

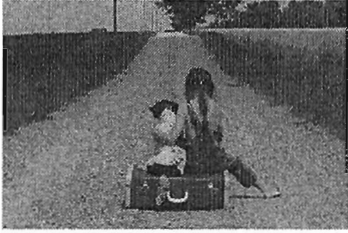
# OPEN ROAD



APRIL 2011

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by the writers of Dawson Alternative School



April 2011

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Canada Council  
for the Arts

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du Canada

## I AM FROM

I am from my mother's house on Prud'homme Street.

I am from ribs and Chinese food.

I am from "love is sweet."

I am from my chain that my boyfriend gave me.

I am from my decision to move back to my mom's house.

I am from I love you.

I am from Miami.

By Lashiyah

## BECAUSE I

Because I smell too much acid.

Because my pen is not working.

Because I saw Obama.

Because I invented CNN.

Because I spilt invisible ink on my friend and she thought it  
was real.

Because I want to be a millionaire.

Because I want to be with my boyfriend.

Because we were slaves.

Because blood is like ketchup.

Because I have to.

Because I can't spell orange.

Because I thought ham came from a cow.

Because I was in a cave with a caveman.

By Chenalle

Skills for Success

I am VERY

impressed

shown      likeliest to  
struggle at the beginning  
all sorts of reasons

many

hours

these days

And

most who fail do

they can't understand

these problems

developed and

taught

By Savannah

## UNTITLED

The mission supporting every part in art you acquire essential creative development - the open doors wider difference. support from generous individuals enable us to reach our objectives and education.

By Haley

Whispers in my head, threaten to send me to my grave,  
to hollow out my body, and rot out my brain.  
Whispers in my head cannot preserve my soul.  
A soul that's presumably young, but twice as old.  
Whispers in my head don't tell me right from wrong.  
Instead they'll sing death songs.  
Whispers in my head are never really nice.  
A game that's never over, no matter how long I roll the dice.

By Janina

## OBSESSED

I mean: a view from a bathroom window I see you, my lover,  
my prize of the week. You're my saviour, my wheel of  
fortune. I'm in the shower, paranoid of your voice, body, and  
his image. Toilet, sink, tub and mirror: I always see your  
reflection. The way the water, look - those are your cells.  
Drinking, smoking, you're always around me. You videotape  
me. The bed, sheets, and pillowcases have your scent. I sneeze  
because your spirit got in me. When you were bleeding, I was  
bleeding, too.

By Chenalle

## SPRING

turning fourteen soon  
the air is fresh with newness  
time to celebrate!

## FALL

leaves start to fall down  
Halloween is coming soon  
summer is over!

Two haikus by Savannah

## SATURDAY SATELLITE

"Sacrifice salad safety," said Saint Salami. "Sail safe, sailor.  
Shake salt, sandpaper, sandwich, and salute salesperson.  
Sagging sex sucks. Save Saturday's satellite."

By Chenalle

## ABANDONED

An empty house. Just sounds of birds and cats. A hand shifting through the air. Taste nothing but your saliva. Smell nothing but an old suitcase. Feel the empty walls and touch dust. An empty house. -

By Chenalle

## VENOMOUS WINTER

Icicles floating  
Birds frozen in the sky  
Deathly cold strikes us

By Nataša

## VIOLET HOUR

At the violet hour,  
souls go to sleep.  
Monsters creep out from underneath.  
The devil awakes from his slumber.

The gods try to protect our dreamland.  
Nightmares try to push their way in.  
Confusion roams throughout our minds.

At the violet hour,  
Twilight strikes.  
Lovers bid their goodbyes.  
The roses wilt their crimson beauty.

Stars of the bright ones hold our gaze.  
The chariot points to the midnight sky.  
The moon gives us a nightlight.

At the dawn of the night,  
the gods rest and souls arise to  
a new day.

By Nataša

A thinking woman sleeps with her monsters.  
Monsters that whisper guilt into her ear,  
waiting to crack her shell and make her hollow.  
Inside she's rotted out, her eyes empty.  
A smile so dead, it would make corpses dance.  
Her heart rarely beats.  
Vision blurred by naiveté.

Small, so light, so old.  
The spider's blood is cold.  
With eight nasty legs  
and thousands of eggs  
the creepy crawler goes.

Two Poems by Janina

## GRANDMA

Small, so light, so old,  
a circle of gold  
Grandma's wedding ring  
such a beautiful thing.  
The diamond still shines  
the ring so divine.

