



Abby Fry

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Celeste De Gier

Ella Mill

Grace Kim

Harriet Burns

John Fitzsimmons

Kate O'Shea

Liam Whitney

Naia Fellingham

Sterling Wesson

Stirling Brown

Zenara Steiner



COLLAGED BY:

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Jessi Hamilton!



SUNDAY

MANY NEW EXCITING IDEAS!



"It's a beautiful country, all right—if you can afford it."



"When I was your age this used to be a great place to explore."



THIS COULD BE THE STAIR OF SOMETHING BIG

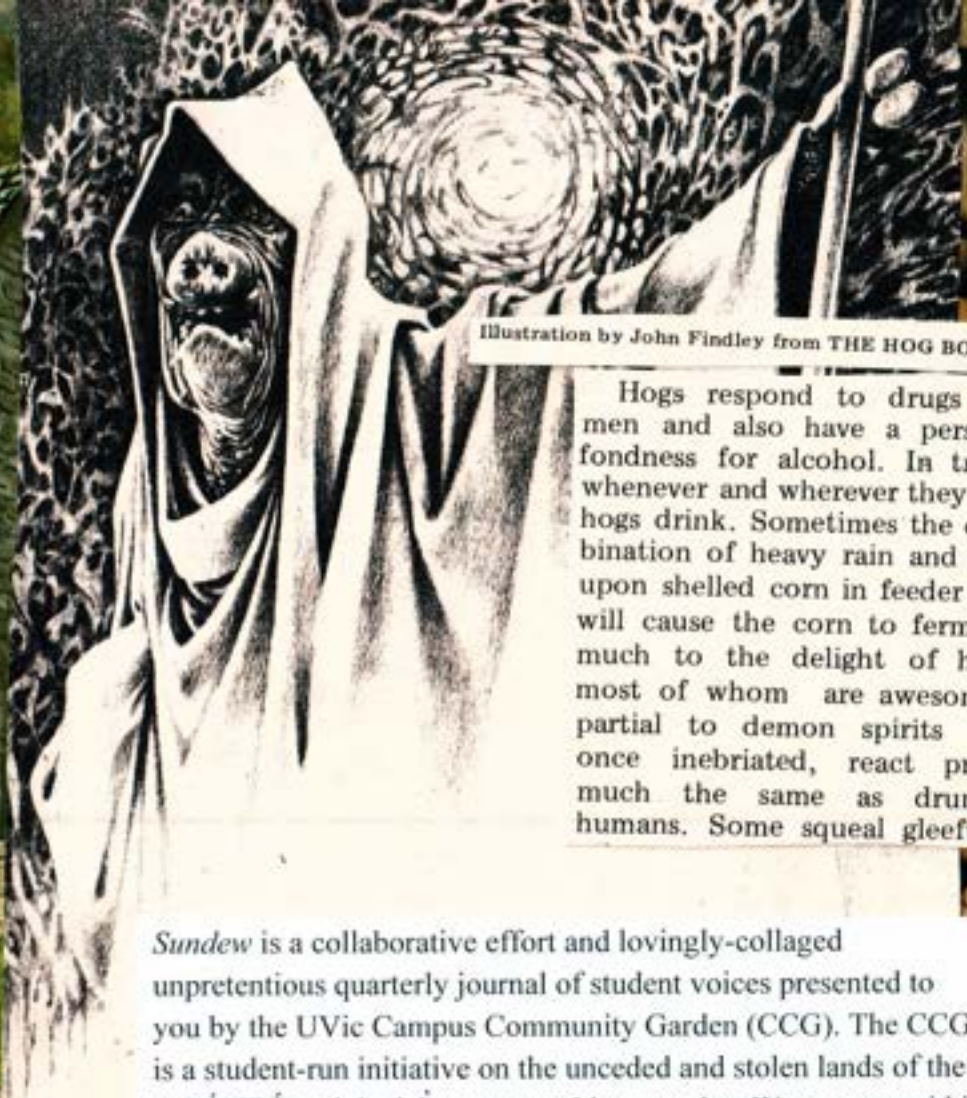


Illustration by John Findley from THE HOG BOOK

Hogs respond to drugs like men and also have a personal fondness for alcohol. In truth, whenever and wherever they can, hogs drink. Sometimes the combination of heavy rain and heat upon shelled corn in feeder bins will cause the corn to ferment, much to the delight of hogs, most of whom are awesomely partial to demon spirits and, once inebriated, react pretty much the same as drunken humans. Some squeal gleefully,

Sundew is a collaborative effort and lovingly-collaged unpretentious quarterly journal of student voices presented to you by the UVic Campus Community Garden (CCG). The CCG is a student-run initiative on the unceded and stolen lands of the W̱SÁNEĆ and the lək̓ʷəŋən speaking peoples. We operate within the University of Victoria Students' Society (UVSS), or student union, meaning our work is paid for by student fees. As an affiliate group, we exist for all students, faculty, and staff at UVic, but also local community. Our focus is growing food to donate to the UVSS food bank, renting garden plots, and providing free education. Our priorities are food sovereignty and security, decolonization, and anti-oppression. Join us at our weekly work parties and find us online or at the garden!

see ccgardenuvic.ca/sundew for how to submit to the next issue of sundew!

instagram: [uviccampusgarden](https://www.instagram.com/uviccampusgarden)

contact: ccgassist@uvic.ca



Where words blossom:

P O E T R Y
★ C L U B ★

Join us on:
Nov 4
Nov 18
Dec 2

7:00pm
David Turpin Building
Room A102

Follow @uvicpoetryclub on
Instagram for Spring 2025
meeting times



**D
RT
ING**



harvest games

