



GENERATION:
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LIMINALITY

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Project Managers: Maya Roumie and Khloe Rowse

Managing Editor: Joven Panahon

Editors: Evangeline Yetman, Burke Koekstat, Esraa Abdallah, Jaksyn Peacock, Victoria Secen, Paulette Agboloso, Maryam Ali, Evelyn Stephenson, Julia Kosciuk, Regis Bogahalanda, and Miles Davis

Proofreaders: Maya Roumie and Khloe Rowse

Cover Design: Talia Vanden Enden

Interior Design and Layout: Trina Das

Bookmark Design: Phoenix Chope

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Foreword

Renée D. Bondy

For me, one of life's great pleasures occurs in the moment just before I begin reading a new book. I run my hands over the cover, admire the design, the illustration, the paper quality, feel its weight. I read the epigraph, peruse the table of contents, the author's notes, and any other addenda. I smell the book, breathing in the enticing blend of paper, glue, and ink (a guilty pleasure). I'm sometimes tempted to put the book down at that point, to delay my reading of the opening pages. I can't explain it fully, but there's something about the anticipation of a good read that makes me want to sit in the moment for a little longer, in that in-between space where my mind is open and the book's possibilities are infinite.

Perhaps you are having such a moment right now as you hold this copy of *Generation Magazine* in your hands. If so, this is especially fitting as the theme of this year's edition is *liminality*, the experience of in-betweenness, anticipation, and transition. Liminality is the threshold between old and new, here and there, past and future. The editors of this edition bring together the works of exceptional student writers and artists who trouble and celebrate this theme. As they probe ideas about gender, sexuality, race, disability, nationality, belonging, mortality, and the self, they extend the long tradition of *Generation* contributors who push boundaries of form and language.

Prepare to be surprised, amused, unsettled, challenged, and inspired. Whether you take it all in in one sitting, gulping it like lemonade on a hot day, or take your time and nurse it like a glass of fine wine, I hope you will enjoy this edition of *Generation*, every page, every word.

Now, take a deep breath. Hold on tight. Turn the page.

Atargatis's Transformation

Raida Farzat

There's a moment, right before
the Mediterranean

spits

me

out

where I am more alive than
I have ever been.

I cannot tell

if it's tears on my cheeks,

or seawater.

If it's the sun I am reaching towards,

or the moon.

If it's clouds thundering overhead,

or feet.

If it's a hymn the sea is singing,

or a curse.

What I know is that—

though I will miss earth and

its sand on the soles of my feet and

its doves mourning the rain and

its fruits on the altar—

this is what the Mediterranean gives me:

life

silk swaying betwixt my legs, which are no longer legs.

death

salt blooming in my lungs, which are no longer lungs.

rebirth

waves devouring my aches, which no longer ache.

Seasick

Sarah Costa

Warm wrote, and dripping in sun,
and waiting
to feel **pressure**.

Be submerged.

Soft and half-done,
with too much staring on my part.

Stiff marigolds.

Folded up by the leaky sink.

Water would

slope

down

the left countertop.

Mostly due to the

slant

of the room.

P u l l i n g the water.

Sometimes our fridge door will swing

If you don't notice, the food will spoil

Sometimes I wonder if it would do the same inside me,

pulling me away from myself.

The pulling in my stomach,

gravity taking its moment to shift my feelings a little further to the left

How it is

So far.

I feel like those little hesitations make up most of my day.

Dripping in the kitchen.

Held.

A little sick, maybe, from the
gas stove, the size of the room, or the heat.

Maybe the sickening feeling of the slant.

Ingrained into the flooring that's
ripping apart with the water damage

little gaps

little hesitations



Fox Fountain

David Scott

Femininities

Myeisha Dyer

Little beige half-moons lined with dirt fall into the peach porcelain sink. The bathroom air is tinged with the leftover rot of someone's perfume; I catch hints of lychee and vanilla as I realize that it would not matter which decade I was in—this bathroom would remain the same. Beige on beige with cheap tile and broken stall locks. It would always smell of perfume, have a forgotten hair tie on the counter, and a bin overflowing with soaked pads. There's a pink lipstick heart on the mirror and Sharpie on the walls. Someone named Emily is warning us not to talk to Ethan W.

