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Issue 05

likeness

m a g a z i n e



*being there
for someone*

Low Entropy is headquartered in Kwikwetlem First Nation Territory of the Coast Salish people, and in the shared territory of the sə́lilwətaʔt̓ təməxʷ, xʷməθkʷəy̓əm, Stz'uminus, Qayqayt and S'ólh Téméxw nations.

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About Low Entropy: Founded in 2015, the Low Entropy Foundation is home to free programs and events that focus on personal and community growth through empowerment, authenticity and meaningful interpersonal connections.

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Foreword

People — not necessarily people, but often people — create fluttering, floating instances for us. They say things or do things, or maybe they're just there (maybe they're noticeably not) — maybe they don't even know we exist, but we pluck these moments out of the air like autumn leaves and gaze at them. We admire their beauty or ponder their structure or weep at the thought of what it all might mean. We hope beyond hope that there's more where that came from.

It can feel as if they were meant for us. The stars, the Earth, your dog. But just as easily, we could be meant for them. We consume, certainly, but if we're lucky, we find some time to support and serve, delicately sidestepping the spotlight.

This *Likeness* contains voices that sing songs of duty and attachment and simply existing amidst a chorus of other voices and a cacophony of sound that maybe sounds like jigsaw harmony if you back away a bit and listen closely enough. It's the rustling of the trees; it's their tears spilling on your shoulder.

We are together. Perhaps it's just a matter of noticing how.

Thank you for being here.



Editor, Low Entropy

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Photo by Pablo Heimplatzi

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“On this day of
sacred sunshine,
I choose love”



Photo by Isabelle Desmarais

Tapes- try of Life

Isabelle Des-
marais

On this day of sacred sunshine, I choose love
Farewelling fear to westward winds into the
setting light of winter
The world is a tapestry of confusion
I breathe to find the peace within
Hidden in brambles of insecurity and doubt
It is in the tall giants, my heart cranes to see
where hope lives
My bare feet itch to hear thrumming of Earth's
heartbeat
It is in the gems of quiet where I can dance to
my sacred rhythm
Farther and farther we have to travel to protect
what is sacred
Where resilience and reciprocity are whispered
in the wind
It is in the rawness, vulnerability, and sanctity of
life where connection can be found
in my natural cycles of inhales and exhales the
tapestry of life is born

NEEMA EJERCITO
Neema Ejercito is a professional writer, director and creative writing mentor. Her 3D edutainment series for beginning readers, *AlphaBesties*, is showing in YouTube Japan and Prairie Kids. When she's not writing or mentoring, she manages her household with her very supportive husband and three children.

stuck on 18

Neema Ejercito

When I was one and seven years
a big birthday did I celebrate.
Where I'm from, turning 7 means a milestone party
lots of food, lots of guests, lots of presents

But we couldn't afford a party that year
so I have a picture taken when I was 8
Short-haired me bent over my lit-up
multi-coloured, chocolate-candies-decorated cake.

When I was one and seventeen
my mom & sister threw
me a debut surprise.
Sister took me out the whole day.

We hung out at a family friend's flat
Lunching and gossiping
She kept checking her watch
But it was the weekend.

Where I'm from, teens who turn 18
have balls, wear gowns, dance the cotillion
But we moved to Hong Kong
And we wouldn't have been able to afford it in the Philippines anyway.

When I opened the door to our flat,
I knew. A second before
I was supposed to know.
Girl friends and boy friends there
Boys gave me different-sized

Kewpie dolls. I loved those dolls back then.
Big, bald heads, big, round eyes, baby bodies
The biggest doll
coming from the one who
had a crush on me.

A shy, choir boy who'd been my classmate for
2 years but was too shy to talk to me
Sent me notes, not even to give in person
But to be found in my locker.

We were together though
according to his best friend
Who informed me through a farewell card
when he left the then-colony

A post script question, "Why did you [two]
break up?"

IRENE FANTOPOULOS Irene is a writer of fiction and non-fiction. She is also an artist. Her work has been featured in Canadian magazines, newspapers, anthologies and online publications. She has an MSW and a freelance writing certificate. She lives in Toronto.

