

CHAPLET

meaghan marina



CRWR 301

Table of Contents

MEAGHAN
MARINA

02	Acknowledgements
03	Sun-kissed Night
04	Query for Adulting
05	A Pyre for a Tissue Box
06	Living, Dreaming
07	A Dock of Mist Sensation
08	Competition. Change. Career.
09	About the Author

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS



I'd like to acknowledge that in creating these poems, I worked and used spaces on the traditional, ancestral and unceded territory of the Coast Salish peoples - Squamish, Tseleil-Waututh and Musqueam Nations.

I also would like to acknowledge I come from Ontario which is the traditional land of the the Mississaugas of the Credit Nations, Wendake-Nionwentsio, Haudenasaunee, and Anishinaabeg people.

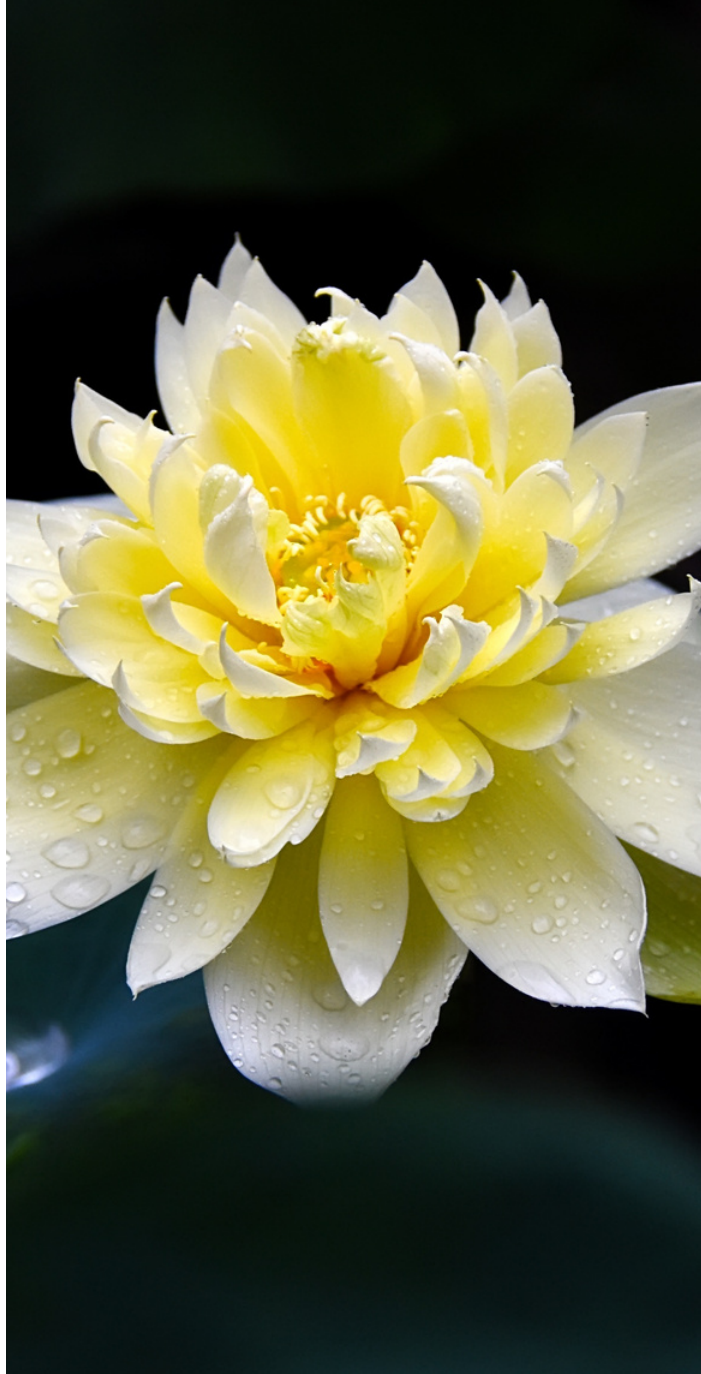
I'd like to thank everyone who have helped me in editing my pieces, from my TA, to my atelier group, to Emma Griffin for being absolutely amazing. My mom has also been a big support in creating and a big inspiration for pushing myself to succeed. I'd like to thank my sister for always being there to lend an ear and listen to me go on about the most mundane or the most creative things I have ruminating in my brain whenever we chat. She helps centre me and focus on what I next want to do and has been a great shoulder to lean on.

SUN-KISSED NIGHT

The sun-kissed image of you
sits behind my eyelids, a yearning
nestled in my throat. A soundless
call to ask you to stay. Though
the words are sealed far away.

The sun-kissed image of you
overshadows my daily routines.
When you embrace me, it was like
my soul flew to the stars.
A gentle love permeating the night.

and yet, the sun-kissed image of you
drifts further from my outstretched arms.