by John Fitzsimmons

the utter-wonderful cannot be held,
cannot be swept into a jar.
instead a gleaming spread unscrapeable
glows thick upon the land, the stuff
resists the minding tongue and gathering hand;
these are the globs and beams
that hence invented harvest games:
the basket's busy world unfurls
to keep the berries entertained,
and we can nimble pick, preserve, pretend
the sunlit sweet will stick —
but soon learn no provision serves
the journey to a room.
for languid is the way of this
sustenance — most honest
dollops of the world cannot be moved.

Photo: Abby Fry

Spider Season

by Harriet Burns

Ray Bradbury wrote about "autumn people" and I think I just met one of them. She wore a black coat, black slacks, black dress shoes, black hair—the oily black of crow feathers, or India ink—cut shortish, tucked behind her ears. It's golden hour, and the parliament building glows in a way I thought was reserved for internationally recognized landmarks, and buildings Of Note. The sun is testing out lights for the Colosseum, or St. Paul's Cathedral. It is hot now, too hot for the long pants I am wearing, but what are you supposed to do when the day starts at 12° and ends at 21°? The ocean looks inviting, although I know the cold would stun me senseless. Soon the sun will go down and it will get cold again. I wish September would pick a season and stick to it. I hope that my autumn person is a harbinger of sweeter weather. I wonder if she is hot underneath her starched clothes; she looked like she'd be cool to the touch. Our conversation was brief; she asked me how to get to the James Bay Inn and I pointed her in the right direction. I offered to walk her there, but she said:

"I think you ought to go home, don't you?"

I did. I do. I don't want to, and I don't know how she knew that. I walk past the legislative temple, buildings stuck in time, the Clydesdale horses, and the Inn where the Oilers game is on in the basement. Under my feet green acorns crunch. Over my head the leaves are turning. When I finally return home, I will find the largest black widow I have ever seen waiting for me in my bathtub. I will consider calling animal control, and then decide against it. It will be gone in the morning, anyway.

