

VOICES

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2020

 The
Women's
Centre

WELCOME TO VOICES.

Throughout the years VOICES has been a special place of recognizing different artistic expressions and experiences. It has been a space where students could voice their beliefs, share their hearts, as well as a corner of celebration and mourning. And now, nearly a quarter of a century later, we have arrived at the 2020 edition.

We would like to extend a warm welcome to you. Whether this is your first or twentieth time reading VOICES. We invite you to open yourself up, get a little uncomfortable, then listen and learn about the different journeys students from all walks of life live.

Our hope is that VOICES will continue to inspire us all. To really become aware of who we are, and the world we live in. To inspire us into seeing the world with a new intersectional perspective, maybe ones that have not been considered.

We recognize that VOICES is one of many mediums that students or people share. Because of this we hope that you will continue listening, and challenging yourself wherever you may go. There are stories everywhere, the question is will you be the one to listen and acknowledge them?

So grab a beverage, snuggle up and enjoy our 2020 edition of VOICES

With love,

Sav Campbell-Sharma & Abigail Pot

Women's Centre Service Coordinators



V. FACECCHIA

Line 12

Her presence shines under the sun.
The way her beautiful luscious petals
bloom and blossom red affection.
The way her soft green leaves shimmer
in the wind and remain pure and flawless.
The way her long green stem curves upwards
without any fear or insecurities.

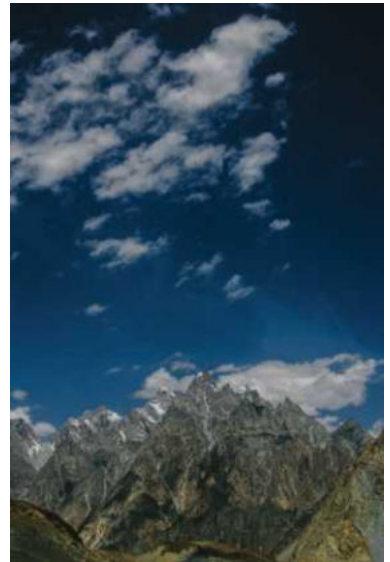
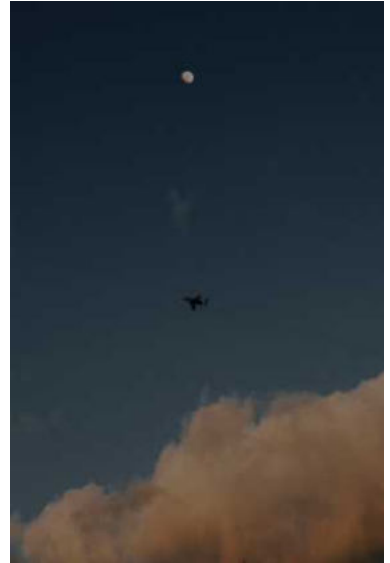
She had her warmth from the sun.
She had her roots from the ground.

The only vitality part she was missing
was her supply of water.
The single drops of water he restricts her to have.

As she begs in thirsty.
As her throat quenches
and her voice begins to crack.
As her petals darken in browns
and dulls with lack of emotion.
As her leaves couldn't withstand the cold
and break off from the stem.
As her stem begins to curve down,
trying to protect herself from any darkness,
from any toxins.

She had her warmth.
She had her foundation.
She didn't have the water needed
to pump through her body.

untitled



22.08.16

he was always so thin and tried to act tough but his knees crooked inwards and his back caved when he cried, "I love you", it wasn't enough.

i took his hands into mine as if holding my prized possession
 he is mine;
 to have, to hold, whatever
 so he must be mine; to hurt, to harm,
 my treasure.

i take him and i tease him with life as i wrap his hands around my neck i laugh and
 i laugh because he couldn't have known, it is too late yet too soon for him to turn back.

