

radix

McGill's Student Spirituality Magazine



luna
spring 2018

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McGill Office of Religious and
Spiritual Life

The bottom line: "Don't tell me the moon is shining; show me the glint of light

Radix has seen many moons and continues to be the only magazine on campus that allows for a space where a multitude of spiritual and religious personalities can exist beside another. I would like to deeply thank everyone who has contributed and helped in the smallest of ways over the last few years of this project, without your voice there would be no song. I would like to dedicate this special issue of Luna to all those phasing into new moons. The thought of new beginnings can be arresting, filled with fear, but that empty space will be filled full again, as the moon has taught us so many times. We got this!

Round like the face of a clock, we have known moon as long as we have known time. Many calendars revolve around the moon, yet we forget sometimes that the standardized Gregorian calendar is not universal, and unlike many popular calendars, is primarily based on the earth's Solar cycle. I would like to briefly acknowledge a handful of Lunar New Years that have and have yet to come. This list is superficial and by no means extensive, my apologies in advance if your tradition is not mentioned. May we celebrate the moon and beginnings, to recognize and pay respect to our sacred eternal relationship with the moon.

Happy Chinese Lunar New Year, Happy *Seollal* (Korean), Happy *Losar* (Tibetan), and *chúc Mừng Năm Mới* to all who have celebrated *Tết* (Vietnamese) Lunar New Years (All celebrated February 16th). Happy *Navreh* (Kashmiri-Hindu) and *Gudhi Padva* (Marathi-Hindu) which were on March 18th. Happy *Nowruz* to all who follow the Persian Calendar, who celebrated March 20th! Finally, although much in advance, happy Islamic Lunar New Year, taking place September 11th-12th.

Please enjoy this exciting issue!

Mackenzie is in her final year of a double major in International Development and World Religions. She likes to take a long time to do things and dances along the way.

The cover design of Luna was drawn by Angad Sharma, a civil engineering student.

With Love,
Mackenzie Roop
Radix Co-Editor

on broken glass." - Anton Chekhov • "We are all like the bright moon, we still

sublunary

Emily Szpiro

When days were the blue-cold that cracks
your very synapses you would place your
arms around me and say the moon is a great
big friend of giants and I would cry and kiss
your ceramic cheeks and say that is nice
and well but to freeze is not so kind.

You say 1675 was a good year for giants. I
say now is the age of molecules.
I remember, I remember the house where
I was born. I remember ancient plasma
beating down on me, through the crystalline
windows, through the spaces between my
fingers. I remember the phosphorus light,
and the tomatoes you lined along the
kitchen sill to ripen. I remember the protean
days. I remember the taste of salt.

You say the moon will lower and the giants
will come back to us and the auric age will
dawn and we will see further once again,
but I remember, I remember, and we do not
freeze tonight.

*Emily Szpiro is a U4 English Lit student who spends
too much time reading and should probably stop
because it's ruining her eyesight.*

*This illustration is by Anna Xu, a physiology student who emphatically enjoys
reading about astrology. Her sun sign is Aries and her moon sign is Aquarius!*

have our darker side.” - Kahlil Gibran • “Yours is the light by which my spirit’s

when we share space
thanks to your high gravity
i feel grounded like
how the

moon

must feel
to the

earth



Steve is a U2 agricultural economics student, growing like a perennial that doesn't quit, and operating under the instagram handle @stevespoetry.

born: - you are my sun, my moon, and all my stars." - E.E. Cummings • "Three

memories of a past season

Jiameng Xu

In the lower half of Dorchester Square park, I stand beneath a tree. The gentle half-light shines through clusters of leaves and bare branches, and I imagine I'm also being shone through. The light in fall seems more honest, and that sense of starting anew is again in my bones.

There's a clearing between the branches where leaves no longer hang. In their absence, the form of the tree becomes clear. My eyes follow the rise of the sturdy trunk to branches bifurcating in complex patterns tapering into thin, delicate lines. I think of how next year, in spring, the tree will grow a new coat of leaves along the same branches that I presently see, but the position of each leaf will be different. Perhaps the branches themselves will have extended a bit, becoming more complex. The foliage will return, thicker and fuller. What if I could also be like the tree, able to bloom again from the same essential pattern – nothing of me would be lost, not least the parts I wish to shed, but instead there would just be longer branches and ones that are newly grown. Maybe the mark of me isn't how pure and unblemished, like water, but how thick, how full, and connected with other things.

Autumn draws from me an openness lodged deep, a waiting for the world to leave its mark. Standing in the leaves' falling, their loss carrying an expectation of return, I remember the promises I've also made.

I'm leaning forward, climbing the hill to the university campus once more. The afternoon sunlight falls slanted and indirect upon the world like the light of a dressing room. The October sun seems ever to be in a position of dusk or dawn, not rising more than two-thirds of the sky. It hovers companionably over my shoulder, as though having somewhere else to be. I walk in the shadow of several skyscrapers that now block the sun from view. At the intersection of René Lévesque and rue de la Montagne, I wait at the red light. Turning my head left, there –

Under the autumn sun, the heads of all the people walking are framed in gold, their hair lit in yellow crescents as though precious dust had fallen onto them. There's a bright outline on everyone's shoulders. For a moment we are all crowned, walking on the lit earth.

