking her things and exploring the ravine, only took so much time. Soon the days became sluggish, and Bryony would sit in front of the TV for hours.

After the third day of sinking into the couch, Bryony began to worry. Before, when they’d lived in the city, she’d never watched television. But now she was risking seeing her mom, and that unsettled her. It had been a year since she’d died and most networks didn’t play her movies after the accident. Still, the chance of it caused a chill to run along Bryony’s spine. She decided that a bike ride to the local library might be safer.

The wind beat against her face and her hands ached as she clutched the handlebars. She rode harder and faster, racing the weather.

After she'd locked her bike up, she walked into the clean white library. It was definitely new; it didn't have that musty, old book smell. Bryony headed straight to the nonfiction section and sought out some medical books. She dragged a footstool from around the corner to sit on. She flipped through the books on psychological disorders, searching for something, *anything* about rotten brains. She read about inflammations, spots, and chemical imbalances, all of which she considered were probable for her and her mom, but it still wasn't what she was looking for.

She looked up when she heard someone clear their throat. An elderly librarian eyed her with suspicion. Bryony hadn't realized it, but she'd moved onto a book on sexual disorders. Blushing, she shoved it back onto the shelf where she'd found it.

"There's a children's section over there," the woman said pointedly. Bryony muttered "okay," not bothering to point out that, at thirteen, she wasn't *really* a child anymore. She waited to be alone again and grabbed another book from the shelf, flipped through the table of contents, locating a chapter on neuroscience. She ripped out as many pages as she could, folded them, and stuffed them in the back pocket of her jean shorts.

Bryony shuffled out of the library and rode her bike away. Not wanting to go home yet, she rode down the street to the beach access. The tide was out so far that she could hardly see it. She took shelter from the harsh wind between two logs and pulled out the pages from her pocket.

Bryony scanned the text but didn't find anything of use. She held them out against the wind and let them go, watching them dance along the sand until they were out of sight. She pressed her thumb against her wrist veins, feeling the pulse and taking sharp breaths in. She felt that tainted blood surge through her.

Bryony remembered the day her mom had left. Running away to Hollywood with a talent agent was quite predictable. Bryony didn't think her dad had been surprised at all. Sad, but not surprised. Everything about her mom had been that way. It was like each of

her moves were planned from the start: scripted and storyboarded. No one was shocked when she left her husband and daughter, no one was shocked when the accident happened, and no one was shocked when she died the way they thought she would: with a bottle of pills in one hand, and an apology letter in the other.

Everyone knew what Bryony's mom had done, but maybe Bryony was the only one who wanted to know *why*. It seemed that when someone hurt another person as much as Bryony's mom had, people wanted to ignore it entirely. They must have been afraid that rot was contagious.

Her mom's letter didn't contain an antidote. There were no instructions to guide Bryony through the rest of her life, without a mother. There was no promise that everything would be okay.

Bryony's thoughts were interrupted by the sounds of children. They were girls, her age, she realized. And they were approaching her.

"Hi," a blonde girl said. She was wearing a dark blue rain poncho with little white stars. When she waved at Bryony, the poncho made a crinkling sound. "Are you new?"

Bryony nodded. She hadn't really made friends back in the city. Most of the girls chose to ignore her. If they had known who her mom was, it would have been different but not better.

"Do you want to walk with us?" A girl with long dark hair and overalls asked. Bryony noticed that she'd drawn all over her clothes in felt markers. There were spirals and flowers and little stick people.

"We're collecting sea glass and abalone shells," she added.

"And I want to find a geoduck!" The third girl said.

"I'm Cleo, by the way," the blonde girl pointed to herself and then the other two girls, "and that's Eve and Juanita."

"I'm Bryony."

Bryony looked down at her feet. She wasn't sure how polite she should be to

strangers. It was no use staying still in this weather, so she stood up and dusted the sand off her legs. They began to walk together in the direction of the wind, letting themselves be guided towards something. Eve and Cleo giggled and whispered, and Bryony wondered if they were talking about her. She didn't mind so much if they were. It was nice to be thought of.

“Why do you want to find a geoduck?” Bryony asked Juanita.

“My older brother is a marine biologist. He says that they are the largest burrowing clam ever. They can burrow as deep as 360 feet!”

