



**pulp**  
MAG

# Masthead

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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 used to dream about tsunamis

recurring dreams: messages, superstition,  
comforting like reruns, a rescue  
from the high toll of attention, there is a ship,  
it is a restaurant, suspended a hundred feet  
above the water the center supported  
by a single wooden beam,  
the patrons are being seated  
rapidly, cannot make up their minds,  
the tables pile up like cards  
falling into a shuffle, glares, foot tapping,  
the ship teeters one way, then the other,  
precarious, customers complaining, ruining  
their leisurely dinners, *how does such an establishment  
stay afloat ha ha ha ha ha*, fall through to the  
green water, draped in seaweed that feels like  
garbage, pond scum pretty, like real life, climb  
the ladder all the way back up, where more people  
are waiting, annoyed like nuns, pigeon fingers  
drum on tables, seaweed slops onto the galley floor,  
another thing to get done before I wake up.



Blue Yellow



## Dear Strata Board

Dear Strata Board,

I'm writing to you today about my next-door neighbours, Wanda and Terri Simpson-Bridgestone, who live in unit 68. Being conscientious and responsible property owners, my wife and I dutifully read every page of the Strata monthly meeting minutes, so we are aware of any and all bylaw infractions.

Our concern involves **Bylaw 24.2: Outdoor Appearance of Individual Units**. The bylaw states that each owner should not have "excessive decorations or extraneous items" by the garage and front door. Terri and Wanda have 26 unsightly items cluttering up their driveway and stairs. By any reasonable measure, 26 pieces of rubbish, including a rusty bucket, a deflated basketball, a set of tacky orange plastic flowers and a large bunny cut-out from last Easter, can be considered not only excessive, but actually quite offensive. We are willing to provide a detailed list of each item with photographic proof, if required.

We place our trust in the Strata Board to reprimand Wanda and Terri for their poor judgement in this area by holding them to the high standard of the community bylaws, so we can all live together in relative harmony.

With kind thanks,

*Doug and Sharon Onyx*

\*\*\*

Dear Strata Board,

We received your letter with an "anonymous complaint" about the messy nature of our front door and driveway. You can feel free to tell Sharon and Doug where to file their bullshit whining. It must be nice to have nothing else to do except spy on your neighbours by tallying up their outdoor décor and then criticizing each piece.



We have two children, so that means we own stuff. I don't believe this is a criminal offense. Doug and Sharon have no children, probably because they are frigid, so they can't grasp why a family might need more than one bed, a sofa and a single set of cutlery that is shared among several people. What they call "minimalism," we call "joyless and self-punishing."

We'd like to file a complaint of our own. The Onyxes never come to any of our block barbeques or holiday parties. They only invited us over to their place once, right after they moved in, and they mentioned their "green values" approximately 1478 times, which must break a Strata bylaw for sheer obnoxiousness. We are well-liked in the complex and have many allies that we can draw on if Sharon and Doug decide to escalate. No one likes them at all.

Please discipline our neighbours in unit 69 (ironic, given the lack of sex next door which we know because the walls are paper thin) for being anti-social and insufferable.

Cheers,

*Wanda and Terri Simpson-Bridgestone*

\*\*\*

Dear Strata Board,

The letter we received from you must be some type of high-spirited prank. The Simpson-Bridgestones have dictated that we must socialize more? We've scoured the bylaws and can find no regulations demanding that owners attend parties in the complex. That is downright absurd; possibly even fascist.

We are minimalists. This means we can park our Prius in our garage as it was designed; for it's not packed like a game of Tetris with every piece of dreck ever sold like Terri and Wanda's. In fact, their townhouse is a fire hazard because it's like a hoarder's den in there. We share a wall; therefore, our unit is at high risk due to their penchant for burning scented candles. We've installed additional smoke alarms to warn us before we char to a crisp in bed and we would like the Simpson-Bridgestones to pay for these additional alarms. The total for three is \$65.38 and we expect a cheque or cash.

If they believe we should fraternize more, then we propose that they remain at home to Marie Kondo their own garage and stop edging their enormous, planet-destroying Ford F350 truck across our driveway (an obvious infraction of **Bylaw 16.1**).

*Doug and Sharon Onyx*

\*\*\*

To the useless asshats of the strata board,

We cannot believe you are still sending us these fucking letters. I'm prepared to get a reporter involved to publicly shame the lot of you, but Terri has urged caution for now. Neighbourly relations are at an all time low. Sharon left her garage door open yesterday afternoon just to show off how empty it is in there. Congratulations, you're cheap AND have zero personality to boot. Really something to brag about.

We stood at the door of the complex gym this week and polled owners coming and going about these offensive letters. Virtually everyone agrees with us. It's goddamn normal to decorate your home and buy furniture and keep memory boxes of elementary school artwork and favourite toys for your children. This is what people DO. Unless you're a serial killer. I don't want to accuse the Onyxes of anything quite that dark, but it doesn't take much imagination to draw a line from vegan minimalist yoga beatniks to bomb-building or lotion in the basket. They certainly have the space for it.

Why don't you take your job seriously and shame the occupants of unit 69 for starting this war in the first place with their bitching about our front door? Make sure to tell them that 97% of the townhouse complex hates their guts. We can make life EXTREMELY unpleasant for these people if they decide to continue being such shitty neighbours.

*The well-respected Simpson-Bridgestone family*

\*\*\*

Dear Owners,

Please refrain from communicating with the Strata Board at this time. The President has resigned, and two members are out on stress leave, so we do not have a quorum at present to hold meetings, make decisions, or manage correspondence.

