

2010

SCARBOROUGH WRITERS' MONTH

selections

Adult Category (20 years +)

Poetry & Spoken Word

First Place: \$200 Scarborough Arts Council Award + Publication
Keith Garebian - *Eros: A Short Meditation* (p. 2-3)

Second Place: \$100 Monica Ladell Memorial Prize + Publication
Robyn Marie Butt - *Re-collection* (p. 4-5)

Third Place: \$50 Scarborough Arts Council Award + Publication
Kate Marshall Flaherty - *The Power of 'Ah...'* (p. 6-7)

First Honourable Mention: \$50 gift certificate from Chapters - Kennedy Commons
Amber Williams King - *Dub Insomnia* (p. 8)

Second Honourable Mention: \$50 gift certificate from Chapters - Kennedy Commons
Patrick Connors - *Bud's* (p. 9-10)

Honourable Mention:
Lois Lorimer - *Spring Burning at Noon* (p. 11)

Honourable Mention:
Kuruparan Selvarajh - *Dear Mother* (p. 12-13)

Honourable Mention:
Lois Fuse - *To Be Sung Upon the Water* (p. 14)

Honourable Mention:
Jeevan Bhagwat - *Violets - For my Father* (p. 15)

Honourable Mention:
Gord Eddy - *A Time to Sow* (p. 16)

FIRST PLACE

Keith Garebian

Eros: A Short Meditation

For sweet, then bitter—
Or maybe bitter first
then sweet.
The heart leaps, carries over
Even when wings are clipped.

The glass globes, intricately
Textured, form a pretty mood
Of mind. No language
With words. Only the smooth cheek,
Sweet smile, nubile breasts,
Bare feet, sleeveless dress.

A taut track
Reaching for someone else.

The monsters you carry within.
Know Thyself. This fact
Will carry you beyond the music,
Tentative wooing, the dropping blouse,
The skin on edge.
Eros in love with edges.

There are games to be played,
Games where you follow
Sappho's fragments or Catullus
Who sometimes are the same
If you blink

You ought to burnish your skin,
Get that glow after diffidence.
It is urgent.

Lovers metastasize their passions
even in well-lit places.

Oh, sweet smiler
Who loves milk, not wine
In a paper cup,
How do you define love?

Flapping wings surround us
Don't take us the whole way.

The foreplay subsided,
Hardened, biting, pounding
What an earthquake feels like.

Your shrieks have sunk
Into velvet mounds of ecstasy.
You feel the god arriving.

Down here something flutters.
Pteros in the mind.
Pteros tactics
Emerge outside of
Ending us.

The thing about love is
Rawsness. Lie flat
To the ground. Tuck yourself
Into a golden ball.
Eros is a projectile
Shattering the sky
Over optic seas.

Consonants have edges.

The moon was dead.
The moon glowed.
I used to fly in my sleep.

You can't go on if
You don't encounter anyone.

Would you think Eros
If all the pretty fell?

Turning away, we who have lost

We can almost come to
The moment the night stopped
Spilling darkness
On my ruminations.

SECOND PLACE

Robyn Marie Butt
Re-collection

There was a time
in Toronto
when things stood out
 trees
articulated space
in receding layers
branches lifted
leaves like hands
received being
cupped it, remarked
on its glory
matter-of-factly then
handed it back to me
 green mirror
 to a waterier self
 There was a time
in Kitchener
an attic on Wood Street
wild squares
of window where snow
swirled pale dancers
round shingled slopes
generous with light
gilding
pine floorboard
and on the street
three storeys below
whiteout puffed
our block into secrets
held until later
in warm weather
when a good father there
played ball with his boys
 becoming all parents
 with love in their birthrights
 There was a time
at Glendower
when gardens raised
soaked bark fragrance
from paths after rain
every plant - root,
bloom - fingered
by its gardener

who was me

And I reflect
how the city is gone
Wood Street
remodeled
Glendower
weedy, footpaths
smudged out
by a raker
with a pathless mind

I am what remains

this watery self, fragrance
of lupine and iris
inside these eyes, glory
admired by leaves
here, now, the green
convolute folds
of place-altered mind

Beloved places so often end up changed beyond recognition at the hands of those who use them next. This poem started as a contemplation of the lost sense of place; became a journey of mourning... then led to an unexpected, empowering, epiphany about how beauty & love-of-place not only survive such losses through memory, but have actually beautified the lover.

