



Canaries
in the
Morning

December 2010

Canaries in the Morning

by the writers of Dawson Alternative School

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*Canaries in the morning, orchestras
In the afternoon, balloons at night.*
-Wallace Stevens
(from "Academic Discourse at Havana")

When the seasons change, I change.
There are many seasons but they all definitely feel differently.
Spring, winter, summer, fall, they all make me want to jog.
When I jog, I am free. Now you all can see me flee.
Winter, fall, makes me dull but summer can make me tall.
Now it's spring - time to ball.
The seasons change, now I can't help not to feel the same.
Spring, winter, summer, fall, they all make me want to jog.
When I jog, I am free. Now you all can see me flee.

Philip

Flowers grow
flowers fade
eventually
flowers ...
die!
and that's the end.

Erica

Sorry, mom, for all the pain and hurt I put you through
Sorry, mom, for all the name-calling
Sorry, mom, for not behaving like I should have
Sorry, mom, for making you cry
Sorry, mom, for disappointing you
Sorry, mom, for breaking your heart
Sorry, mom, for never telling you that you are my
number one
Sorry, mom, for every little crumple I put in your paper

Kelli-Ann

Hardcore but outgoing
Scary but loving
She's full of wisdom
She's my mother

Kelli-Ann

My Rose

So red, crimson wine
fading leaves, falling petals.
He's my bloody rose.
Sharp thorns, unsteady roots.
Pretty flower, growing shoots
in a dreamy sleep.
Bitter taste, sweet smell
candy apple, wrinkled bell.
He's my bloody rose
in a dreamy sleep.

Susie

Dear orange horse,

I'm sick of Baillie, my unit, but my life sparkles around that guy. Without him, then I'll just have to drop the world because it will be the end. "Butterflies are not beautiful," is what my friend says. But at least they're free, unlike me. I hope I'm not bothering you, but grrrr I'm bored of Baillie.

Your friend, Erica

Brave can start with being scared or unsure. It can take much time and understanding to learn how to be brave in many words.

Brave can live in a school, in public places, in your mind and in your heart or maybe it could be having the courage to fight someone in a gym or anywhere else. It can be found somewhere in ourselves but in some of us it can be hard to use.

Brave can be the colour of, let's say, pink because pink is not a scary colour and being brave means to overcome your fears. If you can get to pink for brave, you have ultimately become brave.

Philip

Canaries in the morning
orchestras in the afternoon
flowers in the spring
snow in the winter
umbrellas in the rain
games in the sun

Erica

Canaries in the morning
orchestras in the afternoon,
Horses during nightfall
and sweet dreams for when I snooze.
Waking up and being happy,
hopefully I shall see ...
if I wake feeling grumpy then all will see
and try to flee.
Make myself feel happy
and not a soul can see.
Feeling too weak,
I shall see.

Philip

Crumpled Paper

The crumples you put in my paper,
all the hurt you put me through,
the lies I actually believed,
all the tears you made me cry -
the crumples you put in my paper.
All the nights I've never slept,
the memories that I tried to erase,
the crumples you put in my paper.

Kelli-Ann

My love lies in the dark
in the morning and in my heart.
Our love was a perfect piece of art.
My love lies in the dark.
He left me sad
and I left him mad.
My love lies in the dark.

Erica

The poor bird
his heart was broken
he felt like
he'd been eaten
inside out.

He felt horrible
like something
ripped him open
he felt like
he'd been eaten
inside out.

Kelli-Ann

The little boy who changed my life around.
He inspires me to do my best.
He is always smiling and doing things to make me proud.
The little boy always has the biggest place in my heart.
He is my little monster baby.
He is my son
Jonathan.

Kelli-Ann

I have separated myself
but I want to get out.
Separation won't fix things.
I have separated myself
but the only one who can save me is me.
Now I have learned from my mistakes, I'm now awake.
I have separated myself.

Philip

These days are long
waiting,
hope he'll be back
waiting,
wishing I was dead
waiting,
looking for true love
waiting,
I don't think I'll find love
but I'll be
waiting
hoping for a better life
so I'm
waiting

Erica

Ode to Soap

It smells good and bubbles,
the size of it doubles,
the sight of it's loveable,
it makes you feel noble
triples, quadruples
to the giant size of bulls.
Isn't it wonderful
to have all those bubbles!
It popples in your nostrils
and gives a high dosage
of perfume, it's full
I love, love, bubbles.

Susie

Hate is in you and me,
it's dark, cold and mean.
That girl right across from me,
evil, rude, slut.
The girl next to me,
nice, hypocrite, bad influence.
The guy in front of me,
weird, nice, loser.
Hate is in you and me.

