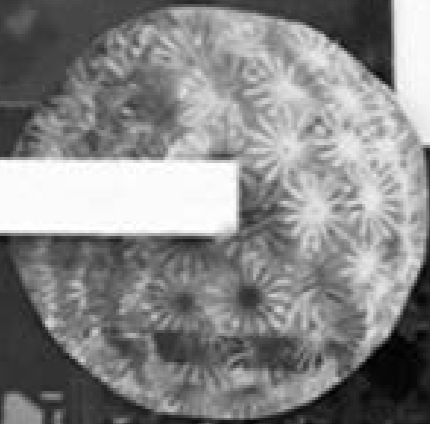


Issue 1 | Fall 2012



# Plenitude Magazine



© Plenitude Magazine, 2012

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

ISSN 1929-8080

FALL 2012 (Date of issue: August 2012)

*Editor:* Andrea Routley

*Advisory Editorial Board:* John Barton, Arleen Paré,  
L. Chris Fox, Maureen Bradley, Sara Graefe

*Cover Art:* Yang Liu

Special thanks to Lynne Van Luven for her invaluable  
guidance and encouragement.

Manuscripts may be sent to [editor@plenitudemagazine.ca](mailto:editor@plenitudemagazine.ca).

Subscriptions cost \$10 CAN for two issues over one year. To  
subscribe, visit <http://plenitudemagazine.ca>.

*Plenitude Magazine* is published twice a year from Victoria,  
British Columbia, Canada.

It is laid out by Andrea Routley and sold online at  
<http://plenitudemagazine.ca>

We gratefully acknowledge the financial support of  
UVic Pride, and donations from individuals.



To become a Friend of Plenitude, contact  
[editor@plenitudemagazine.ca](mailto:editor@plenitudemagazine.ca)

# *A Letter from the Editor*

The release of *Plenitude Magazine*'s first issue coincides with the full moon.

This reminds me of an essay I read recently. In the collection *Lesbian Self-Writing* (edited by Lynda Hall), Betsy Warland writes:

*With the exception of a handful of nights a year, the moon appears to exist in various stages of always being “unfinished.” It is easy to forget that it is, in fact, always full. With the enabling of one another we enable ourselves. We are not on a quota system. Sharing our power as a writer and professional only creates more power for [queer] writers in general.*

I want to thank everyone who has shared their powers as writers and professionals with *Plenitude Magazine*.

Thank you:

To everyone who submitted; reading your work is the most exciting and rewarding part of editing this magazine. Whether your piece was selected or not, you have informed the editorial process with your views and experiences.

To the Advisory Editorial Board for all your advice

and suggestions: John Barton, L. Chris Fox, Arleen Paré, Maureen Bradley and Sara Graefe.

To Cliff Haman, the technical lifeguard. In Hasselhoff-esque fashion, he grabbed his metaphorical buoy (which is actually a mac mouse), and saved me many times from metaphorical undertows (Wordpress and Adobe Creative Suite).

To Lynne Van Luven who acted as the supervisor to this whole endeavour. I met Lynne four years ago when I asked her, out of the blue, for advice on publishing *Walk Myself Home*. She didn't know me – we'd never met, nor had I been a student at UVic where she teaches — but she helped me anyway. By following her advice, I found a publisher with Caitlin Press. Lynne has so generously “shared her powers.”

Finally, thank you to all the contributors for their poems and stories.

Here is the moon, always full.

We present Issue 1.

— Andrea Routley

# *Table of Contents*

## **FICTION**

**TREVOR CORKUM**

*5`9, 135, 6 c br bl*

**THEODOSIA HENNEY**

*How do you Know the Bride?*

*The Remarkable Deaths of Flying Fish*

**NANCY JO CULLEN**

*Valerie’s Bush*

**STACY BREWSTER**

*Just How I Left You*

## **NONFICTION**

**PETER KNEGT**

*How I Learned To Stop Worrying and Have  
Sex In Gay Art Porn*

## **POETRY**

**KEVIN SHAW**

*Mars in Love*

*Discretion*

**LINDSAY CAHILL**

*Pride™*

**GEER AUSTIN**

*Butley*

*Drinking Black Coffee, reading Barbara Guest*

**EMILIA NIELSEN**

*Sensorial*

**MATTHEW R. LONEY**

*First-World Lakeshore Sunday*

*Two Variations on the Theme of Envy*

**ALEX LESLIE**

*A Body Changing Hands*

**SUSAN HOLBROOK**

*Concession Road*

**LEAH HORLICK**

*fault lines*

*What I talk about when I talk about fear*

**BETSY WARLAND**

*Oscar of Between, Part Seventeen (excerpt)*

**KEVIN MCLELLAN**

*The essence of both*

*Intersectional*

**KYLE KUSHNIR**

*mermaid*

**CONTRIBUTORS**

**KEVIN SHAW**

## *Mars in Love*

(i.)