The Layers of an Onion

Irene Fantopoulos

Mom’s small frame disappeared into the hospital bed pillow, her hair melding into its stark whiteness. A purplish-blue, yellow-black bruise wrapped itself around her right temple and down the side of her head, ending at her jawline like an inkblot.

She’d been in a three-car collision during a tempestuous Canadian winter storm — an event that changed her life forever. According to the doctor, mom had suffered *a fractured pelvis, a hairline crack*. It was the best type of injury she could have sustained. It would heal without surgery; the prognosis was good. But that was only part of her story.

Upon my approach, her eyes flew open; she searched my face and said,

“Who are you?”

Her blank stare unnerved me as I said, “I’m your daughter, Irene.”

“You’re old. My Irene is young.”

Perhaps she was mad that I’d spent Christmas with my husband’s family in Alabama. Was she so angry that she’d erased me from her mind? Or was this another guilt trip?

The nurse appeared — she put her arm on my shoulder and said, “Don’t be alarmed if she doesn’t recognize you. It’s the disease.”

“What disease?”

“Talk to the doctor. He’ll be here soon.”

What had they uncovered? Was it cancer, the disease that had killed my father?

“There you are, Irene,” mom said.

I sighed with relief. The accident had probably made her disoriented.

“Take me home.” She looked at me. “Your brothers left me alone. Let’s go.”



Painting by Irene Fantopoulos

I furrowed my brows. “You can’t leave, mom. You fractured your hip and hurt your head. You were in a car accident.”

“I didn’t cause an accident. I’m a good driver.”

She was a good driver. I recalled her long-fought battle to get her driver’s licence decades ago.

“Not you, mom,” I said and sat on the edge of her bed, pulling her hand into mine. “Tony was driving. Your car was totaled.”

“Tony? Where’s my boy?” she said.

“He’s fine. Don’t worry.”

“I have to take care of him. I have to make him lunch before he goes to school,” she said and pulled off her covers — she was strapped in from her waist down and around her crotch. As a social worker, I’d seen my share of restraints for patients battling mental health issues.

“Don’t worry about him. He can take care of himself.”

“He’s just a child,” she said and tugged at the leather harness. Her failed attempts made her angrier, “Get me out of these!”

Something is really wrong with her, I thought as I pulled at the buckles, trying to free her — they were locked. She wasn’t going anywhere. Not without a key. I buzzed for assistance.

“Let’s go,” she said.

“Mom!” I gasped and clutched her hand reassuringly in mine. Our volatile relationship was forgotten; my fear for her well-being was top of mind. I felt like my heart had been ripped out. I wanted to protect her, to help her get better. “I called the nurse. She’ll remove them. Please leave them alone. You’ll hurt yourself.”

“She better get here soon or I’ll rip them off!”

“Yes?” the nurse said as she entered the room.

I sighed with relief, but my tone was filled with anger. “Why is my mother in restraints?”

“Because of her disease, she feels no pain from her injuries.”

There it was again, that word, disease.

“If we don’t restrain her, she’ll get out of bed and re-injure herself. We don’t want her to fall. Do we?”

I looked at her, my mouth agape, and said, “What disease?”

“There’s the doctor,” she said and left without responding to my question.

“What’s wrong with my mother?” I confronted the doctor. A poor bedside manner was not an exclusive quality of doctors.

“We’re waiting for the results of her CAT scan.”

“Is there bleeding in her brain? Does she have a tumour? Is she dying?” I bombarded him with questions to which I didn’t want to hear the answers.

“We believe she has dementia, possibly Alzheimer’s.”

“Wh . . . wha . . . what?” I never expected that.

“We don’t know what stage she’s in. We’ll do a neuropsychological assessment.”

“How can a car accident cause that?” I said, looking at mom as she enjoyed her lunch of overcooked food.

“She probably had the condition before the accident, but the head trauma likely exacerbated it.”

“I had no idea.”

“In the early stages, people afflicted with dementia are able to hide it from their family and friends. We’ll know more about your mother soon,” he said, flipping through mom’s chart. “For now, she may be confused and unaware of her pain. Hence the restraints.”