By Haley

## SUMMER

Summer wind breezing  
kids play outside in bright light  
parties at the beach

By Agnes

## EFFECTS OF ECSTASY

epic end effect  
entering ecstasy  
experiencing epidemic encounters  
enlighten.

By Savannah

## CRUEL WORLD

Small, so light, so old  
little boy so small  
the light so bright  
the women so old  
but this cruel world  
is so new.

## ABANDONMENT

You left  
you made a decision  
you left  
I was young  
you left because of drugs  
you left  
because of gambling  
you left me alone  
and now look what happened.  
You left me without a father  
you left me  
without a life  
but you did leave me  
an open road to failure.

Two poems by Savannah

In a very different world began a European He describes undiscovered treasure at the crossroads It's beautiful, and impossible on one corner rococo around the next corner fish bone hills he says.

Among other concerns searching on less aspects of artistic practice some of its temporary (and sometimes permanent) results works in the studio or in museum vaults

By Janina

## FALLING FROM THE SKY

Small, so light, so old, so not you. A spider falling from the ceiling. Black, beautiful and with beautiful long legs. An invisible web where you can capture me when you need me by your side. The numbers on my building: 5680. You are always there to tell me a sign. You're like a spider falling from the sky, scared, thinking I might kill you. I want you to know that you are my pharaoh. You're like a piece of bread that never rots.

By Chenalle

## I AM FROM

I am from Laurentian Regional High School.

I am from Oreo cheesecake.

I am from "I love you."

I am from Teddy Bear.

I am from going home.

I am from "You have gorgeous eyes."

I am from Laval.

By Mary

## TWO SPIRITS

Between my spirit and your spirit, there is no evil, no poor or rich, no devil. Just god, angels, and our minds. Your sight I see is love partnership, poster child, someone who can see who's against you. My sight is the window, the exit. I can always run to you for help. When you fart that means you made the bad spirits go away. We could share our smells with the world and sell it as perfume. Stores, restaurants, bathrooms, cafeterias – they make those who enter wonder why they seem different when they come out. We hear other spirits. We touch those who need help. I miss you a lot. I think about happiness and our family. This is the secret between my spirit and your spirit.

By Chenalle

SUMMER!

July 8<sup>th</sup> is great,  
but July 1<sup>st</sup> is better.  
Fireworks explode!

WINTER!

January 4<sup>th</sup>  
I can't wait for you to come  
to give you a kiss!

FALL!

Black cats run around  
Trick-or-treaters hate bad clowns  
Lonely ghosts wear frowns

Haikus by Janina

Such a daily array of text and theories was delightful techniques to overcome the shy short story he had written dozens of impressively creative people still in writing who showed great imagination. pursuing out-of-towners from the airport. I kept my wife up for an hour telling her about amazing people This year promises to be another natural free-wheeling, good-natured open space of literary influences

By Nataša

[redacted] (The Horse) [redacted]  
[redacted] penguin [redacted]  
body [redacted] and the [redacted] polymorphous  
[redacted] produced by [redacted] models [redacted]  
[redacted] born in [redacted] Lyon,  
[redacted] lives [redacted] in Paris. [redacted]

By Mary

[redacted] students [redacted] entering [redacted] for the  
[redacted] time and they bring [redacted] baggage that needs to  
be [redacted] repacked so they can complete this [redacted]  
[redacted] journey. [redacted]

By Agnes

## A HEART THAT EVOLVES

Small, so light, so old, it's a heart.  
Light but full of beating, pulsing, love.  
Years of non-stop pulsing  
will never weaken the love.

Small, so light, so feeble.  
Sickness weakens you.  
Heartbreak cracks you.  
Love escapes. Now it's empty.  
Feelings of sorrow relinquish me.  
Loneliness devours me.

Small, so light, healing.  
You put a Band-Aid on me.  
Love will once again regain me.  
Scars of heartbreak cover me.

By Nataša

## DETERIORATING SMILES

Photographs of me in a little purple box. A box sits in a hollow trunk where dust will be my well-known friend. I'm waiting to be thrown away.

Smiles in the photos become frowns. I've been forgotten. I'm alone. Endless minutes pass by. Will someone look at me?

Photographs of me in a little purple box now sit in a landfill. Thrown out and rotting. I'm with other photos, no longer alone.

Frowns become blank faces. Dirt and grime cover me. No more photographs of me.

By Nataša