“If they grow so deep down,” Bryony asked, “then why do you think you'll be able to catch one?”

Juanita smiled and shrugged; the other girls looked up at Bryony like they were trying to understand her. Bryony felt embarrassed. Was she overthinking this? Or did the girls already sense something wrong with her?

“Stupidly self-aware” is what her grandmother would call her, and she'd say it was all her mom's fault for making her grow up too fast. There was something rotten about the two of them.

While Eve and Cleo searched the beach for trinkets and treasures, Bryony followed Juanita towards the shoreline. About ten feet away from the tide, they stopped and removed their shoes, which they threw back as far as they could, so that they would land safely among the rocks and dry sand.

The wet sand was spongy and cold. Each step numbed their toes. Juanita scurried around with a stick in her hand, poking at holes in the sand.

“Don't you think that'll hurt it?” Bryony asked, but Juanita dismissed her concern. When one of the holes squirted out water, Juanita squealed in delight. She knelt in the sand and gestured for Bryony to do the same.

“But we don't have any shovels,” Bryony said, looking down at her hands, doubting them as tools.

“Just dig!”

At first, Bryony only made small motions with her curled fingers to push the sand out of the way. When she saw Juanita digging with such vigor, she couldn't help but match her energy. She scooped with both hands, as hard as she could. She encountered rocks and buried shells. She felt some of her fingernails tearing, and her knees collected little cuts from the barnacles. They hadn't even dug half a foot deep, when Juanita stopped, stood, and wiped the wet sand onto her legs.

"We won't make it," she said.

"It's too far down," Bryony agreed, also standing and looking out to the ocean. She and her new friend walked into the tide until her legs were covered and the salt water stung and cleansed her.

"What were you going to do when you dug it out?" Bryony asked.

"I'd put it back in after I had a look," Juanita said. She tiptoed back to where their shoes were and waved at Cleo and Eve in the distance.

Bryony thought that Juanita didn't realize how difficult it was to be displaced.

The girls continued to walk along the beach. Bryony tried her best to banish any intruding thoughts she might have and focus on what could be the beginning of her first friendship.

"If I ever get a tattoo," Cleo was saying, "it wouldn't be stupid like some of the ones my sister has. She's got a tattoo of some cherries here," she pointed to her shin, "and then a mermaid on her shoulder."

"My parents would never let me get a tattoo," Eve said.

"I'm talking about when we're adults," Cleo rolled her eyes.

"Even then," Eve replied, her voice soft, "I don't think they'd let me."

"What about your mom?" Juanita gently elbowed Bryony, "what are your parents like? Would you get a tattoo? Do you want to borrow some of my chapstick? I have one that tastes like Coca Cola."

Bryony opened her mouth to reply and found herself smiling when she saw that none of the girls were really listening. Juanita dug through her backpack, searching for her chapstick. Cleo and Eve were giggling over something again.

Bryony's eyes began to water as she inhaled a strong fishy smell. She and the girls stopped and looked at what was before them. A dead seal's carcass lay exposed and defeated on the sandbank. The wind wafted the rank smell closer to the girls, and they shuddered. Flies were swarming around it, and Bryony felt nauseated.

"I have to go," she said.

"But we were going to have a bonfire," Cleo said. "And roast marshmallows."

"No. I should go," Bryony said firmly. She watched as Juanita and Eve both took a step backwards too. Eve grabbed hold of Bryony's hand, which began to shake.

"What are you doing?" She demanded. Eve took a purple felt-tip marker from her pocket and drew lightly on Bryony's wrist, where the skin was red from fingernail scratches. It was a tight spiral shape, like the ones on Eve's overalls.

"It's your tattoo," Eve said.

Bryony found her dad sitting on the log in the backyard. He had her Lego man in his hands. She'd left it sitting on the couch earlier that day. She walked up to him and snatched it out of his hands, putting it in her pocket. Maybe she didn't have a real purpose for it, but it was a relic of some other child who'd lived in this house. It was proof that happiness could grow here.

"Do you think I'm like my mom?" Bryony asked, sitting down next to him.

My mom. Bryony was always taking ownership of her. It didn't feel fair that anyone else should have to.

