

louden singletree

WRITING AND VISUAL ART *from the*
UNIVERSITY OF THE FRASER VALLEY



ISSUE 14 / SPRING 2022

louden singletree

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE FRASER VALLEY'S JOURNAL OF
CONTEMPORARY WRITERS AND ARTISTS

The *Louden Singletree* is UFV's literary and visual arts journal. Since its inception in 2009, the *Louden Singletree* has been a forum in which students, alumni, faculty, and staff of the university can share their creative work.

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ISSUE 14

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LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The *Louden Singletree* acknowledges that it is located on the unceded and traditional Stó:lō territories.

Contents

1. Cobi Timmermans / Cover Artwork	O Rose
2. Megan “Chuck” Barker	Beautiful Monkshood
3. Andrew Majka	History of the Fraser Canyon
8. Catherine Friesen	Nothing Better To Do
10. Krystina Spracklin	The Long Hunt
13. Jamie Wallman	World Underwater
15. Ella Schmor	Piece by Piece
17. Laurel Logan	nerve detouring
18. Sarah Sovereign	Body Like Lead
20. Laurel Logan	Reflection
21. Eva Davey	They Sit in a Circle to Decide a Fate
22. Kiana Kaszonyi	The reason I hate Nickelback
24. Katriana Van Woudenberg	Endangered
27. Jake Beka	the man with the shopping cart
28. Gracie Dougan	Your house isn’t a home anymore
30. Cobi Timmermans	Interior
31. Catherine Friesen	Timing
32. Laurel Logan	unreliable narrator
33. Cobi Timmermans	One Year Anniversary
35. Ella Schmor	Taurus
36. Kiana Kaszonyi	The Death of the Extrovert
38. Sarah Sovereign	Chrysalis
40. Jillian Niezen	Rather Have You
41. Gracie Dougan	One too many
42. Cobi Timmermans	O Rose
44. Jinnie Saran	Paperback Girl
46. Cindy Castro	I’ll See You in the Cosmos

Thank You

To our sponsors for their financial contributions that made publishing our magazine possible.

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DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Editor's Note

Welcome to the fourteenth edition of the *Louden Singletree* literary and visual art magazine. We'd first like to acknowledge the unceded traditional Stó:lō territory on which UFV is located and for which this magazine would not exist without.

The past couple of years have been a trying time for everyone and being able to find the time and energy to create art of any kind is a challenge that not everyone has been up to. That being said, we on the editorial board were very pleased to have received many submissions of literary and visual art that we can't wait to share with you. The selection process allowed us to select the pieces we feel best compliment the tone and themes that this edition seeks to explore.

None of this would be possible without the help of our various contributors. We'd like to thank Andrea MacPherson for guiding the editorial board every step of the way, Sheri-D Wilson for providing the foreword to issue fourteen, and all of our first readers who took the time to help make the selection process easier over winter break.

Lastly, we would like to extend our gracious thanks to every author and artist who submitted their work to the *Louden Singletree*. For being vulnerable enough to put yourselves out there while we are all still enduring a global pandemic and trying to grapple with how to begin recovering. Sincerely, if it weren't for all of you there would be no magazine to produce.

So, without further ado, please enjoy this edition and all the hard work that's gone into making it a reality!

The *Louden Singletree* Editorial Board 2022

FOREWORD

Call the Taliesin

BY SHERID WILSON

Listen artists and dear poets,
making art will take you to realms
within your self, you never knew
existed

you will walk
in honorificabilitudinitatibus

in limerence, hey, every step
with beatitude, you will breathe
Eros, inspired verisimilitude

in every breath
you will breathe
gratitude.
Essence authentic.

Can you imagine?

'You got this,' yes, you do
live in duende, wow, duende
the only way - to swirl

you will twirl into darkness
twist in the truck of an oak tree,
to reach the light - ethereal, surreal,
ephemeral, real

spiritual, really,
with open heart and brilliant
mind, clear as glass frog, for your
soul to hear story and myth
beyond idea, you will see truth,
your own when you look
in the mirror
you will feel each tear

distil your fear, 'you got this,'
the power of dream
spirit is with you
trust it - and go as far
as you can, image, image,
image - make
mistakes - find minutia
in the nuance, as you

ride the crazy wavelengths,
surf them balanced on your divining
board, with frequency - epiphany
to epiphany, and also fly to the depths
of the dips, eclipse the eclipse,
'you got this'

into the 3rd eye, 3rd eye, 3rd eye
with sacred gratitude
compose yourself
in eulogy, effigy, elegy, hymn,
jeremiad, liturgy, requiem,
prayer, meditation
protest, dirge, or rant.