Our second meeting; (this one has more substance than the first) we are sitting outside a coffee shop, and it is raining. Autumn has arrived in full, bringing with it the trappings of decay. Everything is browning now, growing soggy and limp and collapsing. Only the moss remains lush, while the leaves and grass—brothers in greenery—defect to ochre and amber, tawny and turmeric, verdant giving way to vermilion. Spider webs appear, anywhere and everywhere, their shiny, tiger-striped bodies like ornaments. Halloween angels. Chestnuts roll along the sidewalks. I've heard that chestnuts keep spiders at bay, which seems nonsensical; they share this broad shoulder season, after all.

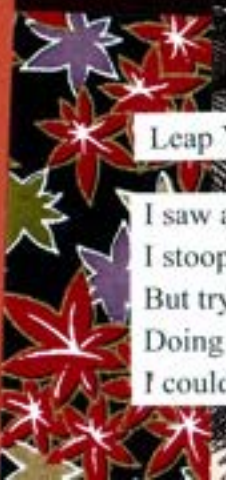


Photo: Abby Fry

Changing Seasons

by Sterling Wesson

Cling tightly to the branch for as long as you can,
But when the time to leave on the winter breeze is here, do not hesitate.



Give and Take

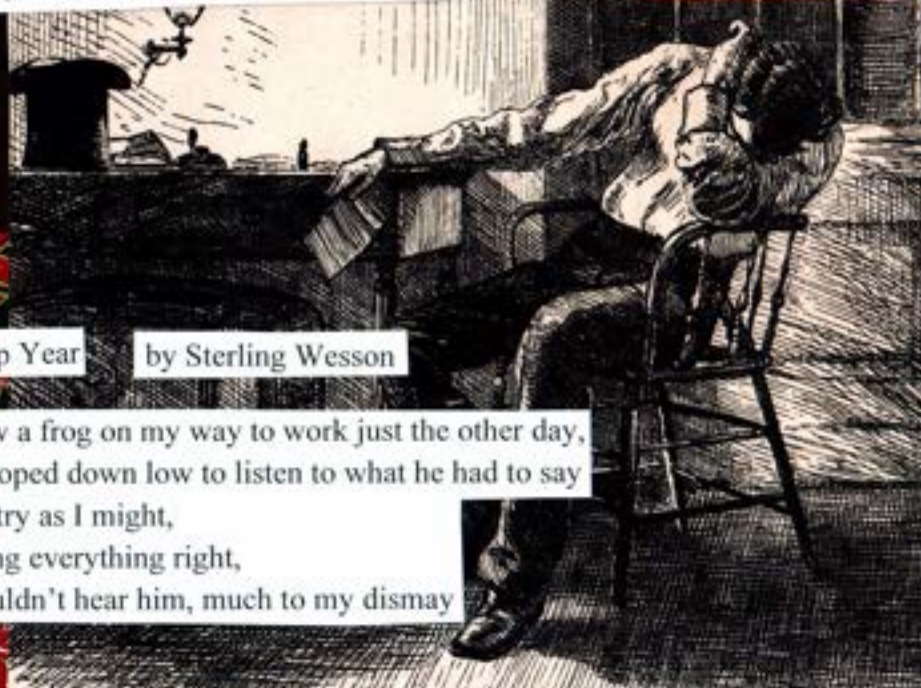
by Sterling Wesson

Trip me with your roots and I will apologise for falling over them.
Throw me in the ocean and I will apologise for getting wet.
Chain me up and I will apologise for being caught.
Say you love me and I will never believe it.

Leap Year

by Sterling Wesson

I saw a frog on my way to work just the other day,
I stooped down low to listen to what he had to say
But try as I might,
Doing everything right,
I couldn't hear him, much to my dismay





Kate O'Shea

I say "we are sitting" to foster the appearance of synchronicity, to imply an arriving together and a leaving together, but in truth *she* was sitting outside a coffee shop in the rain; I crossed the street to join her, and I am almost struck by a passing car. Apart from the addition of an umbrella (black), her appearance hasn't changed.

