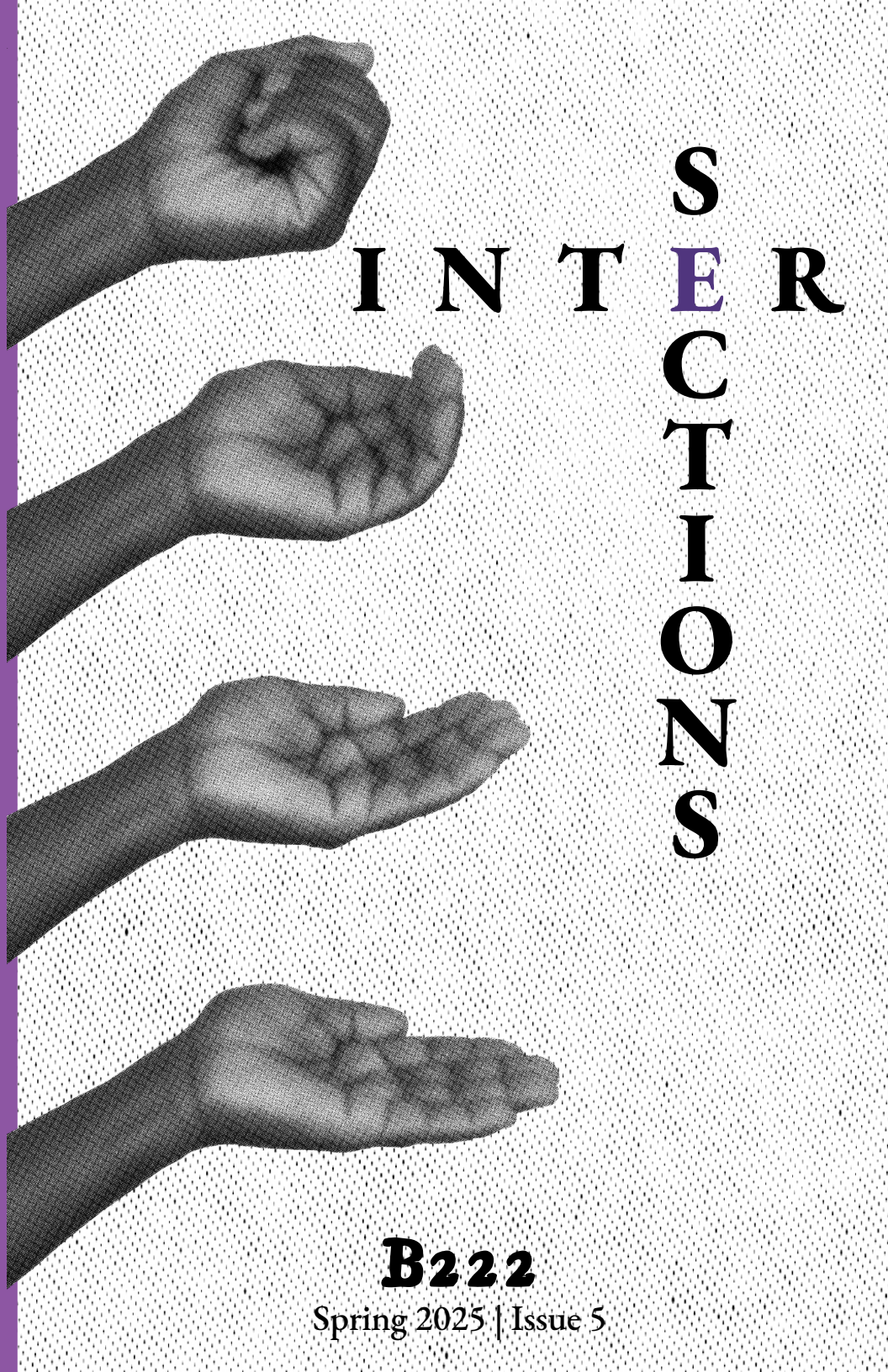
INTERSECTIONS
B222
Spring 2025 | Issue 5

B222
Art & Literary Journal

Presents:

Spring 2025 | Issue 5

# INTERSECTIONS

*B222 Journal* acknowledges the land on which we operate has been and still is the traditional territory of several Indigenous nations, including the Anishinaabe, the Haudenosaunee Confederacy, the Huron-Wendat, the Métis, and the Mississaugas of the Credit First Nation. Since time immemorial, numerous Indigenous nations and Indigenous peoples have lived and passed through this territory.

We recognize this territory is covered by the Dish with One Spoon treaty and the Two Row Wampum treaty which emphasizes the importance of joint stewardship, peace, and respectful relationships.

*B222 Journal* affirms it is our collective responsibility to honour and respect those who have gone before us, those who are here, and those who have yet to come. We are grateful for the opportunity to be working and living on this land.

*B222 Journal* is published by the Creative Writing & Publishing program in the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences at Sheridan College.

