

26

# *NoD*

*Magazine*



POETRY • VISUAL ART • FICTION

**NōD**

*Creative works are eternalized*

## **OUR MANDATE**

NōD Literary Magazine is a creative publication run by wayward undergraduates who cannot be subdued by essays. We publish innovative work intersecting between the literary and visual arts, constantly seeking what blurs the boundaries of convention.

Push against the frontiers between genres, mediums, and ideas.

Defamiliarize yourself.

## **SUBMISSIONS**

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Thank you to Shelf Life for providing us an amazing space in which to launch Issue 25 and now 26. We could not have wished for a better space to gather and read.

Thank you to our readers and to everyone else who made this issue a success.

Thank you.

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# JAMES THURGOOD

## *moon and stars*

there was a time  
I'd see a dozen glittering pictures  
in a glance at the night sky's gallery -  
I must have stopped looking up  
- now even the Dippers I've lost  
among my cupboards' clutter  
only noting shooting stars  
and Northern Lights  
their flash and action

and half-through life  
I'm told the moon writes to us  
the C's and D's  
of its waxing and waning -  
like my mother  
sending longhand letters  
in the e-mail age  
- those older scripts  
lingering on

*the aged singer*

the radio tells  
of crowds downtown:  
a parade I mustn't miss

I'm sitting with my guitar  
on a cracked-concrete patio  
while crows and magpies  
squawk and croak  
from treetops and powerlines  
- a sunrise choir of old men  
hawking and grackling  
lifetimes of crud  
from throats once ruby, once golden  
to sing again the way,  
cackle wives, they  
never could

let brass bands blast  
clowns collide  
cowboys clop-along  
breathless commentators  
commentate –  
I'm with my people

## KAYLA MACINTOSH

*To do list:*

- Buy some eggplant
- Feed the dog
- Pick up Lucy
- Throw out leftovers
- Stare at my fingernails
- Sign mom's birthday card
- Forget my middle name
- Call the bathroom renovator
- Write a eulogy
- Practice smiling
- Throw out the eggplant
- Schedule surgery

# BLAISE ENRIGHT









## DANNY P. BARBARE

### *The Broom*

The spirit of the broom  
is how I take  
the handle—  
says the janitor  
like the golden straw  
the very red thread of  
it.

*Don't Let It Drip*

Take  
it  
easy

be  
happy

like  
a  
tangy  
cup  
of  
orange  
ice  
cream.

*Clean Page*

Says  
the  
janitor

sweeping  
the  
words  
all  
over  
again

is  
the  
routine  
of  
the  
polish.

## MARSHALL FARREN

### *No Whales*

Years ago  
my father took us  
to go whale watching

I was a little boy  
and I remember thinking  
it would be difficult to look at whales  
if they're underwater

But my father told me how these behemoths  
could leap from the ocean and  
soar through the air  
How they could shoot water from their blowholes  
as if they're backs had super soakers  
How they could swallow you whole  
if they wanted to

So filled with wonder  
I sat on my mother's lap  
Inside the largest boat I'd ever seen  
and I stared out the window  
and searched and searched for those whales

But it was foggy that day  
and the seas were rough and boisterous  
and those whales weren't interested in soaring  
so they came up for air when they had to  
but made no spectacle doing so

And I imagine my father was put off by this  
Disappointed that I didn't get to see the whales fly  
But towards the end of our time on the water  
a shark swam by the boat  
and everybody gasped

With both palms against the glass  
I marveled at how its fin  
cut through the water so menacingly  
and I beheld that shark  
until it disappeared