Turn off, and tune in
to the chant of the earth,
standing stones, sacred
geometry and the sea

the ordinary in the extraordinary
the extraordinary in thee

its all there, you are living
poetry - to open and see,
take it into your bodymemory
and live, live it, live it
to the fullest, widest, most
bionic and euphonic
Musica Universalis
and you will transform
into radiant light.

COVER ARTWORK / COBI TIMMERMANS

O Rose

First piece from series

Photograph, 2019. Digital Print, 17" x 22", one of series of seven.

Cobi Timmermans' artistic practice ties together feminism, ecofeminism, and identity in relation to her connection with self and others. Many of her projects begin with inspiration from poetry. In the case of this series, O Rose, she took inspiration from the poem "The Sick Rose" by William Blake. By juxtaposing her own body with pieces of nature, Timmermans navigates how her sense of self is shaped by the relationships she engages with. Sometimes we are made to believe we are frail, and other times we know in our core that we are a force of nature.

MEGAN “CHUCK” BARKER

Beautiful Monkshood

Fruitless is the love that moves
for beauty and looks alone
For flowers bloom and die before
the nourishing fruit is grown

Damning is the love that moves
only for what it can consume
For delightful, devilish bane of wolves
once eaten, marks your doom

A heart that's never loved at all
might dodge most of the pain
Except unmoving, envying looks
to that which can't be gained

Love too little or too much
Pick the lesser of two evils
But know it's not your place to touch
what your neighbour's garden yields

ANDREW MAJKA

History of the Fraser Canyon

Second Alexandra Bridge (scanned negative, 2021)- Built in 1926 when the wagon road through the canyon was repaired and upgraded for use by cars. The original bridge (built in 1863) was wiped out by a flood in 1894.

Hell's Gate Fish Ladder (scanned negative, 2021)- In 1914, construction of the CN railroad triggered a rockslide which blocked the passage of salmon. Unfortunately, it took a few decades before this fish ladder was built to finally allow the population to recover.

Yale Tunnels (scanned negative, 2021)- The transcontinental CPR makes its way through the Fraser Canyon. This section was built in the 1880's and is still very active today.

No Vacancy (scanned negative, 2021)- During a gold rush and the construction of the CPR, Yale became a significant boom town during the second half of the 19th century. Today it is much quieter.

Old Hell's Gate Tunnel (scanned negative, 2021)- Before the current, modern highway was built in the 60's, the road through the canyon passed through this tunnel.

The purpose of these photos is to document the remains of the past throughout the Fraser Canyon. My primary goal with photography is to share the experience of being immersed in the places I visit with other people. I decided to combine this goal with my interest in the history around my home in the Fraser Valley. Focusing on the Fraser Canyon was an easy decision due to its beautiful scenery and historical significance. From sections of the Cariboo Wagon Road and original highway to railroads and abandoned motels from when the canyon was the primary route into the interior, there is plenty to see if you keep your eyes open and take the time to find it.

Source for dates: Anderson, Frank W. Frontier Guide to the Fraser Canyon "Valley of Death". Calgary: Frontier Publishing, 1968.









CATHERINE FRIESEN

Nothing Better To Do

We take the birch-lined street and follow it
until we reach the river, where we pluck

stones from the shore like eyeballs
from a socket and pitch them into the

swirling smoke-water while corpse flies hover
over salmon deposited by the current.

We throw stones
because we've got nothing better to do;

never mind we have to untangle
the mess we've made or that neither of us

have been telling the truth.
I know this because I'm not

and you aren't either. I can see the words catch
on your teeth, splinters caught in a tide

you want to vomit onto shore
but you swallow them again, leaving

your intestines to sort out the mess
we've made.

Not that we'd tell anyone;
that would be admitting defeat

and we're not quitters. You once said
you'd rather pitch yourself into the river

than confess, and truth be damned,
I'll be right there with you.

So until we find something else
to lie about we'll stand here,

hands hovering like corpse flies,
pretending we've got nothing better to do.

KRYSTINA SPRACKLIN

The Long Hunt

I.