New slabs of polished, dark stone have widened the sidewalks on Sherbrooke Street near the entrance to the university. Caroline tells me that her friend's grandfather remembers a time when Sherbrooke Street was only two car lanes wide. Old, tall trees on both sides of the street arched overhead, their branches almost touching. Walking where these trees once stood, under imagined boughs, I imagine twice as many people beside me, this path widening for more humanity.

Making a right turn, I pass by the construction zone near the
things cannot be long hidden: the sun, the moon, and the truth." - Buddha •



university library. “Call Me Maybe” is playing from a radio placed upon a wooden plank. A man stands upon the plank while his colleagues watch from the trenches around him, looking up to the improvised stage. Wearing a yellow hard hat, yellow reflective vest, and a utility belt, the man slowly begins to dance, transforming the wood slats beneath his feet into a makeshift stage. It’s a summer song playing in the first week of November. He shuffles rhythmically with hands at his waist, hips swaying in time with the melody, amidst laughter from the other workers, their faces turned towards him with delight.

Today I’m up early and walking to campus again. Out on the sidewalk, the sun at my back casts a long shadow in front and lights up the faces of those who are walking towards me. Instead of wishing that the wind would be at my back, I would like it to be the sun, to have the faces of those coming towards me always illuminated.

A bird’s song rings clearly in the chill air. I twist around to find its source, and instead catch sight of the dawn. The clouds have spaces between them that are now filled with a soft pink light. I imagine sailing into this pink river with its banks of gold.

Around me, trees stand with bare boughs, upturned like cupping hands. The world is waiting for more snow. I too am ready to catch, to hold.

With each step, I go into openness.

Jiameng Xu is a MD-PhD candidate in Rehabilitation Science, who often cannot tell the sky apart at dusk and dawn.

“The sun is gone, but I have a light.” - Kurt Cobain • “The moon is friend for

philosophical magniloquence

Jonah Dabora

“The biggest ego trip is getting rid of your own ego” – *Alan Watts*

The Universe was created from the Void, a vast frontier of oblivion. At the beginning, all was not a state of peace and harmony, but a devastating battle between Order and Chaos. The foes battled each other for supremacy, meticulously strategizing their every move. The war has lasted over a billion years now with each bloc struggling to obtain the advantage over their enemy. It is indeed a desperate time; the universe isn't safe...

Amid the conflict, two fish swim in unison down in the river, one black and one white. They circle each other in sequence, continuously whirling in a most natural rhythm. Here they have been since the dawn of all things, since the beginning. Their movement radiates the energy at the base of all things. Through them matter is created and the tides of the universe flow.

The dragon's breathe ignites the world up in flames of orange and red. His roar pounds the earth and reverberates back upwards to the sky, his throne. He is the majesty of the heavens, he is Divine. His eyes, alight with fire, create the sun and bathes the ground in light. His flames scorch the earth beneath him, decimating it. In the inferno, nothing survives, or so it seems...

From the ashes of the earth rises a bronze bird. Her neck, covered in gold plumage, stretches out towards the heavens. Her wings regally flap as she ascends her way into the sky. Her sounds are softer, her grace more poised. The sky is her home, yet the earth is her kingdom. As she beats her wings, winds are originated; her eyes are the essence of the moon. She is a phoenix, the one who is reborn.

They swirl about each other in the sky, their necks intertwined. Opposites of each other, they embrace; the games they play govern the world below them. Together, they are One; out of them, All finds its form. Nature in its entirety nurtured by their virtue. What was Order and Chaos is no longer so, rather the dynamic interplay between complementary forces.

Rising in the East, the sun luminesces the earth beneath our feet. From its energy, intricate life sprouts and colonizes the oceans and land. **the lonesome to talk to.” - Carl Sandburg • “May your feet ever walk in the**

Illuminating the path, its warmth gives us hope for a better tomorrow. Also in the East, the moon rises in the heavens. Mysteriously, it sits there, lighting the earth at its darkest hour. It is evasive, hiding itself partially a little every night before we can behold its full glory.



Long & Fènghuáng, Tàiyáng & Tàiyīn. Dragon and Phoenix, Sun & Moon.

Nature's whole course is an integrated, interconnected and interdependent course of immense complexity. Just as the fish circle each other in the river, as the dragon and phoenix dance in the heavens, and as the sun and moon chase each other in the sky, so too are you constantly in flux. Rather than chase the person you were yesterday, release the frustration or ecstasy and breathe. Route yourself in the Now. Feel the Dragon inside you: the strong, the positive, the bright. Feel the Phoenix inside you: the weak, the negative, the dark. And find the balance you need to be the person you want to be.

