

COMPILATION OF CREATIONS
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November 2019

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www.qwf.org/programs/wic

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COMPILATION OF CREATIONS

3:00AM POEMS
FROM A RANDOM ASIAN DUDE
Skylar Kirkland

ROXANNE'S ROCKING POEMS
Roxanne S. Lovette

I'M 14 AND THIS IS DEEP
Big Boi

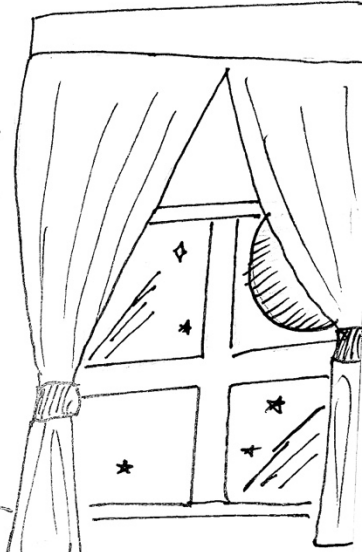
MY DARK, DEMENTED MIND
James Lovelock

COLLECTIVE POEMS
(composed by the above poets)



3:00Am Poems

Skylar Kirkland



CLOUDS

People are like clouds
When they are gone,
it's a beautiful day

TRASH CANS

Some people are
 Like trash
 cans
When you stomp on
Them, their mouths
 open up

NIGHTMARES

We all get nightmares
But some fascinate me

INVISIBLE

Am I invisible?
If I'm not, why do
I feel like I am.

FRIEND

it ends.
Trust me,
it's in the word
F.r.i.e.n.d.

CRAZY

It is crazy what we
all think, some may
be a lot more twisted
than others

ANCESTORS

Oh great ancestors
of mine, please
don't look down.
You're probably
going to be crying
the next minute
when you see my poems.
P.S. I'm such a
disappointment

DUNGEON

My head is like a
Dungeon
I can't be free

WINTER SKY

Stay inside
Don't go out
It's not worth it

HIGH SCHOOL

Let's just say
it doesn't end,
once you get
into the real
world, there will
be bullies and
there will be times
you want to give
up.... just remember
life goes on, but
not without you.

HAPPY HOURS

I take my

Pills

And in an

Instant

I'm in my

Happy Hour

PAST FEELINGS

I hear screams and cries
My father yelling, my mother crying
I'm in my room. It's where I go, to go through
my past feelings
There are times when I scream and cry at night
Although it's silent
my head aches, my body shakes

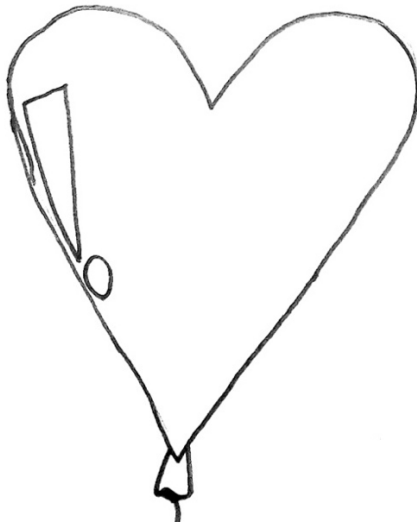
CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

I can't remember
anything. My mind is
all blank.

WRITER, POET BLOCK

I can't think of
Anything
I'm done

Roxanne's
Rockin'
Poems



It is finite
Just like the night
When the moon is bright
and the sky is dark
I will leave my mark

I can't come up with something
to write

Even though I've been searching for inspiration

This is my haiku
It's done now
Please stop reading

Look up into the sky
Peeking out, you can barely see
A castle in the sky

A catastrophe
Is what this haiku will
Certainly be

It is dark outside
I can barely see through
The open window

UNICORN

I don't know
why they act like I don't exist.

Why don't they put a bow
in *my* mane?

Plus, I don't smell as bad in the rain
as those dumb horses do.

Do you think I buy
that they never knew?

They ignore me, but I don't understand why.

Is it because of the horn on my head?
Or my rainbow hair?

Why do the little ones think I'm fake,
yet dream of me in bed?

This isn't fair.