"Well. In what way?" Her dad didn't make eye contact. He usually didn't. Bryony leaned her head gently against the side of his shoulder, breathing in that damp sawdust scent. She didn't realize how much she liked that smell.

“Your mom was a big thinker. Just like you. She had to know everything. She had to try everything.”

“Yeah but...” Bryony bit her lip.

“She had thoughts in her head all the time. And they weren’t always good ones.”

“What if I feel like that?” Bryony asked, staring at the dry pieces of grass that wouldn’t conform.

“You have me.” Her dad took her hand in his own, squeezing just above her spiral tattoo. “And you’ll have other people caring about you too. You can’t escape that.”

Bryony nodded and quickly changed the subject. “Do you think we can make apple pies?” Her dad didn’t answer. She supposed she’d given him something to worry about. Parents had to do that. Bryony knew that now.

Bryony stood and took an apple off the tree. She bit down into it and winced.

“That’s a crabapple, you’ll get an upset stomach,” her dad said in half-protest, watching her with curiosity. Bryony tasted the tart, sharp crabapple on her tongue and continued to chew. It was under-ripe and crunchy. Not a sign of rot to be seen.

Visual

Silas McDonough
*Wood, wire, plaster, glue,
cement, fiber, pigment,
shellac, wax*
49" x 42" x 75"
2018

Fallen Monument



Silas McDonough

*Found rug, audio cables,
wire, hemp fiber, inner
tube, paint, pigment*
75" x 36" x 13"

Hair Shirt



Brighton Beach

I.

A mermaid's bladder washes ashore, next to a split condom and a lollipop stem. It's such a fine day to have my towel stolen. I'm crusty with salt, walking around like an under-baked sugar cookie with a soggy bottom, when my kidney tries to fly out of my torso again, burrowed deep and turning like a caught bird with a piece of flint held in its beak. When its wings beat, I know I am full of blood, some of which is rotten or rotting. The stones I've passed smell like hot pebbles after a sunshower. They spit out like a pea from its pod, a lima bean too big for its filmy skin.

II.

I have no permit for the golf cart you saw me drive on the freeway. Yes, I did turn a lecherous garden gnome into rubble. Sue me if that means I tampered with an active crime scene. *I have become unmanageable*, a man once said, and he was a joke until he said something harmful again. As a child, I used to think baby parts came out of me, like a jelly blob was a premature lung spinning down into the toilet's throat. Instead, a strange rose travels up my spinal cord and roots itself in the 8000 nerves of my clitoris.

III.

I bake beans in the sun and forget to set a timer. The can explodes, injuring a day-drunk possum. A red snake bursts from its gut, uncoils on the cement. In its death rattle, it looks at the tired woman who is watching TV, smoking a Pall Mall. She glances out through the blinds of my rib cage, returns to channel surf in her rollers.

call your mum

–Hey mum it’s me don’t freak out but I
dissociated again My arm keeps looking
at me funny I tried the weighted blanket
but it just reminds me of the dreams I
used to get that pin my limbs down I
tried tucking my sweats into my socks and
sealing the seams tight with duct tape but
I still find bites and rusty
remains pressed against my legs I sent you
a pic I mean does this look normal
to you And don’t tell me it’s probably
cancer I tried cinnamon toast and
dramamine and still don’t feel so good
Call me dramatic but I swear I’m not just
playing hooky What is it about gravol that
turns REM into a walk-in
cooler It always ties my ribs together like
twine around a belly of pork that’s still
bleeding Keeps me awake because it
makes me think I’ve found a dead hand
in my bed sifting through my salty eye
crust that flakes off I mean I try drinking
water but then I wake up bursting
Anyways, call me ba–

Dear Daughter,

Never stay for the kids.
I want you to promise me this.
A child deserves
 a room full of laughter
 from the fact that you forgot milk
 at the grocery store
again.
 A kiss on the cheek
 when they scuff their knee
 from falling off
 the monkey bars
again.

Birthdays pass
as quick as candles granting
wishes.

All your childhood
your father's dilated pupils
peered in on our life
through a haze,
like an old television show.
Static reflections
when substances
 hit
 too
 hard.