We thank you for your understanding and compassion at this difficult time.

*The Remaining Members of the Strata Board*

\*\*\*

Dear Strata Board,

Our very lives are being threatened, and now you ask us not to correspond with you? We have been forced into a defensive position, blanched by fear, terrified to cross paths with any neighbours who might attempt to harm us because we choose to protect Mother Earth. As responsible citizens of our planet, we refuse to order anything from Amazon Prime (Jeff Bezos is a problematic figure in our society and his personal greed/refusal to pay appropriate taxes for his wage bracket will cause the capitalist system to ultimately fail; we'd be pleased to talk about this at length at a future strata meeting).

We've alerted the RCMP about the slander to our good name. We might not be social creatures, but while hunkered down behind the maple tree on our deck we've overheard the fustilugs in unit 68 calling us serial killers. This is incredibly offensive and also breaches **Section 298 of the Canadian Criminal Code under Defamatory Libel**. We will not hesitate to take this matter up with our lawyer if the Simpson-Bridgestones do not immediately cease their harassment.

*The much-maligned and misunderstood Onyxes*

\*\*\*

Listen up, Motherfuckers,

We were here first! We've been happily living here for five years before these nutjobs moved in next door and tried to ruin our lives with their militant environmentalist propaganda. Now we hear they've criticized us for ordering from AMAZON??! You know

who shops from Amazon? The whole fucking world.

Remind me why we pay \$379 per month in Strata fees when you are the most useless human beings I've ever dealt with? Quitting and stressed out enough to go on leave? Boohoo. I wish I could quit when things get hard but let's not forget that YOU started this by sending us that first pissy letter about our front door decorations. Take some responsibility for once by growing a spine.

*Mic Drop Terri and Wanda*

(P.S. It's not slander if what you say is true and my corporate lawyer sister-in-law says the Criminal Code shit is for PUBLISHED defamation so their pathetic threat is not scary to us - feel free to inform them while they are sieged up in their empty unit.)

\*\*\*

Dear Strata Board,

We've been infinitely patient and reasonable, but the "For Sale" sign has gone too far. The "anonymous" complaint system you have here is nothing short of a boondoggle. It will take us two hours to pack up and go as we are not interested in staying where we aren't wanted. You'll be hearing from our lawyer re: the slander and the bullying. We are still waiting to be reimbursed for the additional smoke detectors (\$65.38 plus interest) and we will add the realtor commission and half-day U-Haul van costs to the total the intellectually subpar women next-door owe us.

Our green minimalist style will be welcomed and appreciated somewhere else. Altruistic Townhouse Complex is a toxic environment and we will make sure our three friends know about this. We are one-third heartbroken and two-thirds apoplectic with rage at the end of our experience owning a townhouse here.

*Doug and Sharon Onyx (dignified as ever; you'll never take that from us)*

P.S. We just found out those horrid driggle-draggles suggested we were frigid. We have a significant amount of excellent (but quietly respectful) sex; and can prove it in court if necessary. We'll add this insult to the list for our lawyer.

\*\*\*

Dear Owners,

The entire Strata Board has quit and no one else has volunteered, so everyone in the whole complex is fucked. Thanks for nothing and enjoy martial law from this point forward.

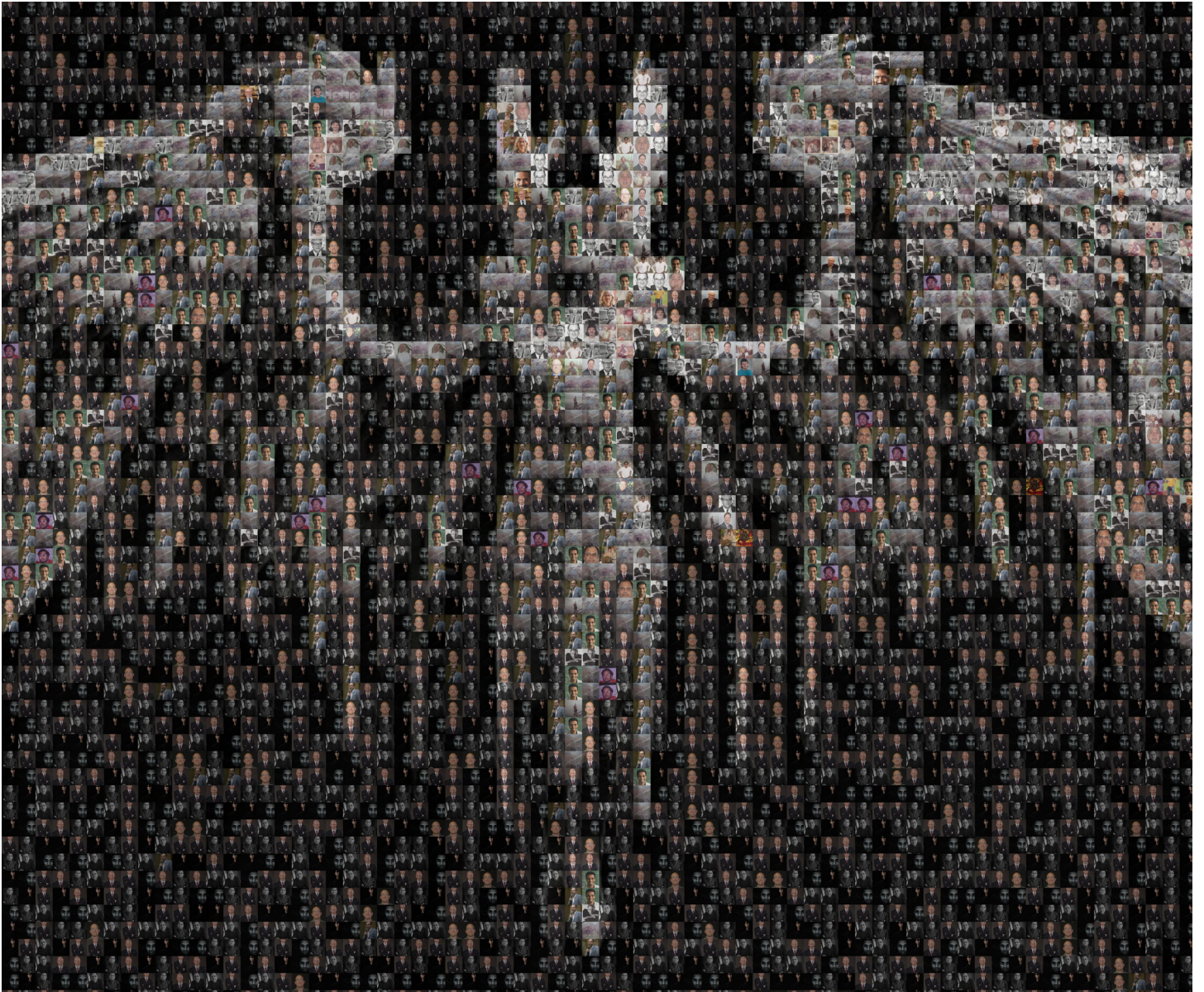
*Maladroit Property Management Holdings*