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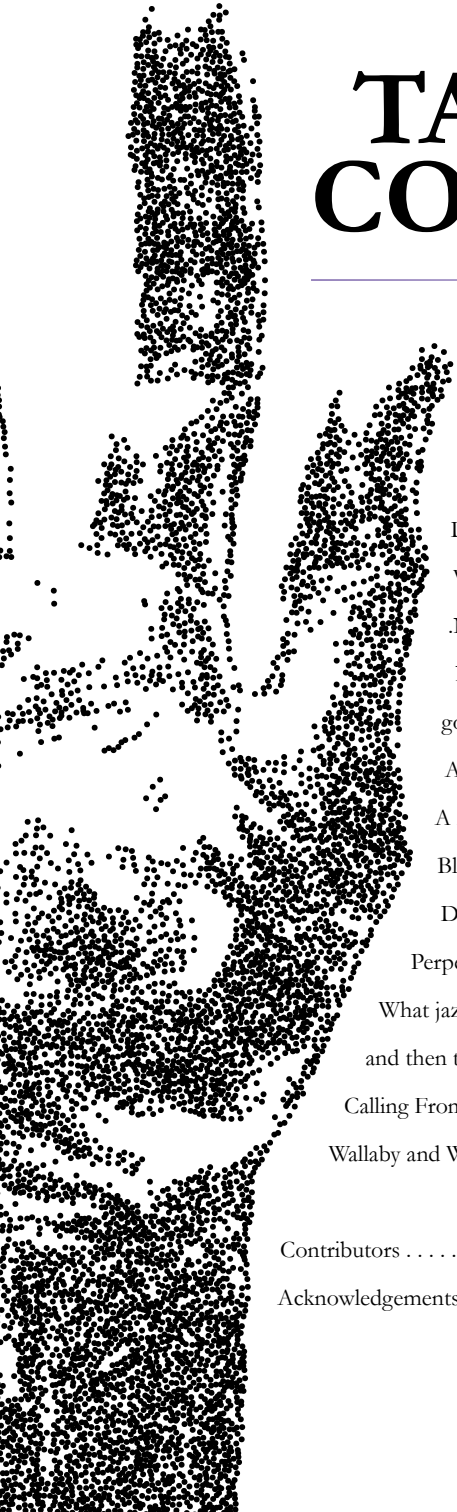

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# A MESSAGE FROM OUR TEAM

In 2022, the *B222 Journal* was conceptualized in the Journals & Zines class, taught by Professor Tali Voron-Leiderman. A team of Sheridan students in the Creative Writing & Publishing program (Noémi Blom, Emily Breitkopf, Hazel Mekkattukulam, and Stephanie Pugliese) started this journal as a gift to Sheridan College's community of artists, creators, and writers. Since then, the *B222 Journal* has grown beyond what we could have imagined.

Now, the journal provides students with a professional, hands-on opportunity to work harmoniously alongside their peers. This opportunity has not only helped students gain industry experience, but given them a chance to grow their portfolios.

*B222 Journal* publishes two issues per year, and the assembly of these Fall and Spring publications speaks to the designated values of past *B222* teams and members. Each time a new issue launches, the team's individualized expression comes to life on the page. That's the beauty of this publication: it not only showcases the work of the students who are published in its pages, but unveils the collective creative skill of each new team.

To carry this mandate into the future of the journal, the current *B222* team has decided to instate the first of many *B222* imprints. Each year, a new team will take over and be given the chance to create something completely their own. This initiative has been introduced to provide all forthcoming teams with the space and artistic freedom to authentically illustrate their collective creative vision, a symbol of *B222*'s passing of the torch. *B222* will now be used as a platform for something new and fresh each year.

We are beyond ecstatic to invite new students to a publication where they can fully exercise their literary and artistic innovation. It is with our utmost pleasure that we present *B222*'s first imprint: Intersections.

Sincerely,
The *B222* Team of 2024 - 2025

# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

**Dear Reader,**

*B222* stands on four immovable pillars: **Learning**, **Growth**, **Connection**, and **Looking Ahead**. At the heart of it all is a band of students in Sheridan College's Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing. Without this program, *B222* would have been impossible. Every Creative Writing & Publishing program student who has held a place on this team at any point throughout *B222*'s lifespan was able to apply the skills they acquired from this intensive program to a collective passion project—you guessed it: *B222*! Our alumni have gone on to share these exemplary traits with the rest of the world—I won't list the accomplishments; as there are far too many to keep this letter short and sweet. I know you must be eager to take a peek at Issue 5.

On that note, you may have noticed some changes in this spring issue. Change begets further change. It is with heavy hearts that we inform you of our program's suspension—an unfortunate cancellation. The Creative Writing & Publishing program has changed many lives. Its impact will ripple through the landscape of Canadian publishing for decades to come.

So, in our final hours as a team, we mustn't go gentle—we must rage.