I HATE SNOW

It might be pretty
But it isn't for me

It might
be beautiful white

It stops life
But no one puts up a fight

It gives us snow days
But it tortures us in other ways

Pink is pretty

Pink is nice

I hope you slip and fall on ice

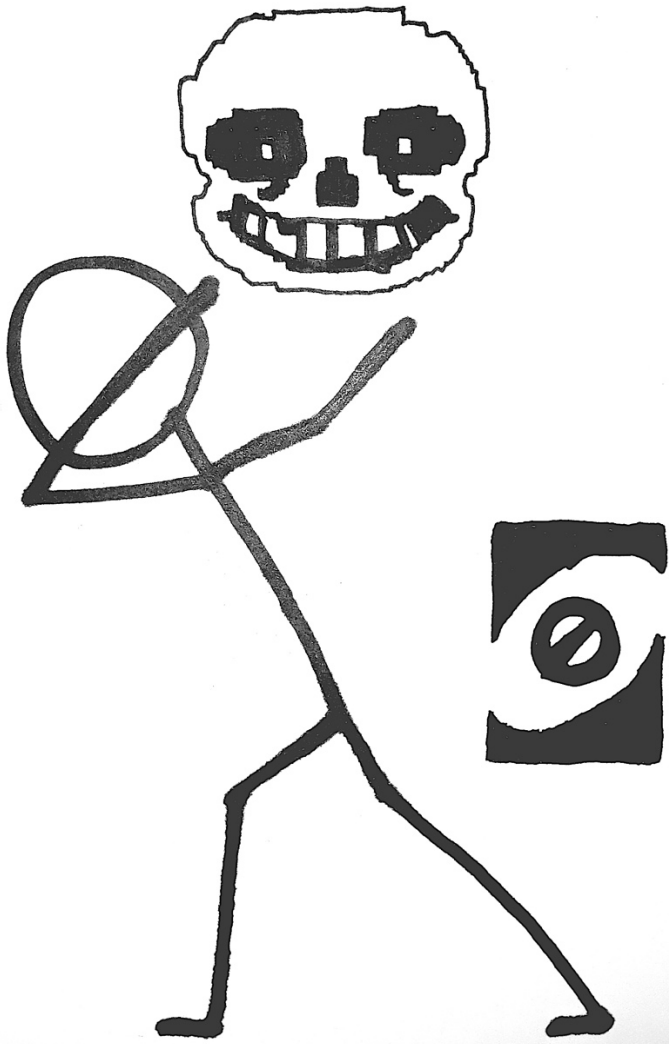
THE LITTLE GIRL

The girl looked up at me
Her dark eyes were gleaming
I felt as though she could see
into my soul

She braided her black hair
It made me feel it wasn't fair

Why did such a beautiful little girl
have to live her life in fear?
Never being able to twirl
her dress with the design of a deer

The poor beauty did nothing
wrong, but she can't help but think
that it's her against the world
or that she's all alone



I'M 14 AND THIS IS DEEP

BY BIG BOI

WHITE NOISE

Depression is a lot like tinnitus
One can only suppress it
But it never really leaves

Meds and therapy are used
They are momentary relief
From the unbearable pain
Tinnitus is a lot like depression
Meds, therapy, white noise
What's the difference?