*My grandfather shot a muskrat between the eyes after it tasted Nan's garden.
Whenever I went back home, I kept searching the basement,
waiting to find your gaunt face mounted on our wall,
your teeth dulled from the bottles we uncapped.
I wanted to polish your glassy eyes, forever trained forward, and kept afar.
I knew even then,
things that seem dead show their teeth at a breath's notice,
right before you find their fangs buried in your throat.*

Instead I find you at family reunions,
your hand fisting a beer,
getting tighter
and tighter as we spin your disease into myth.
Your eyes look ready to be plucked,
rotting in their sockets, eating up all the light they can find
until they catch a familiar prey.
My mother's nose still has a hunch, left from the whip of your belt buckle,
but I think of how we might crack open your chest
during my grandfather's next hunt.

II.

*Your son died in an unlit hospital room,
and you weren't even there to haunt the shadows.*

*We found you at 2 a.m. on a bar stool,
guarded by an army of bottles, all empty,
some soldiers just shards at your feet.
I wasted the whole night wondering how a beast suffers pain,
but you were too numb to feel it.*

Nothing punishes more than the death of a child,
so Nan invites you to every Christmas supper
and Thanksgiving brunch,
lets you sit with the other uncles and line your next army.
My mother disappears from the house,
buys you the next damn soldier,
sings the next damn “sorry your kid is dead” song.
Sorries cascade from her mouth like snowfall,
drifting until they’re met by a silent end.
I’m the only one here who hasn’t pocketed our history.
I’m the only one here tracking your steps.

III.

*No one else heard, but I followed the snarls
until I found you cornering her,
my mother’s back wedged into the doorknob of the pantry,
like it would impale her if you pushed hard enough.
I whacked your leg with a wooden spoon,
regifted a bruise from when I opened my Christmas presents three weeks early.
I was only four then, but I still remember,
the noise a beast makes when it’s struck.*

Little girls outgrow spoons and turn to knives instead.
Now I wait for you to find me,

counting on the weakness of a child's memory,
counting on the silence of a woman so afraid.
I hope my first shot misfires,
so I can watch fear peel away your skin
and uproot your teeth.
Show me the coward that lurks behind your maw,
when it's prone to steel arms.
Feed me the words a beast pleads with
before it tastes the dirt.

JAMIE WALLMAN

World Underwater

When approaching image sourcing for this print, I first found real-life photos of both an iceberg and a cityscape as I already had a clear idea for the composition of the image. Originally, I also searched for an image of a polar bear skeleton, but found that searching for “vintage engraving” of a polar bear skeleton offered better results that showed the lines of the bones clearly. I then put those images together into a rough collage, but found that the majority of my image was created with my first sketch. The collage was a rough concept and a starting point for me to begin sketching.

The etching process allowed me to keep many of the elements I enjoyed from my sketch as I was able to create thin linework and capture the small details that were in my sketch. I focused on hatching and cross hatching to form shadows while using linework to lay out my drawing. The effect, although like the sketch, captured the same energy as the polar bear skeleton reference I used, this time giving that effect to all elements and making them feel cohesive with one another.

To me, this image is a warning and a call to action. I have been hearing about the icebergs slowly melting and polar bears slowly going extinct since I was a child and, still, it seems as if no real efforts have been made to stop this from happening.

The melting icebergs mean rising ocean levels along with multiple species going extinct. These rising sea levels will flood the continents and send entire cities underwater. What I want the viewer to get from this image is the fact that we are running out of time to save the Earth and save ourselves. If we - as the human race - do not make a collective change, we will not have a home and we will have caused the downfall of this planet during our short stay here.



ELLA SCHMOR

Piece by Piece

A mosaic, by definition, is a pattern of pieces.

Isn't that all that we are?

An irreplaceable pattern of moments, places and people.

We are all pieces of stained glass;

Coloured by our experiences.

I think, that each time we fall in love with someone or something,

We leave a fragment of our mosaic behind.

And, over time we are added to other mosaics, ones that are too complex and too beautiful to

Understand.

I could tell you where I'm hidden, but I'd much rather you experience me for yourself.

I could tell you about the flowers strung from crumbling white buildings that covered me in a canopy of purple,

Or, the artist with eyes so beautiful they could be the eighth wonder of the world.

I could tell you about the warm stage lights that saw my first kisses and tiger balm-induced tears,

Or, the cabin where I spent my summers napping in a sunbathed hammock, swaying along with the waves.

Some of our pieces are broken.

A chip off the corner, or even worse, a cut right through the centre.

These are scattered in my childhood home; with its red door and pine floors.

Some of them are buried in the corner of hospital waiting rooms;

And the river where we spread her ashes.

I am trying to find the pieces I've lost and the girl that goes along with them.