“She feels no pain?”

He shook his head.

“She feels nothing?”

“Sometimes she does, other times she doesn’t,” he said, turning toward the door. “We don’t want to take any chances.”

“Can you remove her restraints while I’m here?” I said, pointing to the confining buckles. “She’s not comfortable. I’ll watch her.”

“I’ll get the nurse to remove them.”

Alzheimer’s? How could this be? From what I knew of the disease, the news wasn’t good. She would worsen

with time. Mom would lose her independence, her memory and, finally, shut down completely. Alzheimer’s happened to other people, not to my mother — she was only 70! I vowed to do what I could to ensure that she didn’t lose herself. I wondered why her family doctor hadn’t noticed anything? I couldn’t recall that he’d ever diagnosed her with dementia or Alzheimer’s. Last summer, he’d scheduled her for some medical tests — she passed them with flying colours. There was no mention of an Alzheimer’s test.

“Mom. It’s me. Irene.”

“Who are...?” Mom’s voice cut through my thoughts.

“Oh . . . it’s you. I was distracted,” she laughed nervously. “I was thinking about when they removed my appendix last year.”

“Oh, mom!” She remembered the surgery, but she was off by 20 years. I wasn’t sure what to say, so I repeated why she was at the hospital.

“I’m not sick. I’m just fine.”

“Well . . . you are kinda sick, mom. Don’t you remember what the doctor said?”

“What doctor?”

“Here. At the hospital.”

“What’s wrong with me? Did they miss part of my appendix?”

“No. You were in an accident.” I reached for her, but she pulled away.

“Accident?”

“Tony was driving; two cars slammed into your car. You hit your head and broke your pelvis.”

“I don’t remember that! You’re lying!”

“You had a bad blow to your head. You’re confused.”

She lifted her hand to her head. “There’s nothing there.”

“You can’t feel it, but it’s all black and blue. Do you want to see yourself in the mirror?”

“No. Why can’t I remember?”

“I’m here to help you remember, mom.” I squeezed her hand. She squeezed back.

She smiled and said, “You’re a good woman. You take good care of me.” She closed her eyes, still holding my hand.

For the first time in a long time, I felt as if all our arguments had never happened, that I was a stranger to her — that she couldn’t remember that we’d been at odds most of my life.

I had many questions about mom’s future and mine. Was Alzheimer’s hereditary? Was dementia? Was my forgetfulness an early sign of the disease? What was going on in mom’s head? Why didn’t she remember me, her oldest child? One of mom’s nurses told me to think of Alzheimer’s like an onion. An onion represents one’s memory. As you peel away the layers, your memories are also peeled away until none are left.

I was scared, concerned and sad for her and myself.

That was only the beginning of mom’s 10-year battle with Alzheimer’s. I was by her side during most of that time. I was angry at my inability to stop the disease from stealing, little by little, mom’s independence and her life. In time, her memories would become stuck in-

side her. Sometimes I saw her struggle to recall something or someone until even that brief spark of memory disappeared. Her brain no longer told her how to toilet, speak, feed herself or put one foot in front of the other — things we all take for granted. Toward the last couple of years of her life, she was in a wheelchair. Throughout the years my resolve to stop her from forgetting everything became an exercise in futility: she couldn’t hold on to her fork, her words were jumbled and her eyes became vacuous orbs. I had been so wrong in the beginning. I wasn’t able to stop any of it. And so I watched her disappear into the abyss of forgotten memories, taking with her everything we’d shared: the good and the bad.

It’s been a year and a half since mom’s death. I’ve started documenting our memories lest one day I forget who I am, who she was.



C.A.R.E.

stands for Compassion, Acceptance, Respect, Empathy



Low Entropy's C.A.R.E. Project takes a comprehensive approach to solving food insecurity: in addition to delivering food hampers, trained volunteers also bring recipients community resources and emotional support. These compassionate connections address the intersecting addictions, family, health, housing and income problems that compound hunger issues.