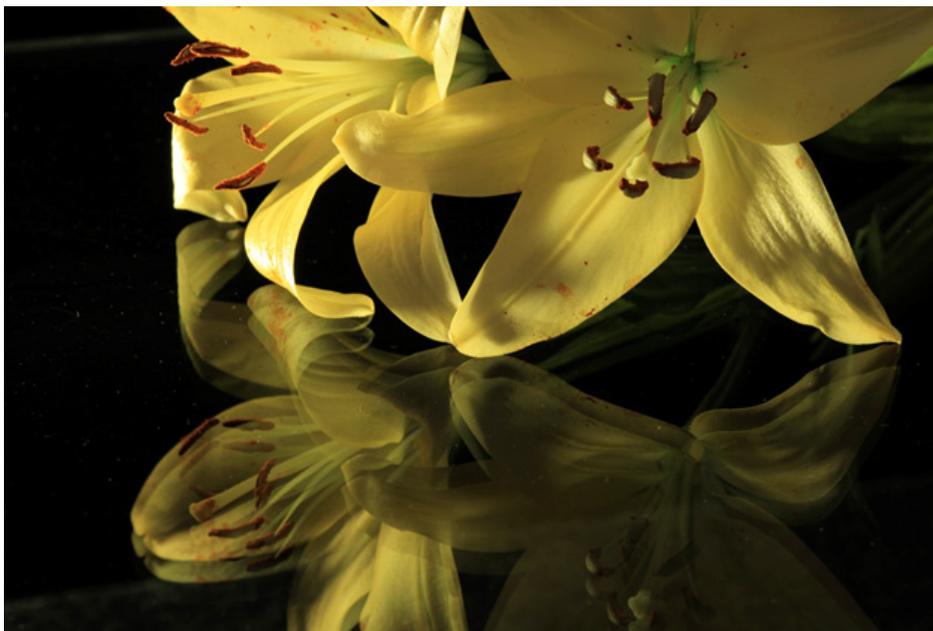
Then I looked at my brothers  
and I looked at my mother and my father  
and our eyes were so big  
it was like we had seen a monster in daylight

As we stepped onto the dock  
My father reached down to place  
a hand on my back  
"No whales," he said

And I looked up at him and I said  
“How fast can sharks swim?”  
He paused and frowned a little  
“That’s a good question,” he said  
I looked past the crashing waves on the shoreline  
Way out to the horizon  
and I said  
“Will they ever get us?”

“I think we’ll be ok on land,” he said,  
“But I’ll watch out for you”  
and then he smiled  
and we both laughed  
and that was the first time  
I ever saw a shark

# FABRICE POUSSIN





*BLUE SUNLIGHT*

The tent was an island, rooted in a bitter sea.  
Sometimes, it's better to be sweet,  
but others, the dark greens are the only ones  
that will grow, so we grind them between our teeth,  
or fluff them to a cover on the ground.  
Fuel, blood, water, and milk all spill the same way  
but only one will stoke a fire. Black is  
an absence

or is it a harbinger; it takes you in,  
feather of a corvid's wing with which you  
write your name and leave it for someone to find.  
Lost senses pulse or lull alongside.  
Everything else, just horizon; restless,  
we blue the sky together.  
The sea is not bitter but jealous  
of those who don't swallow their treasures.

## *DOG STAR*

It's amazing how much humans are like  
chickens, listening to the unspoken.  
But while we have built whole civilizations on  
crystal & liquid, chickens confine their  
disordered hyperuniformity to the eyes.

They live sun-lives, we hatch plans at night,  
both tending to generation. We root these  
lives in procedures to follow, time contemplating dog,  
dog as happy and foolish as any god who thought that  
chickens, or humans, were good ideas.

Propelled by fright & amazement, tied to blinking;  
up close you don't expect them to do what they do.  
But what do you expect from them anyways?  
They only have two legs.

## HALLE GULBRANDSEN

### *Tangled Lines*

For the third time, you pick up the phone to make a call and there's already somebody on the line. Maddening, isn't it? Your precious time being flung around like some kind of limp hacky sack. Yes, that's good. Must remember to jot that down in the journal.

"Please hang up," you say, strict-tone. After all, you mean business. From the other end of the phone line, there's a shallow sigh, but the person doesn't click off. Their continuous heavy breath chokes the silence where the dial tone should be.

"I need to make a damn call." You throw your phone at the couch, which you so aptly note is also similar to a limp hacky sack. The green cushions sag at its center and the armrests lump as if filled with tumors. You found it curbside during last year's spring cleaning and came back in the middle of the night to haul it into your basement suite, alone. Probably bug-ridden. Probably low-income housing to families of mold. You beam to yourself as you write that down too. You've been so good with words lately.

When you sit in the green couch, it sucks you in like a mildewed tide trying to drag you back into the sea. You're grinding your teeth. Again. Your dentist warned you to stop so many times that eventually you stopped going to the dentist. Mia, you won't have enough teeth left to chew a steak if you keep this up.

"I don't even like steak," you say into your phone later that evening. It's balanced carefully between your ear and your shoulder. A bottle of cheap, far too sweet wine is propped up against you, as you drink straight from the bottle and the TV spits the shrill carton laughter of a sitcom rerun.