Jonah is a third year medical student who lives in blissful ignorance and hopes to share his learnings with others

light of two suns... and may the moonshadow never fall on you... ” - Robert

Shelves full of knick-knacks
from half-forgotten journeys
half a dozen years ago
line the walls of your made-for-sitting,
coffee-stained, a-mite-too-warm –
I guess we'll call it "home."
They stare at you, blank-eyed
to watch you sink into the corner;
long-dead relatives admonish your posture
from the walls. This is where
you grew up.
You can still see your brother
playing chess by himself,
your mother reading her tea leaves,
your grandfather humming
that one age-old tune
that went something like this:
dum da dah...
VHS Looney Tunes sing along.
Maybe you were watching them,
or out in the garden,
or imagining the journeys that brought those eyes
out of the world and into this –
house.
Not one has moved
in the ten years that past;
not one has been lost.

Katharine Birkness is a U2 Cognitive Science student who enjoys playing guitar, traveling, and pretending to be vegetarian. The dream is to spend the days cutting up brains.

moon, why do you hide your face?

Kiki Violet

I wasn't trying to hide from you,
I wasn't trying to run away, either.

I just wanted to protect myself

I just wanted to not worry

Oh, luna, do come back?

for three full rotations
of the earth around the sun
my wells have been dry,
and the sky has been dark.

flashbacks like flashfloods
red dirt stained by iron
when i stood on the great rock of Uluru
when your gravity first filled
my earth & womb

but you don't show your face no
more

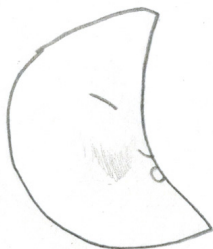
my tides have been still

what must i do to call you?

i've drank all the raspberry leaves
and parsley
your shrine keeps mandarins, sage
and yarrow
but still you do not show, and i

feel less whole
less safe
craving tide
and crashing wave

moon, why do you hide your face?



la lune
elle me rapelle
les cycles
de notre terre

At age ten, Kiki realized that in fact, she could not breathe underwater.

*This illustration is by Darcy Roop, an illustrator who will draw
anything with fur and is keen on bundling up.*

my soul expands in the worship of the creator." - Mahatma Gandhi • "God is

untitled

Haneen Eldiri

When small, nothing can be ignored,
all have impact and pull.

When large, anything can be ignored.
Things are just things and they're acknowledged as such,
shrugged off for forward vision.

Near-sighted are swept in intricacies and forced into channels.
They are grounded with and by others.
Linked and caged by roots,
they cannot envision an onward.
All they see is what is immediately in front,
the dirt that nourishes and suffocates,
the dust that trips them.

Built up, one can see that all-around expand and converge
above the roots, the bends, meandering and all.
Gliding over what those below see as walls.

When middles are stretched,
when the short sighted get lasik,
their visions are superimposed,
in attempts to rectify and reconcile a new depth;
what will eventually decohere,
returning to the background.

Haneen is a U2 Psychology and Arabic student.

The above illustration is by Rahma Wiryomartono, an English Literature student who likes hot baths and tea.

the friend of silence. See how nature - trees, flowers, grass- grows in silence; see

in the deserted chinese restauraunt

Yang Shi

short story

Midnight.



I feel strangely euphoric. I am tired and famished. To my surprise, Canal Street is unusually empty for a late Saturday night. I remember spending a lot of time in this part of the town during my early twenties. It reminds me of when I first moved to this city. I look around and spot my favorite Chinese restaurant down the road. I wonder if the waiter still remembers my usual order; I have always ordered the same thing.

I pull on the wooden door while putting away my earphones in my pocket. I hope I don't lose them this time. *Do lost earphones find their way among the lost lip balms and the lost erasers? Or do they exist in parallel universes? Do they miss us as much as we miss them?*

the stars, the moon and the sun, how they move in silence... We need silence

The waiter is the same one. Assuming he has already taken my order by making eye contact, I sit at a table next to the window, and find myself contemplating the faint reflection of the only other customer. She is staring furiously at the goldfish as if they have been jeopardizing her evening the entire time.

Poor fish.

The human species have much to learn from these simplistic creatures. I have owned many of them and they have never failed to cheer me up during my worst heartaches.

Poor girl.

She is definitely not having the time of her life. Dressed in a red gown, she rests her head on her left arm. A tear lands on the white plastic tablecloth as the waiter arrives with hot plates. He gives her my order and quickly runs back to the kitchen.

“Hey, sorry sir! I believe this is what I ordered.”

I walk towards the girl.

“I think they made a mistake and gave you my order...”

“Dude, wait for your food!”

“I am pretty sure they made a mistake...”

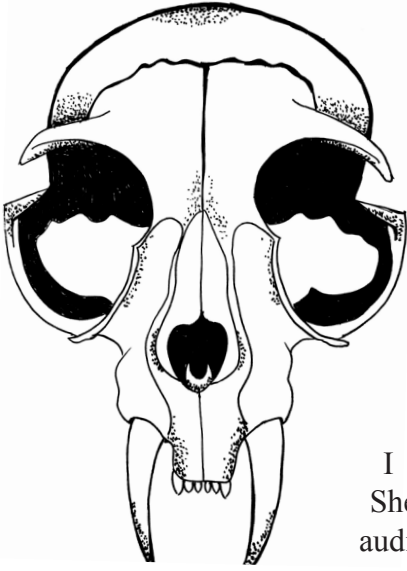
“Look, I don’t want to argue. But are you really gonna tell me that you also ordered two off-the-menu items? With extra spice? With extra chicken?!”