THIRD PLACE

Kate Marshall Flaherty
The Power of 'Ah...'

Think, for example, of all
the meanings for one sound ... *ah*.

“Say *Ah*,” drones the doctor
with his tongue depressor, and you
can wonder who ate the popsicle.
“*Ah*, I get it!” you groan when the
joke sinks in, and ponder
how you might, *ah*,
stall until you really get it.

An *ah* is a measure of time in Britain
as in, “an *ah* ... I can’t wait an *ah*!”
It can designate befuddlement: *ah?*
(but is not to be confused
with American request for clarification, “huh?” ,
nor the affirmative Canadian addendum, “eh”

It is a warning when tripled in daycare:
“*ah ah ah ..*”

It is the ultimate sigh of relief “*aaahhhh*”
after a constipated thought “argh!”

Ah can be used as a prefix: *ah-huggin* and *ah-kissin*,
a suffix as in *should-ah*, *could-ah*, *would-ah*,
or can be smack dab in the middle
of a word for emphasis, as in:
“super cal *ah* fra ga listic expee al *ah* docious.”

And *ah* for the oment of illumination,
the lightbulb, the *ah-ha*!
once you have leapt over
the obstacle: *op-ah*!

It can precede and complete
the holiest of thoughts:
Ah-leluyah!!!
or turn into a slangification
at the end of your city name: *Tarann-ah*!

It can be the deep, languorous sound
of letting go ... *ahhh*,
a soak in lavender bubble bath...
Or it can symbolize the finale,
the clash and pomp:
Tad-*ah!*

Amber Williams King

Dub Insomnia

Night thoughts chase the dawn
As day breaking dreams are born
In the madness of midnight suns
Makeshift cock calls riddle his eardrums
And he presses the snooze button on the alarm clock
Although he hasn't slept yet

Dressed yet?
He still wears the slacks with the syrup stains
And the crumpled lunch receipt in the back pocket
Can't remember what he had
But he knows it was awful

Stomach grumbles
As he reaches for another packet of ramen
"Shit, I shoulda never left
Sun rays for snowy landscapes
Coal pots for coffee cups...
And Mama."

Night thoughts chase the dawn
As day breaking dreams are born
In the madness of midnight suns

The sky's sparkling black pupils scorn his footsteps
"How dare you disturb this world's slumber."
But down under, he's just another number
On another block, in a far away city
And even the haffu eat

So he stumbles on to the street
Sneakers saddening pavement as baby sleeps
Sweating for dimes
Fingers slipping through time
Souls caked in mud

Does hope die with the settling son?

Night thoughts chasing dawn
Day breaking dreams are born
In the madness
Of

Midnight
Suns

Patrick Connors
Bud's

Already trapped inside:
 More snow pounds
 The cellar window
False sense of security
 From
 Being dumped on
 Yet being warm
Three men related because
 They married three sisters
Completely in lack of
 A sense of comfort
 Of commonality
 Beyond the standard conversation,
 The eternal frustration;
 The local pro hockey team
Realizing they have
 No place to go
 So
 They had better get along
"What we need," the oldest one ventures, rubbing his beer-bloated abdomen,
"is a power forward with some upside."

"What we need," the next one interjects, as he favours his balding pate,
"is a number one defenseman not on the downside."

The other one isn't sure what to say.
 He's not a hockey guy.
 He's had too much to drink.
 The youngest in the group.

But he is smart, and wears thick glasses:
 He decides to state the merely obvious.

"What we need." With a sense of surprise and shock, "is a goalie
 who can make a save in the shootout."

They grunt and groan, guzzle their drinks,
 Belch and break wind,
 Rub their bare toes in shag carpet,
Knowing they are all right.

The poem 'Buds' is about three men who are related by marriage bonding because they have no other choice. They were having a family dinner together. They can't leave due to a heavy snowstorm, and they have all had a few drinks, besides. So, they are sitting in the basement. Picture the faux wood walls, plush carpet, La-Z-Boy chairs, and a simple coffee table with "rings" on it from the residue of drinks. A Scarbarian image we can all relate to, no doubt. So the three gentlemen are watching the Leafs game and giving their two cents worth about what the Leafs need to do to improve. At this point, the poem really becomes about the meaning behind the language, the way we connect and communicate on a sub-linguistic level. Buds, of course, is a double-entendre for men who are friends but not truly friends, as well as slang for the Toronto Maple Leafs!