I welcome you, Reader, to a new horizon for *B222*. One where we hold our ground. One where our passion for launching brilliant creatives is not a footnote in a tribute to this program. One where the community and their creations are indiscernible, interlinked,

intersected.

When we asked you to think of intersections… we were thinking of roads, of red, yellow, go. Of crossing paths and looking back, or two becoming one (for just a moment) then continuing on. For us, it meant venn diagrams and overlap, hugs and stepping on toes. We wanted to flit through a montage of meet cutes and sameness in the face of vast differences, to see the way you unveil common ground and quantum entanglement in your own life.

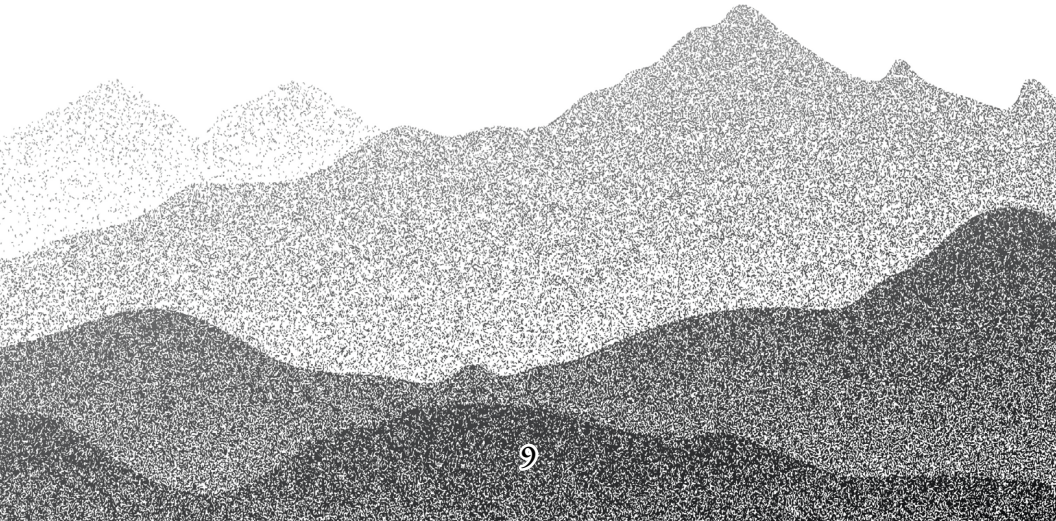
When we asked you to think about intersections, we thought of how we tie our shoelaces into bows with two ends of the same string—when two becomes one, they become something more.

In 2024, *B222* asked you: ***Where do intersections emerge in your life?***

In 2025, we present to you a collection of profound work that explores the marriage of an artist to their craft. In Issue 5, no two pieces are the same, yet somehow, here they are: intersected.

With love,

Gabrielle Goudie
Managing Editor



# DEAR MAN

Annie Lynn Tebbutt | CW&P

***"The DEAR MAN skill is intended to help us develop effective interpersonal communication that will help us get our needs met and develop healthy relationships with others."***

***- Marsha Linehan***

***Describe***
i want to touch the spaces where time slips through,
a space without edges – a space without end.
where light is liquid and shadows are tangled threads.
to curl it inwards and claim it as mine,
where cherry blossom freckles cloud my judgment,
and words dissolve before they're spoken.
to know the shape of what couldn't be held,
the distorted view of disjointed social queues.
i want to understand.

***Express***
let me rest in this incandescent veil,
where koi fish leap in pools of warm honey,
and crackling embers trail across the sky.
spoken in forgotten moments,
desperate lines melt into unspooling rings,
plumes of hope filled promises dissipating.
where hesitation has no name,
and hollow sounds fill the cracks in the earth.
let me float between awakened dreams.

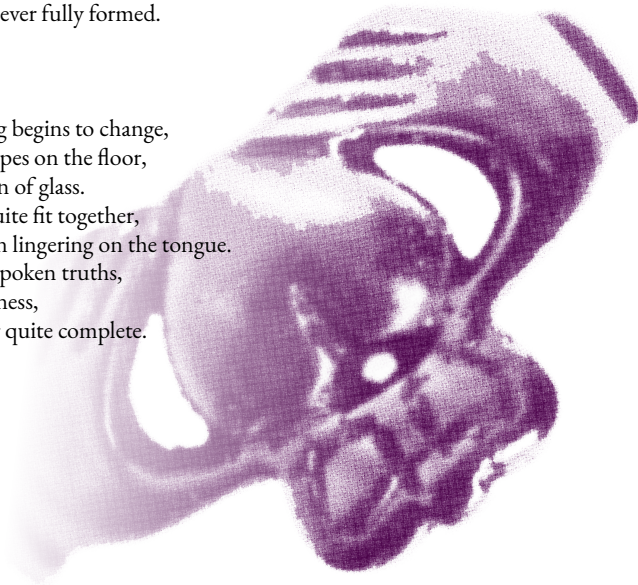
***Assert***
i am not the form you expect,
a flicker caught in the grip of dusk,
lost among petals that fall too soon.
nothing about me is subtle,
but a wild flare of heat and skin,
flesh torn in the grasp of a storm.
but here i yearn for stillness,
inverted claddagh rings spinning in obtuse circles.
i am not selfish.

