



ACCESSIBILITY INSIDER 2023-24

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the latest edition of our annual magazine. This magazine showcases the remarkable talents of students registered with Accessibility Services and the dedicated staff members on the Peer Team and wider office who make it all possible. After a five-year hiatus, our magazine is back and stronger than ever!

In the pages that follow, you will find a diverse array of creative pieces that not only reflect the unique perspectives of our contributors but also serve as a testament to the power of inclusion and the boundless potential that exists within our community.

As you peruse the pages of this magazine, we hope you are inspired by the creativity of our contributors.

Creativity has the ability to transform, heal, and inspire. When we create, we enter a place where we can channel our emotions, thoughts, and dreams into tangible forms. Whether it's through painting, writing, music, dance, collecting, movement or any other artistic medium, the act of creating serves as a powerful outlet for our innermost thoughts and feelings. Moreover, creative expression provides a safe space to confront our fears, express our joys, and navigate the complexities of life.

I encourage you to embrace your creative instincts, whatever they may be. Whether you're an experienced artist or someone just discovering the joy of creative expression, know that your unique perspective has the power to make a positive impact on the world.

Thank you for joining us on this journey of exploration and expression. We invite you to immerse yourself in the vibrant tapestry of talent that defines our community and to celebrate the remarkable achievements of our students and staff.

Sincerely,
Morghan Brett (*she/her*)

UofT currently has a slogan of “Defy Gravity” and “Boundless” Before that our slogan was “Great Minds for a Great Future” which I also quite liked as a branding for the school.

Each time one of these new promotional frameworks comes forward, I take a moment to think about how you (the students registered with Accessibility Services) fit into the promotional campaign, and the good news is that it is immediately apparent to me that you not only fit in, but you very much define these promotional campaigns. If there is every any doubt, please review the pages contained in this exceptional magazine to see evidence in abundance of the boundless potential and great minds that we have the privilege in this service to work with every day. You not only push the boundaries of what it means to be a UofT student but you redefine it in positive and critical ways that collectively everyone benefits from, regardless of how they chose to define themselves or their lived experiences.

Thank you to everyone who contributed to this exciting rebranding of the Accessibility Services magazine. I am excited to see what unfolds in this and future editions as you (our students) continue to defy gravity and contribute to the immeasurable success of this world class educational institution.

Michael Nicholson (*he/him*)
Director, Accessibility Services



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In the heart of every challenge, lies a promise yet unseen,
Like a diamond in the rough, with a future yet to gleam.
Though the night may seem unending, and the path, steep and long,
Remember, it's the darkest hour that sings the sweetest song.

Rise again, O fearless spirit, rise with courage in your sail,
For every storm that you encounter, is but a strengthening gale.
In the forging fires of trials, true strength is found,
Rise with the dawn, O mighty heart, and stand on higher ground.

The road may twist and turn, through shadows and through light,
But keep your gaze upon the stars, that shimmer in the night.
For every step you take, no matter small or grand,
Is a step closer to the dream, that in your heart, you've planned.

Rise again, with hope as your compass, and resilience as your guide,
For every setback faced, is a step towards the stride.
The mountains you aspire to climb, are calling out your name,
With every fall and rise, you're not the same.

You're stronger with each obstacle, wiser with each fall,
Within you lies the power, to overcome them all.
Rise again, O brave one, with your eyes set on the peak,
For the journey makes you stronger, even when you feel weak.

Let your story be a beacon, for those who tread behind,
A testament of courage, and the power of the mind.
Rise again, and take the world, in your steady, unwavering hands,
For within you lies the spirit, that moves, that shapes, that stands.

Remember, in the heart of every challenge, a new beginning lies,
Like the phoenix from the ashes, you're destined to rise.
With each struggle, each hurdle, you're writing your own song,
For it's in the darkest hours, we realize we're strong.



FORGET WHAT PEOPLE THINK

BY KOBY LEE

My clothing business, **FWPT** (Forget What People Think), is an acronym that empowers those who wear it to not let external factors stop them from being their unique selves. The hoodie design above shows a barcode with the words “DON’T SELL YOURSELF SHORT” beneath the code. This unique take on a renowned symbol is a reminder to break through the labels other people put on you and see the value in yourself. The woman bending the bars symbolizes the escape from the mental prison of mental health problems. I’m working out the details for this to be a charitable hoodie where 100% of the profits are donated to Stella’s Place, a young adult mental health local nonprofit organization.



More information about Koby:

MECH 2T3 + PEY

From New York City

Varsity Football Athlete

AMP (Alumni Mentorship Program) Vice President



RAINBOW OF FURRY FRIENDS

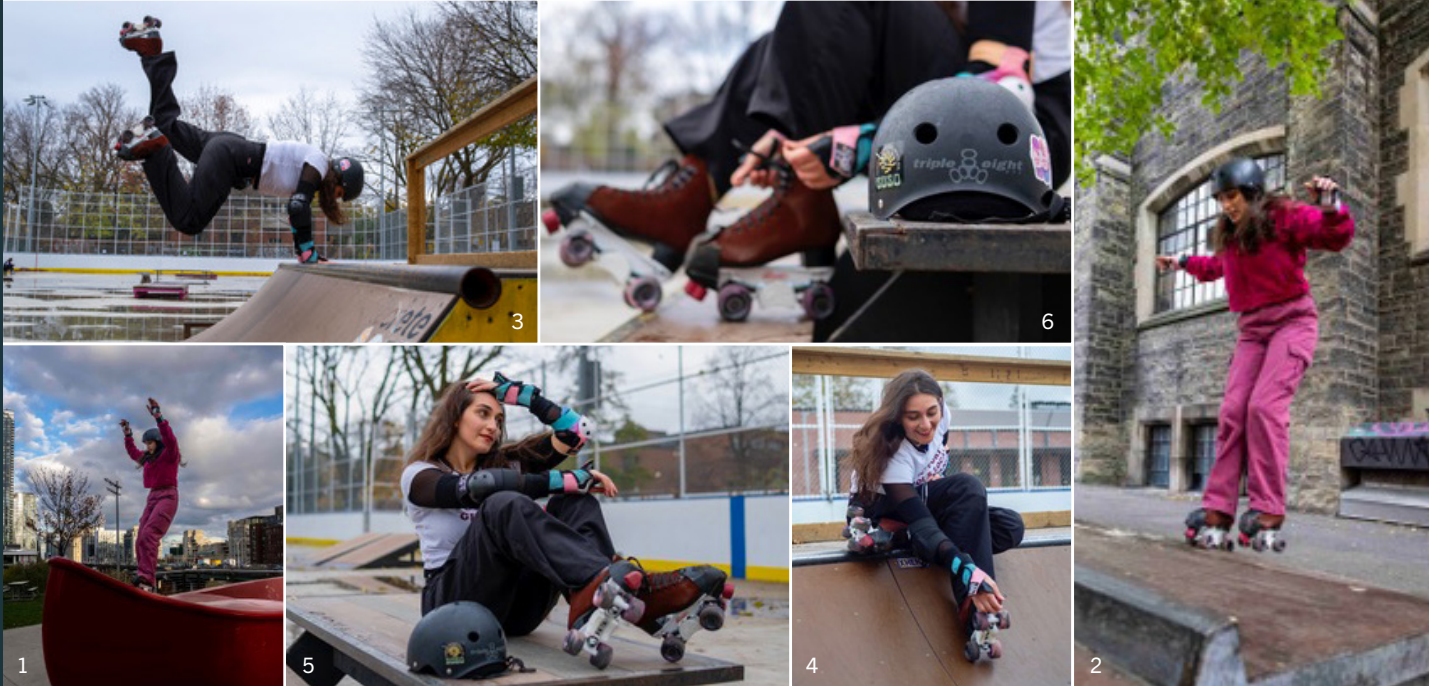
BY REGGIE OEY

Title: Rainbow of Furry Friends

Artist: Rumble Brothers (Reggie Oey)

The Rainbow of Furry Friends was inspired by the pets on the Accessible and Inclusive Learning Team at Accessibility Services. From left to right, they are Milo, Kiki, Hammy, Sir Fredrick, and Elliot. This piece pays tribute to our furry friends who brighten our days.

ROLLERSKATING BY ISABEL KHUDR



To me, rollerskating goes beyond just a hobby that keeps me active; it challenges my mind in ways that have pushed me out of my comfort zone. Attempting to land a trick requires a mind-body connection, where you have to push past fears and uncertainty, and believe in yourself and your abilities. Rollerskating has played such a significant role in shaping the person I am today; I have become mentally and physically stronger and am more eager to take on new challenges- even if I may fail. The skate community plays a crucial role in my passion for rollerskating, they are extremely welcoming and supportive. All in all, rollerskating has been such a well-rounded experience that I encourage anyone to try out!

Information about Isabel:

MEd student studying Developmental Psychology and Education at OISE

Instagram: @isabelkhudr

1 (Canoe Park), 2 (Stall): **Gerard Richardson, Instagram: @gerardphotoYYZ**

3 (Donkey Kick), 4 (Fixing Toe Stop), 5 (Sitting on a Bench), 6 (Helmet and Skates): **Aiden Funguy, Instagram: @a.f_otography**

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QUILTS BY SEZGI OZEL





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FELTING BY RACHEL YEE

The first picture is a bubble tea, and the second is of an apple. It was fun taking up felting, because it was just a new medium to learn (I do a lot of yarn work otherwise). Its also funny to describe to people that you make these by stabbing wool with a needle multiple times. Its a good embodiment of “trust the process”. Rachel’s art account on Instagram is @ahgasecherryarn.



SAY IT WITH A SMILE BY KATHERINE J. ROWLAND

Days seem to rush by. Sometimes rushed conversations sound like robot sentences or forced speaking at a rate that is both fast and loud. A neutral question turns into what seems like a suggestion with an accusatory tone in hopes that what was said will be heard over someone else’s humming or spontaneous yell. Why does it feel like life is speeding up, like a plane down a runway? Why do moments in time flow awkwardly, and communication becomes toneless or, even worse, misinterpreted?

‘Say it with a smile’ has become a household favorite to slow down life’s moments; to signpost our seemingly awkward, fast-paced table talk and lifestyle. Kids laugh at random statements that turn silly while being blurted with a smile. Friends create games such as, what can sound most hilarious or villainous when said with a smile? At that moment connection is made, laughter ensues, and time slows down. Though, one must beware because ‘say it with a smile’ is contagious. Give it a try!