"Me neither," replies the woman on the line. There's some sort of accent looming under her voice, but what do you know about accents? Squat.

“Where do you live?” you ask the woman.

“Between an ocean and a power plant.” That could be anywhere. Even here. Surely, there’s a power plant somewhere nearby overlooking the water. No windows. No natural light. Just a big concrete waste of space filled with run-of-the-mill hacky sacks who plug away day-in and day-out, only ever imagining the ocean inside their limp heads, sometimes pressing their ears up to the chilly wall like a conch shell pretending they can hear it.

“I live in Vancouver,” you tell the woman. She doesn’t say anything to that. You finish the wine.

“Do you have any children?” you ask. You would have loved to have children yourself. Little versions of you and Gabe frolicking all care-free and smiley beside the ocean. Gathering sand in their tiny hands and letting it fall like the world’s fastest hourglass. Gabe is crouched into a squat, snapping all that cheerfulness into his camera. He makes sure that every photo faces the ocean, to avoid looking back on the ugly and gloomy reminder that is the power plant.

“I saw Vancouver once. On TV,” she says finally, which rudely yanks you away from Gabe and the kids. You almost want to drop the phone into the creases of the couch. “I’d like to see it for real one day,” she continues.

“It’s a fine city,” you say. “If you like rain and overpriced coffee.”

“I bet your ocean is more alive than mine.” Her voice is distant. It tumbles from the phone, the low whisper of a boat horn floating to shore. You quickly retrieve your journal and jot that down too.

“I hardly notice the ocean.”

More silence follows your voice, and eventually you click off without saying goodbye and plunk down in your oversized bed. In truth, you were perfectly happy with your previous bed. It had a curved white frame, princess-like, and was small enough that you and Gabe were always touching when you slept. If he hadn’t had brought this clunky one home so unexpectedly, you probably would have fought to keep it forever. Gabe didn’t take the bed when he left, so now every night it serves as a blatant reminder of all the empty space left over in his wake.

While making breakfast the next morning, you pick up your phone and tell the woman that you’ve got more space than you know what to do with.

“Me too,” she says. Wind flops around on her end of the line and cuts off her voice.

“You outside?”

“Collecting. Shells at the beach.” The wind nearly eats her words. It sounds so strong that the trees must be bent over in low bows. The waves must all be wearing their white caps. Gabe and the kids are in sweaters, holding shells up to the sunlight and placing them carefully in a red plastic bucket. You’re laying back on a plaid blanket, just up the beach, admiring your beautiful family. Jenny-Sweetie, you yell, put that poor crab down! Gabe, will you do something? Jenny comes running up to you, the shells clunking around in her pail. She dumps them in a small mound by your feet. What are you going to do with those, Jenny? Everything freezes. The sand from Gabe’s hand hovers midair. What do you do with the shells once they are collected?

You ask the woman what she does with her shells.

“Can’t hear you,” she yells. “Talk inside later.” She clicks off.

For a while, you try to imagine what one might do with a bucket of shells. Do you put them back? Glue them to construction paper and call it art? Line them up neatly on the window sill until your home smells like the ocean and good memories? There’s so many options and you can’t decide which would be the most perfect for your perfect little family, and instead turn on the TV, slowly turning the screw into a new cork.

The next time you try reaching the woman, she’s not there - only the familiar blare of the dial tone. Your phone company sends a brief message apologizing for the widespread misconnection error experienced by many of their customers over the last twenty four hours. Their hard working employees have finally untangled the lines. Service will resume as normal.

You reply to the message asking for the name and number of the woman you had been connected with.

“Dear valued customer. Unfortunately, we cannot give out such information due to our privacy policy. We apologize for any inconvenience. Please use the code THANKYOU19 for 20% off on our website.”

You file an angry, possibly rash, complaint that never amounts

to much more than a few words on a screen. Your teeth continue their grinding. Your lips continue planting kisses on bottles of wine. All of your calls go to exactly who you intended. Life steadily unfolds back in its predictable manner, where the woman, Gabe, the kids, all slide into the minor creases left behind, hardly visible.

The ocean now pools in the excess space. You find yourself being pulled to the beach most evenings. From the plaid blanket Gabe gave you, you watch the low hanging sun cut the thin tie of another day. You fill reusable shopping bags with shells and rocks and glass, and dust brief sketches of them into your notebook. If only you would have given the woman your address so she could come admire everything you've been collecting and properly show you what to do with them.