# Visual

C. Christine Fair  
Mosaic

## The Valkyrie





## Just a Joke

White girl in the breakroom at work  
sparks a conversation with me:  
*You're brown, you're from Surrey,  
no offence but like don't go  
shoot up an apartment complex.  
Brown people joke, it's just a joke.*

*No offense to your people but  
all brown guys have staring problems,  
you're like forced to marry them,  
aren't they all drug dealers?*

You see me and think gang violence,  
Indo-Canadian organized crime,  
you tell me you read about shootings  
and automatically think brown,

but it's okay, I look half something else anyways.

Let me tell you about derogatory terms,  
about how grouping everyone in one category  
is called stereotyping.

Let me tell you that I'm 100% Punjabi,  
the name tag that reads Harpreet  
on the left side of my chest  
is my Sikh culture, a badge I wear proudly.

No offense to *your* people but  
all white guys commit manslaughter,  
anti-anything that doesn't have fair skin,  
aren't they all serial killers?

Let me tell you about jokes,  
you're white, you're from Canada,  
no offence but shouldn't you  
go unrightfully claim some land?  
I mean, you clearly have a history.  
White people joke, it's just a joke.

## Kain Na

dig through a landscape  
of kanin and ulam

suck the marrow from chicken bones  
and swallow every single grain of rice

create craters and boulders  
with your fingers

make a mouth with your hand  
thumb-tongue to push

mother's hard-earned wages  
down your gullet

make sure leftovers don't rot  
inside the balikbayan box

Psychedelic

Debrah Wiebe  
Marker, pen



## West Coast Bound

*"I wonder how I got by this week,  
I only touched you once."*

— Void, The Neighbourhood

these days,  
human touch is foreign.  
this new city  
tosses me from my pedestal,

waves of pavement,  
scoured by thousands of feet  
drown me.

behind closed eyes,  
my small town life—

at night a mystery metropolis  
surfaces, adventure waits,

brighter lights and bigger stages,  
rowdy crowds and boxing cages—

sprinting through metrotown station,  
fresh faces high on shots of vodka  
and a little bit of weed.

i kissed girls in street-lit parks,  
made art in granville island studios.

i glimpsed old friends  
through those sliding glass doors—  
my sudden reflection  
in the mirrored windows

lead me back  
to ontario summer nights.



beer flows  
on dingy yellow docks  
and island lights.

high school halls,  
princess street longboard hills  
everything familiar—my bones  
ache to go home.

a piercing foghorn  
shakes me awake

to life on the west coast,  
briny air and a busy day.

i wanted this,

but vancouver has been  
everyone else's  
long before it became mine.

how many can we fit  
into this metropolis,  
before we never touch again?