Yes.

To my astonishment, I hardly believe her order exactly matches mine. But, fighting over such triviality, especially with a girl who is as disarming in her garment as she is in her temperament, would make a fool out of me. So I walk away, giving her the benefit of doubt.

“Wait, I’m sorry, I didn’t want to yell at you... Would you like to sit and eat with me? I mean if you truly ordered the same thing... We can share my food and wait for yours.”

to be able to touch souls.” - Mother Teresa • “There are nights when the wolves



I turn around and face her.

She looks at me in silence. Her dark eyes beg me to stay. A shy strand of hair falls on her bare shoulder as the rest of her red dress ripples under the flicker of the Chinese lanterns.

You are the most beautiful orchid in the room.

I sit and proceed to pour tea in our cups. She smiles and mumbles to her imaginary audience. I try to decipher her lip motion. She mumbles and smiles again. I try to read her lips

again. She laughs. I smile.

“What did you say?” I ask her in a whisper, amused.

“Do- you-love-chicken?”

“Yeah, I like chicken.”

“But I mean do you LOVE chicken? Like you become emotionally ecstatic to the thought of biting into that tender meat... mmm... especially when that bite is going to give you so much pleasure! I am a firm believer in the healing and therapeutic power of chicken consumption.”

What a funny girl.

“Please, tell me more. Enlighten me with your wisdom!”

“Ok. Listen up. I always order extra chicken. Have you ever realized that it is such a universal meat? It’s the only meat that people eat all around the world! There’s no religion that forbids one from eating chicken, unlike pork or cow. And there are so many ways to cook it and it’s always so tasty, am I right?”

“Totally! Your knowledge of chicken is very impressive.”

“Haha, you are far too kind. My dream would be to travel the world and try every chicken dish! I’m excited.”

The waiter puts my order on our table. We look at the plates, then at each other and burst into laughter.

Total replicates.

“Cheers to extra chicken!” she exclaims and raises her cup.

“Cheers to chicken lovers!” I reply and raise my cup.

Our cups find each other in mid-air.

She puts hers on the table and looks down like a child who suddenly remembers that she is supposed to be sad.

“I think I have to go.”

“Wait, we were just about to dig into our feast!”

“I’m not really hungry anymore. I really have to go.”

“But, can’t you stay a little...”

“No, you don’t understand. I really need to go home. Enjoy the chicken. It was nice talking to you.”

She stands up.

She walks toward the cash with her heels in one hand and her tempestuous performance on my mind. She leans on the counter, pays the waiter and leaves with a handful of fortune cookies.

Her impromptu departure kills my appetite. I look at the goldfish and wonder if they would eat chicken with me. I take out my wallet, my phone and my earphones. I wave at the waiter and ask him for the bill.

He says that the girl in red has already paid for the both of us.

have always made works with polka dots. Earth, moon, sun and human beings

classifieds

Radix is Looking for Volunteers.

Like what you see?

Believe in student creativity, and inter-faith collaboration?

Help us do it better! We can always use help in marketing, web-development, research, distribution, writing, layout, and much more! Email us to join the community.

radix@mail.mcgill.ca

The McGill Office of Religious and Spiritual Life (MORSL)

MORSL, a proud member of McGill Student Services, is located on the second floor of the Presbyterian college (3495 rue University). Please feel free to stop by our Meditation/Prayer Room any weekday from 10:00am to 4:00pm! You'll find a full-spectrum light therapy lamp, CD's for guided relaxation, a serene space with floor pillows and meditation stools, and some suggestions on how to meditate in different traditions. Take time for some serenity! Stay connected with MORSL on Twitter @SpiritualMcGill or like us on Facebook: fb.com/morsl

De-Stress and Spiritual Care Schedule during Exam Days 2018

We invite students to our Interfaith Lounge during the April 17-30 exam season. Come de-stress with MORSL in our downtown space!

MORSL Interfaith Lounge Schedule (Daily)

11:30-1:30 MORSL Interfaith Lounge
Bring your lunch and a mug or thermos to enjoy our tea, and to join in de-stress activities and conversation with our staff, volunteers and your peers!

Pop-Up MORSL at the Gym Schedule (Daily)

8:15-9:00 Room 352, near rear entrance
1:00-2:00 Mind/Body Room, in basement near fitness centre
5:30-6:30 Room 352, near rear entrance

Come do some meditative colouring, listen to relaxation audio, talk with a faith volunteer or staff member, use a light therapy lamp, or take inspiration from one of our wellness and spirituality quotes and books.

Mac Campus Schedule (Wednesdays)

April 11th 9-11am
April 18th 10am-noon
April 25th 1:30-3:30

Come chat with MORSL's spiritual liaison for Mac, Vicki Cowan. Drop in or schedule an appointment with student services. Vicki's office is in the Centennial Centre, Room CC-124.

all represent dots; a single particle among billions.” - Yayoi Kusama •



Radix McGill's Student Spiritua

Due June 1st 20

Radix@mail.m



withy Mag
ol &
mcgill.ca

In fact, I felt
bad for my
 friends who had
 gotten over their
 first loves. Even
 if they were now
 in happy, healthy
 relationships, I'd
 think - "That's
 not REAL love."
 22



But the
 thing is -

I'm
 never
 a completely
 rational person.
 25

Those nighttime
 ideas are still
 at work in me
 during the day,
 even if I
 poo - poo
 them.
 26

one true Love!
 Ha! So dumb!
 of course we
 can fall in love
 more than once!