Lois Lorimer
Spring Burning at Noon

Fire on the point —
a sacred arm of land held
above the beach. No benediction,
now a sweep of sandstone smoking hot,
cresting bush wildfire
from cigarette's ember.
The lake below aches
with unreachable water.

Dishes clatter at the fire hall
—*Spaghetti Interruptus*—
for dessert a yowling siren.
It's lunch hour on the point
where ravenous tongues
lick dog strangling weed—
gorge on white clover's overabundance.

Orange sucks the exhalation
of the wind and feeds
on skeletons of flowers. Firemen
couple hoses, one to another.
Above these writhing pythons
they yell, *More Pressure*
while the lonely hydrant sobs—
almost dry—

Waves of smoke smudge out
the fine blue promise of the lake

Kuruparan Selvarajah
Dear Mother

From dinosaurs,
To the dodo,
You've seen many children
Come and go.
From asteroids,
To an ice age
You've kept up your pace.
.... BUT
Have you expected the
Human race?

Hunting and gathering,
Domesticating and fornicating,
We spread all over your land
Poisoning everywhere we stand.
Cement tumours all over your crust
Ravishing your beauty with our lust.
Cutting trees,
Waging wars
A killing spree
That gave you scars.

.....This unbearable insanity
is this humanity?

You gave us plenty to sustain.
.....BUT
we had an appetite to maintain.
Searching your every pore,
We needed more.
Tears of your sorrow
Even that we borrow.

Dear Mother,

This is the defining moment,
You no longer can be dormant.
No longer can you suffer in silence,
This is your defiance.
Tsunamis and earthquakes
Hurricanes and tornadoes
You are just yearning
For us to hear your mourning

Dear Mother,

Please don't forsake.
We will no longer take.
We come in peace
Can you extend our lease?

Lois Fuse
To Be Sung Upon the Water

I've followed this river for days
 And for months now,
 Ridden its waves and trampled
 Its shores,

I've crossed at the shallows
 And dived to its depths,
But still the river eludes me.

This song to be sung rides
 On its waves, though,
 Carrying me on to the farthest shore.
Schubert's music courses its rapids,
 Whistles through willows,
 Whispers through reeds.
Love it offers, and comfort solace
And grace for our souls when it
 Catches the sun.

I've walked by this stream as the moon
 Chased its shadow,
Fished off steep banks while fish sparkled
 Like stars.
Tutored by Schubert my heart sings
 Its own song,
Rides on the waves with the bright morning sun.

Jeevan Bhagwat
Violets - For my Father

In the crowded Emergency Ward
The frantic doctors come and go
Strange masked faces
Calling out to you
From whirling lights and
Flickering beams

But you are not here.

Lost in the chasm of
Concussive dreams
You long to return
Down the vista of years
To the violet fields
Of your youth

While outside
We watch and wait
Holding silent vigils from our chairs
As the purple bruise above you eye
From cracked cranium crashing
Into cold ceramic bathroom floor
Swells softly in the white
Fluorescent light

Your memory of violets
In bloom.

Gord Eddy
A Time to Sow

Drink deeply from your dreams each night,
For with the rising of the dawn,
Dew-like they may vanish,
In the heat of the busy sun.

Write a poem upon your voice,
And say it on its way
Keep it not in unborn silence,
Like pottery within the clay.

Fret not at winter's chill and silvered days,
For soon the heralding hours will sing,
Of robins' songs and lilacs wrapped,
In emerald robes of spring.

Love a smile upon each face,
Where tears have wept their line,
For joy will greet the morning,
In Heaven's perfect time.

Spread charity and pardon freely,
Like wildflowers paint the glen,
Knowing we will never,
Come by this way again.

Youth Category (under 20 years)

Poetry, spoken word, song lyrics, short stories - whatever!