I stare at my bare nails as I shove my clipper back in my bag. They look quite sad. They're never long because I cut them when I'm nervous and although I got lots of nail polish for my birthday, I never use it. It's a symbol of my recent womanhood. By right, I could paint my nails boldly without looking like a child playing dress up. Those days for me are over. Still, the bottles of polish lie unopened in my bedroom, little glass jars of liquid glitter and Hollywood Red. Nail polish is a kind of femininity I have not reached. The kind of femininity that my mother wears, along with her heels and her nude eyeshadow.

The door swings and a girl walks in, not registering my presence at all as she circles her body with a blue sphere of perfume, spritzing it five times in quick succession. Mist floats in the air. Her nails are a vivid red, filed into sharp, shiny ends. I think about what blood would look like if it crystallized.

This girl has the same hair as me—an unimpressive brown like the fuzz on the skin of a kiwi. The same pleated uniform skirt. Yet she occupies a space I do not. This is clear. A woman, not a child. Her lips are a beetroot pink, her skin like a doll's. When she bends over to tie her shoes, I can see the striking white braid of a tampon string.

I bleed, too. But not with that confidence. On my periods, I hide my pads in my sleeves as I scuttle off to the bathroom like a spooked mouse, while she is clearly unabashed—her unconcern so great that she has a pin on her bag advertising Plan B. I bet she has a condom in her bra, or something. Reads Nietzsche. The only books on my shelf are Harry Potter.

The bathroom is quiet. I stare in the mirror, glancing at her more than at myself. It feels that we are suspended in time. I am being judged by all the previous girls that have glanced in this mirror. That have evolved from Vaseline to lipstick. From splashing their faces with water to applying eyeliner. We're suspended in this room, enclosed by girls of the past. I taste their sweetness on my tongue.

“Do you want some?”

I'm pulled out of my trance. I've been caught staring, admiring this lady in front of me. This creature of the feminine. I blink. The perfume.

“Oh. Sure. What is it?” I ask.

A floating hand holds the bottle in my face.

“I don't know. I stole it from my mom. It smells like a fruit basket.”

She crosses into my space. Bursts the invisible barrier I've separated us with. She sprays me fondly, indulgently. Douses me in fruity remains. I let it wash over me.

The girls in the mirror are watching. I inhale, taste alcohol, feel my eyes loosen and shut, and this feels like the most important baptism. A crossing into myself, witnessed by lipstick on a mirror and bathroom graffiti. Fruity drops resting on my skin.

Limón

Alex Vander Schaaf

I mash pulp to turn bitter into sweet. It only takes 2 cups of sugar. Pitted carcasses line the counter, my fingers viridescent. I pray in absolutes. Ask for forgiveness, unsure why. Maybe I pity the emaciated progeny, maybe I don't want the citrusy poison to find the nick the Book cursed me with. I know I should cherish it; I should be grateful. Yet I overflow with want. Want to run wild, gather strangers' sweat with my tongue, hear my name uttered as a blessing. I gnash at the bridle of womanhood; I do not know if it is in me to be content. But that is folly—that is sin. I am just a girl. And are girls not just vessels? I must have faith. I must bury uncertainty, lest I be buried. I must believe.

I must.

So, I don't even ask: are these lemons or limes?

I Shower At Night

Persaea Perras

In the dark, in the dizziness, sometimes all it takes is a big eyeful of light to recalibrate the mind; my retinas lunge towards the greener shade of black between the curtain and the wall, dissolving into pixels on impact—scattering across the surface and scampering to lick at the light, lap at the scraps, cling to the only really real thing, in this room, materialized by the tiny, vital acid beacon indicating that the outlet is ship-shape; out there, beyond where I bathe, the neon green synapses are firing; in here, it's brain on skin, skin on brain, grey matter pains; just because I found the light, I am still not okay—I prefer my world to be texturized in this way; each little grain of sand in my eye of different colours, of different minds; destination: planet dark and darker still; I sit in the swill, the secretive secretions of my skin; the dark, a buffering between body and eye; when body hits the light, shit hits the fan; I shower at night.