ANIMAL WORD SEARCH BY GRACE ZHENG

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L	W	O	T	P	E	A	C	O	C	K	C	R	C
A	L	A	O	K	M	T	T	E	W	C	A	A	P
E	O	A	I	I	O	E	R	I	R	G	T	T	K
E	G	E	A	T	N	K	E	S	B	E	E	A	D
L	P	I	L	W	K	H	T	R	R	B	O	O	O
E	O	E	R	L	E	H	S	O	P	N	A	S	G
P	L	W	G	A	Y	F	M	T	L	K	S	R	N
H	A	N	R	F	F	H	A	T	L	O	L	R	I
A	R	I	E	U	O	F	H	E	I	G	O	D	M
N	B	U	G	E	A	P	E	R	O	Y	T	O	A
T	E	G	I	O	I	M	A	G	N	O	H	I	L
F	A	N	T	E	R	A	U	G	A	J	A	O	F
F	R	E	C	Y	O	E	L	A	H	W	O	A	R
T	H	P	H	L	G	O	H	E	G	D	E	H	I

Giraffe
Hamster
Owl
Whale
Lion

Cat
Hedgehog
Dog
Tiger
Rabbit

Koala
Jaguar
Penguin
Sloth
Flamingo

Peacock
Monkey
Elephant
Polar Bear
Otter



THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR

BY CATHERINE DUMÉ

11

Title: The Death of the Author - Freestyle Poem

Byline: Catherine, Dumé

Catherine is a 5th year Political Science student, registered with Accessibility Services. She is the current Co-Chair of the Accessibility Services Student Advisory Committee, the Accessibility Feature Correspondent of the Varsity, and the Founder of the University of Toronto Accessibility Awareness Club.

Dear Amelia Arrows,

I created you – I birthed you out of weakness,
out of insecurity.
For you were made beautiful, out of my ugliness.

Your white skin for my blackness.
Your manageable curls for my knotted plaits.
Your vision for my blindness.
Your hearing for my deafness.
Your intelligence for my slowness.
Your abled body for my broken body.

Sure it was all pretend, you were only a figure
of my imagination.
Yet like a spirit, you wandered into my mind and
slowly infected me.
You infected me with thoughts of inferiority.
No matter how high I jump, you raise the
standard higher.

You were supposed to be merely a character in a story.
The smart girl who falls for her childhood crush.
Yet you managed to escape the pages into reality
because I foolishly gave you the pen.

I thought you would enjoy the freedom of writing
your own story.
But you have managed to rewrite mine.

Like a thief in the night, you came and stole my name,
and replaced it with yours.
How is it that a character wrote the death of the author?
How is it that you managed to steal my identity?

Now I have forgotten myself.
I have forgotten how He formed me out of clay.
My imperfections were never supposed to be cracks,
but beauty marks.
For I was made perfect, don't you see?
I was given a gift yet I squandered it.
I allowed the ink that was to create beauty within

words to permanently stain my skin.
I allowed my own creation to destroy my esteem.

I gave you a name that was meant to reflect mine.
But now your name is my pen name.
For I was an arrow with the grace to ascend.
But now your arrows have pierced me.

Our names – our identities are in a tangled knotted web.
If I cut one string, which one is yours?
Which one is mine?

Why can't I be freed of you?
Why must my words be trapped behind yours?
Why when I write, your name takes center stage?
Why must you erase my name, my imperfections,
in favour of your perfections?

I'm sorry Amelia, but the author is tired of playing dead.
I have let you control my words, but now I have the pen.
Never again will I let my creations dictate who I am.
Just as I easily created you out of boredom, I can
cross you out of spite.
Piece by piece I will replace your beauty with my own.

My black skin for your whiteness.
My wild curls for your straight hair.
My shaky eyes for your vision.
My deafness for your hearing.
My creativity for your intelligence.
My disabled body for your abled body.
For I created you to represent me, not an ideal
version of me.

So long Amelia, for I have put you back in your place.
No longer will you be able to tell my life story.
For I have recognized my inherent beauty within
the cracks.

Yours sincerely,
The Author

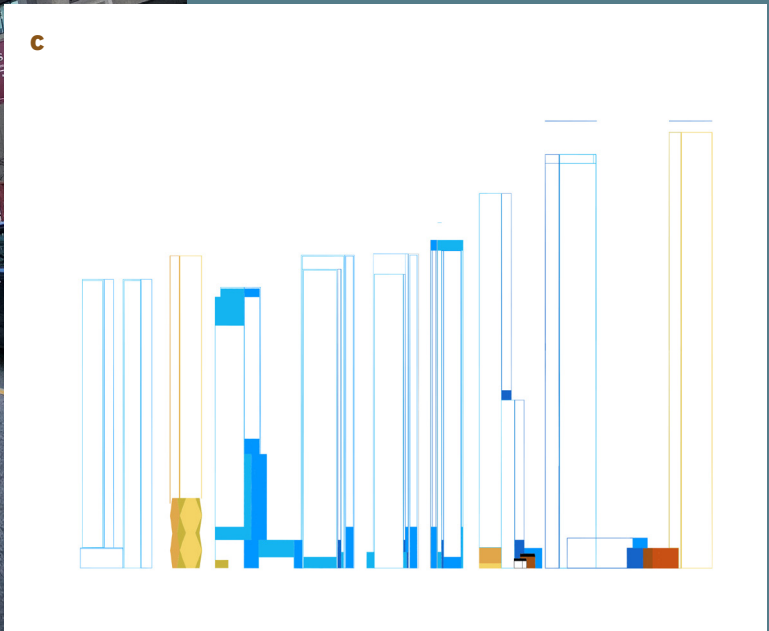


ART BY COLIN

- a. 20231118: Skyline view from Humber Bay Park
- b. 20231130: Skyscraper under construction on Yonge Street
- c. Diagram v15: A drawing I created using the drawing app Adobe Fresco



b



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VIVIEN'S BAKERY



Bright blue frosting
with floral designs.