*Father can't come
to the dinner table
dear. He had a long
day at work,
yesterday.*

When I really meant,

Father can't come
to the dinner table
dear. He just downed
a two-six of Crown Royal
and it's only
4 p.m.

I am sorry

he never built you
the treehouse
that was going to lift
you to the stars,

where the big dipper
would scoop you up
and carry you to a world
where fathers look after
their daughters.

Visual

James Weis
30.26" x 22.22"
Digital
2019

Escape Repetition



Ashtray

The sky is an ashtray
if you chain smoke upside down
and the smoke is proof
that things I've internalized
can disappear. I wish I didn't
have to scream for you
to listen. I wish the ocean
had a pair of ears. I wouldn't need
another body ever again. The waves unfold
like pages of a journal for all to see
spilling secrets into pale sands. Gone
too fast, gone too fast. The heart monitor blip
echoing through the hall, the faint spark
of recognition in her eyes of cloud.
I fan the flame
just enough not to blow it out
completely. I've adjusted to your absence
and have the scars to prove it—
Another plane ticket. Another baggage check
(yes, I will pay the additional charges.)
Another safety demonstration video
forces me to wonder if surviving
is worth paying attention. Another landing
into a city I'll never outrun. Her psychosis blends
into the swell of midnight. All the stars I suck
out of the night sky with a straw and spitball
across the room into her dreams. Soon,
even she will be a tray of ash.

Visual

Steven Lee

20" x 28"

Digital Photograph

2019

Faded Places



Hands

What struck her most about him were his hands. They were long and lanky, like his body. Even more remarkable than their shape was the way he used them. When they first met, he shook her hands boldly and directly, as if it were a normal thing to do and not a violation of the law in the Islamic Republic of Iran. Taken aback, she forgot to respond. Her hand hung limply in his palm, until he dislodged it.

Just the day prior, she had read about a poet who, after returning from abroad, had been arrested for shaking a woman's hand. She wanted to warn him: *You shouldn't do that. You might end up in jail for shaking my hand.* But he must have known what he was doing, she reasoned, and who was she to tell him how to behave in his own country?

His hands didn't fit anywhere, not in his pockets, or at his sides. They dangled oddly from his arms. The lines on his palms were long, stretching from his wrist to his index fingers. If a fortune-teller had been asked to read his palms, she would have predicted for him a long life, a fulfilling marriage and many children. His hands were like an autonomous body. She imagined them keeping her warm at night, soothing the aches in her back, providing a resting ground for her lips, caressing her hips.

She touched his hands again in Tbilisi, a city they had arranged to rendezvous in order to get to know each other better. There in the Georgian Republic, they could say things—about politics and to each other—that could not be said so long as they were within the confines of the Islamic Republic. Funny how law interacts with morality, indeed with honesty: what is licit in one country is suddenly an offence when the jurisdiction shifts. Funny how acts of affection, expressions of love, can be made a crime. Her hands pressed hard on his body. Certain parts of him yielded in certain ways, though not every crevice and not in every way. Her hands traced a continual arc on his back while they worked together, stimulating the flow of words, summoning and cementing memory.

She saw his hands again in Abu Dhabi, but this time it was different. She was cautious and more curious to see what his hands would do with her body when left unprompted. Nearly all of their contact had been initiated by her hands in Tbilisi. This time, she decided, she would let his hands determine their movements, harkening back to when he shook her hands unbidden in full public view, in violation of the law in Tehran. Looking back on that moment, it almost seemed a performance, not for her sake, but for the state, a form of civil disobedience that dared the government to punish him. *Shaking hands is a sign of respect*, he seemed to be saying in retrospect. *Surely you will not imprison me for showing respect to a visitor?*

He dreamed of doing magic with his hands, of making magic potions and aphrodisiacs based on ancient Iranian traditions. Perhaps, she thought, he was testing the limits of the legal system in which he lived when he extended his hands to her, seeing how far the regime was willing to go in its persecution of the innocent. Maybe he extended his hands to her unbidden that day in order to show the world—and himself—that he would not be cowed. Asserting his dignity in an authoritarian state.

Or maybe shaking hands with a foreigner was routine for members of his generation, in their secular milieu, as speaking English. Surely there were many worlds she had not been introduced to on her guided tours, led by scholars of Islam from Qum to Mashhad. Constant accompaniment by these state-approved escorts was one of the many conditions of her entry into the Islamic Republic. As a result of such barriers, there was much she did not know about him, or his native country.