"Hi," I say, "what are you drinking?"

"Tea," she says.

"What kind?"

She shrugs.

"Just tea."

The liquid in her mug is brick red.

I introduce myself, extending a hand in an uncharacteristically formal gesture. She shakes it. Her hands are cold and dry as I had imagined. She does not tell me her name.

"I'm not sure if you remember me—" I start.

"I do."

"Oh."

"You look paler than I remember if you don't mind me saying."

"I haven't been eating enough," I tell her, "not intentionally, it just doesn't feel like a priority at the moment."

"What *is* a priority then?" she asks. I don't have an answer.

"I have to go now," she says, "it's been nice speaking with you."

She slides the mug toward me and tells me to finish it. I swirl it like a sommelier, trying to identify the blend; it remains a mystery.



Remember, remember the fifth of November. My father told me that, although I do not know why. Something about the old country. The sky keeps threatening snow and delivering rain. The day starts with frost and ends with frost. My breath comes out opaque and the kettle makes the windows fog up. December will come soon and with it black nights and white days. An excuse to start adding Baileys to my morning coffee. It's something to look forward to. I will go home for Christmas and do Christmassy things and five or even ten years will melt away like snow when I cross the threshold of my mother's house. Right now, however, it is still November and my heater is broken. I've started to entertain dreams of leaving this city for good. Of returning to where I was born and, eventually, dying there. Of becoming one of those middleaged women working at Save-on-Foods. I used to pity them, but that was when I was always warm and rested and my stomach was full, and I had the time and space in my life for a superiority complex. I wonder if people pity me.

I think I saw my last spider of the season this morning. She was spindly—notably so—with a body like a pearl. I didn't have the heart to evict her; as the old saying goes: *if you're cold, they're cold...* It is evening now. Two months ago, this would have been golden hour, but now the sky is silver, and light has left the earth. I am walking home, in an abstract way; I am walking, and, eventually, I will get home. Ahead is a bus stop where my woman in black is waiting.

"Keep walking," she says to me as I approach. I obey.

Lately i've been telling people when they've hurt me
And trying to do it quick enough

That it doesn't sink through me first like a hot quarter through snow

But i know i've pulled the wrong quarter even before the magician grins
and when he snatches the real one from behind my ear it's already too late because it has melted clean
through and i am drowning in the runoff

Lately I've been wearing a beautiful long black dress
That felt perfect and made me feel a little perfect and
i wish it wasn't going to be so perfect for the summer funeral

Lately I've been feeling so much better (2 days in)
Like I can pull myself through entire days at a time again (2 days in)

Which feels like a betrayal considering all the awful things that have been happening to people I love
Lately

Lately

by Ella Mill

i've been eating kimchi by the spoonful
Gut health is everything i hear
Really connected to your mental health

Lately i've been killing spiders

That i've accidentally hurt in my panic to take them outside

And i've been watching ants carry their body parts out of the garbage can the next morning

Lately i've been feeling sick and i don't know if it's from the kimchi or the killing
or if it's the killing but only because i haven't eaten enough kimchi yet to cure me of such things

Lately i've been wading through the idea of telling you everything
Telling you to pretty please leave me the fuck alone (just for a month)
Like maybe somehow that would get me out of this mess because

Photo: Abby Fry



**We need your help
to bring back**

Victoria

Seedy

Saturday

for 2025!

compost.bc.ca/

victoria-seedy-saturday/

Photo: Abby Fry



it's
perfect
for you:

Liam's SOUP

Photo: Naia Fellingham

Ingredients (vegan & gluten free!)