Cookies in the shape of carrots and rabbits.



Vanilla cupcake with light blue frosting and a smiling cloud treat on top.



A white frosted cake with pink flowers and leaves on top.

FRENCH REVOLUTION JOURNAL

BY CAMERON GILLILAND

17

**content warning for violence*

July 6, 1789 – Versailles

What does a soldier do if he no longer supports his country? Should he run away? or should he stay? I have been battling this moral and spiritual qualm regarding my loyalty for the monarchy ever since reading the works of such revolutionaries like Jean – Paul Marat radically altered my view on what it means to be French. As the son of a farmer, and a member of the third estate, I had grown up a peasant on the outskirts of Paris. My dad, Claude Van Gaulle, was as much a believer in the monarchy as he was the lord and church. Church was a non-negotiable for my father, and the duty of feeding the monarchy with our crops of sweat and days gone by were an honour my father seemed proud to give his life to. By virtue, I naively worshiped King Louis XVI and was willing to fight and even die for him. Blind loyalty was all I knew as a sheltered boy, and when I came of age in 1779, it was of no debate as to whether I should or should not enlist in the Royal French Army. Upon my enlistment in the infantry, I first saw action in what is now the United States of America at the battle of Yorktown, and was proud to serve what I thought was the monarchy. However, in the heat of battle, I became besieged in the hardships of service not with the company of my fellow countrymen, but with the warm embrace and fiery spirit of farmers like myself and my father who had left their farms from across the 13 colonies to fight King George. Although I was a monarchist, I couldn't

help but feel more connected to these American farmers than the monarchy at home who had taken my food and left my father just getting by. I had become increasingly surrounded and further entrenched in anti-monarchical ideology from my American counterparts as the battle drew on. Every revolutionary I spoke with spoke on the ideals of what the monarchy represents to them as Americans. I, naïve to anything beyond the king, was at first baffled at the denouncement of monarchical figures. At the time, I believed they shared the interests of the people; however, I was sorely misguided. They spoke of philosophical anomalies such as liberty, democracy, and of the acrimonious relationship between the people and the state that itself rules absolutely with no accountability. It was life changing and ushered in this inner struggle I still deal with today. In recent years I have grown ever envious of the Americans I fought alongside. As, it is apparent the French Monarchy has failed its people, from taxes that cripple any chance of social mobility, to the thousands who now go starving and broke and the now threatening of civil liberty by sending my Regiment and to stand ready at Versailles for what I assume is going to be an act of bloodshed against my fellow countrymen, the country shakes at her knees. Although I have ascended to be a member of the kings service, my fellow enlisted men and I remain peasants and are cannon fodder to a King unbothered by our plight. However, one who

cannot see from there Ivory tower the whispers of a crumbling foundation will grow naive to the droves of his guards defecting to the revolution. We in my regiment now speak of dissenting as well, with many having already left to aid revolutionaries in Paris. I fear that I will grow ever more guilty if I stand by and watch my country fade into the depths of chaos. I don't know if I will be killing those I stand in solidarity with in Paris tomorrow, or if I will die among them for the freedom from tyranny that my American counterparts had done so bravely for in Yorktown. All I do know is the France of 1789 that we know of will not be here next week, next month, and definitely not next year.

au revoir

- Jacques Van Gaulle

July 17th, 1791 – Champ de Mars

There are many moments that define a mans life. Maybe it is the birth of his first child, marrying the person he loves, or the great adventure that is one's life and their ultimate death. However, when it comes to today, a day that will undoubtedly live on in tragedy, I fear that the moments of agony and the blood of revolution that characterised today, will not define the sins of our pasts as we move on from these hollow grounds. It has been a year since I defected, I had grown too distraught fighting for a leader who failed his own people. With my father dying of starvation and my mother on the verge, I could not sit idly by as that ill-bred child ran our glorious republic into the ground. I remember so clearly the manner in which I left. I was stationed in Paris, and I had just come up on my re-enlistment. The officer above me pleaded with me to stay, even blocking the door on my way out after I refused. I remember taking off my regulation blouse, throwing it on the ground, spitting on it, and pushing my way out. As I walked out a sense of pride