Now that they were alone together for the second time in Abu Dhabi, his hands were more reticent than she had ever known them to be. It was as if they belonged in another place, on another body, or in another time. She decided she would wait until they said goodbye to question why his hands were so restrained, so hesitant to touch her body. And then, in the airport, there was a crush of people, as there always is. The lines extended out into the arrivals hall as the boarding time approached. *All passengers for Tehran please approach gate 6D*, the intercom blared. It was the wrong time to speak—she wanted to first touch his hands.

The endless deferral of discussion meant perpetual, potentially permanent, avoidance, of the most pressing issue: when would their hands meet again? He asked her to watch his luggage while he went to the bathroom. When he returned, he had to rush to catch his flight. There was no time to say goodbye, no time to repeat the gestures that brought them together in Tehran and Tbilisi, no time for her to take the measure of his hands, to impress his knuckles on her memory, to lift his fingertips to her lips and to tell him how much she wanted his hands—but actually the entirety of his mind and his body—in her life. Perhaps, she decided, the crush of people was the best way of deferring this impossible speech. Maybe silence was the preferred option. Not knowing what to say in the little time remaining to them, she closed her eyes and imagined his fingers stroking her hair. When she opened her eyes, he was gone.

Visual

Guilherme
Berggami
8.5" x 11"
Digital Photography
2007

Bee's Nest



Coraopolis Road

There was a crack in the windshield,
but you could still drive if you learned where to look.

I parked it in the far corner of the lot,
where it smelled like geraniums left on a window sill
because once in early summer,
a deer jumped with a whim and left a chunk of the fender missing.

For a minute, the animal danced in the broken glass,
then went on to die in a bed of flowers,
which it didn't know were beautiful and which soon wouldn't be.

We were half an hour west of the city once,
when she asked me if I loved her.

It was just outside of Moon,
when the air was thick and fragrant,
and the apple trees weighed heavy,
and the car lept into summer with the sound of bent pipes,
past the church with the white doors,
and the weeds and the flowers in the windows,
and the college track, and the greenhouse, and the drug store,
and I couldn't answer her.

What I remember that summer is being so far from the people I loved,
trying to get lost in the taste and smell
of the magnolias, Marlboro reds, and black coffee.

The smell of her perfume gave me headaches.

I remember the smell of asphalt,
and a radio we were afraid to turn up.

The flower that lived at the side of the highway wouldn't grow.

Dawn dissolved on the stretch of road each night
as the girl I got pregnant woke at 3 in the morning
and sat up smoking because she had dreams of walking
through South Bend in the rain with the thick power lines,
trying to get home in time to stop her mother from dying in a house fire.

Bios

Anna 'AC' Harmon is a 25-year-old poet living in the Oakland area. She earned her MFA at Saint Mary's College of California. When she isn't writing poetry, she works at a library or plays D&D. Her work is often inspired by gay love, mental illness, the environment, and the Internet.

Blake Lynch

I'm a law school graduate, journalist, and late stage cancer survivor whose poems have appeared in Turk's Head Review, Two Cities Review, Lines + Stars Journal, POPLORISH, Commonline Journal, The Foundling Review, The Brooklyner, Chelsea, King Log, 2River, The Stray Branch, The Oakbend Review, Stone Highway Review, The Potomac Journal, Zygote in My Coffee, Forge, 491 Magazine, Pif Magazine, and Shampoo, among others. My plays have been performed at Tisch School of the Arts in New York City and The Institute of Contemporary Arts in London, England. I've also appeared in Rolling Stone magazine.

Guilherme Berggamini

Reporter visual artist and photographic, Guilherme Berggamini is Brazilian and graduated in Journalism. For more than two decades, he has developed projects with photography and the various narrative possibilities that art offers. The works of the artist dialogue between memory and social political criticism. He believes in photography as the aesthetic potential and transforming agent of society. Awarded in national and international competitions, Guilherme Berggamini participated in collective exhibitions in 23 countries.