You think you've staked him  
then one night the geography shifts  
under fingertip.

No warning  
just upturned freckles  
on previously unspotted flesh  
and then  
the new points of interest, not  
the usual,  
not those tourist traps,  
but places off-road, places  
perfect in their wildness  
unearth themselves and rise up.

Suddenly  
his body becomes ancient,  
a confession of creation,  
or its apology. Like the moon  
his skin tells a story  
in scars — friendly fire  
he says  
and as you bring your lips to each

you name them after  
the continents, and claim  
to see a shape in the array  
of hairs, pock marks, burns, and creases.  
He's your secret soldier.  
And there's an empire in each  
embrace. You wear his scent  
as foreign spice, drape his arm across  
your chest like silk in some imperial  
night vision. You tell your friends  
what his name means,  
its origins  
the same language as yours.

(ii.)

In the motel room  
TV images of the Mars exploration  
turn the room appropriately red, swirl the angry  
red dust over his desert-sunned skin.  
His body, not a place  
on Earth or its moon,  
    but now, in this light,  
a place we haven't been  
in person  
just dreamscape and theory, the probed  
and imposed upon  
new found land.  
That is the place, wind-whipped,  
uninhabited —  
You've known red nights  
that flicker on the screen,  
four-wheeling all-terrain over-hauled.  
This love,  
a cartography between planets,  
the map laden with the marks  
of desire, that search  
for life, the future.

(iii.)

You tell him that you saw  
two men wrestling  
on the beach early morning  
and they looked like  
two men fucking,  
    and then you realized  
they were two men kissing  
against the violent surf and  
you weren't sure which  
version was the translation.  
Makes you anxious, doesn't it,  
when even you can't see the other  
possibilities of a man's body.

# *Discretion*

The cock shot up-close and personal  
ads are now known as Casual Encounters  
in the corner of the touch  
screenings held at the clinic available  
Married White Male seeking NSA fun with  
masculine men a plus and negative  
as of March 1<sup>st</sup> drug and disease free-  
loaders need not apply  
stats available upon request  
that you be str8-acting too  
much cologne is a turn  
often available on weeknights after  
work out 6 days a  
week sissies need not  
a requirement but a plus-  
size queens step to the back  
doors open at six bring your own  
condoms are an absolute  
musclebear seeking same for  
none of the gay stuff just  
time next week available for  
companionship and possibly more

leather the better cuz I love me some  
uncut guys are OK  
to contact this user directly press  
200 pounds on the bench 150  
max. since I don't do fat  
ass is high and willing to please  
be discreet.



## TREVOR CORKUM

### *5`9, 135, 6 c br bl*

#### 10

**I**t was clearing that night, the earlier clouds of grey disappearing like a freak mist behind the forlorn rocky slope of the North Shore mountains. While I walked over the water the music that played in my head was soothing like an orchestra, soft brutal strings and beautiful big brass instruments arranged by a guest conductor in the sky. The cars made their way in a tiny parade over the aging Burrard Street Bridge, heading towards downtown and the sleek towers of glass where so many lives were lived, and so much love was squandered.

It was nearly perfect. I was high as a kite. The moon was cut rough into the sky like some school kid's weekend project, a yellow crude felt, jagged on one edge, pinned onto a black fuzzy backdrop by a shaky hand. I was admiring this powdery moon and the stars that rarely seem so gifted to Vancouver as the way they were that night. Also the dive-bombing seagulls, God's little helpers, climbing up to these twinkling stars before

spiraling down into the muddy bowels of False Creek, splashing into that icy gut like dark mechanical props on a second-rate Hollywood set.

I was God's little man in my own right. I knew without a doubt that I could fly if I wanted. So I didn't think anything of it, hopping onto the ledge that bordered the old bridge. It was a high stone ledge, with pillars and columns and lots of fancy millwork. I'd done it a million times, sometimes with a friend, usually alone. The Burrard Street Bridge is the oldest in Vancouver, built on a blanket of land stolen from the Squamish. It's because of this I think it's haunted.

I was thinking about all of this. About the stolen land. Also about my date.

I could taste him still on my lips. Not love. Just the crude salty resin of whatever trace was left of him; his elemental essence, lust, the residual forensic evidence.

The edge of a bridge so high up, it's like God whispering lullabies in your ear.

*goodnight do it do it do it goodnight goodnight  
goodnight*

When I was a little kid, my favourite book was *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*.

I didn't jump. I want that in the record. When they fish me from the Creek, trawling at first light for my slowly swelling body; when the students of art and sculpture lumber onto the ferry heading for Granville Island, and the soupy Vancouver rains erase any nocturnal memory