If you find any, tell me about her, how has she been?

LAUREL LOGAN

nerve detouring

this morning the thin gauzy
light knocked open my eyelids,
woke me up four hours too early
to the appointment. in my daze,
had this gnawing / gnashing / gnu
feeling that my brain was
not the matted mess i once thought,
but crocheted with
knots and knives that furl / flutter / falter
just as they were meant to.

that is to say:
there's nothing wrong with me.

and as the hours passed me by
before the time had come, the fear
that had been sitting inside me slowly
stood up, dusted off its knees, vanished
into the brilliant morning light.

SARAH SOVEREIGN

Body Like Lead

Photograph, 2019. Digital Print, 17" x 22", one of series of seven.

This image was taken in December of 2020 on a freezing cold morning in Cultus Lake, B.C. In 2016, I created an image in the lake, again with Ashley, entitled “Mindfulness”, and I was able to revisit this concept during this shoot. The image shows a woman, perfectly reflected in the lake. The image is meditative, reflective and calm. This frame, originally a throwaway, resonates with me now, as B.C. releases new health orders just before the holidays, and I feel the heaviness of the last couple years settle on my shoulders in preparation for the new year.

Collectively, I think we are exhausted. Finding rivers of mindfulness and reflection can be increasingly difficult in this world that doesn't feel quite the same. This image represents that disconnect, as we try valiantly to keep afloat amidst brain fog, the crushing weight of news reports and social media – as we try to return to some measure of peace and self-nourishment in this flood of information.

The reflection in the lake is distorted, and the figure leans back – as though reverberating from a blow, collapsing into the water, sinking – like a body full of lead. As long as she keeps her head above the water, hope persists. In the meantime, I think we can all use measures of self-compassion, kindness, and community in however this next brave year unfolds – even if the reflection remains unclear.

Created with model Ashley Lord and Siobhan D'Souza (Shiverz Designs).



LAUREL LOGAN

Reflection

every time your face hovers above mine,
the words from your lips sink
into me like slow stones through water.

my body, a lake filled
with rocks skipped
from your fingertips;

your fingertips
skipping over
me until each inch
of my skin ripples

and disperses into yours,
until all that's left is the metronomic
wave of your hand:
a goodbye that always seems to
stir everything up again...

EVA DAVEY

They Sit in a Circle to Decide a Fate

To see whether we burn or boil.

Punishment for their sins! they yell behind closed doors
newscasters announce burning of the stakes and laws becoming tales fit for hand-
maids.

This is no story.

Unless it has been made with cursed ink and twisted thoughts,
not while there are women turning blue and cold
with aching throats filled with protests.

In the end we stand with bated breath hoping the people elected to keep us safe
will keep us safe.

To them we have done this to ourselves,
as a result of our original sin
done by mothers Lilith and Eve.

Look around a how far we have strayed from Adam wanting his equal in the gar-
den,

to men in suits sitting in a circle
with blood under their nails and grime on their souls.

It is a curiosity how they have never gotten cinder blocks tied to them before
being thrown into cascading falls.

Witch they hiss,
like a snake in a tree.

KIANA KASZONYI

The reason I hate Nickelback

is because I couldn't remember what you looked like.
An adolescence of loneliness accompanied
by the trading of hands.
No one could ever hold onto me for long enough—
maybe the weight I carried was too heavy.

You resurfaced on my twelve birthday,
like a memory in a locked box
I thought I had forgotten.
This song reminds me of my daughter.

You disappeared like a fugitive,
but no one was even looking.
I couldn't be mad at first,
I was addicted, finally getting my fix of the enmeshment I craved.
So I listened to your pity song.

“too long, too late, who was I to make you wait”

A bad mom.
You let the hollow jaws of depression swallow you whole,
leaving the helpless to search for their own home.
Twelve years without a mom is too long.
You're too late to get flowers on the second Sunday of May.
Maybe I wasn't the daughter you wanted.

“stop breathing if I don't see you anymore”

Then you must be dead by now.
You look to show you that you weren't a failure.
You beg me to tell you that you deserve forgiveness.
But grandma didn't raise a liar.

"I'd withstand all of hell to hold your hand"

But you didn't.
You had hell in the palm of your hand,
blistering against your already dry skin.
Except you liked the way it burned,
You didn't like the way I cried.
So I held my own hand behind a closet door with no way out.

"keep breathing cause I'm not leaving you anymore"

Maybe you uncovered your own illusion,
I should have known it wasn't real.
As my twentieth birthday has come and gone,
I haven't heard from you since that stupid song.
And now I fucking hate Nickelback.