QUERY FOR ADULTING



I have a thing against adulting
It's difficult and strains my brain.
Isn't that quite revolting?

Everywhere you look, people are folding -
it's a serious skill that you need to train.
But, I have a thing against adulting

At the start of eighteen, children are bolting
yet not overcoming parental domain
Isn't that quite revolting?

Each time you turn tail, bad decisions start unfolding
Ending in obedience to healthy sustain.
I have a thing against adulting

Through life's journey brings resulting
success, we end up with big adult's champaign.
Isn't that quite revolting?

Here I am, here, presently constructing
An argument to tell my parents why, and explain:
I have a thing against adulting
Isn't that quite revolting?

LIVING, DREAMING

The weight of stress is carried on my eyes
yet no rub breaks it free.

Future presses my shoulders down,
defibrillating anxiety to kickstart my heart.
A race from cardio to soul.

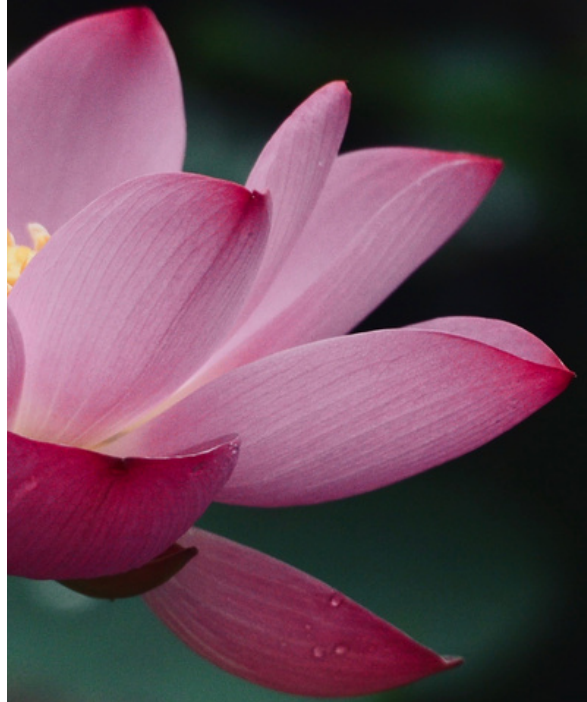
Mental tasks add another box to tick.

Minds play tricks to see if
racing hearts distract focus but
thoughts cycle abound, never ceasing
like the flow of minutes down weathered bones.

If I stop for a moment. Breathe. The
stress shoved into a box tossed deep into
recesses of memory. Pinpricks at temples
rinsed away with peppermint tea.

A moment reprieve like heartbeat's rushing
absence.

Don't worry, I'm not down. The stress
is merely a frown I'll wash away.



A DOCK OF MIST SENSATION

Alone, I stand, upon a church pew dock
Waves crash softly against the cliff edge
Alone, I wonder, would it hurt to fall?
Ocean's call coos softly into my ear.

Beneath the waves are schools of joy
swimming and swirling through hoops of bounty.
Where were they in my misty disaster?
Alone, I stand, as I ponder the way to master

the art of concealment, my stony emotions.
I don't try to bring up my foul history
as it tends to dot cheeks with misery.
Alone, it stands, as harks lie lyres.

Where would I be without the ocean,
but alone in its depths, afoot a motion.

COMPETITION

A dazzling whirl of sparkling reds, oranges, yellows in the limelight, spinning, twirling, swirling. Hair tight atop head held in a ribbon matching. Quick feet send to – Stop.

Pose.

Bow.



CHANGE

Ribbons and medals stripped away. Collect dust in bedroom storage. Limelight shines upon a single computer, linked to dozens of similar minded folk. Games inspire grand passions of the future. School grants steps towards glory. Yet I look back, yearning for a moment to spin again.



CAREER

Skates forgotten; memories treasured. Each day spins minds to creative depths causing ideas to spiral and dazzle to bring limelight to future implementations coded to deliver players to emotional moments. Game makes news.

Pose.

Bow.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR



ABOUT MEAGHAN

Meaghan is a 22 year old woman from Mississauga, Ontario who enjoys thrilling fantasy novels and immersive video games. She writes in her spare time and creates ideas for future video game projects she aspires to develop.

Meaghan grew up with a silly older brother and a sweet younger sister, competing in figure skating and trying out every other sport you can name. She was always very active but also flexed her artistic side whenever she got the chance. She picked up music, visual arts, and found her passion for creative writing at a young age and honed in on her skills as she strived to excel in school.

Meaghan went to a performing arts middle school and a high school that allowed her artistic skills to flourish. Bringing her passion for creative media to University, Meaghan sought to maximize the tools in her craftbox to best learn every aspect required to serve her future career in the video game industry - blending business with creative writing, german language and computer programming for her degree.

MEAGHAN
MARINA



CRWR 301
April 7 2022