First Place: \$200 Eugenie Shehirian Award + Publication

Erin Corrado - *War Makes a World of a Horrible Kind...* (p. 18-19)

Second Place: \$100 Scarborough Arts Council Award + Publication

Sara Farhat - *The Coming of Light* (p. 20)

Third Place: \$50 Scarborough Arts Council Award + Publication

David Chan - *Remember Me* (p. 21)

First Honourable Mention: \$50 gift certificate from Chapters - Kennedy Commons

Tahmina Mojaddedi - *You don't know & I Have a Dream Too* (p. 22)

Second Honourable Mention: \$50 gift certificate from Chapters - Kennedy Commons

Madison Randall - *Perfect Recipe* (p. 23)

Honourable Mention:

Gabriela Aguilera - *I'm Thinking* (p. 24)

Honourable Mention:

Nancy Ly - *A Wanting Lament* (p. 25)

Honourable Mention:

Tina Chan - *NaCl (A Chemistry Poem)* (p. 26)

Honourable Mention:

Tiffany Chan - *Countdown* (p. 27)

Honourable Mention:

Christopher Chin - *Foot Soldier* (p. 28)

FIRST PLACE

Erin Corrado

War Makes a World of a Horrible Kind...

1944 came in with a bang,
in the trenches of Europe, bombs were what sang,
a new year had started and for us that survived,
we wondered how time passed, yet we stayed alive.

When the first sun of spring broke, many friends were gone.
Thoughts of back home, kept us going on.
But as days grew longer, so did despair,
war's nothing but hell - of that, we were aware.

Finally was summer - tides started to turn.
We won some battles, but homesickness did burn.
What's a charge up a beach, in the pelting rain?
Is what we're doing, really lessening pain?

As autumn approached, maybe end was in sight,
but for us on the field, we saw nothing but fight.
What is the life, of a man who must kill?
War is the worst thing - a force against will.

Now strong are the wind gusts and short are the days,
winter is here, and everyone prays,
that soon will the fighting, stop and be done,
but who in a world war, ever has won?

At 16, in the trenches, those stanzas I wrote,
I don't know what compelled me - I had to take note.
That winter before, my earthen hell was done,
if I hadn't of written, I'm sure I'd have run.

I'm still the soldier, stuck in the past,
while that war has ended, for us it still lasts,
For we still see it, as it plays through our mind,
...we've seen a world of a horrible kind.

I decided to write my poem on the subject of Remembrance. We often don't think about it except in November, but those who were in the war don't have the luxury of forgetting. Because it can help put thoughts together in a therapeutic way, during the war a lot of people did write, either in the form of letters, poems or journals. The poem most Canadians really remember is In Flanders Fields, written by Lieut-Col. John McCrae. My piece is a fictional example of a poem written by someone who experienced the war, but I wanted to make sure the stanzas referenced actual events of 1944, such as D-Day in stanza three.

SECOND PLACE

Sara Farhat

The Coming of Light

I feel trapped in a cave seeing nothing but darkness
There is no light that brings my spirit alive
I'm an outcast
Just staying in the shadows
Never showing my true identity
I am a flower that never blossomed
I keep on trying to find the true key that will break me free
My body filled with hatred and darkness
I feel tears of sadness running down my cheek
As I hear footsteps coming towards me
A friend! She had entered my cave of darkness
I feel something strange about me
I feel like I've been rejuvenated, full of life
My friend's smile has filled my cave with light and happiness
This light has given me a pathway out of this cave
I have realized no matter if its night or day I will stay strong keeping
my hopes up
to guide me through the tough times
The belief in me is the true key to unlock my darkness and let the
light shine
I have someone who believes in me, a friend who has given me hope
I burst into tears as I escape the wretched cave of darkness
forgetting about the past and starting a fresh beginning
A blossomed flower.

THIRD PLACE

David Chan *Remember Me*

Remember me not when I am tired and scared, but for this story I'm about to share.

My name is Lucien. I am a patient at St. Luther hospital located in Alturas, California. I've been there for 3 months now. Every day, I'm injected with all types of fluids. The sting lasts throughout the day, and I would feel numb by night time. You see, I'm diagnosed with Acute Myeloid Leukemia. The doctors say it's the fatal kind, the type that can come at you real fast without warning. They tell me that I need to be under constant surveillance. So, I'm not allowed out of my room unless it's for operations. In other words, I'm a prisoner inside a hospital.

"You... won't make it past the next year..." That was what my doctor told me one day. At that moment, I didn't know what to feel, it felt too surreal to be true. I wanted to shut myself out of this world. Forever.

Remember me not when I am suicidal and depressed, but for this life that I have been blessed.

These past few days have definitely been different. My parents would visit me, acting like nothing was wrong, but I could tell; they knew the pressure was on, that I would cease to exist pretty soon. No more joking around with friends. No more family vacations. No more love, no more sadness, no more Lucien. Quite frankly I was scared as hell. But I hid it behind my mask, the mask I used to fool the world.