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Taloola Café



Ode to the Window of a Highrise Seen through the Rain

Luc Jaffary

12 AM, and the Broadway crones and concrete sleepdivers have their fifteen minutes
of aristocracy

And the eyes of great watchtowers and bloody-eyed travellers echo through the
canyons

Trumpeting their buzzing swan song into the wet ash of autumn's flame

And the back alley crossing guards give up their watch to the tune of a cat's mangy
tail

Slicing through the sky

Somewhere, a great distance off, a man is standing in a shop

Standing still and sweeping up the postcards that bear his name and only his

And he coughs and the sound echoes the soft breezes of his years in the Caribbean

And still farther, another rises from his cot in darkness to the gentle babble of an
all-night radio station

And stakes his claim to life by the deliverance of poison drinkers and sword
swallowers

And the fire eating lunatics from the trendy neighbourhoods

And closer this time a woman sits alone on a rooftop

And wishes that she had a bird in a gilded cage

A parrot of many colours that would speak in the chitter of the canny drain rats

And the soft ministrations of the cockroaches

If only to rule them like a king when she opened that prison of sobriety

And let her sun-dappled shadow of paradise fly alone to higher mountaintops
Although none of them taper into peaks, only tiny valleys

But here the city sinks into a pit of discarded raincoats

Where a lake lies ready to be frozen in time

But its banks have run dry long before there is any chance to preserve them

Where the places where faces should be gaze at you without judgement or recognition

Or at each other in the quiet companionship of two forgotten seasons

There is youth here but it can wait a few hours longer

While memories have their slow and stately walk

Through the gardens of that house

The one with the brass sun on the door and the glorious dissipation of a truly ancient
wall of vines

That lives in the dreams of those who have known it

And the memories of those who have not



Machu Picchu

Alex Vander Schaaf

Death of a Kit

Arran "Arwen" Christie

Beneath six feet of dirt / and a high wall of white pines / my pet rabbit lies / trespass
side / at the edge of property line / it happened quietly / I remember / it was summer
/ he'd been seizing / I kept my eyes squeezed shut / waiting to feel his wet nose press /
against my palm / *shhh / there, there / it's all over now* / my dad buried him for me / in
a pink light-up Sketchers shoebox / I sold my Barbies / helped paint the walls Seed
Pearl / then split in two—

A body moved out west / a soul left behind / my rabbit is no longer mine / but / at
least there's a piece of me left / on that side of the line



You're lost, but in that controlled, delicious way that knows where you are & where you're going. Smooth new asphalt between a factory & a commuter rail line. A cyclist riding by would force you to squeeze up against a fence: chain-link or wood planks. But it's a gorgeous Friday in September & there may as well be no one else alive on Earth.

exitwounds

Axel Obersat-Johnson

River Flies

Sarah Costa

This movement of the rivers,
whispering to each other as they cross.

Adrienne talked about seeing a river flow in opposite directions;
so beautiful, she didn't want to take a photo,
exploit the intimacy she felt,
that secret hum.

You got me sick, chest bones
unraveling,
fanning out,
strung. The fruit fly trap
filled with wine and a little dish soap,
rain collecting on the concrete,
returning your cold,
for store credit.

Printing house windows,
the smell of salt on stone;
you've been warned to stay inside,
extreme wind. Everything will be
closed. If you looked outside, you would see the devastating
small trash bin tipped over, blown recycling.
All of Ireland shuts down
if anywhere in the country gets snow,

my sister calls me
about how the snow tips over her knee –
high winter boots to
soak into her socks.

I got sick on the last day of that trip,
of all the movement,
the clothes that once stuffed in my
backpack were instantly sweat-covered, smelling
like hostel beds, Aperol, and wet wood. But when it gets
dark at night
from my static-filled bed, in my
hometown
I think of the hushing of the river. We sat
next to each other for a while as it got dark, and the
mosquitos ate with us
biting into the figs, Grandpa
had planted 15 years ago
sweetness
in
each
bite

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Equinox

Hannab Montello

The leaves still wear sunset kisses
When the first snow falls.
Snowflakes embrace amber leaves,
Jays dance between their branches—
Azure feathers stark against flaming trunks.

This hibernation is unwanted,
And inconvenient stillness.

But my bones demand rest;
They cannot continue to ache
When it is so brisk.
I bribe the sun for a few greedy rays
And beg for frozen cheeks to burn instead.
Nature does not conform to our wishes,
Yet we resist her insistence.