One can never really be free
From its grasp

THE CULT

Give yourself
up, FAM

Accept your
definite fate

Join the
cult of Nuck

NUCK

Nuck Nuck

Nuck Nuck Nuck

Nuck Nuck Nuck

Nuck Nuck Nuck Nuck

Nuck Nuck

Nuck Nuck Nuck

SHOPPING LIST

Bread
Eggs
Milk
Tofu
Cheese

Apple
Pear
Banana
Peach
Melon

Corn
Peas
Broccoli

ELEPHANTS

Elephants are
big

Elephants are
super thicc

Elephants are
big

DARKNESS

Darkness takes over

Darkness consumes

Darkness feeds off you

And once you come to

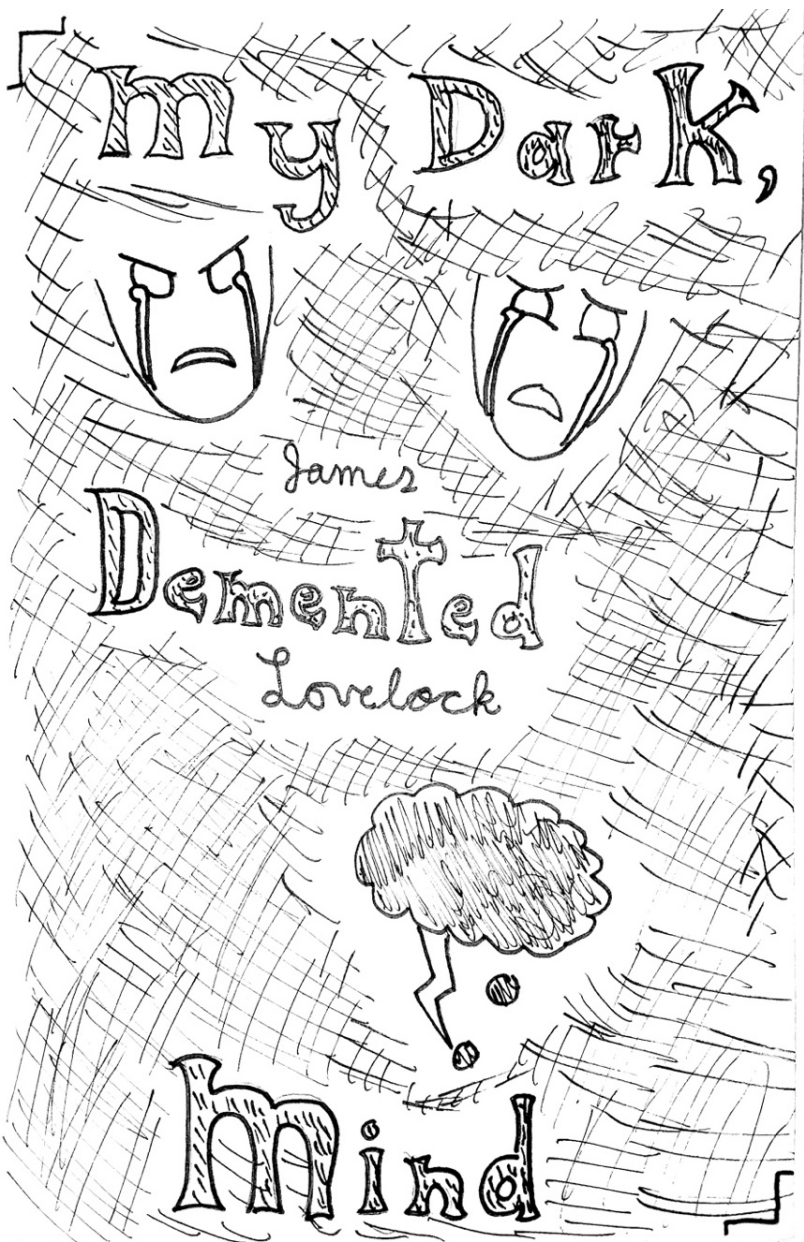
The only words that escape your lips

Will be, "Help me"

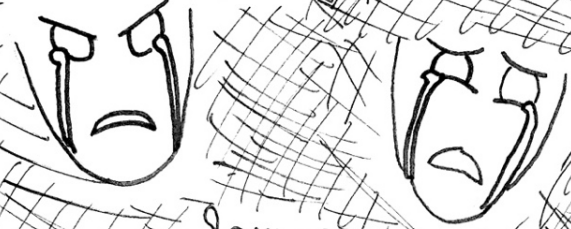
FALLOUT

As he sat in his room, he looked outside
At the leaves blowing in the trees
He then heard the sirens blaring
As he rushed downstairs, he saw the cloud

Far in the distance, in the shape of a mushroom
He made his way to the bunker
Ignoring the calls for help as the radioactive
Winds took over



My Dark,



James

Lovelock



Mind

CAVE OF MYSTERY

God, it's so damp in here...
I was dared to come,
told: "Fine the mystery."

Wandering around, I hear
whispers bouncing along
the walls.

"Come closer..."

"Closer..."

I didn't see the hole.

Now I whisper to others
to join my prison.

"Come closer..."

"Closer..."

I am the mystery

MOTHERHOOD

I want to experience it
My body cannot support it
I cry sometimes but I get over it.
Loving my child would make
me happy forever; I tear up.
I look to my husband, "James!
We can't be late."
We're getting our first child
even if I didn't birth him.

TEARS

Every night, immense
melancholy fills my head.
Warmth seeps from my
eyes and stains my pillow
Every day, I excuse my
red puffy eyes.
“It must be allergies.”

ANGER

Home, quiet, uneventful
Friends, uninterested, dismissive, self-centred
Love; nonexistent
Family: absent, neglectful
Why does it have to be this way?
Why was I stuck with a life like this?
Why can't I change it?
Is something wrong with me?
If not; why do I feel like this?

AIR

Waking outside brings me
such joy.
The freshness, the scent,
the serenity.
It calms me.
It's so clean, it almost
bathes me...
Until I step foot in
the urban city.
Goddam pollution.

RHYME

Why do I have to do this?
I'd much rather sleep.
Or even get a kiss.
My annoyance continues to seep.

In my life, it is kind of fun.
But I use science and math more.
After the next couple of lines, I'll be done
And I will be closing the door.

At this fourth last line, this has met its end
I'll be closing the door on poems of tens
These have helped my heart mend
But even if I used this word,
its finally come to an end

FORCED SUBMISSION

You tell me that I'm free,

but how is that possible?

