



Volume 14
Issue 2
2019

Prose in Views

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Have you ever looked at your reflection and noticed something? Prose in Views offers insight into a hectic three-month span in my life when I faced an unprecedented academic challenge mired with an unforeseen personal injury.

Most animals cannot recognize their reflections. As a creature that can, writing for Prose in Views was an exercise that reflects 14 years of coming to age. The photographs used for this project were all taken in Toronto: one in High Park, one in my parent's backyard, and another out of a local dumpster while I was working temporary labour. A mixture of text-based art backgrounds and cheaply edited photography, Prose in Views strives to encapsulate the evolution of media in the early 2000s and the effect that technology has had on expression today.

The poetry itself ventures into topics such as the nature of mental health treatment, family and relationship friction, a sense of self, real versus unreal, and the difficult-to-quantify spiritual condition of those who suffer from mental illness. Since

the inception of the series more poems have been written than are featured in *Prose in Views*. A few of these free-form poems have been read to audiences in Toronto at open-mic events such as the local *Shab-e She'r* and *Art Bar*.



(Full visuals follow.)



Letter to the man upstairs

Dec. 27, 2018



What gave you the right to up and leave?
Here I am born, unwrapped to the present
all the while some magician appeared
apparently,

Well guess what, there is plenty of room down here
what seems to be time without you convinces me,
it is just fine,

One can wonder what might sustain us:

Who cares?

I mean, you left without barely saying a word
Someone might think that means none of this matters,
loose ends say otherwise, those tie up eventually.

Let's agree to disagree,

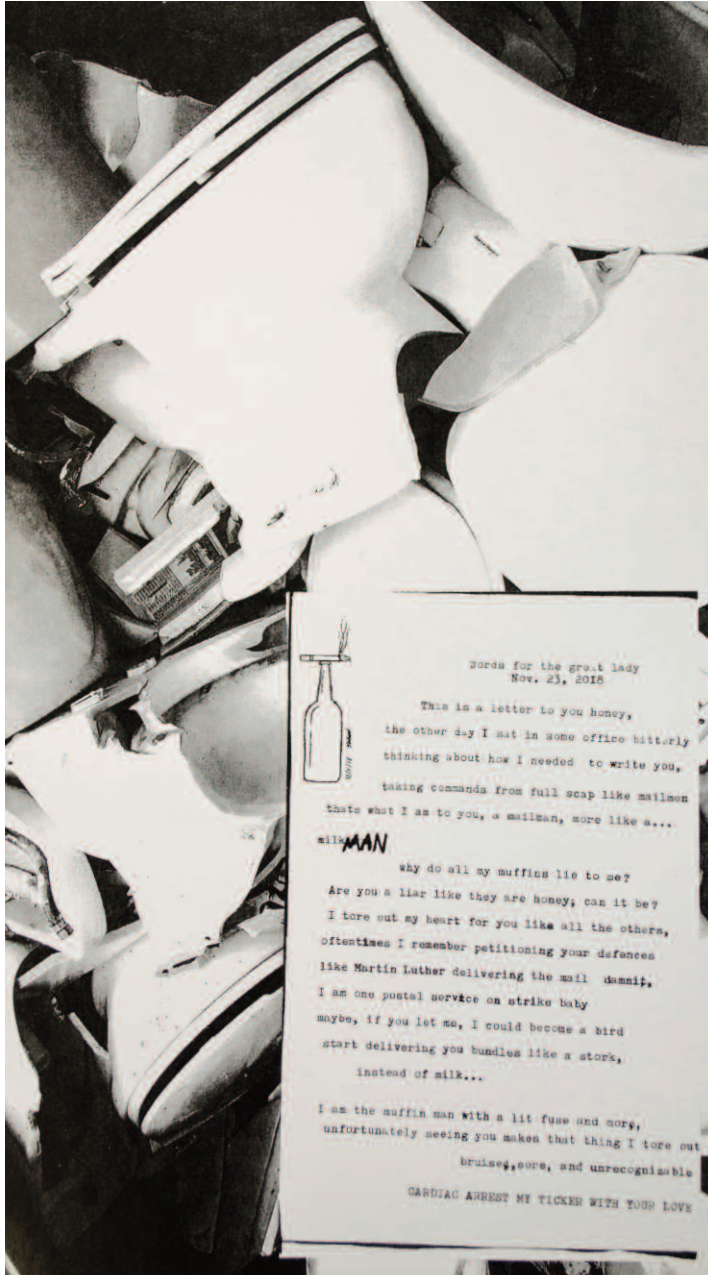
or at least disagree in the first place
When we're both on earth we can have this discussion
Until then, keep the noose off my neck

What is it with you and making me so grim?