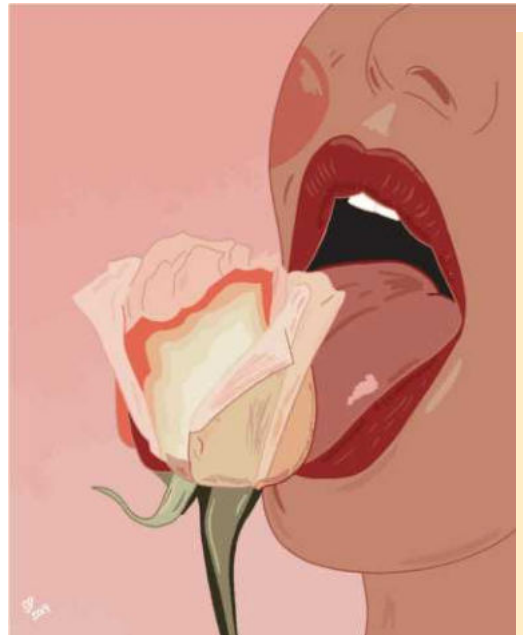
our love is forceful and it is a battle from within and lucky for me, he was always so thin.

i take the words out of his mouth
 "i love you", oh please
 spare me that dreadful dream you lead...
 i crush his hands into a million pieces for ever touching me
 he is mine to crush, he belongs to me.

as i take his neck into my embrace i feel the release of my one last possession.
 the breath of his life is leaving me and his breath i will chase because
 even as i take his life i see my own drain from his eyes
 god he's so thin

he crumbles right below me, too easy.
 im not crazy i swear, i guess there's a fine line,
 but he tried to take from me what is mine

he, my prized possession, is released from a life of sin and i will go to no ends to follow him.



SAPHERA PETERS

SAPHERA PETERS

BAD GIRLS CLUB
BAD GIRLS CLUB
BAD GIRLS CLUB
BAD GIRLS CLUB
BAD GIRLS CLUB



SP
2017

BAD GIRLS CLUB
BAD GIRLS CLUB
BAD GIRLS CLUB
BAD GIRLS CLUB



SP



SP
2017



SP

ZANIB ASHRAF



who by fire

EMMA KATHERINE MCLAUGHLIN

Passion peel

You tell me I am too passionate,
Like that is something to be shameful of.
But I will never water down my self-respect
Just so you can keep from drowning in your
own ignorance.

You tell me I am too passionate,
But I am other things too:

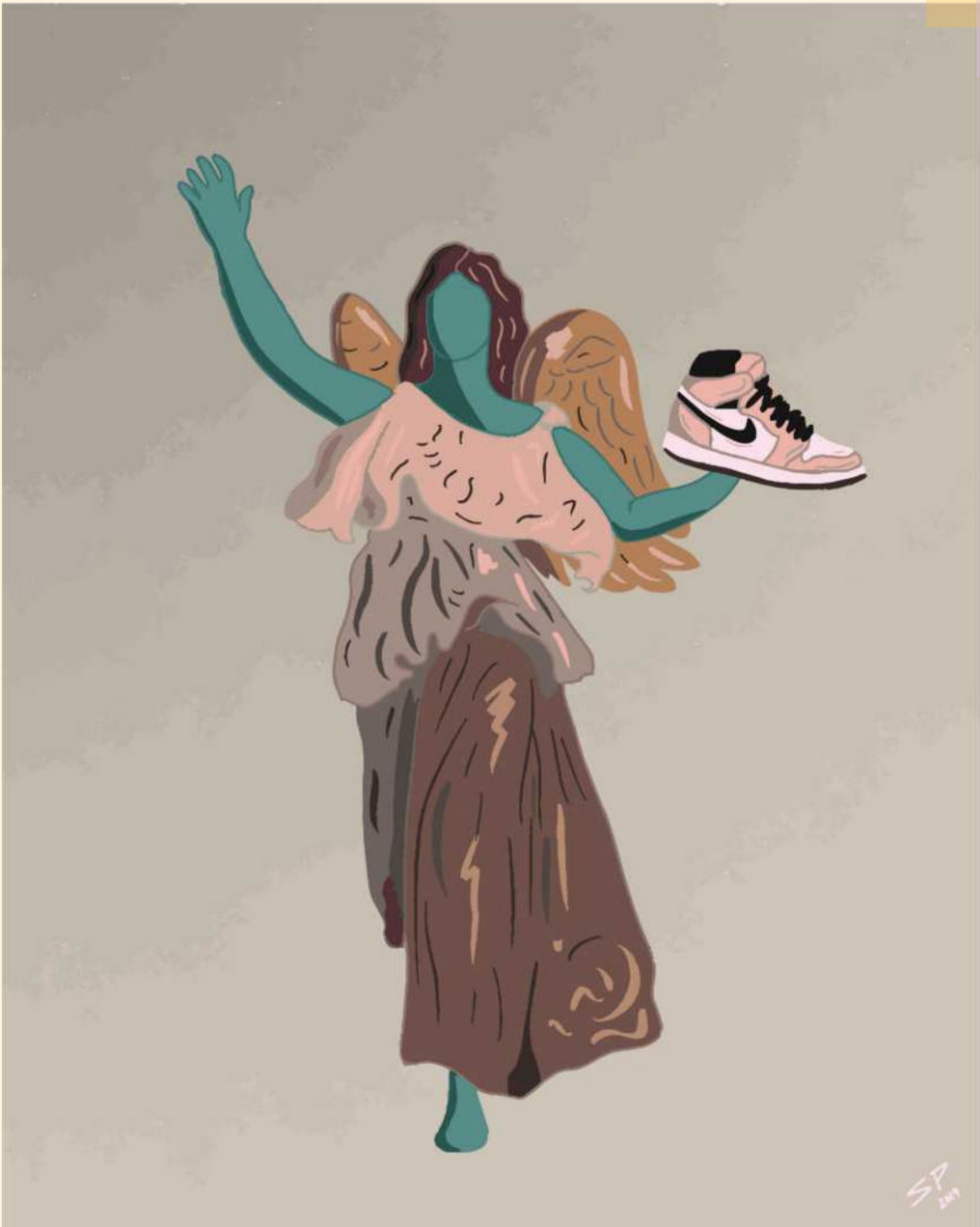
I am the ripest peach's juice that drips
a down
your
chin