before i give into the blinding neon,  
the secondhand marijuana smoke,

a dead-eyed pedestrian  
slipping down granville street,

before this city  
turns faceless and  
swallows

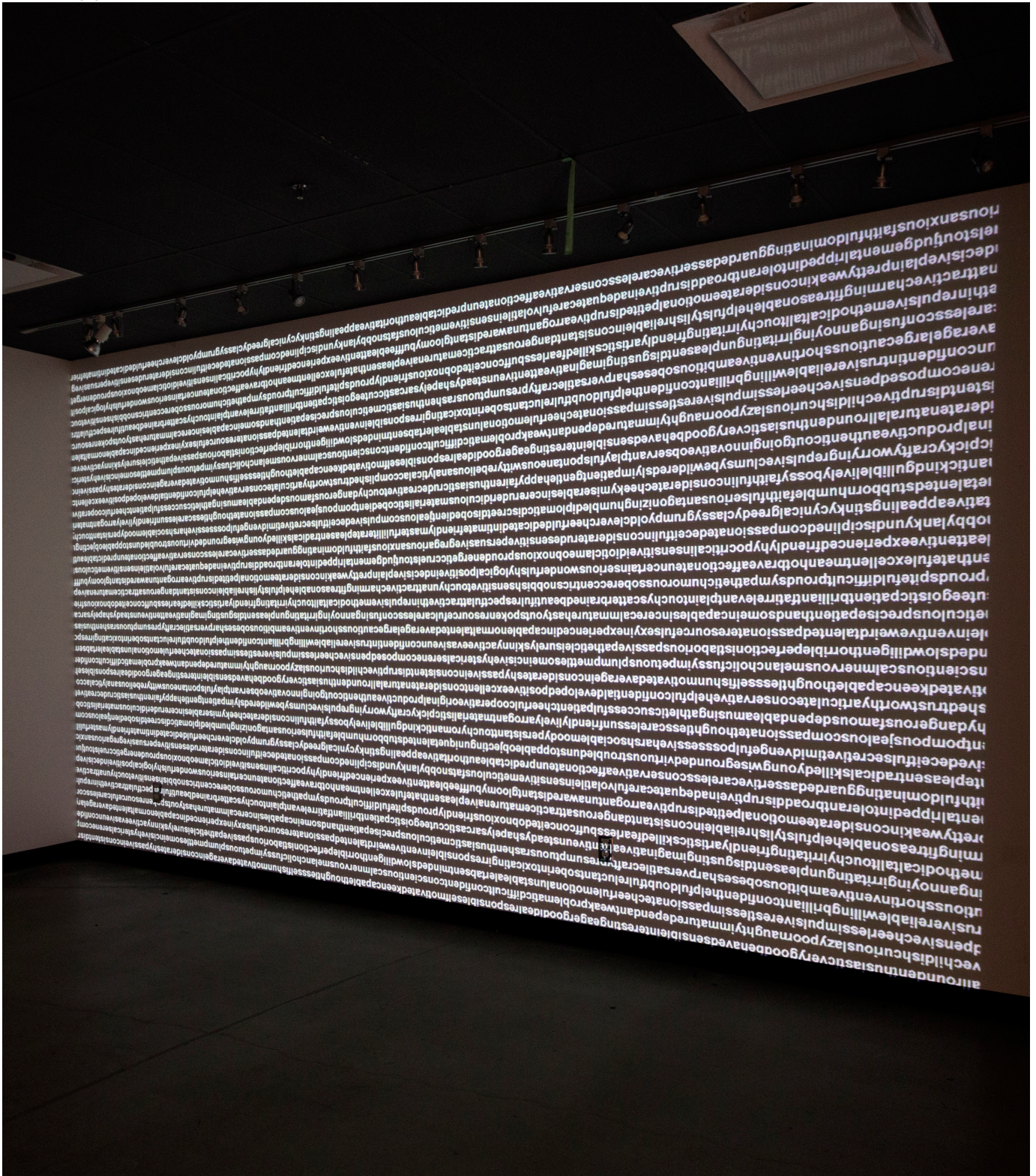
me

whole.



Jacob Strohan  
Projection  
12' x 16'  
2019

## Self Projection









## Mine is the Kingdom

I go to paradise whenever I want.

I don't wait in the endless queue  
of promises from the lips of exegetes

or permit them to dip my head  
in their gloomy pools of doubt and  
set my finite fears as infinite fire.

You always move the kingdom far away:  
sometimes you make it a mustard seed  
and bury it in the long lungs  
of hope; sometimes you peel the bark

of my mind with hot words and  
I become a heap of abandoned things.  
Your father came from the other side—  
he's the African grey in your birdcage  
blurting the things you hide in tongues:

*Hell, it says, is the unlived life.*  
My scars should not be a pile  
of old things to be pushed away  
while the Bible hides your own inadequacies  
each time you call your angry God.  
My daughter weighs me on alien scales



and I become debris of her keepsakes.  
Now she's become everything I can't become:  
the nun who plays with dead penises,  
blue whale fry in your reef tank.  
Her sex drive transmutes into rescue quests;  
*Sir*, Igeny said, when she meant papa,  
*Why do you bow to wooden Gods?*

I knew, of course, that those who  
pitch the almighty in their small armpits,  
only allowing him to spy our sin  
has fed her another supper of schism.  
Come. Sit. Listen, my child: I'm God;  
while you wander away like a cavefish  
looking for him in leaves of faith,  
I don't ever find him far away.





## Kokum

Dahlia watched the horizon, the place where the sky should have split from the water. Old, brittle hair in a tangle over a brow darkened by the sun. Cheeks that sag and a nose blossomed by time. Nothing but the striated shawl upon which she sat; green, and red, and white. A long way from home, swaying upon the back of the elephant, Dahlia did not exist.

Her mount was an old leathern bull with wrinkled grey skin and tusks dipped low. Ripples formed around his feet as he strode through the shallow lake, which stretched on and on until it fell into the horizon. A thin film of muck covered his nails and filled in the crevices between. Above, a grand maple sprouted from the runnel of his back. In his eye was the setting sun.

Dahlia rode upon his back, facing backward, bare feet resting upon his rump. She held a willow fishing rod in her aged hands, the line swooping down in a long arc and trawling in their wake. The maple cast its shade upon her and swallowed the catgut string before her rheumy eyes. And from the tree arose a clamour.