KATRIANA VAN WOUDEBERG

Endangered

2021, Ink, pencil, coloured pencil, 9" x 12"

A beautiful dappled coat flashes for an instant between the trees and rocks and then disappears. Catching a glimpse of the elusive Snow leopard, or the imperiled Amur leopard is an experience almost as rare as these creatures themselves. The Amur leopard and Snow leopard both face extinction because of climate change and rapidly disappearing habitat. Unlike other leopards, the Amur leopard and Snow leopard live in cold and snowy climates in Siberia and Himalayas.

I wanted to emphasize the beauty and vulnerability of these leopards and their homes. I enclosed the background of each drawing inside of a thin metallic band to represent the fragility of their habitats and chose colours that would highlight the beauty of the leopards themselves. These drawings incorporate a variety of mediums to give a sense of depth and realism to the pieces.



I - Snow Leopard



II – Amur Leopard

JAKE BEKA

the man the shopping cart

The man with the shopping cart shivers and trembles at the sight of others.

He yells into the cafe, screaming
incoherently, hoping someone will see and understand him.

No one does.

He stomps on the welcome sign in anger, knowing he didn't feel welcomed.

The man with the shopping cart screams inside to make sure he is alive.

His pupils are dilated.

He is lost and trapped in the abyss.

The man sits again in the right corner of the crowded cafe talking incoherently to himself.

Trying to stay warm on a cold and frigid winter day, he wears his stained second hand fuzzy winter coat.

Unwelcome and ignorant customers stop and stare at the man in disgust.

Who is he talking to?

Why is he such a drugged out freak?

The man in the crowded corner of the cafe yells and screams at no one.

The distorted faces and apparitions give an intense vertigo to the man in the corner of the cozy cafe.

His pupils are dilated.

He is lost and trapped in the abyss.

GRACIE DOUGAN

Your house isn't a home anymore

I woke up to the crack of sunlight peering through the opening in the curtain.

I rolled over to see the alarm clock reading 8:45

Grandma had already snuck away from the bed.

I swung my legs over the edge, placing my toes on the floor
dragging my blanket to the stairwell.

I'd slide onto my bottom and shimmy down the steps
as if I were riding a toboggan.

The coffee aroma encircled the kitchen
and the scent of fried oil wafted off the grill.

The static of the old television drifted through the room
with the sound of hockey echoing in the distance.

Grandpa's slippers made tapping noises on the linoleum
as he came up to stack his pancakes,
drenching them in maple syrup.

He would fill his Mickey Mouse mug,
full of what seemed like more cream than coffee
and retreat back to his chair.

A few years later he was gone

I always thought I'd be able to have a cup with him.



COBI TIMMERMANS

Interior

Photograph, 2021. Digital scan, 11" x 17".

Since Cobi Timmermans began photography in 2018, an ongoing project of hers has been the documentation of her home and the nature that surrounds it in the Sumas Prairies, located on the unceded territory of the Stó:lō nation. She is interested in the effects that seasons, weather, and humans have on the land as she documents the growth and change that she is witness to. Shot on film and mimicking a double exposure, Interior depicts trees from her garden reflected on a living room window which shows through the house to the fields behind.

CATHERINE FRIESEN

Timing

Tonight I am a bike with the brakes cut
and my brain strung together
with spiderwebs. Inside: leaves sizzling
across the sidewalk; your head a halo
in the flowered nook; vines the color of blood.

I want you to confine me
like morning glories around the onions
and the oak in your garden, ignoring time
and the need to be anywhere else, because

time is irrelevant when I'm with you
but I still find it whirling forward,
a train bolting off track and I don't plan
on us going with it.

Here with you in the garden room
I'm not strung out or thrown sideways
and haze doesn't halo my thoughts and
I don't find myself counting down the minutes
wishing it would end.

LAUREL LOGAN

unreliable narrator

i have this image of us in her bed:
soft quilted, strands of her hair
interwoven in the fabric; her books,
half open, shoved underneath the pillows.

i place my hand on her arm,
though suddenly it feels stiff and cold,
like a railing that i'm trying to hang onto,
yet keep slipping down until
i slam into the bottom of the stairs.

i never picked up the pieces—
just rearranged them where they fell.

my memory of her is a scab
i keep picking,
a flower i keep deadheading,
an etch a sketch i keep shaking.

now all that's left is the brief rapture
i felt as we looked down
that haunted well and yelled
until our voices couldn't any longer,

and my voice has been stuck at the bottom ever since.