filled the air in my lungs. I felt as though I was a true patriot, a man of the people. However, I sit here on my bed as a member of my local fusilier, retched with guilt, disgust, and eerie pride I wonder if I traded in the tyranny of a negligent king for the tyranny of a radical tyrant. I will never forget the radical revolutionary that I held so delicately in my sights, he must have been twenty at best. I remember the order, "fire at will", and reluctantly pulling that trigger. It was like a play, the boys stomach ruptured upon my bullet's entry into his abdomen. His face, white with shock, and his eyes wide with death. I remember him falling to his knees as the blood from the hole in his abdomen filled his hands like rain into a bucket with no bottom. As he peeled over, he cried and wept at the notion of his imminent death. All I could do was watch as the life of the boy I had so skillfully shot, faded from his as quickly as the bullet had stricken his once living body. At first, I was numb with adrenaline and fear, but I would later become guilt ridden at the sight of the life I had so quickly taken. In the moments following I almost felt joy at the idea of serving in what I believed to be the proper French army, the garde bourgeoise. However, as descent grows rapidly amongst my peers as many become radicalized by the ideals of the Jacobin, I feel my service may be in vain. Who am I serving if the blood on my hands will not build a republic steeped in democracy, but a new form of tyranny from the Jacobin? Although I believe in removing the king, I am not on board with removing the church. I have been and always will be a man of faith. I bring forth to life and breath our lord with every step and believe in the notion I will meet my father and dear mother up in the heavens of Man once I too bite the dust. Given this, I was in strong agreeance to the dispersing of the crowd at the Champ de Mars. A group of radical Jacobins had gathered to sign a petition that would remove the King, and although I agree, the broader Jacobin

agenda threatens the very institution I so faithfully dedicate myself to. However, a house crumbling in its centre is bound to fall, and with revolutionaries now being used to quell the wrath of other revolutionaries, my guardsmen and I have become wretched moral ambiguity. It was with great regret I killed that Jacobin boy; however, it was with great stupidity and ignorance that they grew violent against those who share a common enemy. The revolution will grow no further if brother kills brother, neighbour trespasses against thy neighbour and if the movement grows sour and divided. This day will bring great grief to me, and for the fifty or so dead, a pitiful end.

au revoir

- Jacques Van Gaulle

July 28th 1795 – Paris

As I sit here, alone with my thoughts, my prayers, and my pen, I write the final chapter of a dying mans story. Four days ago, I was sentenced to death by the revolutionary tribunal for supposed treason and have sat here waiting for the guillotine ever since. What got me here was that of a mans love of faith. With the Notre-Dame becoming the alter of the misguided and blasphemous cult of reason, I had nothing left in my name nor my country but a bible to keep my faith in what I had spent many years fighting for. As a member of the garde bourgeoise, I watched helplessly as the last protections of my faith were stripped from public life. It was heartbreaking to see the good lord reduced to that of the wind blown over a vacant field and the waste in the vast toilet of Paris, the Seine. However, my last hope remained amongst the men of my fusilier who too were men of faith. In an act of individual defiance, we began to hold underground services and bible study amongst each other. When my time with the garde bourgeoise came

up in September of 1794, I lost any hope at a steady income and with my father dead, all I had left was my faith. As a peasant I spent my days begging and searching for work. From odd job to odd job, I was able to make ends meet, and live with a group of former garde bourgeoise service members in downtown Paris. Life was good, but people were dying in droves. So called “enemies of the state” were being tried and executed by the hundreds and the thousands. To avoid that steadfast blade, I had been keeping my nose clean. I tried to hide my faith from the public and focus on lifting myself out of poverty. However, as time drew on and my as my situation stagnated, I could no longer stand having my faith oppressed. With Robespierre growing ever crazier by the day, I needed to restore my faith as a means of sustenance in the hopes I could remain alive. Therefore, I had gathered a group of local Christians to meet in a nearby warehouse every Sunday to read the bible. Although poor, we were rich in faith. However, the beginning of my end would come when our group would be infiltrated by a certain counterrevolutionary going by the name of Maxime Duplat. At first, our bible study was that of strictly faith and of the words long written down. However, as time grew on, our topics began to strive to more political topics and one’s that held contempt for Robespierre. To our unbeknownst detriment, we went from a bible study group to an activist group by the name of les croisés, and vowed to spread the word of God as best we could in a form of radical dissent through theology. It was at this time that Maxime Duplat reported our group to the Committee of Public Safety, calling us traitors. We were arrested, tried, and sentenced to death. My service was treated no differently than the poop I had learned to sweep from the stables of our horses on the farm. I tried to plead, even to beg, but in the face of tyranny no man caught in its grip can escape if he is willing to live. I will only escape when my head is detached

from my body tomorrow morning. I don't know how I will feel walking up to the guillotine. I don't know if I will feel the subsequent chop that will sever my head, but what I do know is that I will die as I have lived, a man who has stuck to his guns, and fought for what he has believed in, up to the very end.

au revoir
- Jacques Van Gaulle

Works Used List

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NEAR-CAMPUS CUPS: A GUIDE TO CAMPUS COFFEE SHOPS BY ANDY WONG

The aroma of freshly ground coffee beans wafting through the air, the comforting hum of espresso machines, and the cozy ambiance of a coffee shop are an essential part of university life. Here, I present some of the coffee shops I frequent for students seeking a perfect blend of study sessions and caffeine fixes. They are in no particular order.

Cafe 23

Location: 728 Queen St W

Outlets: Yes **Free Wifi:** Yes

Accessibility: Space is slightly tight and can become quite crowded at times

Discover the diverse ambiance of Cafe 23 with its backroom, backyard, and rooftop patio, and give the Matcha Latte a try while you find your ideal study space.