Leaning against a log, you dial numbers into the phone and wait for the voice of a stranger to pick up.

"Hello?" an unfamiliar voice says, but you don't have anything to offer besides a heavy breath, and they hang up.

Press the phone to your ear again. Wait for the voice of another stranger. Click.

The sun, a large grain of sand falling into the sea. You imagine a woman somewhere across the ocean, sitting on a damp log with her back to a power plant, shells outlining her like a wall. She has a phone pressed to her ear and watches the same sun emerge from her horizon, carrying the nearly-forgotten light back into her day.

BILL WOLAK



## EDWARD LEE

### *LOST, SO VERY LOST*

In a jigsaw boat I borrowed  
from a hooded man  
with no shadow  
I sailed to the centre of you,  
searching for myself.

I had lost all that I was  
to you and your shining heart  
many years ago,  
only for you to wish to be lost too,  
lost far from me,

so far away that I needed  
this shattered boat  
and the ability to temper time  
to reach you  
and find the only part of me that mattered  
haphazardly coiled through your dyed hair  
and tattooed fingernails.

STACEY WALYUCKOW



## TAYLOR SKAALRUD

### *Cry of the Phoenix*

To The Reader:

“Cry of the Phoenix”, as a lyrical poem, tells a tragic tale of the titular phoenix (sections A-D, I-K) and the people whom she wards over (sections E-H) as their deity. The story, as told, connects to the history and tales of the author’s fictional setting, Asyll, as one demonstration of their multidisciplinary approach to world-building and narrative (others include traditional and non-traditional narrative forms, additional songs, various poetic works, a tabletop RPG, and a videogame – all in various levels of development by the author). Each section is timestamped for either tonal progression or perspective changes in the accompanying track. The track, itself, falls within both the vein of progressive rock/metal and nearly eight minutes running time. It augments the standard rock trappings of vocals over guitars, bass, and drums, by including a keyboard synthesizer, flutes, and a violin. The entirety of this track is digitally rendered (including vocals represented via a choral synthesizer) due to limitations of means and/or ability; ideally, all instrumentation would be properly recorded, the phoenix sung as a female/male harmony, and the solider performed by a bass.

A: 0:00

I lay amidst myrrh in the city of sun.  
I sing a gain my final requiem.  
As empress of time dying in my pyre,  
lay me to rest in the deepest fires.

B: 0:40

In dying eyes of a thousand lives,  
sapphire cries 'til the end of time.  
The hues of my last breath (my last breath)  
are embered fuels of the next.  
When I awake anew,  
Dawn burns a way the ashen night.

C: 1:20

Fire kindles my heart, exalting my soul.  
Another life begins, rebirthed from the old.

D: 1:36

I rise again as the rising sun;  
I am its mother it beckons at my call.  
Eternal, our glowing guardian light returns.

E: 2:08

With men deemed evil, I lay beside.  
We each confide in the other side.  
On the wind, with a sky borne cry, her heart dies.

F: 2:40

From above, I see a glimmer  
drifting down to earth;  
a feather in ember –  
a tear at its center:  
her love will determine our worth.

G: 3:12

With a wave of warmth and light,  
and the smell of cinnamon on the wind,  
the resurrection of the fallen;  
a second chance for kin of sin.

H: 3:40

Reconstituting our hate,  
we turn from shares to swords.  
Too late: we decry our fate.  
We cry once more for war.

I: 4:14

As the fire in the last of them dies,  
I witness Abaddon; they squander their lives.  
No souls reside in their unhallowed eyes.  
Mankind is lost, I now realize.

Why did you create them this way?  
I'm left like a mother without her flock,  
by those who would throw their lives away.  
Without them I, too, am lost.

J: 6:35

In branches of an oak,  
above the ashen world,  
the only sound to be heard  
is the death of an immortal bird.

K: 6:46

I sing to ease their pain.  
I pray for another way.  
I would burn away for one more day.

Let my soul live on,  
in the hearts of man.  
Give them another chance.

## EVA GONZALEZ

### *Far From Nothing*

You can't hold the orange skims of light  
that scatter gold over the horizon.  
The seamless beams of fire would burn you if you tried  
and they're too far away,  
anyways.

You can't hold the ocean  
or it's infinite shift of waves.  
Those taciturn undulations that  
beat relentlessly  
stop  
become immobile, dull,  
the moment they are taken  
from the sea.