Erica

Cut your face to heal inside.
Cut your neck to try and hide.
Cut your shoulder to stop the pain.
Cut your chest to live again.
Cut your arm to kill the need.
Cut your wrist to let it bleed.
Cut your waist to remember you're alive.
Cut your hip to stop the cries.
Cut your hand to end the dream.
Cut your thigh to stop the screams.
Cut your leg to feel like an angel.
Cut your ankle to prevent the fall.
Cut your foot to end it all.

Tiffanie

Him

While the broken words are flying all night
you never know when it will end, the fight,
tears keep wetting my young face
I lost him, I can't replace.

Tell his soul to stay
please, don't go away.
I won't be able to live without him,
like a robot, I'll stop functioning,
He's my true love, my whole heart,
I try to express all this through art.
Keep him in my soul, I'll do forever
won't make him stay 'cause now it's over.

Susie

Sometimes it's a comfort

Sometimes it's a comfort
waiting for you to leave
leave this unknown earth
never stop the dream.
Sometimes it's a comfort
because you don't want to stay
unlike your birth
you're going away.
Sometimes it's a comfort
you can't erase the past
stop all the effort
you go down so fast.
Sometimes it's a comfort.

Susie

Undescribed

Can a heart with no pulse still beat?
Can a sky with no stars still shine?
Can a blind eye still see?
Can a pen with no ink still write?
Can a face with no lips still kiss?
Can a gun with no bullets still shoot?
Can a throat with no voice still scream?
Can a head with no mind still think?
Can a tear with no eye still cry?
Can an empty soul be filled?
Can a lung with no air still breathe?
Can a wrist full of cuts forget?
Can a body full of bruises heal?
Can a broken heart come back together?

Susie

These days are dark
and I'm down
so is my heart
without you I feel apart
but you're the one that made that mark.
I know this ain't smart.

Erica

I ran from the love of my life.
I ran from being a perfect princess.
I ran from being sad,
I ran from an alien.
I ran from my haters.
I ran from my broken heart.
I ran from a purple apple.
I ran from Canada.
I ran from Justin Bieber.
I ran from diamonds.
I ran from his lies.
I ran from the orange with legs.
I ran from Susie's hate.
I ran from Gillian.

Erica

The Reminder

The goosebumps I get when I see you
the shivers I get when I feel you
the blowing wind reminds me of you.
The beat of my heart racing when you're around me
the sensation I get when I smell you
you are my everything.
The feeling I get when I think I'm falling in love
the feeling I'd get if I were to lose you
the blowing wind reminds me of you
you are my everything.

Kelli-Ann

Ode to you, Mother Earth! to the weather
in autumn. Ode to the wind that blows
the leaves onto the wet sparkling
morning grass, the cool breeze you
get in the early morning. Ode to the
beautiful colours.
Ode to the trees that keep us breathing.
Ode to the nature that kept my culture alive.

Kelli-Ann

I ran from you because you're too strong,
said Rampage Jackson.

I ran from hockey to take a shower, saw a racoon and was
going to kick its ass but didn't.

I ran from your mom because she tried to kiss me.

I ran from Montreal, to Jersey Shore then to Miami, then
to Mexico, went to California, chilled in Hollywood and
came back home.

I ran from a cougar, then ran back to fight it off.

I ran from the only place I've ever known.

I ran from no one.

I ran from humanity.

Philip

See Me

Crazy cupcakes cheer cotton candy clouds covered
creamly. Chocolate clumps certainly crave cinnamon corn,
confusingly coughing copper couches. Courageous
cordless cougar courts crowd cow corpses. Crowned
clams compose connective cobra choirs. Crabs choose
cooperation concerning cleaning chores. Comforting coal
cones confirm computer controls converted copies
counted cowardly. Cool creepy cabbages covering
counter clubs connect childhood chips cheesily. Calling
cauliflower chilly commonly communicates crackling
crayon captains. Charming couple catalogue corporations
call cucumber carrot crumbs. Colonized chief cheating
clock central cars.

Susie

I am here!

I am here and in your dreams.
I am here and the pig is flying.
I am here and Susie's there.
I am here and the world is gone.
I am here and he stole my heart.
I am here and he's in Florida.
I am here and the fat man blew up.
I am here and not dead.
I am here and not going anywhere.
I am here.

Erica

December

Should I forget
or live to remember
I want to be home
some time in December
should I try, or simply let go
I want to feel free, sooner than December,
have feelings I can show
the fault is my own
I want to be home
I want to feel free, sooner than December.

Carissa