Whenever they weren't around, I would start on my will. I didn't want to let them know that I had given up on life. It was hard thinking about giving everything away, everything I owned. It felt like everything would move on without me. No one would miss me. Each word, each letter, took me an eternity to write. Should I give my Xbox 360 to my best friend, or to a charity? What about my computer games, and my clothes? At the end of the day, I'd end up with a blank sheet. Just a blank sheet.

As each day passed, I felt my body getting weaker. Before long, I could no longer get out of my bed and a nurse had to constantly watch over me. Her name was Inga, a plump lady with a thick foreign accent. Her actions were swift and rough, I felt like jelly under her enormous arms. She barely talks, but when she does you can bet it'll be full of meaning and wisdom.

"A little *malchik* should not need to write will so young. Such sad fate."

I stared at her. Blinked twice. Then I felt a surge of emotions running through. Suppressed feelings. I let it out; let my eyes water, let the tears trickle down my cheek, let my mask come off. And I was free. Inga hugged me, and I kept crying. Until my eyes dried. Until my sorrow died.

"Write with heart, with soul. You can never go wrong."

Remember me not when I am sad and alone, but for the courage that I have shown.

A month later, Inga personally delivered my will.

"I, Lucien Berostrix, hereby declare that all my love be taken under the care of my parents.

Forever and always, I love you both."

Remember me not when I am pale and dead, for there is nothing I have left unsaid.

Tahmina Mojaddedi
You don't know

I went to Afghanistan this summer and it was an amazing experience. I experienced power, fear, sadness, happiness, guilt and a riot of other emotions. You don't know because:

You don't know fear until your plane takes off and you have to fight your claustrophobia and fear of water and hope your plane doesn't crash.

You don't know humbleness until you see the sun set beneath the palm of your hand as your flying over the clouds in a plane.

You don't know power until your standing in the middle of an air field while a plane hums past you.

You don't know guilt until you look into the eyes of a mother begging for a dollar to buy some milk for her child knowing that there are so many others that are dying of starvation while you grumble about eating airplane food.

You don't know sadness until you have to walk away from your family not knowing if you'll ever see them again.

You don't know hate until you see a situation which you know can be changed but you know some people would much rather gain money and power through trickery than spend it on those that are needy.

You don't know faith until you look into the determined eyes of a child fending off a man thrice her size to keep her brother safe.

You don't know joy until you help someone in need and know that you could possibly have changed their whole day from horrible to wonderful.

You don't know your world until you step out of your comfort zone.

Madison Randall
Perfect Recipe

My life is a new recipe,
I'm aware of the ingredients I've been given,
Aware of the recipe I should follow,
Yet I feel the need,
To change it,
To add more ingredients,
Substitute those I have.
When it is burned,
I am filled with disappointment.
Though I know what I must do,
Scrape off the burnt edges,
And try again.

Gabriela Aguilera
I'm Thinking

I'm thinking... of what's to come tomorrow.
Will I wake up?
What will God provide for me to get me through the day?
Who will be the first face I'll see tomorrow?
What will I wear tomorrow?
What will I accomplish?
Am I going to improve someone's life?
Will I help someone in need?
Will I have a good hair day?
How will I put cash in my pocket?
Who will I end up with later on in life,
A close friend or an old boyfriend?
Where will I be in 2 days, 2 months, 2 years or 2 decades?
Will God talk to me, and provide me with answers?
I'm thinking....

Nancy Ly
A Wanting Lament

Our words are melted
As though with the earth's lava
Into one crate of regret.
Yours and mine both,
Simmering with accusations;
Self-accusations.
Rivulets of rue
Sneak down our equal expressions,
Equal torment in the bath of guilt.
A mirror for the other,
We chant our songs of sorrow
To the wall outside the prison
Of a resisting fiend.
Tear it down, I beg you.
Pull apart the shield
That protects this repulsive sector:
My nightmare.
Help me
Open the gates for my Hyde,
So that it can flee
A world away from you and me.
But in this state of simple deficiency,
My lips can mouth only one thought:
I'm sorry.

Tina Chan
NaCl (A Chemistry Poem)

Call me Sodium. I'm as stubborn as a metal,
And quite explosive around others.

You're just chlorine gas—always up and getting around.
You hurt people and make others green.

Together, we make table salt—how boring!
Nothing new happens; no sparks fly.

I give up. If bonding requires me to lose,
It's not worth it.
My loss, your gain.

