

**Join Newk in their safe creative space**

**May 27<sup>th</sup>, 8pm, on [Zoom](#)**

# Love Oracle Card Deck

Chris Emmanuel

Inspired by the horrible death of George Floyd last year.

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## Simple Love

Zach Getchell

What is love, and how is it expressed?  
How do we show to those we care about our best?  
Stories abound about love,  
songs that say it sounds like the coo of a dove.  
Ancient writers write about love and it's grace,  
I've heard love described as a gentle mother's face.  
They say love is patient, they say it is kind,  
They say love is simple though often I find

That the simplest of loves are often passed over  
As we look for a love with the rosier odour.

And love Can be simple, and seen every day  
In hundreds of small and most regular ways.

Love can be given by holding the door  
For someone you never have talked to before.

Love can be shared, too, by helping a friend,  
By joking, and laughing, and playing pretend,  
Or by working to stop a relationship's end.

Love can be felt in a long distance hug.  
It's when somebody saves the life of a bug.  
Or somebody cleaning your neighbours old rug.

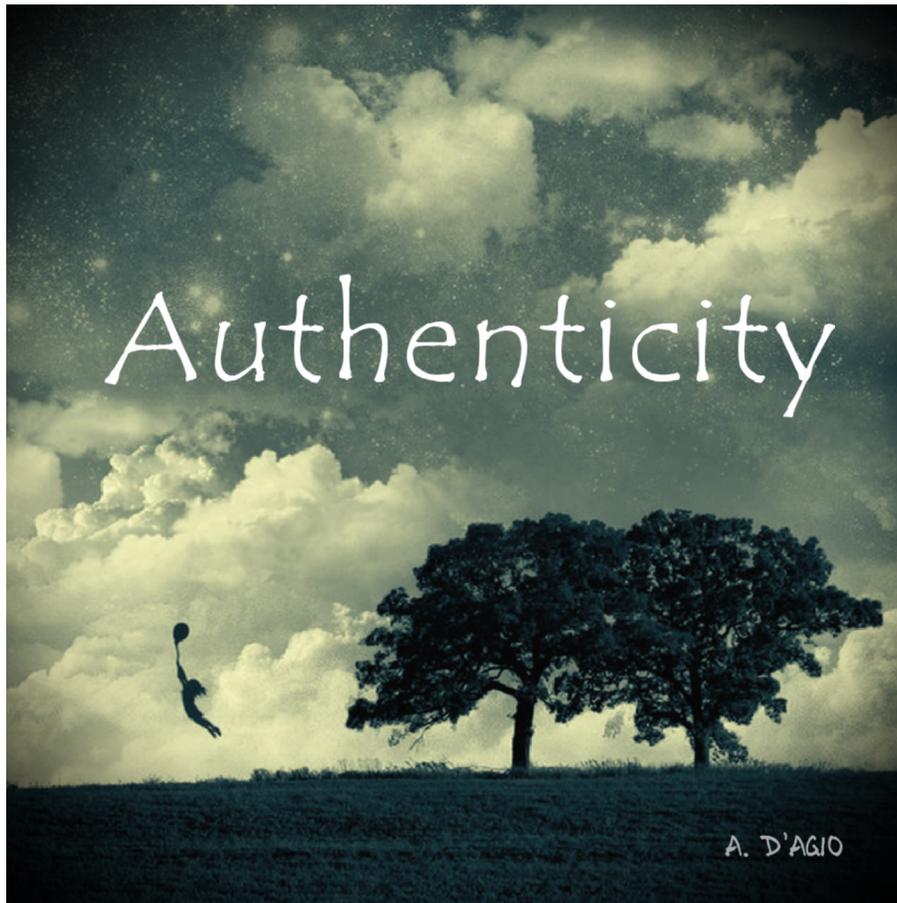
How do you see love, and how do you share it?  
Are you one of those people who publicly wears it,  
Who strolls around town in cute matching outfits?  
Or are you more shy, preferring a sweet private kiss?

And where do you give love? That matters too,  
With people and pets there's some hullabaloo  
But nature is quiet and worth loving too.