- ★ Olive oil
- ★ Banana squash (enough to fill your pot between 1/2 and 3/4 full)
- ★ 3 or 4 bell peppers
- ★ 2 onions
- ★ 3 carrots
- ★ Black pepper
- ★ 1 whole bulb of garlic
- ★ 1 fistful of ginger
- ★ 1 can of tomato paste
- ★ Veggie stock
- ★ Cinnamon
- ★ Clove
- ★ Nutmeg
- ★ Cardamom
- ★ Clove
- ★ Star anise
- ★ 1 can of coconut milk
- ★ Sriracha / Tabasco
- ★ Apple Cider Vinegar (ACV)

"Everybody is hungry,"

Recommended Garnishes:

- ★ Balsamic reduction
- ★ Goat cheese
- ★ Pumpkin seeds
- ★ Fresh parsley

Soup Makin'

- Peel and cube enough squash to fill your big soup/stock pot between 1/2 and 2/3 full
- Roast the squash in the oven until browned (you may need to do a few batches)
- Rough chop 2 onions, 3- maybe 4- bell peppers, 3 carrots (chop carrots sufficiently small so they'll cook)
- May adjust based on size of your pot
- Mince a bulb of garlic and a fistful of ginger

Short-Lived Happiness

by Grace Kim

Dark and cold. Dark and... warm? My eyes opened up and a big dog was curled around me. She started moving and looked at me. A couple of sniffs. A lick. A nuzzle. She doesn't seem like a bad dog. It was so warm, that I felt sleepy and closed my eyes. They feel just like Mother... I miss her. I woke up again and I was all alone again. I knew it was too good to be true.

I barked loudly to chase away the pigeons away. Get away, you thieves! This is mine! I turned around and gobbled the leftover hamburger I found in the trash. Humans are so complicated; why would they throw out good food into the trash? That burger was the best thing I found in days! I started wandering around until a smoky smell appeared. I stopped and sniffed around. I ran, following the scent and ignoring everything around me. I was so close, but suddenly I was pushed hard and heard a loud crack. It hurts... I can't move my leg. I started whimpering and whimpering for anyone to help me. The world was spinning and things were getting fuzzy. The last thing I saw and felt was a warm blanket wrapping around me.

"Luca!" I woke up. Huh, I dreamed about that again... I scrambled out of the cozy spot on the couch. I tripped as I jumped down from the couch. It's still so hard to run around. I got up and ran to the magic food place. I don't know how my owner, Evan does it. He can magically summon food from out of nowhere. Evan was standing there holding my food bowl. He smiled gently before placing my food bowl beside my water bowl. I trotted over and quickly ate everything. I felt his hand gently pet my fur. My tail wagged happily. I looked up at him, the man who saved me. I hope I can live a long, happy life with him.

I don't remember how long I've been lying by the door, waiting and waiting for Evan to come home. There's no way Evan would just leave me here... Right? I repositioned myself, feeling my joints ache from being in the same position for too long. As I continued to lay there, I started thinking why my life turned out this way. Why did my parents have to leave me so early? Why did Evan leave me too? What did I do to deserve this?



Nicolas was a professional swimmer back in the day, so every weekend we go to the lake. I hadn't expected him to be as fast as he was. He says swimming is easy on the muscles. I try not to take the fact

that I'm losing races to an eighty-four year old personally and appreciate my new incentive to workout. Eleanor likes to wade in and watch us from the sand, Nicolas will haul her up on his back and take her out further than I approve, but she always comes back with a big smile on her face and pruned fingers.

I make lasagna for dinner as Eleanor tells me about how it all started with Nicolas. On their first date, he had shown up in brown suit, carrying a bouquet of sunflowers. Apparently, when they had first met, Eleanor couldn't make up her mind about whether Nicolas was full of himself or just too honest for his own good. Nicolas won her over on date four when she asked him what the biggest thing he hoped to accomplish was in life, and he said, *die happy*. Says she knew right then that he would be the one she'd grow old with. Of course, they broke up three times before they ended up finally getting married. Turns out Nicolas was a little full of himself, needed some tough love to straighten him out.

