

eyelash



a literary zine

January 2018

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www.qwf.org/programs/wic

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JL

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SSSH

Shovel, shiver, shit it's cold!
Show me sunshine.
Show me shameless tan lines.
Share the picnic with Shannon
and show me the way
back to the beach.
Ssssh! quiet time.

—Tracy

I'M A ZEBRA

I'm a Zebra
black with white stripes
or
white with black stripes
with Chris Rock's voice.
I come alive in Madagascar,
otherwise I'm left in the jungle
hardly noticed for my beauty
until the Zoo needs another
exhibit
Whoo whoo
it's my turn again.

—Tracy

EAGLE

Fly like an eagle.
Yeah, try it if you can
to be the spokes-model
for a country.
So much to live up to,
yet all I want to be
is not extinct

—Tracy

STRONGER

I'm stronger, because I had to be.
I'm smarter, because of my mistakes,
happier, because of the sadness I've known,
and now wiser, because I learned.

—Stephanie

LOYALTY

Loyalty is large and limitless,
unless someone you love or like
loses their luminosity.
Lessons learned lift up our sadness
and become laughter.
Lifting up your hand and praying to the Lord
can only make you looney if you lose your mind.
Being loveable is a learning process
and a luxury you can find in life—
a lover to share with.

—Stephanie

BUTTERFLY

I'm born.
I lay waiting.
in my cocoon,
white and safe.
I sleep.
Spring blasting sun.
My cocoon is moving
or is it me?
I'm struggling
for my freedom.
At last
I am free,
born again,
to start.

—Stephanie

LEOPARDS

Two leopards.

Are they fighting? Are they playing?

Spots begin to blur.

Are they fighting? Are they playing?

Two leopards.

—Stephanie

CURTAINS

Why do we have curtains?

Well, my curtains hide what

I don't want you to see

my living room

my bedroom

my play on stage

my private things

but I find it hard

from time to time

to open the curtain

to my heart...

Why is it hard to pull the string

and let someone see what's inside?

—Tracy

APPLE

There you are in my fridge
waiting for your destiny.
Are you taken for lunch in a box?
Are you given to a favorite teacher?
Are you made into my delicious pie,
or
are you just bruised and rotting?

—Tracy

LOVE

Love is not simple, because if it were,
well, then, it would be boring.

We have the capacity to fall hard and quick,
like a rain storm.

Love simply is.

It's hard to fall out of love
when it is perceived as a guideline.

There are many forms of love:
intimate, professional, friendship, parent/child,
animals.

You cannot possibly love another person
unless you love yourself, and this fact
is always being denied and turned into myth.

To love oneself and be loved in return
is a true blessing and gift.

—Stephanie

EYELASH

eyelash in my eye
bothering the *bleep*
out of me
hey, will you do me
a favor
blow in my eye to get this
annoying eyelash
out of my eye
before
I lash out

—Tara-Lynn

TOP

Top it off with a joke
otherwise I'm liable
to insult somebody
and suffer the "said"
consequences of my ignorance
oh, but at the time it just seemed
like the thing to say
then I'm reminded of the times
I should have said something
but didn't
don't you hate it when
you're fuming to yourself
over a verbal altercation from days ago
and you think of what you
should have said but didn't
you almost want to rehash the argument
just to be able to say it
but who does that I guess

—Tara-Lynn

FORGIVENESS

Does this mean to let go?
Does this mean it's ok?
What if I'm not ready to let go?
What if it's not ok?
Well, tomorrow is another day.
Let's try forgiveness tomorrow.

—Tracy

BELIEF

Bowing down to a religion
Eventually having a thought
Living through a day
In here there is only one
Everybody has one or maybe two
Finish off by choosing my belief

—Tracy

ADDICTION

Addiction. Oh, my, what a word.
What a huge responsibility.
What a thing that has taken over my life.
So torn, so lost, so vulgar, so not right.
When will I see the light, 'cause damn,
the way I'm living my life is not right.
All I can think about is my next hit.
When will I quit?
I'm stuck in this big rut.
Makes me hurt
in my gut.

—Alicia

FOX

The sleek red silky fur of a fox
that trots around, ears perked and alert.
What is he looking at?
What is he contemplating?
“On my next meal,” he says.
What the... Did I say my thoughts out loud?
“No,” says the fox. “I see you in me.”

—Stephanie

REMEMBER

Isn't it easy to forget who you are?
I think so,
because who you are is it.
This is me in a nutshell.
The funny thing is in life
only at the end
do you forget all the bad
and acknowledge just the good.
Is this a fad, or something
we do as a survival technique
to protect ourselves.
Ask the dog.
He never remembers the bad
but, nevertheless, loves unconditionally.
He has a five-minute memory.

—Stephanie

PICKLE, PICKLE

Pickle, pickle, everywhere
in my garden, sitting in the sun's glare
you may be green and
you may be mean,
but never forget what you were,
a fresh cucumber.