C.A.R.E. is 100% inclusive and through the program, recipients themselves can become resources for others. We have reached over 180 at-risk families and 500 individuals, collaborating with a collection of community organizations like Stepping Together Foundation, Immigrant Link Society, City Reach, The CEED Center, Fraser River Indigenous Society, and the Salvation Army.



Illustrations by Golnar Servatian

TARYN PETERSEN I am a 29-year-old South African who has moved to Canada as a permanent resident. I have a passion for writing, and love for animals and anything to do with being outdoors.

Being There for Humanity

Taryn Petersen

Being there for others is the ability to provide support or comfort for someone, especially during adversity. Although we can all grasp the importance of having friends and family around during challenging times, many people are not fortunate enough to have that. With 7.98 billion people on this planet, life can still be a lonely place. My article will shed light on the fundamental ways of being there for others. Humanity deserves a little more kindness and support; we should be able to be there for those we know and those we don't.



Photo by Bhakti Kulmala

Talk Less, Listen More

At times, we can talk ourselves through difficult situations and make it to the other side, but there are also times when it feels so good just to be heard and understood. In an ideal world, we would be able to talk ourselves through the whirlwind of life and figure out the best solution to almost every problem we encounter. Unfortunately, the world doesn't operate on idealistic views.

Our brains have a negativity bias. What this means is that our brains are more receptive to negative or bad news. Being able to talk through your problems and

frustrations with an actual human being is important, and at times it's the best kind of healing. When we feel overwhelmed and like things are not going in our favour, we build up common insecurities, like not feeling acknowledged or like the whole world is against us, or like no one cares. Being heard, understood, having a voice, voicing your pain and having someone receive it are important benefits of being supported. There is so much power in being able to express how you feel, and there is as much, if not more, power in being silent.

Left Photo by
Tante Tati &
Right Photo
by Alexandr
Ivanov

Show a Little Kindness

Kindness doesn't always need to be this grand, tangible gesture for someone to appreciate it. Often, we are kinder to those we know than to those we don't. Being kind is a form of being there for someone; it could mean holding the door open, giving a compliment or smiling and saying thank you or please when someone does something for you. You definitely won't see anyone walking around with a big sign across their head saying "BE KIND TO ME". Kindness is often an overlooked quality that can bring a smile to the grumpiest of faces. It is a free quality; we all need a little of it to keep moving forward through challenging times.

In most instances, how we treat others determines the types of relationships we foster and how happy we are. Acts of kindness towards others increase the serotonin levels in your brain. Serotonin is the chemical that gets released and makes you feel happy and gooey inside, and who wouldn't want to feel that all the time? We live in a world filled with so much hate, jealousy and negativity; it makes me wonder if those things would still exist as much if everyone formed a habit of being kinder to strangers, those they love or even those they dislike. As contagious as a yawn, smile or laugh can be, I feel the same is true for kindness, so challenge yourself and those you surround yourself with to spread a little more kindness.



Be Open to Share

Life can become overwhelming, and when it does, our first instinct is to compare our lives with others who have it better than we do. The truth is that everyone on this planet is unhappy or upset about at least one thing in their lives. It is bizarre that everyone goes through problems and failures, yet it is so

often not verbalized. It takes so much courage to open up and be honest. Once we start normalizing failures, we will have fewer insecurities and more confidence to handle the tough times. Being there for others is the ability to verbalize the truth that everyone has challenges, some greater than others.



We should not feel embarrassed to fail; instead, we should keep ourselves from the ideas that everyone doesn't and that bad things only happen to us. We can only learn if we share; why not inspire others and share the unfiltered versions of the challenges we experienced? More people need to know that learning and success come from failures; there is no such thing as overnight success. Perfection is a disease that many strive so hard to grab ahold of. What very few know is that perfection does not exist. Our lives are artistic masterpieces; each stroke on the page will not look the same or look like others', but if we live our lives uplifting each other and being honest, we can find so much beauty in the details and the contrasts of our ups and downs.

Being there for someone takes courage and instills a sense of hope for those struggling to keep their heads above ground. As Maya Angelou said, "Without courage, we cannot practice any other virtue with consistency. We can't be kind, true, merciful, generous, or honest."