Like sweat, on the
Hottest day in August.

I am the burning sand that your feet can't
bare
To feel on your soles, at the otherwise
Pleasant beach.

I am the blistering on your skin, for
When you spend too much time in the sun.

But you will never ask her to stop burning,
She does not burn for you.



SAPHERA PETERS

nike

SAPHIRA PETERS

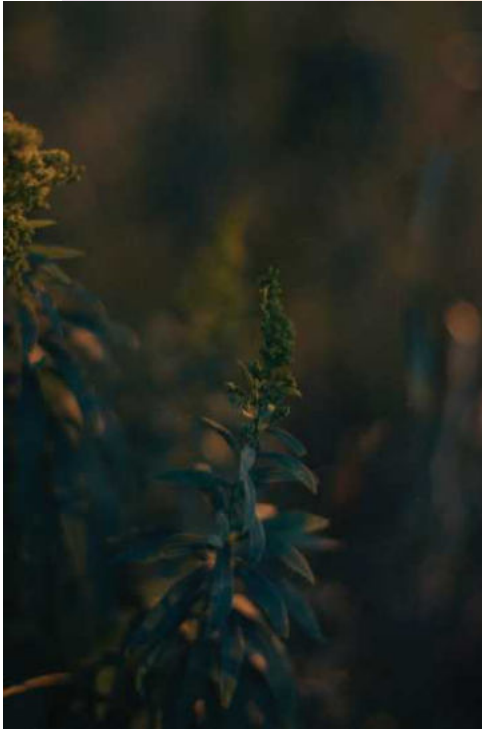


THANYAA NAVANEETHAN



morning dew

ZANIB ASHRAF



nurian bazaar

RACHEL DENNIS Loving Free Birds

We all meet free birds who land
unplanned, Who will gaze into your
soul,
And make you feel grand.

But the thing about free birds is they
follow the wind, Inevitably leaving you
hungry and yearning, Defeated and
hurting.

I firmly believe we are derived from the
cosmos, Meaning that sometimes we are
those free birds, And that this is the life
that our souls chose.

How tragic would it be, to be trapped in
different corners of the universe, With
planets and oceans in between,
That made your longing worse?

It only makes sense that we continue to
search for love, Hoping to find pieces of
ourselves,
That fit us like a glove.