So whether you find yourself hugging a tree  
Or saving a seal from some nets in the sea  
You're loving our planet, most naturally.

Some time by yourself in an old forest lodge  
Or giving your partner a loving massage.  
Some loving words spoken, a comfort extended  
It's simple for love to be shared when intended.  
So whether with words or with touch or with care,  
Remember to see the love that's everywhere  
And maybe find it, a little more easy to share.

One more thing as the end comes due,  
Love can be found in our poetry too  
And this one was made to share love, with all of you.



## ***My Pilgrimage***

Peter Marmorek

One of the many ways that having a dog enriched my life were the endless walks, both a duty and a joy. But after Rui's sudden death three years ago, I didn't have to go for morning walks in High Park, or late night strolls around the block. Those walks had been exercise, a break from my increasing addiction to screen time. I knew myself to be all too capable of not going out, of spending more hours treading pixels in cyberspace, (even before covid had sentenced us all to that fate.)

So I picked up my camera and changed my focus. I would go and take photographs, not as a side dish, as with Rui, but as a main course. I tried walking with my old dog gang, but that failed: a photographer wants to stop and take photos, while dogs and their walkers want to keep walking. While I'd gradually trained Rui to accept my dawdling I was outnumbered by a group. I settled for solitary walks. Most of Toronto's parks are ravines, deep, dark, late to let the sun in. Photographs need good light, so I walked more by Lake Ontario, sometimes at Sunnyside beach, more often at Humber Bay Park East. The park is about 200 acres, bounded to the north by an thickening line of condos, and to the south by Lake Ontario, a huge 20,000 square kilometres of water. There's a small pond in the centre of the park, enfolded by reeds and sumac. The park is both a butterfly and bird sanctuary, and I've seen coyotes, rabbits, beaver, snapping turtles, foxes and mink there in the past year.

The walks have become a regular practice: I get up and try to get there around sunrise, though some parts of the year make that more attainable than others. But it's a goal. The changing seasons can make for dramatic shots; the waves crash in, their spray covers everything in ice that sparkles in the sun. Or the fog mutes everything magically. But sometimes I walk and think *No, there's nothing new today. It looks just the same, and I've photographed it all before.* That's when I need to look closer and see what has changed. Remarkably, for a smallish park in a bigish city, it's still wild, and that means it's always changing. If I'm not seeing the change, I'm not looking closely enough.

I've never been good at meditation. Monkey mind is strong in me. So making myself slow down, making my eye be in the present, is my most successful approach to meditation. I am there. I am not planning the future or reconsidering the past: I'm just trying to see what's around me, trying to absorb how things are, rather than change them to fit my goals. And it is a good start to my day: I come home more present, more alert.

Most of all, I go to Rui's bench. That's an old bench that somehow got put by the edge of the pond, reachable only by an unmaintained muddy footpath. Its foundations are set deeply into the ground, so at some point there must have been a more travelled path to warrant such construction, but that was years ago. Rui and I used to explore there, so after his death it felt the right place to put his ashes. He loved the park,



and the bench gets the occasional passerby, with lots of wildlife, water and trees all about. When I come by I talk to him, asking how he's been, what he's seen the past few days, telling him what a good dog he is. I never get any answer from him, but I never got any answer from him when he was alive and I said similar things. Talking to him realigns me with his cheery loving energy.

I can't always get to the bench: there's high snows some winter days, between July to September the path may be so overgrown I can't get through, some cold rainy mornings that walk just doesn't happen. But it is always a joy when I can go and see him, to remember, to be present with loss, to carry on. He hasn't shown up on any of my photos yet, but given his trickster nature I always study them to check.

And after I've spend a few minutes there, I walk on, through the sumac grove, down the steep rocks that lead me back to the more trodden path that leads to my car. The main path has a new limb this year that leads towards a bird sanctuary that was built last winter. Some construction is going on at the Air India Memorial. Always things change. The bench gets more weathered; now I sometimes have to pick up one of its boards where it's fallen on the ground. But any ritual that doesn't change is dead and sterile, and it is as much the nature of the world to change as it is our nature to resist that change.