COBI TIMMERMANS

One Year Anniversary

Photograph, 2021. Digital Print, 24" x 24", one of series of six.

In 2020, Cobi Timmermans' work began to document the emotional impact of isolation during the Covid-19 pandemic. One Year Anniversary was shot in February and March of 2021, one year since the pandemic started. Through the lens of the camera, she explores themes of anger, hopelessness, loss, grief, and fear. With inspiration from filmmakers Andrei Tarkovsky and Michelangelo Antonioni, whose films feature compositions which isolate figures within the scene or from other characters, she explores the different ways in which one can experience the feeling of isolation, even in the proximity of others.



ELLA SCHMOR

Taurus

And if she was a colour, she would be green;
something soft and serene, like a meadow.
long brown hair that touches the tips of the earth, as she dances through life.
She's an oasis of calm; quietly admiring the breeze while the world around her crumbles.

Her mind frequently trails to the past,
she finds herself getting lost in the sound of her thoughts,
pulling the grass from beneath her, searching for an answer.
She sits like that, day after day.

She ignores the passing of time.

She wants to be a writer;
she scribbles verses on her forearm, but lets the rain wash them away.
she dreams that she's a flower; alone, in a garden of weeds,
craving the sun's gentle kiss.

KIANA KASZONYI

The Death of the Extrovert

My parents nicknamed me “yappy”
straight out of the womb.
I wasn’t taught how to shut up until I was twelve.

I always had something to say:
this flower smells like home,
I told anyone who would listen,
my favourite colour is green,
I told anyone.
I live with my aunt now.
Maybe I said too much.

Life was just a long summer drive,
warm and exciting.

Until I met you.
You always asked why I was so loud.
Your chilling voice
echoed after every thought,
just be quiet for once.

I wish you hadn’t stuck around anymore,
maybe she would still be here.

One day, you turned my summer to deep winter,
lips frozen shut
the frostbite would be terminal.

I guess you planned this, you couldn't stand her anymore.
You couldn't stand me anymore.

I creep around like a ghost now,
careful of making a creak on the hardwood.

I miss her sometimes.
You sit there reminding me that I am nothing.

Were better off without her anyways,
better off alone.
But I still miss her sometimes.
It was just you and I at her funeral,
the murderer and the murdered -
who witnessed the death of the extrovert.

SARAH SOVEREIGN

Chrysalis

A figure stands wrapped up in tulle and flowers, meant to represent a ritual of grief and burial: the body is ready for transfiguration, the final process of moving from life, to death, to whatever waits beyond the veil. The figure symbolizes the chrysalis of change – not just the physical change of the body, and not just the spiritual change of the hereafter – but change in the wake of loss for those left behind. The shape and space that the body takes up never leaves and is felt forever, in some capacity, regardless of what grows around it. The space left behind transforms itself into a felt, irrevocable absence of what was.

In 2020, I lost my father after a short battle with pancreatic cancer. There are many things that stand out to me around that time – the purple Rose of Sharon blooming outside his room in hospice, how the common areas had chairs stacked upon chairs and signs warning not to gather – my family and I all moved through them in full PPE to my dad’s quiet bedside – the graveyard of ephemera laid out beside him on the table like tokens ready to journey with him into the afterlife: his cellphone, business cards, too many pens, scraps of thoughts on paper. In the quiet hours I spent next to his body waiting for the funeral home to come, the first seeds of this photograph were planted. In a way, he was still there, he was just in the other room – and in another, the space he left behind has transformed me forever.

This image was created with the help of Siobhan D’Souza (Shiverz Designs) and Krista Perrey, and is dedicated to my father, John Sovereign.



JILLIAN NIEZEN

Rather Have You

I acquired your pillow covers
got your best jacket
your American money,
I would rather have you

disappearing under water with sky so blue
here one moment
the second after gone
not to be seen with these eyes again

I have your smile
tucked away forever,
but I would rather have
you.

GRACIE DOUGAN

One too many

People say it's problematic to hold onto the past
but what if you could never move forward?

What if you never had the chance to live freely
because your life was influenced by a religion,
that never should have been forced on you.

What if you were stripped of your identity,
leaving you with nothing but a body
that didn't feel like yours anymore?

What if going to school, was returning home at the end of the day?

What if those children came home,
or never had to leave in the first place?

What if those children were able to grow up,
without fear
with their own culture?