You took away my freedoms

CACOPHONY OF MADNESS

You tell me to be happy,
and you ruined my life.
It's absolutely maddening.

CHERNOBYL

The day was nice,
and now my skin has a nice shine.
I have a beautiful green glow.

LIFE ON A CLOCK

“Do this! And do that!”
Every day, I can't take it anymore.
I want to fall off the clock.

PANDEMONIUM IN MY MIND

Demons passing my left and right,
Demons following me everywhere;
Demons of my own creation.

FUTURE

I'm a doctor!

I'm dead.

I'm happy!

I'm dead.

I have meaning!

I'm dead.

At this point, I'm staring down
two varying paths— one
is a lot easier— one
involves much of my suffering—
I'm so conflicted on
which to choose

DESPERATION

My demeanor is that of a calm coastline.

However, all I want to show is that I want to fall into the
deep blue abyss.

This stormy life is pushing me to do it.

DARK PEOPLE

People always ask me:
“Why are you so dark?”
And I laugh.

How am I supposed to be light?
How, after all the torment?
How, after all the pain?
How, after all the misery?

You're quiet now.
You don't know what it's like.

Laughing at tragedies is not my fault.
I am a dark person.

LIFE

I hate it.
Long,
Cold,
Unforgiving,
Miserable.
How have you fallen
for its lies?
It seeks but to
kill you!

FAKE

You cancel

You don't care

You ignore me

Each time your skin
gleams like plastic

Yet you deny it all.

You're nothing but a doll
that plays with me

HELL

Hell isn't a bad place;

My brethren are here.

Those who couldn't survive

life, so they took it themselves

I love them, for no one else did

Hell isn't a bad place;

It's life for those who

couldn't live on earth

LIES

“I love you!”
Your face goes red.

“I care about you!”
You’re closed off
Each time I know it
isn’t real, I choose to
ignore it.
Even if your growing nose
keeps hitting my back
when you hug me.

HATE

An evil presence in my mind
Creeping in my thoughts
Twisting, dementing my love—
for people
It’s coursing through my veins:
Vile disgust
A smile creeps across my face,
I say, “Hi! I missed you!”.

COLLECTIVE POEMS

**Skylar Kirkland, James Lovelock,
Roxanne S. Lovette, and Big Boi.**

~

I wish to be like driftwood,
 moving lazily through life,
 but I'm stuck on the rollercoaster.
 It never seems to stop or slow down.
 But it will slow down, eventually.
 The sky is above your head,
Take a moment to reflect on that though,
You might not have known that before.
 I must conceal my true feelings; they must not know,
 I cannot show weakness
 I need my space when I'm thinking
 No, I refuse to cooperate
 I'm going to make your life difficult
 We really need to get around to fixing the ceiling
 Despair is an awful downward spiral
 When you finally get there,
 Everything will stop spinning

~

Driftwood is a piece of wood that left its hometown,
 hence the name "driftwood"
 The shore is covered in a coat of fog
 The sky soon became clear as the beautiful dawn broke
 Conceal all feeling.
 There was no moon on that faithful night
 Deep in the cosmos, are there aliens? Are we alone?
 Or are we simply pets to a god we cannot see?
Aaaaaaaand downward dog
 That was a natural reaction

~

At the end of the street, I saw her waving at me
 Elephants dream of elephants. Elephantception
 I crossed the line between life and death
 But I am not alive, nor dead
 An aromatic smell passes my way,
 while someone walks by
 The night sky was a dark black
 My sword was shimmering,
 covered in the blood of sinners
 Hopefully people remember me for centuries
 What has happened to humanity?

~

Waving, waving frantically.
Why couldn't his brothers see him drowning?
I dreamt that I was falling off the bed. (But I did.)
Together, we were crossing the road
Someone said, "Aromatic".
When night falls, they come out; demons born of my own sins
I'm kept in captivity in my mind
The unicorn's hair shimmered
Ahead by a century
When will those Christian fools realize?
Humanity is the product of the devil;
we will never see the Kingdom of Heaven
I can't think of anything— although
only lucid dreams

~

The piece of wood slowly drifted down the calm lake
Near the lake, there was fog
Through the fog, they saw the sun rise during dawn
The sky was a golden colour
Reflecting upon my actions; I should've hugged him.
Maybe he'd still be alive
I never should have concealed my love for him
Well, too bad, I'm talking to the man on the moon
You know what's in space? Uranus
That was difficult to read
Some people's egos are so high off the ground,
All the hot air in their heads lifts them to the ceiling
Some people's egos come naturally

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