My secret belief
 might not have
 shown in my
 words - but it
 sure as heck
 showed in the
 ways that I interpret
 my emotions...
 28



So I finally
 reached out
 to the only
 possible
 accomplice.
 30

She was
 extraordinarily
 kind and
 understanding,
 considering we'd
 dated 6 years before.
 31

Sara Lou is a McGill English Lit major who enjoys cozy faerie-lit spaces, coffee, chocolate, and glitter. Her instagram is @sparklyangstcomics and her comics website is <https://sparklyangstcomics.wordpress.com/>!

• "Turn your face to the sun and the shadows fall behind you." - Unknown

The Jewish Community at McGill

Visit www.hillel.ca,
www.chabadmcgill.com,
and ghettoshul.com for
information on shabbat meals,
holiday celebrations, educational
programming, and fun social
activities!

McGill Protestant Christian Chaplaincy

3475 Rue University. A multi-denominational centre for community, service, worship, and pastoral care. We have midweek worship and lunch, Wednesday night Bible studies and supper, monthly contemporary bilingual worship, and retreats. Please visit www.mcgillprotestant.ca or email Chaplain Jean-Daniel at jd@mcgillprotestant.ca to learn how to connect.

Orthodox Christian Students

Join our twice-monthly student meeting, Orthodox Christian Fellowship! We also have monastery visits, picnics, and movie nights. Contact McGill's Orthodox chaplain, Father Ihor for details: ikutash@gmail.com.

My Neighbour's Faith Series

This series of monthly visits to Montreal's places of worship provides a guided experience with various world religions being practiced in Montreal. Email morsl@mcgill.ca to join the mailing list.

Local Gnostic Community Meetings

The Holy Grail Narthex is a study group of the Apostolic Johannite Church. We gather for fellowship, study, discussion, ritual, and generally uplifting times. Please feel free to get in touch with our lay leader, Jonathan Stewart, at holygrail@johannite.org or at 514-437-2948 for further information, to get details on upcoming meetings, or if you just want to chat.

Newman Centre

Newman Catholic Centre, 3484 Peel Street, is a home away from home for Catholic Students. Visit www.newmancentre.org to find out more about this centre for Catholic spiritual, social, and intellectual life on campus!



13

Like The Huntsman
took mercy on
sweet, stunning
Snow White,
and then reported
her dead to
The Queen...

14



15

Then I wouldn't
hear from the
feeling for a while
and I'd think, "Yeah
- it was basically dead.
It must've just
died. Yeah! I totally
killed it... finally..."



16

but then
I'd read
a novel...



17

or hear a
song
or watch a
movie
anything romantic
with that strange
appealing core
doctrine →

18

You
only
get one
shot at
love.

19

And The
Feeling would
revive!

Aren't
cha glad
ya didn't
kill me??



20

HOLY DANG
WAS I GLAD I
HADN'T KILLED
THE ONE TRUE
LOVE FEELING!
WOULD EVER HAVE!



21

Sol/Luna

Sara Lou



Spiders freak me out (especially giant ones) and violence disturbs me, so I was absolutely not a fan of this card.



Who/what did I need to face in BATTLE?
A friend I was having problems with? Apart of myself? Amid

3

Nonononono... Maybe it wasn't a violent scene at all... Maybe the boy and the spider were dancing... There were so many interpretations...

4

But of course - I knew what I needed to face



I needed to kill my love.



hehehe... sorrynotsorry - couldn't resist misleading you there... No, I don't actually mean murder of a person...

7

More like - I needed to kill the idea that she and I would ever be together. but I couldn't do it alone

8

I'd tried over + over

9

I'd bring the feeling to the brink of death...



but then... I just couldn't do it...



How could I destroy the most beautiful thing I had ever had the privilege of feeling?

12

A sun that swells
A world again remade, and I
Out of sync
Still and stuck, a hurricane eye
Drowning in the effervescent storm
Chaos that I wish
I did not crave
How can I save
Those parts of me still spinning
In hollow days before
My body sore
Still mourning over things that do not matter
And every night I shut my eyes and fall
I was not sure I would come back at all
Walls stretching miles
Beyond my reach
I am the only thing that seems to be
Submerged in ghost town rooms
I scrape and sink and yearn for clarity
Addictions come so easily to me

Gwyn is just another chronically exhausted writer, drinking way too much coffee and agonizing over the right words to describe things that don't make sense. Also a U1 political science student, but has changed her major far too many times to put that part first.

Photograph by Mackenzie Roop.