But what if I told you, you were already
whole, and like the sun and the moon,
We dance with pieces of our soul.

You see,
We are all on this journey,
And we will always question if our love is
worthy...

So when you meet someone who carries
pieces of you, Surrender yourself to that
free bird,
Because however long you have together,
They will always leave you stirred.

I.S.B. *my midnight lover*

Tonight, she hides behind a thick
curtain
Did she wonder if she had taken up
too much space?

Meri chaand, kaha ge jaanu?

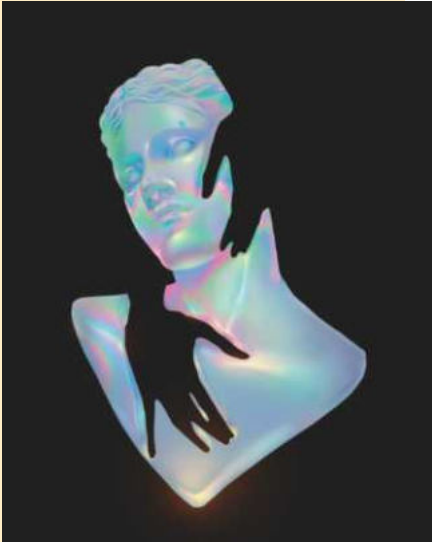
Leaves softly rustle into quiet sobs
Even the trees whisper amongst
themselves

Where is the world of women?



kashmir

ZANIB ASHRAF



this is who i am

Nyx knows that she is feared
Zeus himself cautions others not to upset her,
lest she encompass the world in rage
he declares to the world that she could bring about
their demise
she is night
darkness
and what is darkness without light?
oppressive, everlasting, enfolding victims in a
smothering embrace
all fear the all-powerful Night
this is who she is

melancholy, she waits,
her reluctant heartbeat a drum, counting down the
seconds minutes days months years centuries
she spends Alone
primordial, pristine, primitive
shadowy Nyx, with a supernova heart
fearsome Nyx, who dictates men and gods alike
evil, treacherous Nyx, revered by the deceitful:
the liars, the thieves, the murderers
they pull her cloak over their heads,
make away like cats in the twilight

nothing exists without Light to prove it does
(why am I here am I real do I matter she wonders)
Night swallows all that is good,
stifles the growth of every damned creature on earth,
a heavy, velvet carpet choking out the vermillion sun

Night, the suffocating
Night, the murderous
this is who she is

V. FACECCHIA



but Night smothers the bad, too
provides a roof for humanity to cry under,
to escape to when the sunbeams are too bright for their
fragile eyes and
a ledge from which to scream frustrations off and
a blanket under which they whisper their prayers and
a tiny speck of hope for those in need and
a safe haven

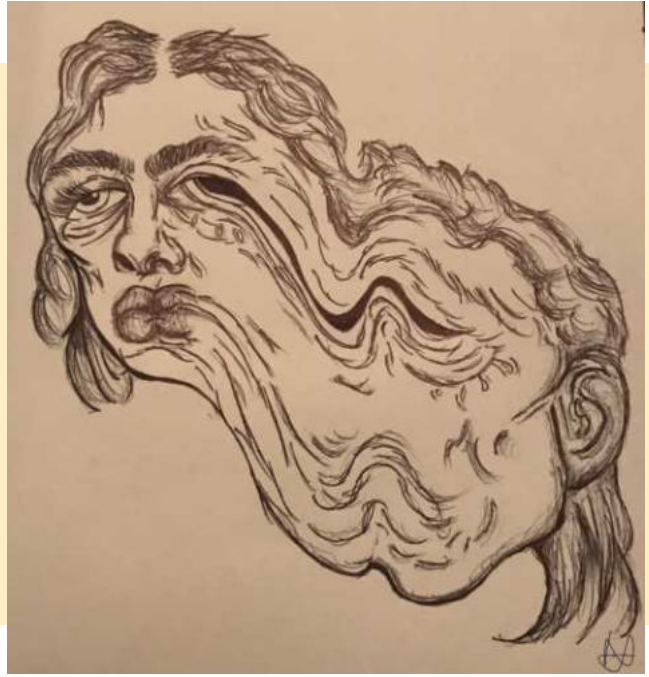
her skin: black, shiny, like the wings of a raven
smooth like obsidian
luminous freckles dot the space across her nose
and down the length of her body
constellations tattoo themselves onto her,
urging her to remember where she is from
born from the sky,
Daughter of Chaos
the moon resides in her mind