Clovers

Emily Nicholls

When all of this is over

I see us in the clover

honey-suckling

through hands

unsheathed

from their wool

scabbards

fingers set free into

new warm breezes

just to see what it is

that sustains us

until

we once again

shack up in cold houses

as to not crack bones

on January's verglas

autumn hands, winter arms

Talia Vanden Enden

sun sleeps sooner
stars wink at you
air becomes cooler
when winter calls you

hold onto my anchor
hooks split the soil
i sway with the wind
seasons always spoil

suck nutrients from me
slurp it from my stem
pines needles pity me
unappreciated anadem

auxin hormone depletion
weakens my cell walls
abscission completion
chokes as protocol

soon my tissue will flake
and crawl in the cavities
of your body, you'll taste
the fertilizing compatibility

so stretch before you sleep
you won't stay warm
without my depth to keep
automatic weather alarm

accepted familiar release
to await a bed of snow
remember my blossom
as i fall with final throes

Sunburn

Zixuan Xu

The animalistic roar warns too late:
a Land Rover sends its regards
across asphalt, blooming, sending
a cascade of concrete towards you.
Dust blooms and clouds muddy the
crisp autumn air. Your eyes shutter
from the stings of rubble. Tears surface
and memories do too—uncut gems,
of your father in the Canadian wild
when he said the Great Lakes can
beautify, purify men but only some.

Regret returns and you consider if
you could truly obtain the cleansing
promised by nature's unspoken rituals.
The car was of your past now. A cry
from a young blackbird, nest lost,
pierces the silent evergreen ahead.
A sudden raw desire to hear yourself
scream takes you, but you offer gentle
resistance, steeling yourself against
the pine trees' test for all wanderers
who ache to return to ashes, to dust.

Your stomach decays a hiker's meal
and your mouth dries as sunlight
cradles those bare shoulders burnt
from unforgiving human burden.
Harsh winds whip at the red skin,
they're whispering *keep on, keep on.*
It's painful but forging upwards
towards those snow-kissed mounts
that dance like eager white angels
is your only hope for salvation now.



Waning Crescent

Lauren J. Dion



the travelers

Sarah Smitherman

Between Dinner and the Bill

Kieran Wilkins

How're we doing over here?

I think we'll just take the bill, please.

Sounds good, just one minute please.

This was nice. I really enjoyed tonight.

Yeah, dinner was good.

Just dinner?

What do you mean? It was a good night with good food.

I just mean I liked tonight a lot as a whole, I liked seeing and talking with you tonight, the food was nice too but I liked you. Did you like me?

I mean, tonight was nice, yeah. The food was good, the movie was fine. You seem like a nice person. I guess I just need more time before I can say that I like you.

Just nice? We've texted for over three weeks now. I feel like I know you well enough!

I mean yeah but that was all over text. You had time to think out your responses and all that. We've only been on one date now. I haven't spent enough time to really know you. So how could I say that I like you? — Where is this bill?

Still, we've shared so much about ourselves! I think that counts for knowing each other at least a little, don't you?

Three weeks is nothing! People live for decades and still manage to die not knowing themselves!

That's a bit extreme, don't you think?

I think it's a fair comparison to what you're saying! — I mean this alone is a different vibe than on the phone!

What's that supposed to mean?

I don't know... just that you seem different than on the phone.

Different how? This is just me. I don't think I'm all that different?

Well of course you don't, you're you and you know you. I only really know you from the messages we sent.

So you just admitted you do know me!

What— no! I— Whatever, you know what I meant. Okay, where is this bill? Why is it taking so long? — Excuse me?

Yes, what can I do?

I asked for the bill a while ago and was wondering what the holdup was.

Oh, I'm sorry, sometimes our machines can be a bit finicky. I can try to print it off for you if you'd like.

That'd be nice, please.

Did you really enjoy tonight?

Sorry?

Did you really enjoy tonight? You just seem like you're in a rush to get out of here.

I'm not in a rush, we asked for the bill like 5 minutes ago!

You're avoiding the question.

What do you mean?

Did. You. Enjoy. Tonight. With me. Did I say something wrong? Has there been a misunderstanding? If so, maybe we can try again? Did you like our date together? Would you like another?

That's a lot more than one question.

They're all part of the same question.

I already told you, it was good.

What does good mean?

I don't know! What does good or nice or whatever mean to you?

It means that I enjoyed your company! It means I liked that when you came to pick me up, you actually came up to my doorstep and walked me to your car. It means that I liked it when you offered me your arm to hold while we were walking down the street to the theater. It means I liked my time with you. Did you like your time with me?