Balzac's Reference

Library Location: 789 Yonge St

Outlets: Yes

Free Wifi: Yes

Accessibility: Good

Nestled within the Toronto Reference Library, Balzac's is quite spacious compared to the other coffee shops listed, but it can get a bit busy during peak hours.

Jimmy's Coffee

Location: 84 Gerrard St W

Outlets: Few

Free Wifi: Yes

Accessibility: Entering Jimmy's involves a couple of steps up, and the bathrooms are situated down a couple of steps down of the ground floor.

Jimmy's Coffee stands tall with its three floors, allowing you to find the perfect vintage point to study. When you need a study break, venture outside to see the artistic touch of Mount Jimmy's Rushmore mural. And, remember to check out their merchandise before you leave.

FIKA Cafe

Location: 28 Kensington Ave.

Outlets: Few

Free Wifi: Yes

Accessibility: Entry requires climbing around 8 steps, and the bathroom is located downstairs.

Make sure to check out FIKA Cafe's merchandise. I think it is the best among the listed coffee shops. Also, explore the backyard patio and back room library, filled with an array of old books, within FIKA Café.



CANADA'S EAST COST

BY
MORGHAN
BRETT



Photo 1. St. Andrews New Brunswick. An image taken before a morning of whale watching on the Bay of Fundy. The image features a house located beside a small lighthouse with fog in the sky and a blurred seagull flying across the water.

Photo 2. St. Andrews New Brunswick. A minke whale dorsal fin in the Bay of Fundy on a foggy day.



Photo 3. St. Andrews New Brunswick, Kingsbrae garden. A close up shot of a dark pink Astilbe after the rain.

Photo 4. St. Andrews New Brunswick, Kingsbrae garden. Lily pads and water lilies in a shallow pond on an overcast day.

Photo 5. St. Andrews New Brunswick, Kingsbrae garden. The cuddliest, softest, friendliest cat wandering around the garden making friends. A close up shot of a cat's face with eyes shut cradled in hands.



Photo 6. Cavendish Prince Edward Island. Red rocks and sand on a beach.

Photo 7. Cavendish Prince Edward Island. A walking path through a field with dunes in the background looking over the water.



LIFE OF A U OF T STUDENT CROSSWORD

BY GRACE ZHENG

Use the clues (below) to fill in the boxes.

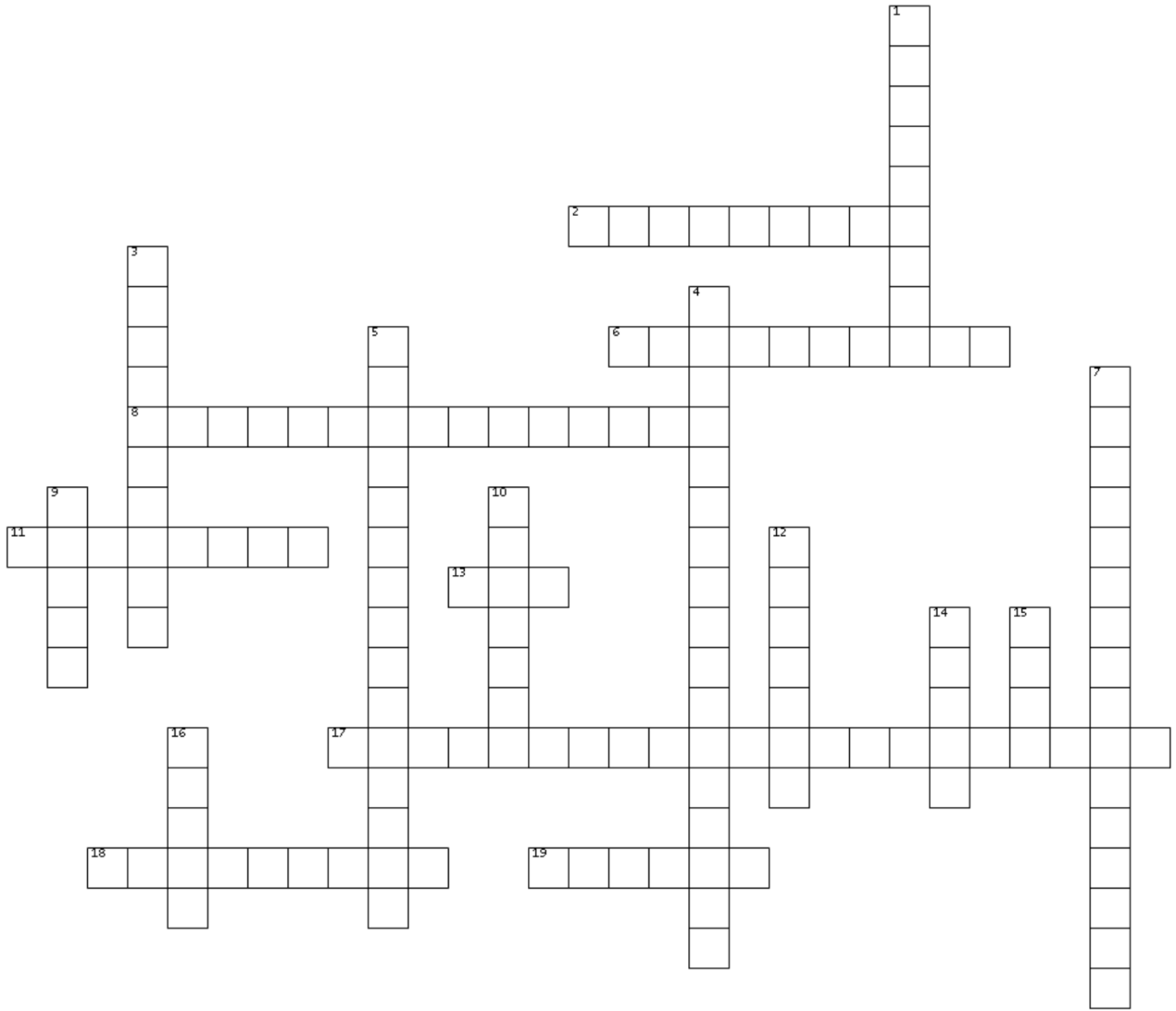
Words can go across or down. Letters are shared when the words intersect.