A photographer is both part of what they photograph and separate from it. The photograph freezes a moment and pulls it out of time: the world looked more or less like this for 1/250th of a second. Rui's bench pulls back those moments when he was alive and we walked together. My pilgrimages to it let me again taste the joy of those moments. And then I walk on, as we all do, till in time we get to those various benches that wait for us to come and rest by them.

## Madmen's June

Karen Richards

[Just Click Here](#)

Water in the pool. Oh yea  
Water in the pool. Right now  
Water in the pool. Let's go  
Splashes of laughter  
Grab a towel!

Heading south on I-45  
Houston to Galveston  
Hair flyin, Singin LOUD  
Already having fun! fun! fun! fun!

Water in the pool. Motel  
Water in the pool. Ice machines  
Water in the pool. House of  
Pancakes  
Whipped butter! no margarine

Daddy's up on the platform  
He's getting ready to dive  
As I look up at him  
My heart swells with pride

Water in the pool. Swan dive  
Water in the pool. Jackknife  
Water in the pool. Cannonball  
Ahhhhhhh what a life



Twilight zone  
Madmen's June  
Scotch on the rocks  
Men on the moon

Pushed to The Outer Limits  
Strangers on the Shore  
Asimov's golden age  
Who could ask for more?!

Water in the pool. Oh yea  
Water in the pool. Right now  
Water in the pool. Let's go!  
Splashes of laughter  
Come on let's go!



Lauren Renzetti's works

***Umbrella*** (left)

***Veil of Cantaloupes***



## ***It's so Rich Around Here***

Gillian Hegge

It's so rich around here.

Tulips like soft bright candies, special creamsicle daffodils, huge magnolias

Even the few untended lawns are cheerful meadows of dandelions and violets.

And the smells! Lilac and lily-of-the-valley, steak on the barbeque, marijuana, the occasional whiff from the sewage treatment plant, the neighbours' fabric softener...

It's so rich around here.

House prices are so high, everyone who owns is a millionaire now.

Have you seen all the Porsches down around the corner, and the house with two Teslas?

The roads are full of contractors' trucks and delivery vans; parking can be a little stressful.

There are five places you can walk to for a good baguette.

It's so rich around here.

Even the raccoons and coyotes are fat and happy, never mind the pets.

There are a dozen Little Free Libraries, overflowing with books, some of them good.

People are nice because they can afford to be, plus why not?

It's so rich around here.

But my son left for a place where you can see the bones of the land,

where the neighbours don't work in finance, and there are not so many of them.

The bears are hungry this time of year, and tulips won't be out for another month.

He wants to be in a real place, to feel the edges of life, to be around trees.

Maybe he'll get a snowmobile.

I miss him. I am not consoled by the fact that

It's so rich around here.

# The Sound Page

## **Figaro**

Goal by Lou-Ann Shipp, assisted by Wolfgang Mozart

[Just Click here](#)

## **Toon-Heads**

Kurt Thomsen

[Just Click Here](#)

If you need to escape the hardships of every-day life, here is a cartoon world for you. It has everything you need, with jussst... an itty, bitty, tiny, winy, sprinkling... of TNT!!!!

## **Sweet Love**

Anita Baker, 1986

[Just Click Here](#)

performed by Allison and Susanne, May 2021

## **Bramble and the Rose**

[Just Click Here](#)

lyrics and music: Barbara Keith, 1972

performed by: Laura Thomas-piano and lead vocals, Sean Thomas-guitar, Susanne Maziarz-backup vocals and percussion

We have been so close together  
Each a candle, each a flame  
All our dangers were outside us  
And we knew them all by name

See how the bramble and the rose  
Intertwine

Love grows like a bramble and a rose  
Round each other we will wind

Now I've hurt you and it hurts me  
Just to see what we can do  
To ourselves and to each other  
Without really meaning to

So put your arms around me  
And we'll sing a true love song  
One that we can sing together  
Play and sing it all night long.