What if they were not found beneath the ground,
as if they were thrown away like dinner scraps

What if we never had to be ashamed of this part of history,
because

it

never

happened?

COVER ARTWORK / COBI TIMMERMANS

O Rose

Second piece from series

Photograph, 2019. Digital Print, 17" x 22", one of series of seven.

Cobi Timmermans' artistic practice ties together feminism, ecofeminism, and identity in relation to her connection with self and others. Many of her projects begin with inspiration from poetry. In the case of this series, O Rose, she took inspiration from the poem "The Sick Rose" by William Blake. By juxtaposing her own body with pieces of nature, Timmermans navigates how her sense of self is shaped by the relationships she engages with. Sometimes we are made to believe we are frail, and other times we know in our core that we are a force of nature.



JINNIE SARAN

Paperback Girl

Our friendship was the best vinegar
powerful punch of
bold bright zing
girlish giggles reverberated
throughout many a night
with our gaze cast above
to the starlit Skies

slowly I shed
my carapace of safety
to a vulnerable paperback
my pages fluttered open
then soon you made love
integral in conversation

eggplant does not
arouse my taste buds
so your head thrown back in mirth
you pressed on

it hit you then
same love

suddenly our zesty supreme
duo to acidic
souring your tongue and heart
so you began bootlegging secrets

and pages of my life
with more muscle and meat
twists and tweaks
leaving us with bad
bland tastes in our mouths
from bitter stinging words
uttered in anger

your peristeronic attitude gone
tolerance discarded
alongside commitment
so I set you free
left with selfies decorated
with octothorpe symbols

verses of country music
and memories of cinnamon muffins
circle the bin of my mind
now lined
with lethargy and sorrow

CINDY CASTRO

I'll See You in the Cosmos

You stand at the edge of the void –
peering over the black abyss to get a taste of the afterlife,
the one painted with fading colours,
and twinkles with eerie beauty.

The nurse is poking that blue vein of yours,
and the visual of the blood bag filling up
is overpowered by a distant chiming,
as the soft strokes of a piano dance through your head,
Do you know where it comes from, darling?

Around you stars bloom and wither with the passing circle of life.

Flickering and fading,
flickering and fading.

You stand there
like the star you are.

The centre of an infinite galaxy.
Utterly lost yet completely found.

Time slows you to a stop
relaxing at the beauty of 5cm per second,
now hurtling you forward

like passing through a wormhole you didn't know existed.

Are wormholes even real?

You see lifetimes come and go with every blink of your eyes,
and you're catapulting through this heaven so fast you should be dead.

Are you there yet, darling?

Feeling the wind that isn't there brush past your skin;
your soul is impossibly happy, yet overwhelmingly terrified
of this newfound nirvana that you've disappeared into.

And can you feel it?
Falling through the air,
stars slipping past your fingertips
like grains of sand you want to grasp onto.
The wind tries to catch you seconds before you hit the ground
and it carries you through the universes
to see all the lives you could've lived this time round.
Which will you choose next, darling?

The cosmos swirl in your eyes
as you move faster and faster.
The night sky envelopes you
in a strange, dark warmth.
You listen to the echoes of humanity's independence battles,
The echoes of your favourite songs,
The echoes of voices so familiar that fill your ears as you start to spiral.
More and more,
whirling all around you and pushing air into your lungs.

And then, you slowly sink down,
down back to the ground.
Your eyes start to feel heavy,
weightlessness fading
as the heartbeat monitor begins again.

I wish I could've seen your face once more, darling.
Your universe stopped,

for just ninety seconds.
But maybe,
just once more,
we shall fall through the air again,

and try to catch the stars, darling.

Biographies

JAKE BEKA is a Canadian writer, poet, and musician currently living in Langley, British Columbia. His current educational pursuits include attending the University of the Fraser Valley to pursue a teaching degree and ultimately teach English and literature abroad. As an author, he deals with topics such as human connection, isolation, and the brutal realities of everyday life. More of his art can be found on his Instagram @jake_beka .

MEGAN “CHUCK” BARKER is a student at UFV.

CINDY CASTRO is a 21-year-old student in her third year at UFV studying a Bachelor of Arts with a major in English and a minor in Philosophy. She plans to graduate after she obtains a Bachelor of Education so she can teach high school students.

EVA DAVEY is a student at UFV who enjoys poetry, Harry Styles, and filling her bookcase. She is a Scorpio that loves the moon and Amy March. You can find her reading any Orion Carlotto work and drinking an oat milk latte.