“I see the shore!” called the eagle, eyes sharp as the night chill.

“I hear the edge. It rumbles, it rumbles!” said the owl, head swivelling.

“It’s in my beak,” the raven rolled her tongue. “I could show you.”

Dahlia chewed her rat root and furrowed her brow. “Ay, be quiet. You’re scaring the fish.” She leaned to the side and spat. The glob disappeared among the ever-shedding leaves that fell and floated along the water’s surface. Craning her head around, she watched the tree’s limbs shake with each ponderous step. Dahlia had hoped it would be more peaceful since the junco left, the pine jay, and especially the flicker. Quiet nests filled the branches, dozens and more, tightly woven sprigs coiled around absent eggs.

Sometimes a sudden breeze would blow, and the air would hurt her skin. She’d pull her coarse shawl up to her ears, trading the stings for old comfort. The unspooled

and frayed wool scratched her, touched her belly and shoulders and neck. It felt like Reece. Rough fingers knitted by lathe and sandpaper traced her navel.

“Here,” he had said.

When the doctor confirmed the pregnancy, Dahlia took the week off from the studio. She stayed home, burning incense and sitting cross-legged on the kitchen floor. The first day, she set off the fire alarm, and so the batteries had to come out. Reece came home to her standing tip-toe on a beechwood chair, the one he had bought so they wouldn't have to sit on milk crates anymore, outstretched fingers brushing the white plastic alarm. She hissed when he put his hands on her hips.

“Just so you don't fall, see?”

Four months later, Dahlia took up macramé. She started with a dowel and three simple knots. In the evenings after work, she'd sit on the carpet of the living room, back against the couch as her husband watched the Oilers play on the PVR. Even though the outcomes were long known, he'd still kick when they scored, and she'd reach a hand up to touch his knee. Between periods, she tried to work a bead into her binding, but it slid loose between the knots. She sighed, pulled the whole thing apart, started over. Dahlia feared her fingers were too clumsy for the task, unable to coax the braids into place. Her anger welled up into her throat, wrapped around her tongue. When fire dripped from her lips, Reece would reach down from the couch and brush the nape of her neck.

Eight months in and Dahlia quit the studio. She only worked there part-time anyway, and her belly was outgrowing her desk. Besides, she wasn't sure the heat of Bikram was doing her any good and she was positive the smell of sweat had only grown more pungent. They would find another receptionist. On her last day, she ran her hand over her belly, watched the flat stomachs go by. Several members were older and their bodies filled her with apprehension.

The owner's son made a tinfoil cup of chocolate mousse in farewell, which she carried home in an old London Drugs bag. She put it in the fridge beside the black olives and the Tabasco bottle. When Reece showed up with a store-bought mousse, half-price because it was near expired, she popped it out of the plastic tray and ate it with a salad fork. That night, she lay her head on the pillow and he curled his body around their child.

His face glowed in rhythm with Dahlia's breathing.

They painted the room a dusty lilac and the crib eggshell white. A rocking chair they picked up from an antique store in Langley rested in the corner, fresh upholstery on the seat. A long oak dresser took up the south wall, four stilted feet sunk into the cream carpeting. Inside were blankets, balms, onesies, diapers, and baby wipes. In the corner, Dahlia hung a macramé net holding a ceramic pot from the ceiling. The pot housed a wandering jew that would grow to the height of their son.

Before Corbin was born, before he was even a thought, it was easier for the couple. Dahlia would come into the kitchen and find Reece there, spinning his ring between index finger and thumb. He'd look up, not quite speaking, and she'd fall over him. They'd lay in bed, or on the couch, or even the floor, and simply be. If Reece cried, Dahlia cried with him, and when he turned his face away, she'd veil him with her hair. Reece ran the gamut; SSRIs, CBT, vitamin D lamps, meditation, prayer, tarot, music therapy, acupuncture, but the dark days still came on. Some things helped, others hurt, and they learned and loved and grew. It was an arcane healing that came about with the tide, one with the quintessence of being lost at sea.

Their son was born amongst the chromatic leaves of autumn. After eleven hours of labour, Corbin created an era, a living wedge between "then" and "now." With a voice of thunder, he filled Dahlia and Reece's home with terrible power. Love, unrestrained, came upon them as a whirlwind, destroying previous notions of its identity. The life the couple had built was levelled, and they stood now upon an open plain, full of tumultuous possibility. For all that comes in periods of intense grace, so too comes the challenge of change.

Reece took up smoking again, though he only did it in the garage. His hair smelled like ash, as did his pet projects: the birdhouse, the hutch, the toy chest. On the worst days the liquor cabinet would be an ounce or two lessened. Dahlia didn't say much.

Her husband worked in tech, provided on-site support. He left early and came home late, haggard lines waning his cheeks. Work took him into Kitsilano, some up to Port Moody. Abbotsford was not an uncommon drive. His hours grew alongside their son, until he hardly had an hour and a half at home each weekday.

When Dahlia put a hand on his chest, she could feel the tar in his lungs. On Saturdays they'd drive out to Burnaby Lake. Reece carried their son on his shoulders and drank in the pines. When they stopped at the playground and let Corbin explore, Dahlia couldn't help but notice how Reece's yellowed fingers twitched.

A couple years passed, during which Dahlia found work doing day shift as a cashier at the local pet supply store. Her husband had hoped she'd stay home once Corbin was born, but her hands grew antsy. There was only so long one could dig in the garden or practice clay sculpting before growing impatient.