You and me.  
There is no you and me.  
Only a dream cut short  
or a songbird in flight  
gifting it's voice  
to the morning air.

# SAMANTHA CHARETTE









## CARSON PYTELL

### *Joy*

In my being obsequious to joy  
I am bereft of it.  
Nobody ever pays much attention  
To the kiss-ass.

Mother says flattery gets you everywhere,  
Yet she's unemployed.  
Silver tongues squirm for positions  
Hands likelier reach.

So, if a fat woman is morbid,  
I should say so.  
It might just earn me  
A bite to eat.

## LENNY DELLARocca

### *New Beginnings*

U-Haul in the wind dances tango on the turnpike.  
In bold diagrams the booklet says  
physics will upside down our station wagon  
making a blood and Chevy constellation  
across three lanes.

My mother cries like a child lost  
in her Florida fantasy  
where dolphins and palm trees  
dance Looney Toons to a spicy beat.  
Turn back.

Pile our furniture on my sister's front lawn.  
Stand there. O leftover snowmen  
with the last of the hangers and alarm clock.  
O brave adventurers in a fit of fuck-up.  
Start again with nothing but our lives in the car  
because it's what you do when the bank  
sends love notes in red lipstick  
and a strap-on.

Okefenokee Swamp?  
If it doesn't make you laugh  
the truck driver who drips black coffee  
onto toast runny with egg yoke will.  
My father's Brooklyn accent in Georgia, 1966  
gets us a nice *We only serve truckers*.  
It's 3 a.m. and no motel in sight.  
A day later, Florida is a large cul-de-sac  
at the end of America.

My mother's friend left her blind  
father-in-law alone in the house  
with a note saying pay the bills,  
please take care of dad. We'll call.  
Where's that strap-on.  
4 am. We drive through streets  
in search of Where To Go  
but find a lot of Nowhere.  
Maybe somebody's sister-in-law  
or friend of a friend lives around here.  
It's dark. Maybe we should go back.  
We have enough money for one night  
in a motel if it comes to that.

JOSHUA HU







## KEVIN TOSCA

### *Belly Floppin' at the NCCT*

For Norval Morrisseau

A white woman, twenty-something with coffee and purse, was waltzing down Spadina Avenue verifying her reflection in a smartphone when the exposed toes of her right foot got cobbywobbled up and sucked down into a sidewalk sinkhole.

Splat!

When she finally managed to stand, the blood Pollocked her knees, poured from her nostrils. Frantically, she scanned the ground for her six-dollar coffee. Gone. Star Trek'd into the ether by the show-no-mercy Southern Ontario heat.

So the young woman, with her phone and its magnificently fucked screen python-gripped in an outstretched and astonished hand as victim and witness, wailed: “Why? Why? Why?”

No one hazarded an answer.

No one, that is, even bothered to alter their 21<sup>st</sup> century I'm-a-God-and-I-will-kill-you pace, though a passionate smattering of applause could be distinctly heard in the distance.

## ADRIENNE ADAMS

### *Chestnut cherry fever*

Bloodshot,

sanguine garnet rusts

infrared titians inflame roseate rubies.

Bittersweet burgundy wine flames brick blooms,

maroons florid roses.

Health.

Scarlet russets puce pink.

Fuchsias claret flushed geraniums.

Blush.

Rubicund rubies rust salmon copper;

glow crimson, ruddy rufescent.

Singular magenta,

Red.

## SAMUEL STRATHMAN

### *Garbage Bin, Revisited*

A garbage bin expunges paperweights,  
hitting me square in the head  
before hacking out my aunt's  
roach infested lasagna.

What's to follow?

A bowl of minced fingernails,  
shellac,  
turpentine,  
Van Gogh's winter hat,  
and a lead pipe that shatters both kneecaps.

Once the incapacitation sinks in,  
a tub full of acid sprays in every direction.

Once the acid ceases,  
a letter to Santa flops free but goes unopened –  
the worst kind of neglect is when it comes  
from someone you look up to.

Whatever else is in there  
will wait until the three-a.m. wrecking crew  
comes off their shifts.

# ALIA ALUMA







DAN DORMAN

*Light Beam*

Just  
enough of a break in  
the clouds  
for one beam  
of light  
to get  
thru

## MIGUEL ALMARIO

21/04/19

*“box black”*

“Pete, I’m sorry,”

“Ma, I love you”

“Unable to make out your last message”

“I have no radio contact with you,”

“He’s crashed and is burning off the end”

“these conditions don’t look very good at all, do they?”