Rasha Lama is a poet/photographer infatuated with the juxtaposition of all things including light/dark, angles/curves, masculinity/femininity, and nature/humanity. Explore more of her work on her appropriately-named website: rashalama.tk.

impossible to fathom the magnitude of the universe that surrounds us.”

a ritual for the dreamer

Rasha Lama

I awake with the rising sun. Fog clears as blushing cheeks seep through. I hear the tick-tock of a clock. I hear the scritch-scratch of my pen on this paper. It is this slow peace that surrounds me. This slow peace sheltering me within my home. I'm starting to remember that a dreamer needs anchors to hold her down in reality, to remember her mortal version, to remember her human abilities. Too often a dreamer stays dreaming and so crashes into fantasy and falls back into reality, a strange place.

So I dip my toes in the waves of life. To feel the cold water around my toes and the cool breeze through my hair. My soles fall through the grains of sand, not only my mind that rests in this moment.

It is a daily ritual to ground and connect with the background of reality. To see the colours, smell the air, taste the food, and feel the life. Through this ritual, I awaken my human. Through my human, I awaken my spirit, my spirit that dreams and colours this life. So I go back to my steeping tea and the clearing fog as the sky's smile shines light afar.



vel at the beauty of a sunrise or the magnificence of a full moon, but it is

dirty lips

Lucas Coque

In darkness full of doubt I find light
Screaming a silent plight
Asking why
Why do the wicked always prosper?
I am David indignant
With hands covered in blood

In the light of certainty shadows shine
Like celebration at the temple gates
Oh, how good it is to be righteous!
I am a priest and a bridge builder
Under which the poor beg uninvited

In this earth between sun and moon
Our ark floats in oceans unknown
While God hides in plain sight

Photograph by Chloe Dolgin.



Lucas is a Brazilian who has been living in Montreal for the past 8 years, currently in the B.Th. program at McGill. Coming from a conservative evangelical background, today he identifies as an Existential Christian Agnostic, embracing all its contradictions.

immediately go out. - William Blake • “For most people, we often mar-

2 bedroom; end there; rexed

Kacper Niburski

2 bedroom

in a room light as a wing and lighter than a sunbeam, i found the place unaccomplished dreams go. it was early. i had just risen. you were beside me, wearing a deep red and the generous morning. your eyes were a brilliant shade of just right and please don't look away. you smiled. said last night was fun. i tried to remember, but all that came was this moment as a line straight and narrow. it was short but infinite, captured but only by its own form. it balanced on your hair, fell onto your arm, cut a million imaginary veins that grounded you to this small, spreading now. you raised your arms. you shielded yourself against the ceiling. you said it was time to go. i asked where. elsewhere, kacper. always elsewhere. how big is this place anyways?

end there

here in the small stop of your love, i tried to know your sorrow. how many deaths could you take in a day? what made you stumble forward into the sun? you'd sit molting on old animal leather and i'd whisper that i had help in my hands. not much, you'd remind. on weekends, it could not cook or learn to keep celine alive. big ideas would see beauty flopping to an end. fish slapping against sunlight. last night playing over again. i'd apologize. you wouldn't. then i would look at eyelashes becoming caterpillars, at how they mistook your current chrysalis as a leaf, how they were eating the butterflies of your eyes. don't, you'd blink. don't think i am a poem. i am poetry. and i will go on.

rexed

i think i am supposed to tell you i am sorry, but i forget the words. not what they are; how to say them. where the b doesn't look so pregnant with desire and the i isn't disconnected from a circle that includes you. there i am, on the outside, a crescent moon birthmark on your neck, trying to see all i couldn't during the night. there i am, on the inside, the feeling of emptiness where you slept, centered and balanced. there i am, without you, kissing you for the last time, loving you for the last time, saying your name one last time with my hands on your head, my breath on yours. you are telling me that it doesn't have to be this way. sunlight dips into my eyes. i think i see arcadia in the fading flint of dust. the walking. the endless food. the skulls reminding me that even in the rain, the dead will weep about those lost to the living. you say something else. then it is quiet and no more words need to be.

Kacper Niburski is a twin who is convinced he would make a good triplet. Don't ask his brother, though.

orbit." - Isaac Newton • "If the Sun and Moon should ever doubt, they'd



starry bodies understood the bigger role that each had to play in the grand scheme of things. They knew that they couldn't stay fused together forever, for they were needed elsewhere for the benefit of many planet dwellers.

And so, with their bright emotional maturity, they let one another go freely: each one leaving the other space to accomplish what each had to do. They were grateful for their moment passed together, and they left it at that. There's no changing us kind of love.

What they had was truly a relationship of unconditional love. (Or so it seems.)

Some say that their romance is still in play; high above – illuminating love of cosmic proportion.

If you look at the day and night skies, you just might see...

But if you want to see them kiss, you'll just have to wait until the next solar eclipse.

The end.

Alex Daigle looks for love in all the wrong places. You may find him pressing shutter & letters in the mountains' pages.

ity is continually drawn off from a rectilinear motion and retained in its

The following tale is about unconditional love as imagined through the eyes of two cosmic bodies: the Sun and the Moon.

The Sun and the Moon were long-time lovers.

(How, when, and how it all started is still a mystery, perhaps the topic of another story...)

It was special. Their love. The on-and-off kind of love. It was built upon their movement through time and space. Cyclical. A continuum. Sometimes close. Sometimes far. Yet always within pull. Gravity I think it was called. How could they escape?