At first, Corbin's short days at preschool had been a blessing, as were the first of kindergarten, but there was a limit. Reece would do his best to help her by packing up their son's bag the evening before, though she'd often have to do revisions in the morning. Each night he'd tuck a note in with a Ziploc of animal crackers. Each morning Dahlia would read it to their son.

One day, Corbin wrapped himself in his father's green plaid jacket. He dug his nose deep, inhaled the ash.

"That's daddy's smell," he told Dahlia with a smile. When she relayed this to Reece, he bowed his head and wept into her chest. That night he threw the half pack he had left into the trash. He showered before sleeping, washed his hair twice, and took his son in his arms. He woke up in Corbin's red race car bed, legs cramped and head pounding.

From then on it was nicotine patches and willpower. The long days away, though, made it hard to maintain. The scent dissipated from the garage, but it clung to Reece faintly. Every now and then, every couple weeks, Dahlia would kiss his fingers and taste it. At night, she'd wrap his hands in her hair and try to sap the smoke from them. Reece traced the curve of her scalp, entwined in the strands. The pit in his stomach felt shallower like this. Dahlia took a shear, and, taking a lock from her head, made a charm for him.

When the waves fell over Reece and he feared drowning, he coiled her hair tightly and became a stone. He built a cathedral out in the sound, mortared with his wife, and enshrined his family in shale. Each day was a layer in the sediment, growing from the silt bed until it broke the surface. Upon his spit he gasped and mourned all the tides he had seen. And it grew with his totem of Dahlia clutched tight. The years turned gravel into a

monolith.

Even when Corbin, nearly six feet tall, left home, the old magic persisted. Corbin left on a hockey scholarship to the University of Michigan, full of vim and hunger. The water quailed, rose in surges and swells, wet surfaces of Reece's bastion never before touched. Tunnels of escape opened, lined with ash, out through the troughs of the waves to the barren shore. But Dahlia knew, she can keep the form for him. Hold tight his hand when he may flee, show the fissures aren't so deep. Like the old, European story, she braided a rope of hair for Reece to climb. Dahlia was the hope of him.

The line snapped taut. An arc went through Dahlia's heart, tensing her toes upon the bull's skin. The shallow water rippled, and a dispersal of rings emanated from the float. A wind picked up among the branches and set them to whispering. The shawl scratched at her bum and the back of her thighs. Suddenly, she could smell the sea.

With a practiced hand she looped the catgut around her knuckles. In even strokes she reached down the line and pulled more in, feeling the weight each time. Her catch did not fight.

The eagle came down then, alighting on her shoulder. He nuzzled his beak through her hair, parting it like a glacial stream.

"I see the stone," the eagle said.

Goose pimples rose over Dahlia's skin. Her shawl weighed upon her hunched shoulders. She took air into the shuddering temple of her body.

It had been half a year since Dahlia was first hospitalized. It began with a weakness as she fell from bed when she should have risen. A battery of tests conferred aching diagnoses; it was Parkinson's, aggressive concurrent cancers, an embolism. It was age. She was able to stay at home, cared for by family, but the deterioration was inevitable. Despite efforts of all involved, Dahlia was admitted to Surrey Memorial on a Sunday in October, where she slipped into a fitful slumber.

Dahlia's motions caused her cotton shift to slip. Reece reached over and drew it back up to her shoulder. It was incredible; this small, hidden thing that was his wife. The IVs left bruises on her arm, a crevasse formed in the junction of her clavicle and scapula,

spittle coated her lower lip.

Corbin reached down and wiped her mouth with the edge of his sleeve. Outside the room, his partner waited with their children by the nurses' station. His eyes were raw. There was nothing to do but watch. He had said his love a thousand times. Who knows if his mother heard?

Reece cupped the back of Dahlia's head with calloused fingers. He stroked her long, wispy locks with his thumb. Liver spots dotted Reece's forehead; deep lines rallied under his eyes. Hearing aids rested in each ear and his neck had lost its shape. He ached from dawn, his fingers were stiff, his home had grown lonely. But no greater creases existed than those crinkling from the corners of his eyes and limning the edges of his lips.

He smiled at his wife now, even as Dahlia fidgeted restlessly, her arms too frail to reach out. His wife was moving away from the physical, he knew. Still, he had the sprig of her hair in a pouch fastened around his neck, such that there would always be some point of contact.

A steelhead trout peaked through the water. Her body was dull in the shadow of the maple. Dutifully, she clamped her mouth around the hook as Dahlia hauled her through the air. The trout swung from side to side on her ascent, swaying alongside the elephant. Soon, Dahlia had the fish in her hands, at which point the trout's jaws opened. She reached inside and plucked the hook from the palate of her catch. Dahlia held the fish aloft, trying to catch a ray of light in her scales. However, the steelhead remained stoic, her green washing away, her stripe of red muted. Slowly, her gills worked continuously in defiance of the lack of water.

With a flap of his immense wings, the eagle took to the air. He flew past the crown of the tree and made circles around the old elephant. Dahlia did not lower the trout. In a moment, he was overhead, and then the fish was in his talons. Neither made a noise as they headed east.

Dahlia and the two remaining birds watched the eagle's departure. The wind had not abated, so she reached down for her shawl and threw it about her shoulders. The rat root was nearly mush between her teeth. Her body moved easily with the beast beneath her feet, long accustomed to his movements. Once the eagle merged into the blur of the



distance, she turned to the maple. The owl's throat pulsed alongside his bowels, and the raven stared her in the eye. The black bird's beak parted for a second, only to snap shut again.