Across

- The place you go to get U of T merch, textbooks, and even cute stuffies.
- The name of the subway station closest to Exam Centre.
- The building where students go to officially graduate, and where the mathletes competition from Mean Girls was filmed.
- The oldest college at U of T.
- A drink that many of us love, especially if we are not a fan of coffee.
- Where would you go to ask about academic accommodations?
- In this arts and wellness building, you will find a fitness centre, Get Crafty sessions, the Gallery Grill, and so many opportunities to see shows and performances at its in-house theatre.
- A drink that many of us love, may even be essential to keeping us awake during the day.

Down

- Sometimes fruity, sometimes milky, sometimes with all the toppings, and sometimes with no toppings.
- You will be going here more often than not during midterms and finals season.
- This place offers services for your health and wellbeing, including medical support, nutrition counselling, and immunizations.
- A place to go for all your academic support needs, such as meeting with a learning strategist, joining Study Hubs, and different workshops.
- Connecting Bloor Street to Hoskin Avenue, check out this scenic pathway for a break from studying and immerse yourself in nature.
- Pineapple on this is quite debatable.
- All online quizzes, assignments, discussion board posts, and course materials are posted here
- The huge library that looks like a peacock or turkey from certain angles
- You need this item to access certain U of T libraries and fitness centres across campus
- An online, chat based, virtual resource finder
- You go to this website to select courses, check your academic history, and find your tax forms.



Lemonade

Last night I beaded a lemon.
I made it out of bottle caps and bits of string,
Pull tabs from milk cartons and twist ties.
I beaded it with bits of plastic straws
And cuttings from spent toilet paper rolls.

I strung it together on off-coloured threads,
Leftovers from his last cross-stitch.
Following the ley lines of brown pencil crayon
I placed each stitch with the wild caring of a kindergartener
Drunk on grape juice and afternoon sunshine.

It's the ugliest thing I've ever made.
Given the ingredients, not such a surprise.

What are you supposed to say though,
When objects in your home demand to become a lemon
At two in the morning –
No?

POETRY BY
MADISON NIKOLAEVSKY

Wisdom Teeth

We don't have room anymore
For something so pedestrian as wisdom.
Mouths too small to hold calcified truths
They cut them from our heads
And return them for us to discard.

My husband has his on a necklace.
They sit on his office shelves
Between last year's tax receipts,
Photos of our trip to DC,
A fountain pen I got him for that first job.

It's a family joke these days
Uncles and cousins,
With smiles too sharp to be kind
who tell the young ones -
"Hang onto those teeth,
Another bead for our resident cannibal king"

They shift as they make their jokes.
Tongues probing at the cavities
In their minds
And wonder what value there could be
In the detritus of passing years.

At the end of the night
They wind scarves amongst their jowls
And cluck at their squalling brood.

"You must come to us next!"
They decree
And step outwards into the dark.



Sestina Phone Call from G-d

I am beginning to believe
That you will be late for dinner. By my reckoning
I'll soon have to go myself to separate
You from that job site. That place has the tone
And all the love of a corded telephone
Which is trying to strangle you with its handle.

You always tell me the work is not too much
for you to handle
But you come home so tired, and I don't
know if I believe
Your weary entreaties by telephone
That – 'Any day now there will be reckoning
And I'll get my due, if you could just hold the tone
Love, I promise never again, for so long,
will we be separate'.

People were not meant to separate
Our loves from our lives, like a handle
Without a door or a note without a tone.
A life without love is like one who would believe
In the coming of a final reckoning
But not a G-d on the other side of the telephone.

The thing is - you promised me you would telephone.
You always do, when we are separate

And by the time on the mantle clock and my
own reckoning
At any moment I should hear your hand on
the door-handle
And your voice exclaiming how you can't believe
That the Forman spoke to you today with such a tone!

But all I have for company is the oven timer's tone
And the deafening silence of the corded telephone
And the nervous will to believe
That even though we are separate
I am tied to you like a broom to its handle
And if something were amiss, it would be within my
reckoning.

Afterall, there are always signs before
the final reckoning
Writing on the wall, the wailing tone
Of prophets with hands too holy to handle
The burning silence of the telephone,
All that's left to separate
What I know from what I believe.

Just before dawn G-d whispers my reckoning
through the telephone.
His sympathetic tone, so utterly separate
From emptiness too large to handle, and so
shatteringly easy to believe.