Zeus fears the power she carries,
she knows that now
frightening and glorious,
no longer shameful of her past
Sleep / Death / Darkness have known her love,
the tender ache of a Mother's affection
but why must she also nurture the seasons to be respected?
she is a woman – no, Goddess – of infinite capabilities
look towards the moon, and look a little further

there she waits, surrounded by eons worth of stars
not as alone as she once thought
Night, the revered
Night, the courageous
Night, the hopeful

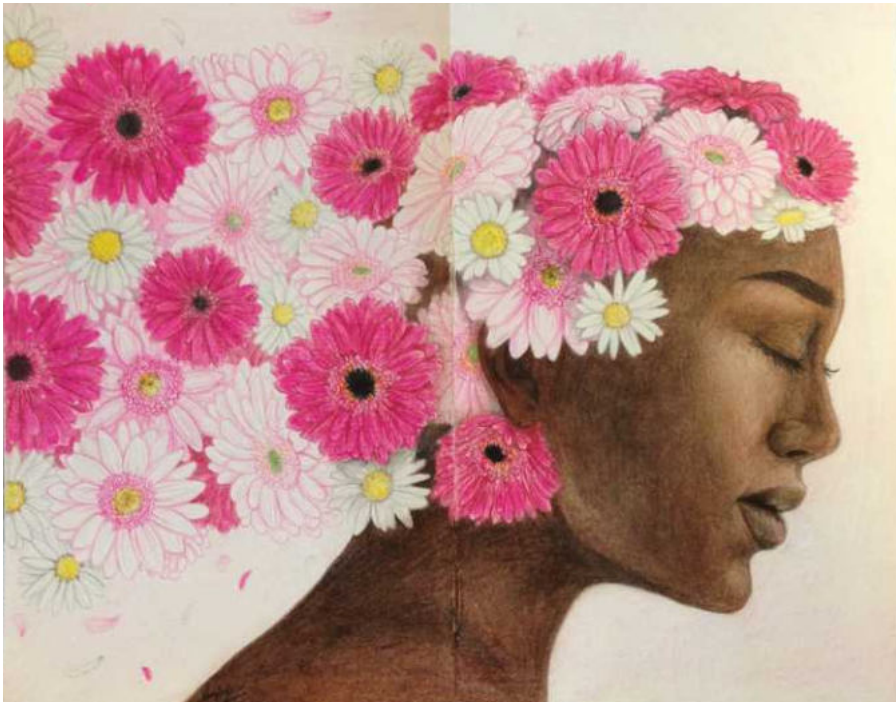
“this is who I am,” Nyx says.

HANNAH HAIGHT



THANYAA NAVANEETHAN

SUNDUS JAMAL SALAME





ZANIB ASHRAF
mtl



BUUCHAU DANG CHAU

Your boy isn't you

Your buoyant baby boy was your navigator, his boat was propelled by your ocean arms.

at 10 ,
 you put his life in danger,
 late nights on summer road trips , you drove your family
 under the cloud of dissociation. silence saved your son,
 he was scared without you. The cycle stops with him

at 12,
 you left your son,
 to visit your family each Christmas. you used money as
 compensation, he needed you .
 The cycle stops with him

at 13,
 you rarely were home,
 but your questions accumulated. his friends were fine,
 school was going well, he was growing up,
 and you were missing it. The cycle stops with him

at 15,
 he didn ' t want to be you,
 your son saw straight through your reflection , when the
 face he was given was inflicted with a feeling he knew all
 too well.
 with the numbing sting to his cheek,
 he saw a glimpse of the red you grew accustomed to.
 The cycle stops with him

your son had his own,
 they dove into deep lagoons, rode crashing waves,
 and sailed over the horizon. For your boy isn ' t you

nike II

SAPHERA PETERS



RACHEL DENNIS Sandwiches and Everything in Between

When I was young, my Dad used to make the best sandwiches.