We should be there for others, whether in small or elaborate gestures. We never know their struggle or pain, especially during this pandemic. We should show more kindness and empathy and allow ourselves to be vulnerable enough to be there for others. Who knows, tomorrow it might be you on the receiving end of needing someone.

Only
Friend

Bethany Howell

Open up your hands, let me see what you've got.
Hold onto my arm, dear, don't get lost.
Let me fix you up like a painting,
All weathered by the years.

I'll teach you to breathe and teach you to feel.
I'll teach you anything to prove that it's real—
This love I store for you,
It's more than you'll ever know.

Now hold on tight, this is where it all begins.
I'm here all night, so long as you let me in.
And I don't think you'll see
The magic in me,
But that's ok,
I'll be your only friend.

BETH-
ANY
HOWELL

My name is Bethany Howell and I am a third-year university student majoring in psychology and minoring in family and child studies. I have a passion for writing and mental health, and my ultimate goal since age 13 has been to make a difference in the world through helping others, which is how I ended up here at Low Entropy!

l i k e n e s s

Prodigal Son

Bethany Howell

I'm here for you,
No matter how many times you run away.
I'm here for you,
No matter how many mistakes you have made.
I'm here for you,
No matter what the world throws at us.
My love is as unconditional and as forgiving as time it-
self.
Whether it be hours or years,
I will wait for you to return, my arms open and my
heart full of love
Just for you.

“Take tomorrow and
pave your way”

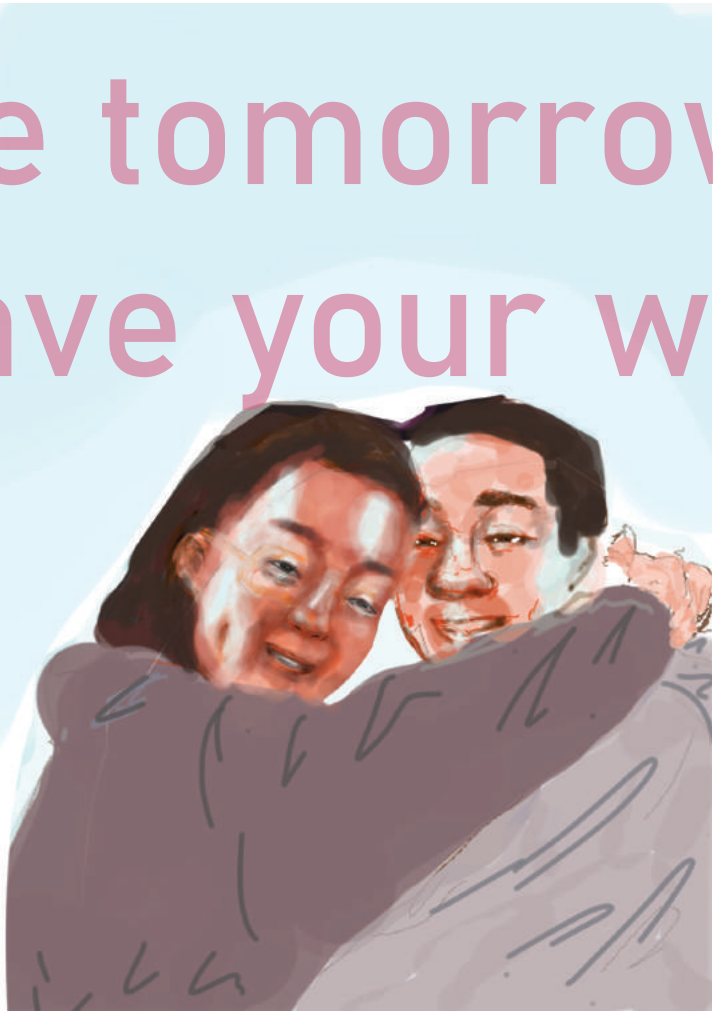


Illustration by Sifat Tanzila Aziz

l i k e n e s s

The House that Infertility Built

Tiffany J Marie

A When you first arrived I was heartbroken. You aren't a visitor one expects to come knocking at the door, especially at the budding age of 24. I never thought we'd make each other's acquaintances. You hadn't come to visit my mother or grandmother, who would've thought you'd show up at my door? I tried to keep you from coming in, from tracking your muddy boots through our marital home, but you're relentless and stubborn (much like me). You pushed your way in, destroyed the furniture and left me wondering how I would possibly clean up your mess.