PUZZLE BY CARLEIGH PACE-TONNA



If you know me, then you likely know about my love of puzzles! My favorite way to decompress is listening to an audiobook while working on a puzzle. I love challenging myself with different designs and artwork. My next step is hanging some of my completed puzzles on my wall.





One of the photos only has 3 crystals and those are my favourites. I got those from the Rock Store in Toronto. The heart is called Selenite, it is meant to clear energy and purify your space. The other two are variations of Amethyst: one has various angles of cuts and the other is smooth. The purpose of Amethyst is to quiet your mind and aid in relaxation. It also helps in connecting with yourself and inner peace.

TORONTO ANTHOLOGY BY TANIA D'AMICO

Toronto (ABC)

The city whose sunshine gleams off of the pristine, silver tower
O're harbours and boats streaming across the waters waves
Roaring, devoted fans scream nationwide
Onwards we go, the great white north's cinematic glow
Notorious in politics, the essence fills the air in smoke
Trilliums bloom upon dwellers of every colour
Only home I've known, of 4-1-6

Queens park (Good/bad)

Emerald flakes on cinnamon rich bark surrounded by scraps of peridot under a aquamarine veil with
soft cotton tufts, a serene setting watched over by bronze legends
Plagued by scraps of materialistic human disownment of evidence of consumer society, swatches the veil
has been torn to show the rough burlap patches caused by burnt fossil fuels and wrapped up in a tornado
of noise pollution caused by these circumstances
Decisions made, papers, signed and laws are passed granting more freedom to all, equity and equality,
improving life for you and those who come after
Decisions made, papers, signed and laws are passed that are not ideal, costing you to dig out your wallet,
lose your freedom, be discriminated and injuring your life and those who come after
A mindful stroll on gravel paths to clear your head
A riot of pounding steps and clenched fist that fill your head with rage
He won
She lost
She won
He lost
We won
We lost

Toronto City Hall (ING poem)

Pop culture captivating
Picture taking
Pride inducing.
Meeting
Greeting
Modelling
Hand shaking
Deal making
Decision making
Yelling
Jabbering
Chatting
Blabbering
Pitching
Observing
Judging
Eye rolling
Questioning
Justifying
Deciding
Choosing
Breaking
Standing
Passing (if not)
Rejecting
Occasionally pot smoking.
We lost

CN Tower (Tanka)

From buildings it grows
Behold the CN Tower
All residents know
A Canadian power
Withstand the wind and showers

Brave the fearsome edge
Division the west to east
Climbers scale and pledge
Musical chairs and a feast
Light up the night? Say the least!

The city's steel crown
False gods glance to earth below
The heart of downtown
From near and far, people go
Transparency; Toronto



NOTE OF APPRECIATION BY JENNIFER HARMER

The Accessibility Community Celebrates Christine Kwong

By: Jen Harmer, PhD Candidate, Centre for Industrial Relations & Human Resources
December 11, 2023

Our community recognizes Dr. Christine Kwong for completing her PhD at the Department of Applied Psychology & Human Development. Christine has been an important part of our community as host of the weekly Graduate Productivity and Graduate Writing groups. These online, focused, writing sessions provided opportunities for graduate students to advance their independent work, in a venue with other students. As she has wrapped up her degree, she has moved on, however, we should take a moment to recognize what she has contributed to our accessible network. She fostered a welcome and barrier-free community that met twice a week. This provided an important venue for students to come together and celebrate the productivity gains and challenges that come with being a graduate student. She normalised the process and helped us reflect on our efforts to complete our degrees. Her humour and kindness will be remembered. She often shared her passion for office supplies, washi tape, and pie. She helped us to carve out a space to call our own. The steadfast presence of the online group was an important part of moving forward during pandemic times and beyond. We recognize her friendliness and professionalism and wish her the best in her new adventures. We thank her for helping us to create opportunities to celebrate and support each other in the accessibility community. We will miss you, Christine. We look forward to carrying the torch forward with our excellent new host, Liz Cunningham.

NOTE OF APPRECIATION BY MORGHAN BRETT

Heartfelt Gratitude

Dear 2023-2024 Peer Team,

Your dedication to the well-being, inclusivity, happiness and success of your peers has not gone unnoticed. The tireless efforts and unwavering commitment that each member of our team brings to their role have created an environment where students can flourish academically, emotionally, and personally.

Whether guiding students through academic challenges, the registration process, exploring resources and supports, offering space for connections to bloom, or simply being a positive presence in their lives, your contributions are immeasurable.

The impact you make is not only seen in academic achievements but also in the confidence, resilience, and growth exhibited by students. Your ability to inspire, encourage, and nurture their potential is a testament to the transformative power of your work.

Peer-to-peer support can have a transformative impact. It creates a supportive environment where individuals facing similar challenges can come together to exchange experiences, insights, and encouragement. Particularly when it comes to disability, one of the remarkable aspects of

peer-to-peer support is its ability to break down barriers and reduce feelings of isolation. Knowing that someone else has navigated similar challenges can provide a profound sense of hope and inspiration.

Peer support is also an avenue for empowerment. It empowers individuals to take an active role in their own well-being and growth. By sharing strategies and coping mechanisms, you actively contribute to the development of a wellness toolkit.

On behalf of Accessibility Services, I extend our appreciation for the invaluable contributions you make. Thank you, once again, for your commitment to the betterment of your peers and our office!

With deep gratitude and admiration,
Morghan