He would pile them high with whatever he could scavenge in the fridge, and in all my life, I can't think of a single time he wouldn't share his famous scavenged-witches. Double-decker, entire loaf long sandwiches always cut the way you want. Even if you didn't like that particular dab of mustard, somehow it didn't matter because Dad made it. When I was young, my Dad's deli related selflessness unintentionally taught me that happiness was a bite of someone else's sandwich made for themselves, but with full intention of sharing with you.

And while I don't buy bread anymore, I firmly believe love is multifaceted and diverse, and can be so much more than ham and cheese cut into squares. And much like home-made elementary school lunches, without taking chances on who you meet throughout your midnight cravings and midday grocery runs, sometimes you're just left with two crusty butts that are probably stale.

Whoever you choose to share your table with, however much money is in your pocket, and whatever road you're on, I firmly believe that life without substance, is simply just empty bread. And while sometimes life is about making sriracha-related mistakes, and discovering perfectly paired oddball concoctions like cheese whiz and pickles... Don't forget to take chances, and selflessly share them over the sink.



**THANYAA
NAVANEETHAN**

Once upon a time in spinsterhood

“So, I heard that you smashed the patriarchy today.” Afreen asked Alexa as they both hunkered down on their couch with a steaming cup of coffee after a long day.

“Nah,” replied Alexa, “It was nothing. Plus I think smashing the patriarchy is overrated. I mean technically there’s nothing to smash. All you gotta do is take off your heels in public or laugh loudly. It’s that fragile. Anyway, enough about me. You’re the one who went on a date. How was it?”

“It was okay.” Afreen took a sip from her cup, clearly trying to avoid eye contact.

“Ooh, there’s tea to spill.” Alexa put her feet up on the couch and made herself comfortable for listening to her roommate’s tinder tale.

“Well, we should be careful where we spill tea. Tea stains.” said Afreen, aggravating Alexa’s curiosity, though not willing to share the details of her date.

“Come on!”, Alexa replied with a tone of frustration, “It’s not like you clean anything around here anyway.” “Ok, sorry.” Alexa quickly replied as she saw the death glare in Afreen’s eyes, “Plus, I enjoy cleaning. Cooking is your department and cleaning is mine. That was the whole deal when we moved in together.”

“It was terrible. He spent the entire time telling me how my biochemistry degree is mostly made up of chemistry courses and hence the job can be done by a chemistry major as well.” Afreen seemed more exhausted than she does during the time of her final exams.

“So, you got your own degree mansplained to you and that this degree is useless.” Alexa summed it all up.

“I’m going to die a spinster .”, wailed Afreen, “Actually. I should not call myself that, since, it’s a derogatory term used to describe an unmarried woman who is too old to get married.” Afreen’s expression changed to a thoughtful one.

“Actually,” Alexa started talking after taking a deep breath, preparing for a rant, “during the mid-1300s, when spinster entered English, it meant, as the word sounds, a woman who spun wool. But if you were too good at it you became financially independent and thus less likely to get married which is a “bad thing”. It became a term of impoliteness during the 17th century. It was also a legal term used to describe an unmarried woman during that time . But by the 1800s, the term had evolved to include women who chose not to marry. During that century middle-class spinsters, as well as their married peers, took ideals of love and marriage very seriously, and spinsterhood was indeed often a consequence of their adherence to those ideals. They remained unmarried not because of individual shortcomings but because they didn't find the one "who could be all things to the heart"³.



“Nerd.” Afreen said in an irritated tone as she got up and went to her bedroom.

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- ¹ Spinster: Meaning of Spinster by Lexico. (n.d.). Retrieved February 18, 2020, from <https://www.lexico.com/definition/spinster>
 - ² Where does the term 'spinster' come from? (n.d.). Retrieved February 18, 2020, from <https://www.merriam-webster.com/words-at-play/spinster-meaning-origin>
 - ³ Spinster. (2020, February 14). Retrieved February 18, 2020, from <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Spinster>
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Reference:

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ZANIB ASHRAF

challah



million dollar man



minar