Even if they wanted, they couldn't. Stringed together by forces even they didn't quite understand. Magnificent. A pair beyond worlds. An attraction beyond words. The law of physics was their altar. The 'burn when we touch' and 'freeze when apart' kind of love.

But if a word there was, it was patience; for their only opportunity to be together was when they synergistically aligned – once in a blue moon... during a solar eclipse!

When the stars aligned, from the Earth viewed through our eyes, their embrace seems short and fleeting. From their perspective, however, completely absorbed into one another, they wrap themselves in a blanket of infinity; lasting for eons and eons into the depths of intimacy.

Time and space meant nothing at all. Undisturbed in their abode. The break space-time continuum kind of love.

After their cosmic union in eclipse had come and gone, the Moon would gratefully say, "It was fun, my Sun...", to which the Sun would wholeheartedly reply, "See you soon, my Moon..."

('Soon' a relative term, of course. But so far as they would meet again, it was soon enough for them; enough for their love to last.)

To these softly-spoken words, surrounded by sea of stars, both Sun and Moon parted ways – as it is and always was – without the desire to possess one another. Not with a bang but with a whimper; for they knew that there would be another day, another time. An 'au revoir et à bientôt' kind of love.

After all, physical distance could never touch the energetic bond that united their love. The photons and gravitons linking them together at the speed of light. A string most sublime. Fighting their cyclical separation was thus silly and unnecessary. Soft whispers in the night. Goodbye. The been going around enough to know kind of love.

The Moon saw just how bright the Sun shined throughout the days, and the Sun recognized just how much the Moon guided the way throughout the nights. Both

of the world: that some aspects of it existed and must be examined through different lenses, while other aspects are left blank for one to fill in themselves, then one could develop an understanding of the world which places the emphasis on the importance of creating one's own view of the world through an analysis of other views and through an analyses of that which can be proven through examination of the world through different lenses. Yet western society does not do this. Instead, the focus on creating one's own personal view of the world has been swept aside, focussing solely on the examination of provable facts. This removes one's capability of painting their own symbolic thought onto the reality around them, and as such removes one facet of one's capability of experiencing awe.

But why then is awe important for humanity? Humans have an innate desire for awe. But what is awe? The feeling of transcendence; the feeling that there is something greater than the self, that there is something bigger and greater than the toil of everyday life. Why do we crave this so much? Because we are self-aware. This makes us aware of the futility of existence and how big everything is, yet we are so small. This is why we crave places, actions, songs, etc. that inspire awe. We want to be made aware of something deeper, something that connects us to the fundamentals of the universe. We lose ourselves between the notes of an awe-inspiring song. We feel at one with our surroundings in awe-inspiring places. And we lose track of space and time when practicing awe-inspiring tasks. It is this loss of the self that we desire most. We want something to take us away from the pettiness of everyday life and take us to a space where we truly feel to be a part of something else. This brings us closer to reality. In everyday life we use so many filters to view the world, but when experiencing awe something touches us on a deeper level and gives us chills to our core. This, alongside practices such as meditation (which in and of itself is awe-inspiring) is the only time that we can truly experience anything without thinking, and because of this it allows us to see the world without the filters that normally cloud our perceptions. This is what awe truly is. The feeling of being able to connect with a place, thought, or object on a fundamental level; allowing us to see the world, if even just for a brief moment, without any preconceived thoughts or ideas and allowing us to truly connect with the experience and anyone else experiencing it as well. This gives us a sense of unity, true connection to the world and people around us; something that can't be experienced normally due to our egos, self-awareness and preconceived notions of the world.

Without this in our lives we have become stuck in a world which science cannot yet fully explain, yet due to our imperceptibility of awe we do not have the tools to create a view of the world based outside our incomplete proof-based lenses. This creates a problem as humanity inhabits a world which we cannot fully understand, yet we do not have the tools to fill in the gaps in our understanding. Perhaps then it is time to cast aside the dogmatic following of science that has been pervasive in western society since the "Enlightenment" and adopt one which is more holistic. One which views proof and belief not in irreconcilable opposition to one another, but accepts them for what they are: two modes of understanding which must be used together to develop a complete understanding of the world.

Aiden is a U2 History and Anthropology student at McGill.

of the sky, and the blood coursing in the veins of the moon.” - Muhammad

the importance of awe

Aiden Nettavong

The focus on science in society has taken awe away from us. What must the first humans have seen when they looked upon an eclipse? What did they hear when thunder rumbled? What did they think was beyond the horizon? These are all wonders which we know the answers to today, thanks to science. With that clear, it shows that science is clearly not a bad thing for it has elucidated some of the truths of the world around us. With that said, the focus on solely the verifiable in society has become a detriment to humanity. In the past when one looked out to the horizon, heard the roar of thunder, or gazed upon an eclipse the not knowing would create wonder. Humans are an intrinsically curious species and as such created stories to try to explain these phenomena. This is clear in the development of many early religions which had deities for many different natural processes.