"Keep quiet. That's enough out of you." Dahlia pulled the shawl tighter. The tendons in her hand strained against her paper skin. With shuffling steps, she came to stand by the base of the great maple. She dared not release the shawl, so she rested her forehead against the rough bark.

"I think that's enough," she murmured.

Dahlia put her back to the tree. Out there, as far as she could see, the water was without end. So too was it when she glanced to the east. The sun was setting, though, and no stars rose in the sky. Goose pimples covered her skin. She rubbed her chin on the hem of the shawl. The elephant's feet fell to her heartbeat. With a stolen breath, she set her legs to still. In one step, Dahlia fell from the elephant's back. Her muddled reflection rushed up to meet her. When they met, she slipped beneath the surface, leaving nothing but her shawl floating in the elephant's wake.

# Visual

Mallu Pimenta  
Digital Collage  
8 x 12  
2020

## Set Me Free II



## More Than Sad

wait for unconscious reality/ every waking moment/ walk down sidewalks/ hope/ to trip  
on rocks/ hope/ to fall into the street/ full of cars/ try to escape/ any means/ abuse  
substances/ screen time/ fantasize/ try to love/ myself/ try not to hate/ myself/ feel raw/  
*happy*/ in crowds with sweaty/ bodies/ pressed/ against me/ closed eyes/ reach hands/  
up/ ready to/ kill you in my mind/ with disease/ dream of/ church pews and coffee cake/  
pick on/ scars/ so they never heal/ stare at my wall/ stare at my bedroom wall/ think/ list of  
things/ needed/ stare at my bedroom wall not doing anything/ sit with my love/ on a  
couch/ in the basement/ my mind already under the covers/ in my bed/ at home/ alone



# Visual

Guilherme  
Bergamini

Red



## A Different Kind of Brown

I met a stranger at the bus stop.  
He made music, he was brown too.  
I asked him how it felt  
to create art, to make towers  
instead of working in one.

He called us the others of the culture,  
a tag of rebellion I don't accept.

I relate to paper planes,  
how just like an airplane, I still fly.  
Concerned brown adults ask why  
I'm not the pilot of a massive aircraft,  
why I chose notepad pages as wings.

My fingers don't know  
how to crunch numbers,  
how to find a pulse and diagnose,  
how to make the ring finger wait for a ring.

I feel at home when cradling a pen,  
rocking it back and forth,  
lullabies on white pages.

Family says  
I'll get paper cuts.

I wouldn't be a poet  
if I didn't bleed a little.

# Bios

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## **Adam Chace**

I started exploring a communion of paint and digital manipulation. Most of my work is emotive. I paint what I feel to feel it and not dwell on bad feelings. I've enjoyed allowing my work to go further into abstraction. Moving away from portraiture has allowed me to completely create compositions by hand, and achieve (what I believe to be) amazing results.

## **C. Christine Fair**

I am an associate professor in the Security Studies Program at Georgetown University. My most recent book is *In Their Own Words: Understanding Lashkar-e-Tayyaba* (Oxford University Press, 2019). I have published creative pieces in *The Bark*, *The Dime Review*, *the New Reader Magazine*, *Clementine Unbound*, *Awakenings*, *Fifty Word Stories*, *The Drabble*, *Better than Starbucks*, *Sandy River Review*, *Sonder Midwest*, *Black Horse Magazine*, and *Bluntly Magazine* among other venues. My scholarly website is [ChristineFair.net](http://ChristineFair.net). I blog at <https://shortbustoparadise.wordpress.com/>. I tweet at @CChristineFair.

## **Debrah Wiebe**

I am a Canadian artist currently attending KPU. I work primarily in pen and ink. My style is very abstract, stylized, and colorful. I have taken inspiration from many sources including, movies, video games, cartoons, Coast Salish artwork, other Canadian artists, and the wilderness of BC. My art-making method involves taking parts of reality and incorporating them into wild landscapes and characters or creating completely abstract visual spaces from scratch. I think that my experiences of hiking in the mountains and absorbing media have shaped my art in unconscious ways. For me, art-making is a very solitary practice; I create work that I find stimulating emotionally, which reflects how I like to live my life and the media I absorb. I believe that abstract art is a valid medium for exploring the soul and representing it in repeating lines, shapes, values, and colors.

**Erin Kirsh** is a writer and performer living in Vancouver. A Puschart Prize nominee, her work has appeared in *The Malahat Review*, *EVENT*, *Arc Poetry Magazine*, *QWERTY*, *The Dalhousie Review*, *Poetry is Dead*, *subTerrain*, *Cosmonauts Avenue*, and *Geist*, where she took second place in their postcard short story contest. Visit her at [www.erinkirsh.com](http://www.erinkirsh.com) or follow her on twitter @kirshwords.

**Franz (the poet)** is a writer, performer, and arts-community advocate. She creates on unceded lands of the Kwantlen, Katzie, Tsawwassen, Kwikwetlem, Stó:lō, Musqueam, Semiahmoo, Tsawwassen and Qayqayt, colonially known as Surrey. Soon she will receive her B.A. in Creative Writing (KPU). She fosters safe spaces where art can heal, sprout growth and connect. Franz is the co-founder/president of *Melanin: KPU's BIPOC writer's collective*, as well as runs *Kwantlen Poetry Project*. She wants her words to shamelessly take-up space; she helps other marginalized voices do the same. Love is louder, always. Breathe out. Follow her on Instagram: @franz\_poet

## **Guilherme Bergamini**

Reporter photographic and visual artist, Guilherme Bergamini 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 Bergamini participated in collective exhibitions in 30 countries.