GRACIE DOUGAN is a second-year student Bachelor of Arts student. She is working towards becoming an English and History teacher for secondary school. Her poems in this issue were inspired from prompts she received in class, but she constantly takes ideas from lessons, or just personal memories that push her to write such intimate pieces, that hit close to home. Poetry is a creative escape for Gracie, and she wants people to come away from reading her work, feeling moved and connected.

CATHERINE FRIESEN is a writer, teacher, and art therapy student living on the side of a mountain. When they're not learning new things, they can be found drawing silly little comics, singing to their plants, or getting lost in the woods.

KIANA KASZONYI is a second-year student at UFV, majoring in English. Kiana is heavily inspired by her own life experiences and uses poetry as a creative outlet to express those feelings. Her biggest inspiration, however, is her older sister Cassidy, who always encourages her to reach her full potential, and who has always believed in her. Kiana is hoping to become a high school English and Drama teacher once she graduates.

LAUREL LOGAN is a UFV alumni and current student teacher at SFU. She enjoys watching and thinking about movies, reading and writing poetry, and dodging any and all social interactions.

ANDREW MAJKA is a fourth year student at UFV studying Computer Information Systems. He has too many hobbies, ranging from tinkering with computers and playing video games to DJing and adventure motorcycling. However, his favourite pastime is exploring and photographing the outdoors. The further away from civilization he is, the happier he gets.

JILLIAN NIEZEN graduated from UFV with a Bachelor of Arts in English back in 2015. With an appreciation for the various forms of art she enjoys hearing spoken word, watching theatrical creations, listening to meaningful lyrics, and capturing a glimpse of nature through photography. Over the years, poetry has been a creative outlet for her to explore different ways of seeing situations and processing emotions. As a reader for the Loudon Singletree in a few of the early issues she is excited to be a part of this issue.

JINNIE SARAN is a 22 year old UFV student from Aldergrove BC. Jinnie is in the process of obtaining her BA majoring in English/ Creative Writing, minor in history, and a certificate in Journalism. She loves to write poetry and literary fiction that most of the time seems to be centred around tough topics. Jinnie also enjoys being an avid reader and finds herself drawn to books that are seen as obscure but are written by our very own Canadian authors. Jinnie is a Capricorn, loves pasta with pesto, and considers herself to be a summer soul.

ELLA SCHMOR is a first-year student at UFV. She enjoys romanticizing what her life would be like as the female protagonist in a Victorian novel and watching sunsets. She is so excited to have her pieces showcased alongside so many other talented artists. Enjoy the read!

SARAH SOVEREIGN is a student at UFV.

KRYSTINA SPRACKLIN has always loved to write. These days she tackles the cloudiness of trauma and the furious women ensnared by it, but her passion lies in rewoven mythology and speculative fiction. Her goal is to become a novelist, and support her cats and their wet food addiction.

COBI TIMMERMANS is a multimedia artist living and creating on the unceded territory of the Stó:lō Nation. She has received her Diploma in Visual Arts from the University of the Fraser Valley and is currently completing her Bachelor of Fine Arts there as well. Her artistic practice focuses on digital and film photography, painting, and collage. Utilizing portraits, self-portraits, landscapes, and nature, her work explores feminism, ecofeminism, and identity.

KATRIANA VAN WOUDENBERG is finishing her 4th year of her BSc in biology at UFV, pursuing a career in veterinary medicine. She is passionate about all things biology, and loves working with and drawing all kinds of animals. She specializes in realistic, colourful drawings in pen and ink or coloured pencil. You can find more of her art at [@kvw_creations](#) on Instagram.

JAMIE WALLMAN is a 3rd year BFA student who specializes in print media, painting and sculpture. Their works often concern elements of nature and self, often creating works about their personal feelings toward different subjects. These subjects can be a multitude of things, from climate change to the complexity of nostalgia. After getting her BFA, she intends to continue her schooling to become a high school art teacher because of the positive influence and encouragement her own art teachers had on her growing up.

The *Louden Singletree* is UFV's literary and visual arts journal. Since its inception in 2009, the *Louden Singletree* has been a forum in which students, alumni, faculty, and staff of the university can share their creative work.

Contributors

Jake Beka

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Eva Davey

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Laurel Logan

Andrew Majka

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Jinnie Saran

Ella Schmor

Sarah Sovereign

Krystina Spracklin

Cobi Timmermans

Katriana Van Woudenberg

Jamie Wallman