But now I thank you, I thank you for so many things that never would've been possible without you in my life.

Thank you for making the space to heal the generational trauma. While I was making space for a baby, you were making space for something else. You made space for healing, for processing, for learning. I took the room meant for a sweet bundle of joy and instead invited a therapist to make herself at home. The picture frames filled with childhood trauma where mater-



Photo by Rene Porter

nity photos would've sat, a hope chest of insecurities to unpack instead of baby clothes and toys. Instead of nurturing a baby, I nurtured my inner child.

Thank you for softening my heart to things I was unable to see clearly. The world blinded my vision with silver linings and platitudes. I couldn't see past the "just relax" comments or the "you're still young"

encouragements, many times they ended up spilling from my own mouth.

You came in and shuttered the blinds, my eyes adjusting to the newfound darkness, and finally my vision was clear.

could see the hurt, the pain, the desperation. I could see that you didn't want sympathy or silver linings, you just wanted to be heard, understood. I could see now all you needed was empathy.

Thank you for the opportunity for pause. The honey-do list is always so long and you threw it directly in the garbage. You made me ask myself why. Why do I want to paint the walls? Why did we make the choices we've made and are they really the choices we want in life? We got caught up in trendy styles and never paused to think about how long we'd have to live with these choices. I see now how much I love the old wooden floors, how simplicity can compliment a space, and how little these things mean in the grand scheme of our life. You let me see that no matter where our home is, our family is what matters. No matter what that family looks like (even if it is just us and a few cats).

Thank you for showing me love, real true love. Love begins at home and it started with you. It started with you because you are so much a part of me. As I cleaned up your muddy footprints and tidied the

mess you made, I was able to pick up pieces of myself along the way. I gave myself all the compassion that I gave to you and in turn found a deeper sense of love for myself. I walked around the living room and saw just how many photographs of love were already hanging on the wall. A picture of my husband, my sister, my best friend, my mother-in-law, our church community, online friends and real-life neighbours. A gallery wall of love, so true and so real. An empty frame hanging amongst them, a life or two we'd never meet. Yet as I looked over that wall, no less love was there, no less love surrounded us.

When you knocked on my door, you broke my heart. But as I welcomed you in, you helped me put it back together in ways I never thought possible.

Thank you infertility, for everything.

TIFFANY J
MARIE

Tiffany lives in Ontario, Canada with her husband Phil and two "fur kids", Audrey and Luna. After being diagnosed with infertility and choosing to pursue a life without children, she wanted to create a positive space for childfree and childless people to connect and engage without the negativity of parent/child-hating interwoven into the narrative. Tiffany is committed to being a voice within the community, giving resources to those hoping to support and connect with the childless/childfree loved ones in their lives.

“The quiet before the
happy storm that is



that are my loves,
that is my life.”

Randy’s 40th Day

Neema Ejercito

Dedicated to a loved one who passed on early in the pandemic, not due to COVID-19, but his autoimmune disease. In the Philippines, we celebrate certain numbers of days that a person has passed with masses and memorials. The 40th day is one such occasion, when we believe the soul has stopped wandering this life to move on to the afterlife. I wrote this poem’s first draft on the 40th day of his passing.

I hate waking up in the mornings
When I used to be the first to wake up.
Ahead of the husband, the teen boys, the youngest
girl, the helper, and even the dog
The quiet before the happy storm that is my home,
that are my loves, that is my life. The slight coolness of
the early morning
The morning stars I scratch away from my eyes
When I loved opening up the house
With each sweep of the curtain,
With each reveal of the sun.

I used to love waking up in the mornings.
Now I am undone.