## **Gunit Pal Singh**

My dad always taught me that a photographer's main motive is to convey some message through visual art. Following his words I went out to a village to explore what kind of life is there.

**Harpreet Kang** is a Creative Writing student at KPU. She writes poems and sometimes reads them out loud. As an artist she uses her poetic voice to share her experiences as a brown femme moving through the world. She's an awkward Punjabi girl whose father has given her the writer gene so she can be badass on paper. Poetry has been her lover for years. She hopes to keep the relationship alive forever.

**Jacob Strohan** is a 3rd year student at Kwantlen Polytechnic University majoring in visual arts. His work is based off of his critical examination of contemporary issues that he is exposed too, which he then translates through various lens-based media.

**James Weis** is a fourth-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 technology are an integral part of his process and inspiration.

**Julianne Harvey** is an author, speaker and nurturer from South Surrey, BC. She has four self-published books and is at work on her first YA novel. Julianne holds a certificate in Counselling Skills and is an award-winning student in her third year at Kwantlen Polytechnic University, pursuing her BA in Creative Writing. For more information, please see [julianneharvey.com](http://julianneharvey.com).

**Konrad McLeod** is a third year creative writing student. He works mainly in prose, though attempts to incorporate the musicality of poetry in several aspects of his life. Outside of writing, he enjoys working with animal bone and natural materials in creative pursuits.

### **Leila Nicar**

Occupant of the unceded Kwantlen, Musqueam, Tsawwassen, Katzie, Semiahmoo, Qayqayt, and Kwikwetlem territories (otherwise known as Surrey, BC). Third-year creative writing major at Kwantlen Polytechnic University. Writer of emotionally-charged words. Avid cartoon enthusiast. Lover of mountains, scented candles, and Cinnamon Toast Crunch.

**LJ Weisberg** is a non-binary queer poet and artist currently living in Vancouver, BC. They are a second year student at Kwantlen Polytechnic University, majoring in creative writing. Since moving to Vancouver in September last fall, they have performed in Mashed Poetics, The Growing Room Festival and Vancouver Poetry Slam's Finals. This summer they travelled to Voices of Today with the Vancouver Youth Slam Team and performed in Toronto on the national stage. In their spare time, they enjoy longboarding, creating art and learning inside and outside of their classes.

**Mallu Pimenta** grew up wanting to be an astronaut and ended up as a fine arts student with a special love for photography. 22, Brazilian and lost somewhere in Canada.

**Tim Fab-Eme** experiments with poetic forms; he writes about exploitation, identity and the environment. His work has appeared in The Malahat Review, New Welsh Review; FIYAH, Magma, The Fiddlehead and Quadrant, etc. Tim often turns to reggae and jazz whenever the news weighs him down. He studied engineering at the Niger Delta University, and when he isn't working on control instruments, he picks a book and buries himself in it. Tim is pursuing a BA in English Studies at the University of Port Harcourt; he lives in Rivers, Nigeria.





# **PULP MAG**

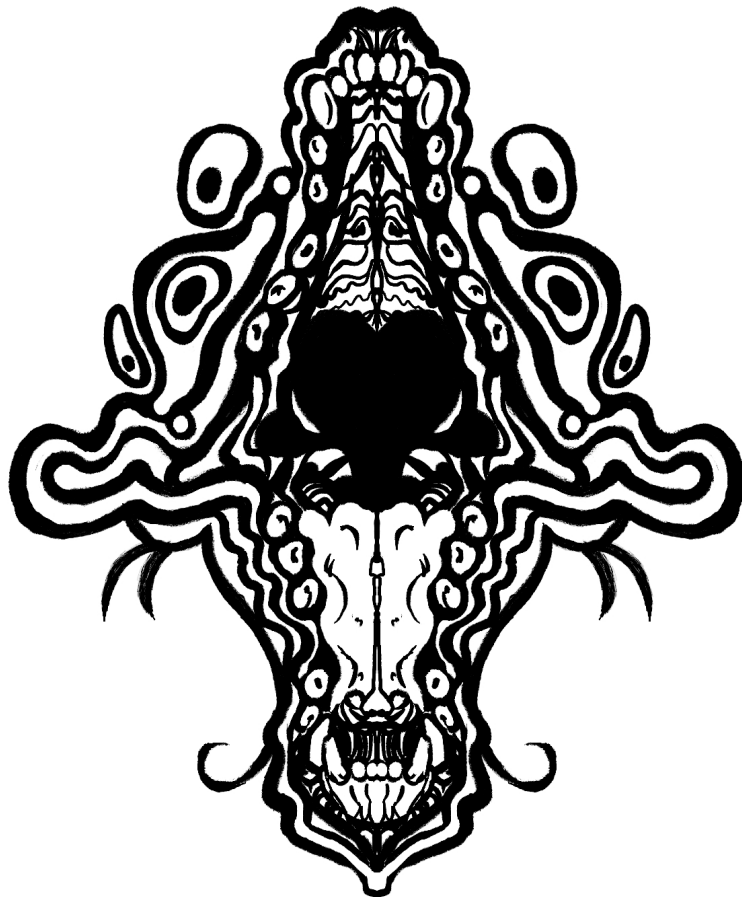
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