“Lost number one and two”

“That’s weird with no lights”

“Oh my god, oh my god,”

“See what the aircraft did!”

261 “ah here we go”

“A bit low,” 495

“Goodnight, goodbye, we perish!”

But “I have nothing in front of me”

“Smoke in the cabin”

“Where are we.”

SACHA ARCHER



## WILLIAM WATERS

### *A Matter of Form*

(After Charles Olson)

Fuck form;  
strike spark--  
breathe, breathe!

--listen to the tinder crackle.

### *A Matter of Form, Too*

a perfect nude  
pictured by a male  
camera:

ass cheeks  
bare back  
no face--

rolls over  
stands up  
walks away

## KATIE YONER

*This Letter Was An Accident And Now It Is A Poetic Epiphany: (Read: Ah!)*

a

## CAMERON MORSE

### *Tunnels*

Riding out of Guiyang, we pass through a thousand tunnels.

Trundle into the dark intestines of mountain rock and blaze  
out into sunlight. In lieu of daystar,  
our headlights follow long planetary curves.

At regular intervals, fluorescents whisk over the dashboard, scanning  
our bodies like the MRI machine that twice  
annually xeroxes my brain.

Riding out of Guiyang, we hold our son between our knees. No car seat,  
no seatbelts, we trust in guardrails hovering  
high above the valley floor.  
We hold our son.

Riding out of Guiyang, we roll past hillsides of headstones, turretlike  
tombs,  
where the dead are held in abeyance,  
suspended in mid-  
air, like the man we have come to bury.

# MADISON CASE



## JASIM ANIS

*untitled*

Sitting in smoke  
She opens her mouth and swallows me  
whole,  
Regurgitating cheap gas, lipstick, birth  
control,  
There's quite a lot about her that I know.



## CONTRIBUTORS

*Adrienne Adams* is a poet, artist and curator dedicated to creating safer inter-sectional space to honour the feminine. She curates Woolf's Voices (aka Virginia), joking that it's an excuse to howl in public. This year she is also co-curating The Storytellers for TheIndieYYC. She is published in Antilang, FreeFall, Politics/letters live (Car Poems), Polyglot, NōD, and forthcoming in The Last Petal.

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*Miguel Almario* is in his 3rd year of a combined degree in International Business Strategy and Philosophy here at the university. He's been writing poetry since he was thirteen, and has been published on four occasions over the last three years. He is a proud mental health advocate; founding a club at the school called "They, I Am" Collective, which focuses on advocating for people in their mental health journey. He reflects these attitudes in his work, and hopes that his pieces are honest, beautiful portrayals of emotion that people can authentically relate to.

*Alia Aluma* is a multi-media, black, feminist artist who channels her experiences from living in different countries into her art – focusing primarily on the different conversations around race, sexuality, and beauty around the globe. sKin focuses on the way bodies align and harmonize.

*Jasim Anis* is an undergraduate science student at the University of Calgary. Although he would name skateboarding as his foremost passion, his love for visual and written art, books, and music is deeply rooted in alternative predisposition. He names lyrics from the song "Czech One" by the band King Krule as the primary influence for his poem.

**Sacha Archer** lives in Burlington, Ontario with his wife and two daughters. He is the editor of Simulacrum Press ([simulacrumpress.ca](http://simulacrumpress.ca)). Archer's latest chapbook is *Inkwells: An Event Poem* (Noir:Z, 2019) and his forthcoming chapbooks are *Houses* (no press), *Framing Poems* and *Mother's Milk* (both Timglaset). His concrete poetry has been exhibited in the USA, Italy, and Canada. Find him on Facebook and Instagram @sachaarcher

**Danny P. Barbare** has recently been published at Plainsongs and North Dakota Quarterly. He resides in Greenville, South Carolina where he attended Greenville Technical College. He does work as a janitor at a local hospital.

**Madison Case** is a Calgary based photographer and artist who has showcased her multifaceted and dynamic work in local galleries and shows. Her practice is centred around the creation of self-worth through her identity as a woman and an artist. She re-imagines certain aesthetics that aid in this exploration of identity, specifically focusing on sexuality and its representation in the media. After graduating in 2020 from the Alberta University of the Arts with a Bachelor of Design in Photography, she hopes to one day work for an editorial magazine that focuses on fashion, culture and art such as *i-D*, *Monster Children* and *Sukeban Magazine*.