I don’t like getting ready for something
Feel like it’s such a chore
Something that has to be done
Whether I feel like it or not
An impersonal check on a cold to-do list
Joyless and heavy
I just want to laze around
But even t h a t is a bore

I have time to linger in unwanted thoughts, unwelcome
memories
But maybe it’s time to get through them
I’m just afraid I’ll get through more scarred

But who says scars are worthless, ugly, imperfect?
Didn’t Randy always remind me of what Voltaire said?

“Maybe you’re letting the perfect be the enemy of
the good,” he would chide.

Whenever there was something new before, a new
friend, a new workshop, a new puzzle, I was up to
the challenge.
What happened to that, now that I’m undone?
Is that me in the next puzzle I’m going to complete?
Maybe hiding in the meaning of the next script I’m
going to write?
Is she in the eyes of Jimbo, the dog?
What happened? Where have I gone?
Guess I’m really getting old
And it’s okay not to do it gracefully,
to make it look easy, as I think how wisdom makes
the hard stuff look
Will that grace come with time?
I mean, time’s pretty much all I have now
Isn’t it?

Why are you leaving now just ‘cause it’s time?
For an intellectual, you were such a Catholic so for
sure your soul would leave today. But I’m not ready
for you to go.
Where would you go?

I still want to be able to email you and ask you what
it’s like where you are. And you’d write me back after
a while and answer me ever so beautifully and truth-
fully, straight to my heart.

Rock that looks like a skull

Anna Bernsteiner

There is a beach on the Algarve coast with a rock out in the water that looks like a skull. Fine, yellow sand that remembers your footprints for just a second, before the waves wash them away. Millions of sandcorns, decades-old with centuries to go.

They end right where the harsh cliffs grow out of the land. If you look close enough you can see pieces of shells trapped in the rock, and you wonder how solid it actually is and how much weight it can carry. The water is unsettled. Rising up and crashing down onto the ground, over and over again. Like a heartbeat.

Just as predictable, yet more reliant.

The colors change from bright blue, to grey, to a deep rich dark blue tone that resembles the sky at dawn after a warm and sunny summer day. Way in the distance the sun has started to set. Slowly, slower than the eye can see, she moves time along. There is no rush though. It eventually will come back around. Everything does in the end.

Between the sky and the land, a couple of seagulls sail in the wind. Telling stories we want to understand.

They disappear in the distance and leave the sound of the waves and the wind behind. The air filling your lungs is chilly but feels like new beginnings, and you take deep breaths and feel them calming every inch of your body.

The ocean breeze smells like salt water, surrounding you like a blanket letting you know it's time to go. It almost hurts to move your feet through the sand. Every step seems like a betrayal, but the tailwind is pushing you forward. Eyes on the horizon, painted in a warm orange and pink color. A picture not even Picasso could match.

The rock out in the water that looks like a skull is still watching when you eventually turn your back and force your eyes to focus on the road ahead. It will be there for many many more sunsets, withstanding the roughest storms and the sharpest waves.

And it will be there when you return.



Photo by Anna Bernsteiner

Time-Space Continuum



BYMONINA

bymonina (Monina Cepeda) is a Toronto-based Filipino-Canadian artist and entrepreneur. A true creative, she makes intuitive abstract paintings, handmakes functional ceramics, pens original poetry and occasionally expresses through other art forms.

bymonina

Death is one moment, and life is so many
 So why doesn't the time add up?
 We create distortion in our histories
 Fill the space within our minds with memories
 One second you're there
 The next you're not
 Constantly fighting against the sands of time
 Making decisions resulting in a timeline of sorts
 Passing through passive-aggressive behaviour
 Yet
 Exploding at the edge
 Here we go again
 Regret.
 Stop.
 Forget.
 Pause.
 Hope.
 Breathe.
 "In the end, time heals all," they once told us
 Yesterday, we anticipated today and today we wait for tomorrow
 We keep travelling with the notion we're moving forward and farther
 From where we ever imagined
 Advice from the experienced: "Prepare to pace yourselves"
 For time is the longest distance between two places

Photos by bymonina