***Reinforce***
i do not need to be made whole,
but to be scattered and woven into the air,
to exist where fragments meet.
needn't be fixed,
but held in the places where i fall apart,
memorialized in the tear of unmarked folds.
rare like the pulse of bitter wine,
iron pressed like a pretty pleated dress.
i do not need to be vastly loved.

***Mindful***
i know the weight that pulls from within,
where forms melt into each other,
and everything is both near and far.
an obscured tangle of golden rod fringe,
a question in the space where nothing answers,
and the world hums in half-formed shapes.
the weight of a moment before it's born,
drifting just beyond the edge of sight.
i know the feeling of being just out of reach.

***Appeal***
i ask for nothing but to be sought,
in the quiet curvature of forgotten hills,
where the earth shifts without name or purpose.
lamenting to experience true emancipation,
from the weight of expectations unvoiced,
or the silence that wraps its fingers tight.
like the ripples that stir without sound,
and the fracture of a dream never fully formed.
i ask to be cherished.

***Negotiate***
stay with me when everything begins to change,
when fireflies cast strange shapes on the floor,
and faces blur in the reflection of glass.
muddled words that don't quite fit together,
the sharp warmth of bourbon lingering on the tongue.
in the air that hums with unspoken truths,
lavender wraps rigour in softness,
suspended in moments never quite complete.
stay with me in the known.



# What am I?

Antonella Finch | CW&P

Erving Goffman said: "We are all just actors trying to control and manage our public image," that we all wear a mask and that our real self is some place behind it. I think he is right, but also wrong. In some way, whether we like it or not, we are all our mask too.

I am my mask, because I choose it. I choose to be a supportive older sister. I choose to be an honest friend. I choose to be a present daughter. Still, I am just another actor playing on Goffman's front stage and the people in my life are my captive audience; those who know me as a friend will never see me act as a daughter and my parents will never see me perform as a sister.

I am my memories and the things I have forgotten. The images that I can recall in an instant and the incomplete thoughts that blur in my mind, that are nothing more than an echo. The hugs I've given, the hits I've received, the tears I have contained, and the kisses I have thrown.

I am my decisions, the good ones, the bad ones, and the ones in between. The things I do without thinking, the actions that I did not complete. The words that I have screamed and those that I never got the chance to articulate. My biggest accomplishment goes hand in hand with my worst failure, and my best moment can return to haunt me in my memories. I am the people with whom I've connected, the people I've left behind and those who've left me, and the new faces that are still to come.

If the world is a stage, then in my backstage there are the books I've read, the songs I sing, the jokes I make. My yeses, my maybes and my noes. Those thoughts that are too dark and too deep to come to the light. The things I am, the ones I am not, and those that could have been. Everything out of the public eye, safe behind the curtain.

When someone asks me who I am, my mind is overwhelmed by all the answers I could give, and—like the animal of habits that hides behind the mask—by default I say my whole name. I cannot explain who I am. There is no coherent way to do so, but at least I can give a name for the people to refer to when they think of me.

# Not Cool Man

Zsofia Skrupskas | CW&P

Firstly, five dollars would never cut it. Secondly,
my damn backyard isn't a carnival. And thirdly—
Not cool, man.

I can't believe you just left that ant farm in my front yard tree. Those ants
they grew to the size of horses. Horses! That was not cool.
Now—the next-door kids, like Tiny Tom and Silly Suzy, are asking to pay me
five dollars—seriously, *only* five dollars?
for the ride. And don't even get me started with the bombs planted
by the government. *Our* government. Well, that's what the conspiracy theorists said.

Those bombs were made up of cups. They leaked from a cloud, the same cloud who
gave a visit to my grandma. That cup fell, my grandma couldn't catch it—
it shattered into monarch butterflies, and the butterflies then turned into
bombs. Not cool, man.
So, the bombs came from the butterflies, and the butterflies
came from cups, and the cups all fell simultaneously. But if the cup came from
the cloud, then the cloud must be the government and if the cloud
is the government, then I must be your yesterday's—Big Mac

that was left in the fridge for far too long, just sitting there, soaking up
moisture, and sogging up like your wet sock that you left
in the washing machine. Man, that stunk.
Just like your mom's perfume. Pee-yew!
Pee *you!* And—

Not cool, man.