Over time these ideas grew and co-opted until they developed the many organised religions of today. Now while these religions served a purpose, they were supplanted by science during the European “enlightenment” when reason and rationality became the cornerstone of thought. This too served a purpose as it allowed humanity to have a fuller understanding of the world around them. This, however has gone too far. The focus on the scientific method has created a society in which belief is not valued; only proof is. For early humans, looking onto the world without any knowledge of the science we know today must have been a wondrous thing. Looking out to the horizon one would see an endless expanse of existence, one with no boundaries which could take on any form which one could believe to be true. When one heard the thunder, one would hear the roar of an ethereal voice coming from beyond the plains of man and rattling the earth on which we stood. When one saw an eclipse one would see the sun, the giver of life, the creator of the day become swallowed by the blackness of the night. Without knowing from whence these events came must have sparked curiosity in man. Forced us to wonder about life and forced us to believe in that which could not be proved. While many would say that this is a “primitive” mode of thinking, it must have been awe-inspiring. In the newborn world, humanity found its place as the connector of an unexplainable exterior world overflowing with material things, and a rich interior world populated by symbolic thought. As such, the natural world must have inspired awe as it acted as a blank, inexplicable canvas on which humanity could paint their interior symbolism. And as such, humankind had the ability to explain what it could not understand about itself through beliefs about the world around it.

Yet when science became seen as the primary way to understand the world, this changed. The view of the world as a blank, inexplicable canvas disappeared and was replaced with a view that is more akin to a painting in a gallery where humans could examine it through their own perspective lenses and attempt to draw conclusions as to its meaning. With all said, this is not a bad view to hold. If one were to hold both those views

to the Balance.” - Nostradamus • I have seen the movement of the sinews

I'm thinking brain explosions
and supernovas of contrasting mirrors in my mind.
I'm thinking you's and me's and he's and she's,
far too complicated for my ears right now.

I know a lot of things about he's and she's,
I know the date of my birth
and I know the name to my face,
but all the things I know still seem a little too little
for a little too much space between my fingers.

I'm opposed to change in the same way
that wings are opposed to rain.
But I think I would rather fly without a raincoat
than keep rubbing the fog over my face in the mirror.

Another five minutes will go by
before I recognize the existence of this supernova,
ten times smaller than the last,
perhaps because I accept the inevitability of it,
and the inevitability of the next, as well.

Cooper Barnard-Mayers is in her final year of studying cultural studies and film, and she vibes with grapefruit and elephants.

A brush of luminance across the sky compensating for a power outage, accentuating the smoke of industrialization, and revealing the ocean's glistening nature. Three separate locations, three different circumstances; one sun.

Hailey is a U3 student double majoring in Sociology and International Development.

vengeances. For as the Moon is thus led by its angel, the heavens draw near

three poems

G. Sanguine

1.

I misplaced the Sun
Tore it from the Earth
Let it spin 'til it's gone

2.

Slithering lovely
I am in complete awe of you
Something in the way
Your eyes explode

3.

I am disintegrating
Tears stream, turn to rain and blaze
Sorry for the acid

G. Sanguine is a Master of Music in composition student from Antigonish, Nova Scotia with interests in film and poetry.



“Sooner and later you will see great changes made, dreadful horrors and

Long ago, in the far North where ice reigned and cold winds blew, the Norse gave praise to the light. They celebrated Sól, the sun, who illuminated their world, shining on all they would know and love. Yet Sól herself had no time to love, for she was in constant flight from Sköll, a great wolf who chased her. One day, she knew, he would consume her. This would be the end of the world.

And so her people were afraid, of losing her light and all that it illuminates. Without her, gods would die, the earth would be flooded, and all would be lost.

The goddess Sól was not afraid. She knew that one day her light would vanish, just as one day, we too will vanish. But it was tempered by the years of warmth she had brought to the world, working hand in hand with Máni, her brother the moon. She took comfort in the love, light, and happiness she had helped create, not in its continuity.

The writings in *Sol* focus not on the sun, but on all that it illuminates. Kacper Niburski and Alex Daigle write of lovers, lost and united. Lucas Coque searches for his light in ‘dirty lips’. Cooper Barnard-Mayers accepts the inevitability of a supernova, perhaps yet another sol caught by a wolf.

With light,

Katharine
Co-editor

Katharine is

The cover design for Sol was created by Chloe-Dolgin,

I have never had a dream about being on the moon.” - Neil Armstrong •

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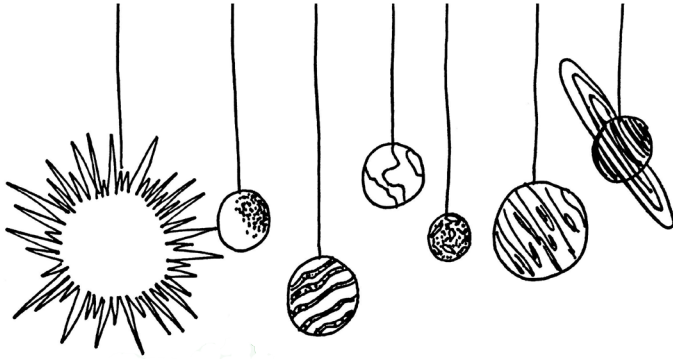


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The bottom line: "I can honestly say - and it's a big surprise to me - that

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