After all, two negatives won't make a positive
If there is no chemistry.

Conclusion: broken hearts are difficult to reverse.

Tiffany Chan

Countdown

Her joints ache as she pushes the mop back and forth in a soapy arc. An ache borne of cleaning tiled floors and plastic tables. Her movements are slow and measured. She counts down the minutes to the end of her shift. Just half an hour left now.

She is old. Her eyes are two black beads set in a tanned, weathered face. Lines crisscross her cheeks, mapping out where she's been and what she's seen and done. She was born far away from here in a country riddled with violence. Here, at least, her life is a peaceful struggle.

A teenage girl laughs. The sound is loud and carefree; it grates against the old woman's nerves. In ten years, the girl won't laugh this way anymore, but she doesn't know it. Ignorance is part of youth's deal with the universe.

All the other employees are teenagers. For most of them, this is their first job. For the old woman, this will be her last.

She thinks of her husband. In her memory, faded as the few photographs she has of him, he is young and handsome. His smile always warmed her heart. She remembers the nights they spent in summer's air beneath a blanket of stars, before the night became unsafe. She remembers the days she laughed with him and tries to forget the days she cried for him.

Since he died, she goes through the motions: she eats, drinks, works and sleeps. She exists without living.

The old woman finishes the floors and moves on to cleaning trays.

A young man hands her his tray. His glance is sympathetic as though he wants to help, but eventually he shuffles away. His brown hair and gentle eyes remind her of her son.

Her only son, an actor dreaming of Broadway. Her son, who sends her what money he can, always apologizing that it isn't enough. She hopes ardently that he will achieve his dream, whether she lives to see it or not.

Her own dreams have been and gone. Now, she waits for the day she dies, the day she can sleep – and dream – forever. She hopes that she will die peacefully in a hospital bed. She hopes she will be mourned, but also that her son won't spend too much on her funeral.

As she wipes the last tray, she glances at the clock. Her shift ends. She pulls her coat on wearily and walks to the bus stop across the street. The sun sets over grey buildings, reflected a thousand times in their windows. She goes home to an evening of television and soup before going to bed early.

Another long day has passed. She doesn't know how many sunsets she has left to see, but she counts them down all the same.

A countdown to the day she dies. A countdown to the day she sees her husband. A countdown to the day she lives again, ageless and beautiful, in the world of her dreams.

Christopher Chin
Foot Soldier

His breath came in shallow gasps, trying to breath like a fish out of water. A garish battle raged around him, he heard nothing. His vision flicked and blurred to the point of blacking out. No one noticed him; to them he was just another price, just another piece lost at war. He was not valued as a person anymore but a cost, no one would help and no one could help. Staring at the dusking sky, the golden yellow light streamed through his helmet, he felt cold and alone. Then his wife entered his thoughts and his vision. She was lying beside him, safe and sound asleep, the smell of her lavender hair intoxicating him. He curled up beside her putting his hand on her extended belly and his face against hers. She was soft to the touch, exactly the way she was before he left. "I will protect you," he whispered. He felt a slight bump against his hand and smiled, "and you too."

Someone tripped over his head, making him realize where exactly he really was. He did not want to be here, he wanted to go back to his wife and expected child. He wanted nothing more in this world than just one more chance to hold her, to smell her, to see his little one grow up and tell them both he loved them one last time.

The sky turned an acrid black and evil, a menacing dark that related to the battle at hand. Having a small glimmer of hope before he thought, maybe someone would care, maybe someone might help. However, he realized looking at the ghoulish sky that help was not coming. "Is this the price a man should pay to protect his wife and child? Is it worth it?" he thought as he struggled to lift his head to see the sword that was pinning him to the ground through his gut. Even in that dark spot, alone and forgotten, peace crept over him, "is it worth it," and put his head down to rest for eternity.

Throughout October and November 2011, Scarborough Arts Council & Scarborough Writers' Association came together to create what is hoped to be an annual literary tradition: Scarborough Writers' Month. SAC and SWA held two writing competitions: one for youth, another for adults.

Scarborough Arts Council has had a long history of involvement within the literary arts, and has recently renewed writing programming in response to broad interest from local writers. Through a partnership with Scarborough Writers' Association, SAC hopes to continue to acknowledge and support talented writers with innovative new programming in the years to come.

SCARBOROUGH
arts COUNCIL

Scarborough
Writers'
Association