# Nocturne

KB Cameron | CW&P

from the polar shallows of moon pools  we claw towards cursed shores
bracing the monstrous  teeth of primordial tides  we mimic its barbaric nature
each fist-fall  disturbing subaqueous settlements  dormant crustaceans
  we ourself a type of coastal erosion  our body wades
towards limestone and the fragile sanities  of devils that await us there
  eager to claim our place  among the immortals

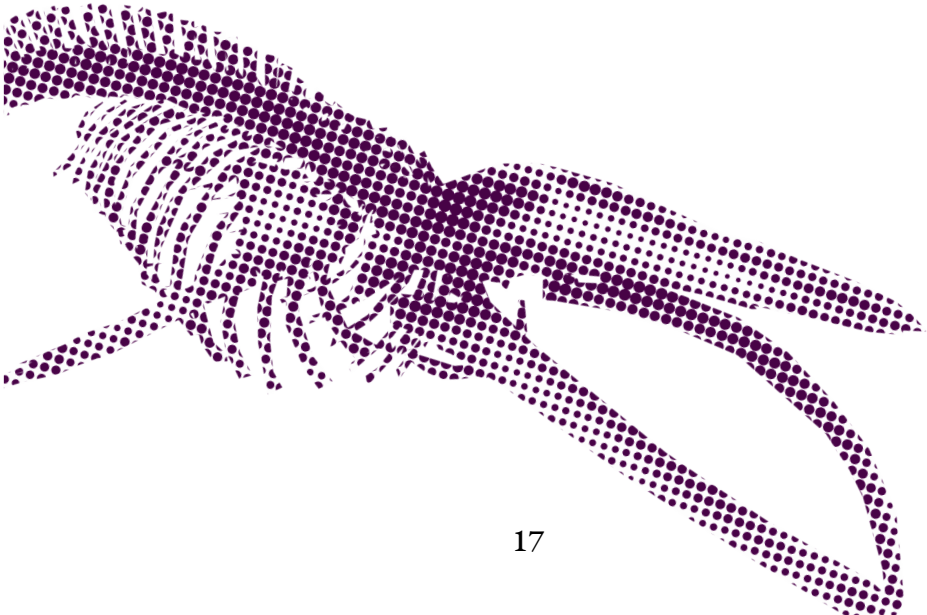
we go to seek the aphonic cliffs  to test the theories of conspirators
  to know  for certainty  where we stand
between the shipwrecks and the gods  *foot-dragging—*
  we tread the fleabane borders  coniferous territories looming
just beyond outer canthi  high-beams flood dark roads  steer tires kick-up
ditch waters  horns blare  loggers toss cigarettes and profanities
  out fly-spattered windows

by the gravel-gut wayside wolves  play roadkill  they stiffen their limbs
  relax their lungs  watch  rabbits saltate from the weeded
undergrowth of chokecherry  the wolves keep still
  quiet  maws agape in hospitality

at the split  we stray from the thoroughfare  abandoning off-ramp
promises of gas station  coffee and mildew motels  for the aloofness of woods
  we brace the sap-stings  low-branch needles  mud-licked
ravines  their buckthorn and bloodroot  we bear the skin-pricks
as those far-off  night screeches  close the distance

in the clotted throats  of greenwood angels  set control fires
sulphur and ash swallows  this liminal place
dirt-clotted talons  clench matchsticks  they prefer
Solstickan to lightning-strikes
we observe the stranger  and their kin  starved figures
perched in the bowed  cradles of blackened pine
absently they snap  cuckoos  in their hallowed jaws
they spit  feathers and flesh
down on hardened earth  *unsatisfied—*

at the bluff's edge  vampiric winds bite  at fresh cuts
seafoam savors  the taste of faraway coastal
rocks and weather-worn lighthouses  antediluvian aerobeacons  pass over
pulsing  their distant heat melting  glacial jowls
yellow-eyed devils hide  below tangled in cattail
tongues and the skeletal  shapes of whales  they gnaw
on sea glass and driftwood  scream  with sliced lungs
as the water drags  closer  coming to collect
to call us home  under the divine
judgement of dying stars  we *plunge—*



# god and i collide

Shauna Kernaghan | CW&P

and it is a come-to-god-moment because god has come to me too
we come together in a cancer on my bedroom floor at the end
of june, mouthing at each other's abnormal *growth*
teething at tender cysts, It Tells Me
    no babe your leather dermatillomania hands are hot actually
    i made you this
    Way because it's so sexy and the strips of your dead skin on the carpet Reminds
    me of the stars i put in the sky
It Remembers Me through
my recollection of this jar i decorated at bible camp
when i hold the rim up to my ear, it plays off-tempo sobbing and youtube nightcore
the same way ocean waves can be heard through the labia of a conch
    oh wow, I Remember Making You
    haven't thought about you in a while. your absence has not impacted my life
    what with all these / what's with all these
    ecosystems and microbiomes to maintain
*either way, i remember how your pages taste*
they call it a come-to-god-moment but it's more
it's more like
    like the way wolves are gracious and go for the throat
    the way fanfiction hits when it's still new and exciting
    interspecies adoption: tigers/dog, belugas/narwhal, goat monsters/fallen human
    a new fashion trend, a curated playlist
    realizing a mistake is unfixable
    everyone wanting me so bad on tinder but i won't ever open their messages
    knowing orcas would teach me their language if only they could
god turns Its palindrome gaze away from me
goes back to whispering loving hymns to whales
    orcas eat whales
*i know i will know you again but i will never know you forever*
i will vacuum the carpet
i will forget this jar

# At the Corner of Spadina and Richmond

Faye Susan | CW&P

Did you turn to stone
one foot  begging  the crosswalk?
Scarves, jitter of selfies, roving like a hurricane,
around the eye, the sculptural stillness.