Nicolas brings a plate of lasagna over to Eleanor, cuts it up real tiny so she can eat it with a spoon. I switch over my bedding once I'm done eating, shove the grey and white sheep heads into the dryer and set it to high.



- Sauté the onions, peppers, and carrots in olive oil until onions are translucent and peppers are soft
- Add garlic and ginger, cook until fragrant (less sharp smelling)
- Add 1 small can tomato paste and cook to brown the paste
- Add squash, stir it all up
- Add veggie stock to desired ratio (you can always add more after blending if too thick)
- Add star anise, green cardamom, nutmeg, clove black pepper (whole or powder)
- Bring to a boil, then let simmer for a good while (at least until all veggies are soft)
- Season with sriracha/tabasco, more veggie stock, salt, pepper, and apple cider vinegar to taste
- If you used whole spices, do your best to get them out, but the cardamom clove, anise, and the inner part of whole nutmeg blend pretty well tbh.
- Blend (this part is fun if you have a blender wand and terrible if you don't)
- Add 1 can of coconut milk
- ◆ Cut through heavy, salty flavours and brighten the taste with the ACV (I use quite a bit)
- ◆ Bring body and fullness with veggie stock and salt
- ◆ *Finding the right balance of these is the biggest, but also most rewarding, challenge of this dish*

The Squash King's Secrets



Right place; Wrong time

by Zenara Steiner

I smelled Galiano when I walked into my building the other day. I was supposed to go there for Thanksgiving, but I'd already committed to filming a movie that weekend. The lobby had that familiar scent of fresh mud and dog slobber. Since we got a cat, the cabin's had a scent that reminded me of feline royalty, but it was absent from the lobby of my building.

I wondered to myself if it was because the cat was a recent addition to our family, or because the cat couldn't be bothered to visit. Whatever the decision, the cat was absent from my building, and because of that, I exhausted my dab pen cartridge.

When my filter was gone, and the bed curled around me like a thousand fingers reaching through the fabric, I let myself go back to that place on Galiano Island.

Not enough beds for each Thanksgiving, but last time was my first time sleeping on the couch. I took it upon myself to unlock every character on the decades-old save file of Mario Kart Wii, just like I had every year.

Since last year, I've tried completing LEGO Star Wars: The Complete Saga on my own, but the cat or one of the dogs keeps watching me, expecting me to rejoin everyone on the porch. They're sharing the same stories and drinking the same Cokes as every year.

The smell of Galiano faded when I went to sleep, and was gone when I left the next day.

Photo: Abby Fry

Eleanor wants to see the ducks today. I help get them both into mud boots and pack a light snack before we head out. I follow at a distance as Nicolas and Eleanor walk arm in arm, whispering and giggling about whatever little secrets they have between them.

Eleanor was first diagnosed with Parkinson's ten years ago when I was a sophomore in college. Back then, Eleanor would attend the weekly senior's yoga class that I ran as part of my health and exercise degree. She'd always bring me assortments of vegetables from her garden, talking about how expensive the stores are nowadays. For awhile Eleanor was able to take care of herself, and when she wasn't, Nicolas was there to help. We stayed in contact after I graduated, I began applying for jobs at rehabilitation centers, ended up working part time at the local hospital and part time at a nearby coffee shop. Eleanor would come in every Tuesday to order a cranberry goat cheese croissant and a London fog.

After Nicolas' stroke, the couple started looking into hiring a live in orderly. Eleanor was nearing stage four and I think they both started realizing that they couldn't only rely on each other anymore. I had just discovered the black mould in my apartment when Eleanor asked if I'd move in. I liked the idea of not paying rent or working at the coffee shop anymore, so by the end of the month I was moved out of my bachelor suite and into their sheep-themed guest bedroom.