**Samantha Charette** received a Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree from the University of Alberta and is currently in the Master of Fine Arts program at the University of Calgary. Using the mediums painting, printmaking and drawing, her creative research practice explores the intersections of communication technologies and feminist theory.

**Lenny DellaRocca** is founder and co-publisher of South Florida Poetry Journal—SoFloPoJo. His 4th collection is *Festival of Dangerous Ideas* (Unsolicited Press, 2019). His work has appeared in *Fairy Tale Review*, *Seattle Review*, *Laurel Review*, *POEM*, *Sun Dog*, *Nimrod*, *Poet Lore* and others. He lives in Delray Beach, FL.

***Blaise Enright*** studied photography, film and creative writing at Ontario College of Art and Design in Toronto and creative writing at University of British Columbia and Kootenay School of the Arts in Nelson, BC. She has worked in the arts community as Executive Director of the Vancouver Cultural Alliance and the Winnipeg Arts Advisory Council, served as a Board member of Tourism Vancouver and a Community Member of Green College Graduate School, UBC, and has also worked for many years as a human resources consultant.

Blaise is the Co-Author/Photographer of the book titled 111 West Coast Literary Portraits featuring portraits of BC Authors, and was the Photographer of the book Growing Home by Lee Reid. Blaise also has a passion for writing poetry and although she has been encouraged by faculty and fellow students to publish and share her work she is constantly lured away from all else by the siren call of her ever present camera.

***Marshall Farren*** is a writer, poet, and photographer from Indianapolis, Indiana. His poetry has been featured in Rathalla Review and Tributaries. When he is not writing or walking around with his camera, he enjoys watching baseball and yelling out answers during Jeopardy.

***Eva Gonzalez*** received a BA in English Literature from the University of Calgary. She creates visual and lyrical poetry and has recently completed her first novel which is historical fiction with elements of magical surrealism, and which is currently in the final stages of editing. An excerpt from that novel was recently published by Short Édition and is available at the short story dispenser at the Central Library in downtown Calgary.

***Halle Gulbrandsen*** is a writer and pilot from Ladner, BC. Her work has appeared in magazines including TNQ, Juniper, CV2 and The Antigonish Review.

**Joshua Hu** is a photographer by hobby. Black hair with glasses, shoots on streets.

**Edward Lee's** poetry, short stories, non-fiction and photography have been published in magazines in Ireland, England and America, including *The Stinging Fly*, *Skylight 47*, *Acumen* and *Smiths Knoll*. His debut poetry collection "Playing Poohsticks On Ha'Penny Bridge" was published in 2010. He is currently working towards a second collection.

He also makes musical noise under the names *Ayahuasca Collective*, *Lewis Milne*, *Orson Carroll*, *Blinded Architect*, *Lego Figures Fighting*, and *Pale Blond Boy*.

His blog/website can be found at <https://edwardmlee.wordpress.com>

**Kayla MacIntosh** is a history student at the University of Calgary. Born and raised in Alberta, she has lived most of her life in Calgary. When she is not writing, she enjoys embroidery, playing name that tune, and eating caesar salad. She was published in the *Young Writers of Canada Anthology 2017*. Kayla hopes to continue writing short stories and poetry, to find something new to say.

**MA|DE** is a collaborative writing partnership comprised of interdisciplinary artist Mark Laliberte (author of *asemanticasymmetry* – Anstruther Press, 2017) and writer Jade Wallace (author of *Rituals of Parsing* – Anstruther Press, 2018). MA|DE is currently working on their first full-length collection. Their poems have previously appeared in *Poetry is Dead*, *PRISM International*, *Trinity Review* and *Vallum*. *Test Centre* is their debut chapbook (ZED Press, 2019). [ma-de.ca](http://ma-de.ca)

**Cameron Morse** was diagnosed with a glioblastoma in 2014. With a 14.6 month life expectancy, he entered the Creative Writing Program at the University of Missouri—Kansas City and, in 2018, graduated with an

M.F.A. His poems have been published in numerous magazines, including New Letters, Bridge Eight, Portland Review and South Dakota Review. His first poetry collection, *Fall Risk*, won Glass Lyre Press's 2018 Best Book Award. His latest is *Baldy* (Spartan Press, 2020). He lives with his wife Lili and two children in Blue Springs, Missouri, where he serves as poetry editor for Harbor Review. For more information, check out his Facebook page or website.