Jacob Newman

My name is Jacob Newman. I am a college student from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, based in Colorado. I am a comic book artist, I hope to someday make characters and stories that resonate with people around the world. Jake Havoc (the main character in my work) is an extension of the self; I am incomplete without the character, and of course, the reverse is also true.

James Weis is a third year BFA student at Kwantlen Polytechnic University. His medium of choice is digital, but he also has experience with traditional materials preferring watercolour, pen and ink, and alcohol markers. Themes of nature and fantasy are an integral part of his process and inspiration.

John Larson is a writer in Lexington, KY, where he lives with a black cat named Anya and a person named Garrett.

Keana Tighe is a third-year student pursuing a bachelor's degree with a major in English and a minor in Creative Writing. Keana has found a passion for writing poetry during her time at Kwantlen University and hopes to take her writing further after she finishes her studies, while also pursuing a career as a high school English teacher.

Kendra Guidolin is a former ballet dancer from Toronto completing her creative writing MA at the University of New Brunswick. Her work has appeared in FreeLit Magazine, The Fiddlehead, and Contemporary Verse 2 (CV2).

maddie gullion is a junior at Earlham College in Indiana studying Environmental Sustainability and Creative Writing. In her free time, she likes to read, write, and be in the great outdoors.

Madeline Ewanysbyn is a Creative Writing Major in her final year of studies. She works as a Library Assistant/Supervisor. She has previously been published in *The Liar* (2016), *Sea to Sky Review* (2018), and *pulpMAG* (spring 2019).

Rebecca Ruth Gould's chapbook is *Berlin-Damascus-Bethlehem* (Origami Poems Project, 2019). She translates from Persian, Russian, and Georgian, and was a finalist for the Luminaire Award for Best Poetry and (together with Kayvan Tahmasebian), Lunch Ticket's Gabo Prize (both in 2017), and is a Pushcart Prize nominee.

Ryan Broderick graduated with a Bachelor of Fine Arts-Visual Arts in 2019 at Kwantlen Polytechnic University. He explores a range of materials including acrylic paint and found objects. His art is based on cultural, social, and personal influences. Creating art to him is a form of expression and self-therapy. Certain moments and interest in his life assist in inspiring what and how he paints. His artwork is intended to portray a narration that provokes an emotion to the viewer.

Silas McDonough

In 2015 I earned my BFA in painting from Western State Colorado University. I was a resident at Red Gate Artist Residency in Beijing the next year, and received my MFA at Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia in 2019. My work incorporates a wide range of materials, from wood, metal and fiber, to discarded and found objects. These conglomerate sculptures often blur the distinction between the organic and industrial; the living and inanimate. I currently live and work in Philadelphia.

Steven Lee is a third year Bachelor of Fine Arts Student who has completed diplomas in Arts, Fine Arts and Marketing Management at Kwantlen Polytechnic University. Steven's artistic practice examines the politics surrounding our changing environments and the choices that are made behind the decisions that are made in shaping places, memory and our local communities through drawing, painting, photography and performance. Steven also writes creative nonfiction and poetry.

Sydney Peters is a student at Kwantlen Polytechnic University, currently working on a Bachelor of Arts in Psychology and Creative Writing. The focus of her craft is in poetry and fiction, with an especial fondness for surrealism, lyric, history, and nature. Her poems have been published in *pulp Mag's Summer 2019 Issue* and the *Papeachu Review's Issue 2: Beauty*.

tangerine hobson-dimas

Fruit is pretty sweet. haha. get it? poetry is also pretty sweet, even though it doesn't really impress my dad that much. no offense, but if you like orange juice without pulp in it I'm going to have to ask you to leave. Do you wanna hear a fruit joke? Okay. What fruit is square and green? A lemon in disguise. My counsellor told me i should confront my emotions instead of talking about fruit. Shit's bananas. Get it?

Taylor Hudson is a multidisciplinary artist residing in Surrey, BC. Her more focused mediums currently are oil painting and photography. Her subject matter varies but most often the body is a theme that is almost always represented in her work. In her most recent work she is exploring body dysmorphia and objects in nature that represent the shell of a human body. Her work is abstractions on the soul vs the body and their harmony and disharmony. She is also in her 3rd year BFA program at Kwantlen Polytechnic University.

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1st Prize: \$1,000 + publication

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