Brief tripod kick and brutalist peacoat.
*"Tragic... experts said... back to..."*
Coral tuque, snaggle toothed on flyaway marble.
*"But mommy, she'll catch the sniffles."*
Barley breath'd graffiti, a dribbling slash.
*"Tap this."*
Gawkers fizzle as nightlights ignite.
The slide of stirring fog, a weighted blanket,
congealing over frenetic wounds.

Footsteps on the showered sidewalk, flickering like silicate.
A woman, grooved with latent dawn  stands,
haloed by Nephilim's thimble, silvered whisps at temples.
*"Oh sweetie, you too?"*
Brief clasp of callused fingers and entombed palms.
Sticky note sprouting, a daffodil, fissuring
grey-washed love line, like the advent of a reluctant spring.

*"You can't microwave a renaissance,*
*and the pigeons don't mind."*

# A Lover's Affliction

Yel Mara | CW&P

Your laser beam eyes prickle,
penetrating through skin.

Your sparring mouth scorches
heat from tussled tongues.

Your bare knuckles scrape shoulder
blades, a cut on stuttering lungs.

Your whisper drags smitten knees
off the edging peaks.

The swat of your dimple

The fist itches, left
hooked on a jaw.

My cheeks bruise ruddy,
taunted by a sharp wink.

Fingertips stroke below
the belt, missed its mark.

Wounded pulse slams on my rib,
caging the bruise that is you.

might just knock me out cold.

# Black dog, bronze feet

Jade Jacob | CW&P

I climb out of a season, belly-skin clenching with piss-coloured bubbles my finger-nails crave to pop again. The edges of my veins smell like green spice pulsing with dirt and water; I'm barely sun-bound and clothed. Now, a man comes to me in the shape of a black dog wagging a tail in front like I'd seen him before.
There's a fence that divides us and he says, "Black is your soul. Black is your smile. Don't be nailed by your own ribs and writhe in His name with a problem so great."

Green pastures hatch behind me with clouds of sheep where the sun pronounces itself and the weather foams with rain-bows of simple robed men, and another man appears with a gentle space who *doesn't* look oblivious to human violence. And it's His feet like burnished bronze that stays close to the green without moving His tongue. He shines white like He's seen me before. My bones are chained and felt beneath a burlap blanket.

I know who He is and what kind of army breathes behind His side of the fence.

I know the man behind me is the beginning.

I know that beginning was the word and the word became flesh and dwelt among us.

"The virus of heaven is dark-spined. They hide behind wasted puddles. Black is (y)our soul. Lead the waters with me."

There's no playing with this dog. And near the bark of his black fur he reaches. *To make no decision is to choose. To continue to strike this diabolical bargain is to fall into the hallucination of the horror.*

Fame, riches, glory.

"It shall come to pass at that time to punish the men who are settled in complacency, who say in their heart that He will not do good nor will He do evil."

I sit at the top of the wood fence, eyes closed. I feel its shape's inaction till day rises; then, under Mary's gold, the green becomes a hole where the man robed in white turns His heel.

Blessed, rather, are those who hear the word of God and keep it.

The shape of a man has no sections.

The black dog curls into me with raw teeth. "The Kingdom of God has no fences. The fence belongs to me."

# Dust Jacket

Nicola Dodds | CW&P

I am introduced to a woman through her name on a bench.
Was it born a monument? Did she once rest her back
on warmed wrought iron and bask
in golden hour glory and songbird orbit?

I see the pattern of children's games in their frost-crusted tracks,
crooked lines of snow sloughed off
where they threw themselves down powdered slope,
or improvised toboggans.

Tape up the tattered dust jacket of a used book,
a product of past neglect, or maybe a forgotten love.
I endlessly worry at creases of dog-eared pages
someone else's fingers pressed into place,
and know them in brief annotations.

A pink-faced bride beaming,
a greeting too intimate for a vintage store bin.
(Once) the happiest moment of her life
buried in miscellaneous landscape slides,
two for a dollar.
The face of a stranger,
the starched dress she wore,
the man on her arm, not a groom.
Maybe her father.

Meet me in dappled green,
worn boardwalk, markers of my favourite view;
admire it too, my sketch left in the hollow
of a desk, dark lipstick mark on a glass,
a library book passed away, taken back,
scrap of yarn as bookmark.
I am bleeding breadcrumb signs, this was all mine,
this once was mine.