***Fabrice Poussin*** teaches French and English at Shorter University. Author of novels and poetry, his work has appeared in Kestrel, Symposium, The Chimes, and many other magazines. His photography has been published in The Front Porch Review, the San Pedro River Review as well as other publications.

***Carson Pytell*** is a poet living in a small town outside Albany, NY. His work has appeared in numerous venues online and is currently available or forthcoming in print from such publications as Vita Brevis Press, The Virginia Normal, NoD Magazine, Blue Moon Lit & Art Review, Spank the Carp, Crack the Spine, Futures Trading, Down in the Dirt Magazine, Gideon Poetry Review, and Children, Churches & Daddies, among others. His debut collection, *First-Year* (Alien Buddha Press, 2020), and his first chapbook, *Trail* (Guerrilla Genesis Press, 2020), are available on Amazon.

***Taylor Skaalrud***, as seen in The Anti-Languorous Project, was once called a renaissance man. His ego, as seen protecting itself via hyper-inflation, appreciates the endowed term as it encapsulates the ability to be a master of none in the best of lights. In addition to the various forms of creative writing, Taylor jacks the trades of musical composition, game design, and computer science.

***Samuel Strathman*** is a poet, author, and educator, as well as a poetry editor at Cypress: A Poetry Journal. Some of his work has appeared in Train, Dusie, and Ice Floe Press, as well as other magazines and journals. His first

chapbook, “In Flocks of Three to Five” will be released in the spring of 2020 by Anstruther Press. He lives in Toronto, Ontario with his partner and two cats, Archie and China.

**James Thurgood** was born in Nova Scotia, and grew up in Windsor, Ontario. He has lived all over Canada, working as a musician and teacher, among other things. He now lives in Calgary, Alberta. His poems have appeared in various journals, and in book form (Icemen/Stoneghosts, Penumbra Press).

**Kevin Tosca** is the author of Rigor Mortis (Analog Submission Press), Paris By Night (Holy&intoxicated Publications), The Sage-Femme and The Whore (Analog Submission Press), Questions Are My Only Answers (Alien Buddha Press), and My French (Analog Submission Press). He lives in Berlin.

**Stacey Walyuchow** has always loved art. Whether looking at it, or trying to create, she finds it a welcome escape and highly therapeutic. Stacey is passionate about moody skies, moody colour palettes and figurative and portraiture works illustrating women and the emotions that accompany them. She is an emotional painter and wishes to leave an impression on those who view her work.

Stacey’s medium and style has changed over the years. After a long hiatus from practicing art, she is back and has found a true passion for creating mixed media pieces. Her process begins with painting a background with acrylic paints and then incorporating printed photography that is hand painted and placed onto the background. She leaves many imperfections that occur in the pieces as she feels they symbolize the imperfections found in us as well. No one is perfect, and isn’t that a wonderful thing?!

Original art tells a story, it becomes you; it creates conversations and evokes many emotions. Stacey hopes that some of her work has done that for you.

**William Waters** is an associate professor, in the Department of English at the University of Houston Downtown. Along with Sonja Foss, he is coauthor of *Destination Dissertation: A Traveler's Guide to a Done Dissertation*. His research and teaching interests are in writing theory and modern grammar.

**Bill Wolak** has just published his eighteenth book of poetry entitled *All the Wind's Unfinished Kisses* with Ekstasis Editions. His collages have appeared as cover art for such magazines as *Phoebe*, *Harbinger Asylum*, *Baldhip Magazine*, *Barfly Poetry Magazine*, *Ragazine*, *Cardinal Sins*, *Pithead Chapel*, *The Wire's Dream*, *Thirteen Ways Magazine*, *Phantom Kangaroo*, *Rathalla Review*, *Free Lit Magazine*, *Typehouse Magazine*, and *Flare Magazine*.

**Katie Yoner** is a third-year Theatre major who began writing and performing poetry two years ago. Since then, she has studied experimental poetry at Lancaster University in England where she also published her first poem in *Flash Magazine*. Katie has performed spoken word in London, Dublin, Lancaster, and right here in Calgary, where she is the five-time recipient of first place in the Calgary Poetry Slam. She is very honored and excited to be published in NōD!

## CONTRIBUTORS

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