I mean— yeah...but, anyone would do those things.

I don't think so. Would you do those for anyone?

I—. Well no.

Then why'd you do them for me?

Because I was taking you on a date and I wanted you to enjoy it.

Well, I did. Did you?

I... I think I did.

What do you mean you think?

I mean it was nice. The movie kinda sucked but I liked you laughing at the bad jokes in it. Dinner was nice until all of this started happening and you started interrogating me. I don't know, it was good. I just don't know if it was good enough to pursue.

Oh...

No! Not like—. You were great. I just don't really know what I want my relationship to look like.

Right... Well, why didn't you tell me that?

Tell you what? That I don't know what I want going into this? What a great way to start a date.

I guess... but we could've talked about it and maybe helped you figure that out.

I mean, isn't that what we're doing now? Doesn't exactly seem to be going the best now does it?

That's not fair, we didn't exactly start this the cleanest way.

What? You started this though.

Sorry for the wait... here you are. Can I get you two anything else?

Oh—no. I think we're done here. Thank you.

Closure.ex(e)

David Scott

But there's deadlines to meet,
dead lines to hit up
again.
Sent.

...

Shit. I forgot to include

the attachment...

not scolded, merely
questioned, curious
as to why it might be

missing.

Respond, resend,

retry.

Remedy resulted
in excited reply.

Initially fearful

thoughts, now a leap
of faith, a testament
to who I've become,
met with grace

even after all

this time. Mutual

expressions of peace

two hearts smile
through the pixels.



Super-Imposed Mona Lisa

Maya Roumie

*Creations from the
Compilers*

to ariel

Joven Panabon

an anglerwitch came by
out of concern
for the mermaid still swimming.
she smelled like i remembered you did, so
i moved to give her nectar, but
she asked to read my palm,
and i recoiled, wishing it was you,
and i wondered if you ever thought that.

she left the scent of moss lingering
in this dark quadrant of the ocean floor,
another world's marks dissipating
in the deep waters of a dissolving kingdom.

how did you do it?
give up
the white coral reefs,
the seafloor dotted with forgotten fossils,
the tiny schools passing by swiftly,
and pick yourself up with cement scraped palms,
breathe in carbon-tinged air,
and talk with a tongue that flicks and curls and lies,
and walk steadily on two feet?

when you go to the coast,
what do you hear?
the chatter of fish or
the hollering of seagulls or
the murmuring of humans or
do you hear me asking
if i should stay,
with the flaking tomes and
chipped pearl brooches and
slowly unraveling cloaks and
crumbling thrones and
your broken perfume bottle,
attempting to scent everything with moss,
or go
shakily onto cracked ground
with heat-stricken skin,
and lose the ocean's pressure in my ears
and give up the way you did.

pluviophile

Evangeline Yetman

birch trees whisper

between

my ribs,

 petrichor swells

 in my spine,

and the grass's tepid breath

is held

in the ducts of my eyes

and i'm tied

by these crepuscular vines

with creases in my nails

 and bites on my thighs—

and I sigh,

for shatters of rose-stained windows,

and snaps of rubber bands,

grasping for that high

of Gaia's pleroma dropping—that

quiescence to cry, and

begin the pitter patters

of my lustration.

Fish Flies and Other Fleeting Things

Trina Das

That June, as our bikes flew past the river,
we made a list of future plans and possibilities:

Matching tattoos, for one. A secondhand
Toyota. Grad school to quell our captivation

with Stein and Plath, and then an apartment
somewhere writerly and famous. New York,

maybe, or Paris. After all, we were desperate
to find out what she does not take away.

We weaved our tires around the fallen fish flies,
cringing at the crush of their papery wings,

and you told me that they only survive
for a few days on land before shrivelling up

and dropping off like spotted, yellow figs.

I remember thinking how unrelenting it must feel

emerging only to die so winged and glorious
after all those years spent bearing
the water's weight.

Acknowledgements

From brainstorming about bathrooms and trains and airplanes in now-shut-down-café's – to submission boxes – deliberation nights dubbed the “dark nights of the soul” and through all these liminal tales, poems, and art, you, dear reader, have reached the end of the 2026 issue of *Generation*. In fact, *Generation: Liminality* “generated” such great interest that, for the first time ever, it has been split into two Volumes!

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**– Maya Roumie & Khloe Rowse,
EUSA Presidents & Project Managers**