Cucumber, cucumber, everywhere
in my garden, absorbing the sun's glare
you do this with relish and eventually
you become relish on my hotdog.

—Stephanie

I REALLY NEED TO TELL YOU

I really need to tell you...
that I am not ok.

I really need to tell you...
that I suffer each and every single day.

I really need to tell you...
that the stars are not shining.

I really need to tell you...
to stop whining,
because what I should tell you
is what's important.

That you will be ok.
That each day you suffer makes you stronger.
That it's just the clouds blocking the shining stars.

Let out the inner child you block and never stop
trying, nor crying, because it's at this level of
self-understanding you can commence to identify
what your needs are and what's important.

I really need to tell you...

—Stephanie

GIRLS

I'm surrounded by girls
everyday

Some are mean
and some are nice

Some hide away and wish they
could be forgotten

Some need attention
and some have too much.

Boy, what would life be like
without girls.

—Tracy

CRUNCH

crunch

It's the sound you
hear when walking on the orange,
red and brown leaves of autumn.

crunch

I really love the sound
my candy makes in my mouth
between my teeth.

crunch

Is how I feel about
the paper that never gets to see
the light of day cuz now

crunch

it goes in the trash can.

—Tracy

IF I COULD BE ANYWHERE

If I could be anywhere
I'd like to be
sitting on the wings
of the dragon in
The NeverEnding Story
floating above and through
the clouds over, under
through each puffy
silky airy cloud
over and through
each colour of that
rainbow so that
I could feel the purple and
red splashing on my face
tasting the orange...is it citrusy
floating down to drink
the shimmering blue water
until I finally and gently
land on the oh so so green
green grass of home!

—Tracy

I ONCE WAS HAPPY

I once was happy—
does that mean I'm just a smile?

I once was hurt—
does that mean I'm just pain?

I once was sad and crying—
does that mean I'm just a lost tear?

I once was guilty and convicted—
does that mean I'm just a convict?

—Tracy

HUMILITY

H is for hiding in myself

U is for unforgiving thoughts

M is for memories I try forgetting

I is for insecurity everyday

L is for living with this

I is for intense emotions

T is for time I can't get back

Y is for yesterday not today

—Tracy

DO I...?

Do I think too much
or not much at all?

Do I think I am too strong
or not strong at all?

Do I live for today
or get lost in my yesterday?

Do I need to let go
or hold on tighter?

Do I need to ask for help
or can I do it alone?

Do I feel the love
or no love at all?

Do I feel free to be me
or am I afraid to feel?

—Tracy

LOVELY LOBSTER

Lovely Lobster living in the sea
loving life till Larry the Catcher
snatches you up and along with you
are many more matching friends
in a net, scared, wondering where
you end up next. If you're lucky, it's
in a tank for many to admire,
if not so lucky, in a boiling bath
prepared in a delicate way but
still consumed, smothered with
butter and eaten by another
Larry in a suit and white bib.

—Tracy

I'M SORRY

Every day I hurt,
every night I cry
while knowing in my heart
that all I have is a simple
I'm sorry.

Why is *I'm sorry*
so difficult to say?
I realize that these two small words
are all too easy to say if not
meant whole heartedly.

But who am I saying this to
changes how it is said and what
is meant. *I'm sorry*
doesn't

say enough to you, Mom, *I'm sorry*,
explain to you, Justin, *I'm sorry*,
make it hurt less, Denis, *I'm sorry*,
make you hear me, Brady, *I'm sorry*,

But to all of you...
Please, you must understand
the hardest of all is
Tracy, *I'm sorry*.

—Tracy

CONFESSION

And the priest replied, “You are forgiven.”

But who is really forgiven?

You share something with someone and they
promise to respect you.

But why is it you being judged when you
act out of necessity?

Who then is forgiven?

The most important person to forgive you
should be yourself first, then you
can share and confess anything with yourself.

You don't need someone else to forgive you,
because it's obtainable by your own divine Self.

—Stephanie

SPIN

When you start the washing machine,
what does it do?
When you start the car,
what do the wheels do?

My head is spinning
around and round it goes.
Where? Nobody Knows.
I don't even know.

You spin., I spin.
We all spin on the
merry go round
until we are topsy tipsy turvy
all over the ground.

—Stephanie

GIRLS

I have three nieces.
They all have blue eyes.
They enjoy having fun.

I have four brothers.
They act like little girls
when they get hurt.

Eventually girls become
little women.
They want to have fun

—Stephanie

LAVENDER AND SAGE

Have you ever heard that smells
become more potent when there's a mixture.

The smell of a cat who sprays
to mark his territory;
pee is a lot stronger
when the smell of the humidity
in a rain cloud is coming.

Lavender and sage
is the smell of tranquility.
When burnt, they bring into fruition
positive memories of things in my life,
a revisiting of the past.

—Stephanie