# Perpendicular

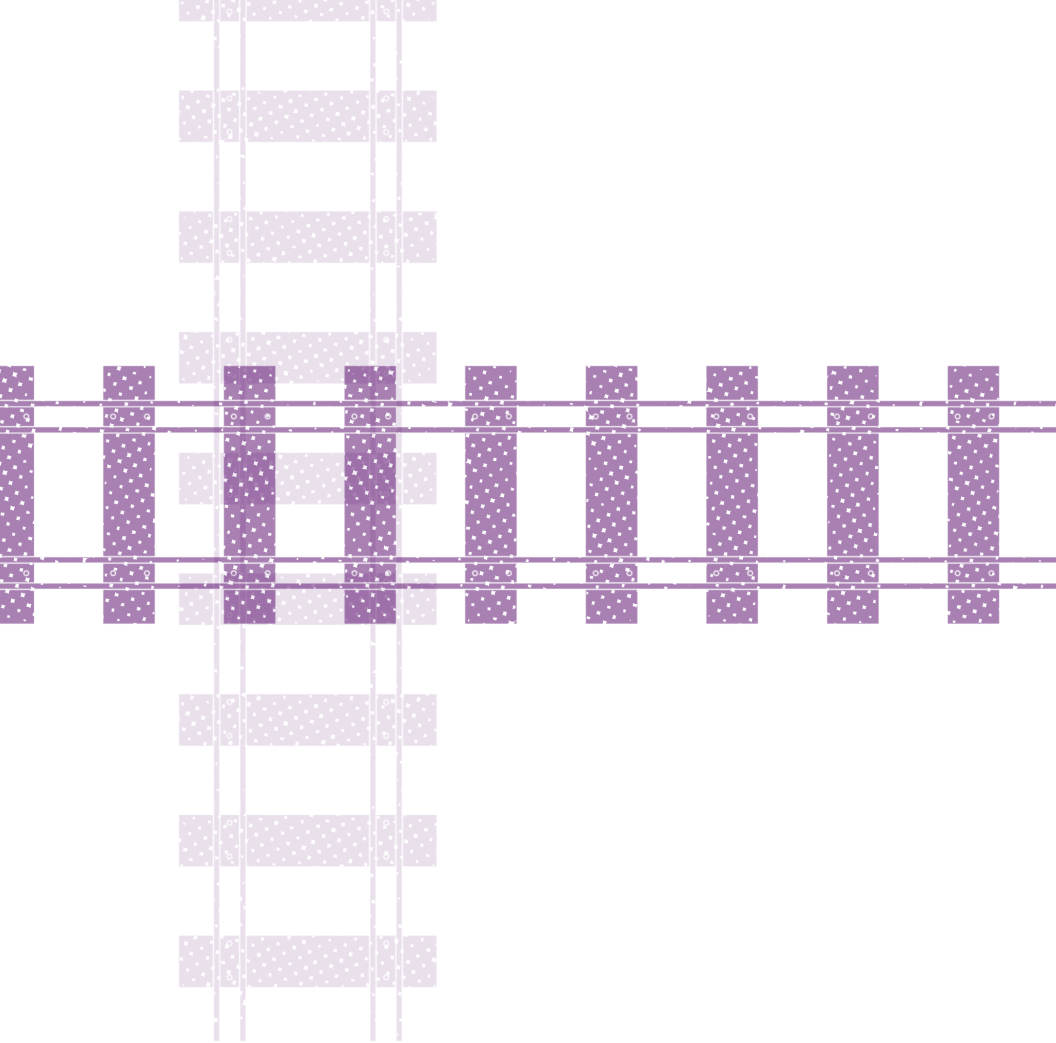
Paige Leblanc | CW&P

Cherry pink blanket, smothering
romanticized, recycled-guilt tears. Crunchy hair,
sex-sore pussy lips, paired with inconsolable
bowel movements. Too much information,

timed impeccably for your brief arrival. Tell me
to write down my trains of thought, crossing rails
and skipping stationed stanzas. Trapped somewhere
in virgin-lined sleep, obsolete inside someone
else's sheets, avoiding destinations,

using the circumference of my grievances, whistling past
my high school train stop. Blue LED light in a condo, yearning
for a love of some kind off the Gardiner.
But I'm too embarrassed to sleepwalk
off a nighttime express, Melancholia West
train, heading eastbound from my greying
house. Ever vying for my awakened attention,
refurbishing and upcycling closeted big and little guilts,
depending on how much space I let myself take

up, being vertical movement, is a construct, I shout to echoing trains.
My platform of constructed freedom from perceived relapses——————the opposite being the inhibition of growth.
I change routes and renovate as more people notice me
and my obsession of living in the horizontal.
I've changed the landscape of myself frequently enough
to distract from my static height, despite the perspective
or angle I'm looked at, wearing platform 2
shoes to obstruct others. It's second nature
or a unique form of back flexibility
to look upwards, after falling face first



perpendicular to the mention of upward momentum.