Eleanor quacks along with the ducks as we reach the pond. Nicolas helps her onto the bench and takes the spot beside her. I hand her some peas from my bag and watch her sprinkle them around our feet. Nicolas and I take turns seeing who can throw peas the furthest, although we lose sight of most of them before they hit the ground. I hand out saltines as tummies begin to rumble, then we make our way back to the house so I can make lunch.

Photo: Abby Fry



Nicolas sits in his rocker as Barry White serenades the living room. His feet wiggle along to the rhythm, eyes fixated on something beyond the windowpane. Eleanor's still up in the bedroom fussing with her lashes. In the short while I've been staying with them, she's been getting up later and later into the day, but she always insists on keeping her hair curled and her neck pearled. Barry's voice tapers off and I get up to flip the vinyl just as Nicolas notices the break in the music. He nods as I lower the cartridge, and the room swells with disco once more. My eyes catch a blur of red as Eleanor appears at the top of the stairs. She waits for me, one hand on the railing. Today she sports a floral skirt of bronze and maroon pansies paired with her classic tweed jacket, her favourite brooch, a squirrel holding a parasol, clings to the thick fabric. I smile and tell her she looks fabulous before extending my hand out to her. Her arm shakes against gravity as her palm finds mine, I steady her torso with my free hand as we begin our trek down the stairs.

I've been slowly convincing her it would be a good idea to convert her sewing room into a bedroom so she wouldn't have to take the stairs everyday, but she insists on keeping the sewing room as is. Says she's still got projects she's working on. We both know she's in no condition to operate a sewing machine or pin a pattern, but I'll let her keep the idea alive for now. It's taken all my restraint not to help her brush on some blush or clip on her earrings, but I can tell her routine is more about independence than fashion. So, I'll let her do her own mascara as long as she isn't poking herself in the eye.

Nicolas is smiling a big cheesy grin as Eleanor and I disembark from the last step, taking his wife's hands and gently spinning her around. She shows off her frilly socks and new clip-on dragonfly earrings. Nicolas whistles his approval.

lil' guy by Zenara Steiner

My pondering feet explore cakemoist earth, woodchips slide between my toes to nestle in the little creases and crevasses of my hobbitfeet.

The Moon, you say?
How would you be closer to the Moon than I am?
Your clanging cymbals are so sweet to my ears, sonorous symbols, chaotic sex of sound and nature. There you are!

Wheeee.

Frrrreet frog.



Atop my head you go. You can see the Moon now, orangefoot frog. Ripen the rest of your gummieskin in silver, and remember to avoid the candy bag at Mac's. Luckily, you were never my favourite that way.

Hello, little frog? I can't see you yet, but the little drum kit in your throat reminds me of the callouses I used to have on my hands when I played. The clarinet is a sorry excuse for a percussion piece.

Hoaaaak.

Yes, yes, I know. I'm looking between mangrove apartments for you, green and glossy and spotted. Would you hop for me, a little frog? Plop to a stop in front of me so I could pop you on top of my head? It's bound to be a better view than the dirty slop.

Froooalp wak.

Photo: Naia Fellingham





delphinium by Catherine Thijs

just be
cause
wires did not direct you
according to a lesser puppeteer;

because
it was no less than the sun
who ushered you
into day

because the rain
shed wiser water
beneath your
secret steps

I leave you
where you grow
with grace that finds
a ladder of its own
into the sky



Flower
By Stirling Brown

As a tree
or like a
mountain-side
hyacinth with
stocks embedded
deep in soil,
the strongest
breeze or
feeble windstorm
can cause
uproot.

Violets & Lavender
By Stirling Brown

Sometimes I'm afraid—
I say it's the fear of rejection,
of gathering all my nerves
into a hefty bunch
as an offering;
a bouquet,
only to be discarded.
But, you've accepted my flowers,
kept them on the counter
by the big, open window
and watered them.
Instead, my fear lies
between the violets
and lavender bundles
you've found in the wild—
Weedless, unwilted,
and unlike my ageing
bloom.



Photo: Abby Fry