



Shadow's Edge

Another sun begins to set behind the Vancouver skyline. The fading light encourages the beloved to return to their havens. She walks amidst the congestion, without navigating with purpose; she allows the waves of bodies to push her out to sea. There is a familiar comfort amongst the inadequate and the undesirables. Bodies fight for lanes as they navigate the endless air strike of the West Coast, the atmospheric river taking her further and further away from her truth. Matted hair and no make-up, she keeps her spark dimmed; beauty draws attention and consequences, but tonight she just wants forgiveness.

The reflection from the fresh puddled rain creates a vibrant glow of neon streaks and fluorescence hues. She has always loved the rain, an only consistent throughout her life. She's brought back to the present by the instinctual sensation of an intrusive vulnerability. Her head turns to meet the glare of a sympathetic gaze. Discomfort overwhelms her and swarms to the surface; she seeks refuge amongst the shadow's edge. It's a new world of social awakenings,

with fresh takes on familiar narratives, none of which will bring back her friend. A long-awaited reckoning to the edge of despair, she kneels. Tell me all about how you understand what I have been through, she thinks, because you learnt about generational trauma. Tell me how 215 bodies captured your attention for a whole week last May. Tell me how that makes you my ally. Tell me how we are in this together.

By Kent Kean