Lamenting in the craning of my neck, the arch
of my back, proud of the flexibility and pain it took
to achieve my bow pose. Cheating by moulding
myself out of living protocol by hyperextending
my Shame Exhibition loop. But I'm relearning how to walk

up stairs and back into myself. Manchild, curled up
in a seat horizontal to me, blocking my side exit,
leaving only the terrifying option of a decision.
It was described to me in a palm reading, parallel lines,
signifying that it's more important to walk than derail every train
of myself because I didn't want to know where I was going.

# What jazz looks like

Maximilian Mazuritsky | Illustration

My work explores the intersection of visual art and jazz. Improvisational rhythms guide my drawings, creating a flow state where synesthesia, motion, and self-expression take center stage.

# and then they moved to the a section

Maximilian Mazuritsky | Visual Arts

My work explores the intersection of visual art and jazz. Improvisational rhythms guide my drawings, creating a flow state where synesthesia, motion, and self-expression take center stage.

# Calling From the Other Side

Vivian Cheng | Illustration

This acrylic on canvas painting is about enemy leaders who sit high above the legions of soldiers who die for their causes. It shows the power of diplomacy to contain conflict, while asking if people in power will always have more in common with each other than their people.

# Wallaby and Warratah

Vivian Cheng | Illustration

This sculpture visualizes the beauty of the natural balance in thriving ecosystems. It represents Australia's native flora and fauna, promoting conservation and preservation of natural habitats.

# CONTRIBUTORS

**KB Cameron** is an emerging Canadian writer based in Oakville, Ontario who loves anything horror and absurd. Other work by KB can be found in *B222* Issue #4.

**Vivian Cheng** is a writer and illustrator in her senior year of Illustration at Sheridan College. Her work centres around introspection and interpersonal relationships. She specializes in narrative work, specifically comics and picture books. Her work has been published in *Block Party Magazine*.

**Nicola Dodds** is a writer currently completing an Honours Bachelor's Degree in Creative Writing and Publishing at Sheridan College. She loves to write about nature, queer identity, and all things strange or magical. Her poetry can be found in the inaugural issue of *B222 Journal*.

**Antonella Finch**, also known as Verushka Antonella Vásquez González, born in Venezuela, lived in Colombia and completed high school in México. She is currently in Canada studying her first year of Creative Writing & Publishing; she thinks that writing is the best way to share her perspective to the world. Antonella has been published previously in *B222*. When she is not writing, Antonella spends her time drawing, watching police tv shows and drinking coffee.

**Jade Jacob** is an aspiring poet deeply committed to environmental ethics. The majority of Jacob's work explores humanity's connection to nature, the fragile balance between creation and destruction, and our responsibility to protect the things around us. Jacob considers her poetry poignant, as she constantly questions how humans should interact with the natural world. Through powerful words and abstract imagery, Jacob strives to advocate for awareness and action, and hopefully inspire a deeper understanding of our place in the environment.

**Shauna Kernaghan**'s writing lives through the music she listens to and often never leaves but she promises to submit more poetry for publication! She loves subversion, Vyvanse, her dog, symbolism, being skinned alive, characters, her one-trillion screenshots, etymology, the paranormal, cranberry juice, animation, outcomes, and being sublunary!

**Paige LeBlanc** is a second-year Creative Writing & Publishing student. They mainly write poetry and are an avid reader. This is their first time being published.

**Yel Mara** is currently a student in Sheridan's Creative Writing & Publishing program.

**Maximilian Mazuritsky** is an art student passionate about storytelling. Known as Shepherd/Astronomy in the Smash Bros. community, Mazuritsky spends his free time with his partner and family, reading, writing, worldbuilding, playing sports, and exploring new interests. He aspires to create comics, animations, and games that inspire future generations—just as he was inspired growing up.

**Faye Susan** is a Canadian-American poet and writer. Her passion for writing is fueled by her experiences as a queer, autistic woman and her belief in the healing and transformative nature of art. She proudly calls Toronto home and is pursuing a degree in Creative Writing & Publishing from Sheridan College.

**Zsofia Skrupskas** loves art, whether that is writing or visual arts. She is very inspired by anything fantasy. Skrupskas is currently reading George R. R. Martin's *Ice and Fire* series. She normally writes novellas, short stories, poems, and sometimes scripts. She loves trying new things to see how she can improve her craft. Her goal for the future is to become a published author.

**Annie Lynn Tebbutt** is a writer and poet from Mississauga, Ontario. She is in her second year of the Creative Writing & Publishing program at Sheridan College. Annie loves to explore the intricacies of life and relationships through an abstract lens that encourages discovery and curiosity in her readers. Outside of writing, she loves photography, reality television, and cooking.

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