I was suppose to be vibrant,
almost brazen,

Your enigmatic ways have made me contemplate,

over and over



Words for the great lady
Nov. 23, 2018

This is a letter to you honey,
the other day I sat in some office bitterly
thinking about how I needed to write you,
taking commands from full scap like mailmen
that's what I am to you, a mailman, more like a...

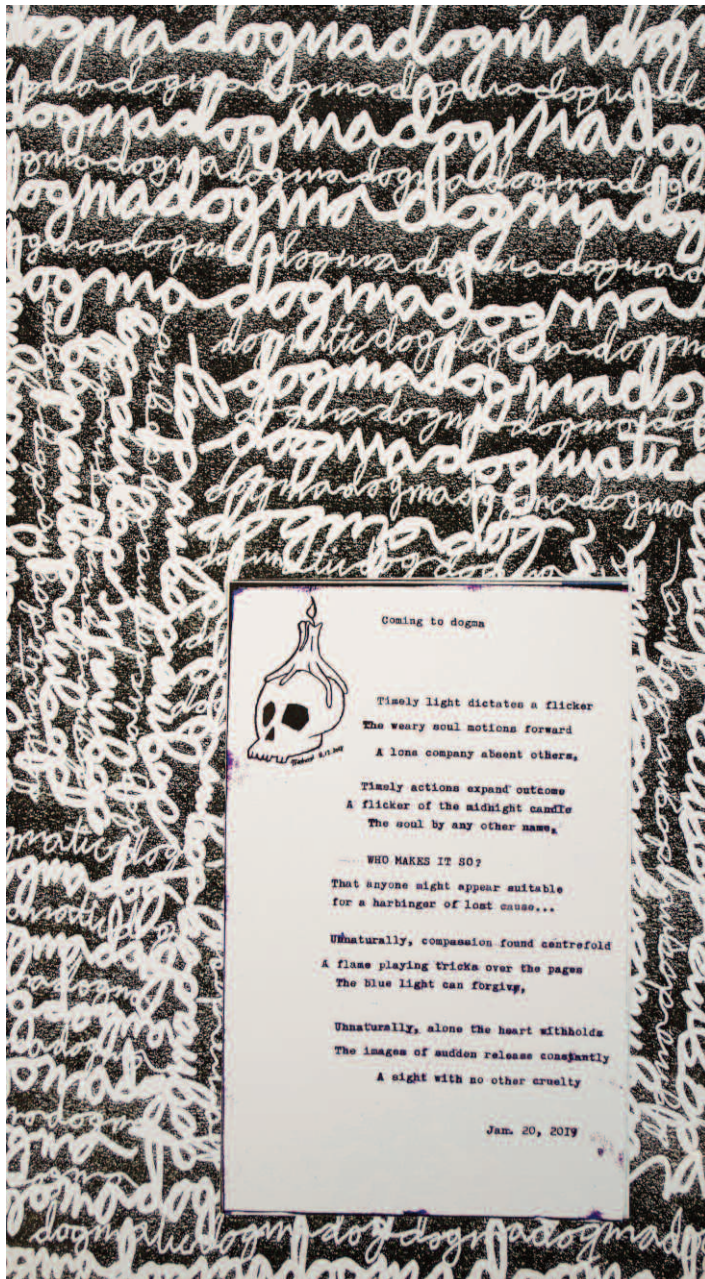


milk, **MAN**

why do all my muffins lie to me?
Are you a liar like they are honey, can it be?
I tore out my heart for you like all the others,
oftentimes I remember petitioning your defenses
like Martin Luther delivering the mail damnit,
I am one postal service on strike baby
maybe, if you let me, I could become a bird
start delivering you bundles like a stork,
instead of milk...

I am the muffin man with a lit fuse and more,
unfortunately seeing you makes that thing I tore out
bruise, sore, and unrecognizable

CARDIAC ARREST MY TICKER WITH YOUR LOVE



Coming to dogma

Timely light dictates a flicker
The weary soul motions forward
A lone company absent others,

Timely actions expand outcome
A flicker of the midnight candle
The soul by any other name,

WHO MAKES IT SO?

That anyone might appear suitable
for a harbinger of lost cause...

Unnaturally, compassion found centrefold
A flame playing tricks over the pages
The blue light can forgive,

Unnaturally, alone the heart withholds
The images of sudden release constantly
A sight with no other cruelty

Jan. 20, 2019



The cryptic realias
Dec. 27, 2018

Godified manipulations
at the root,
Microwave routine
on the surface,

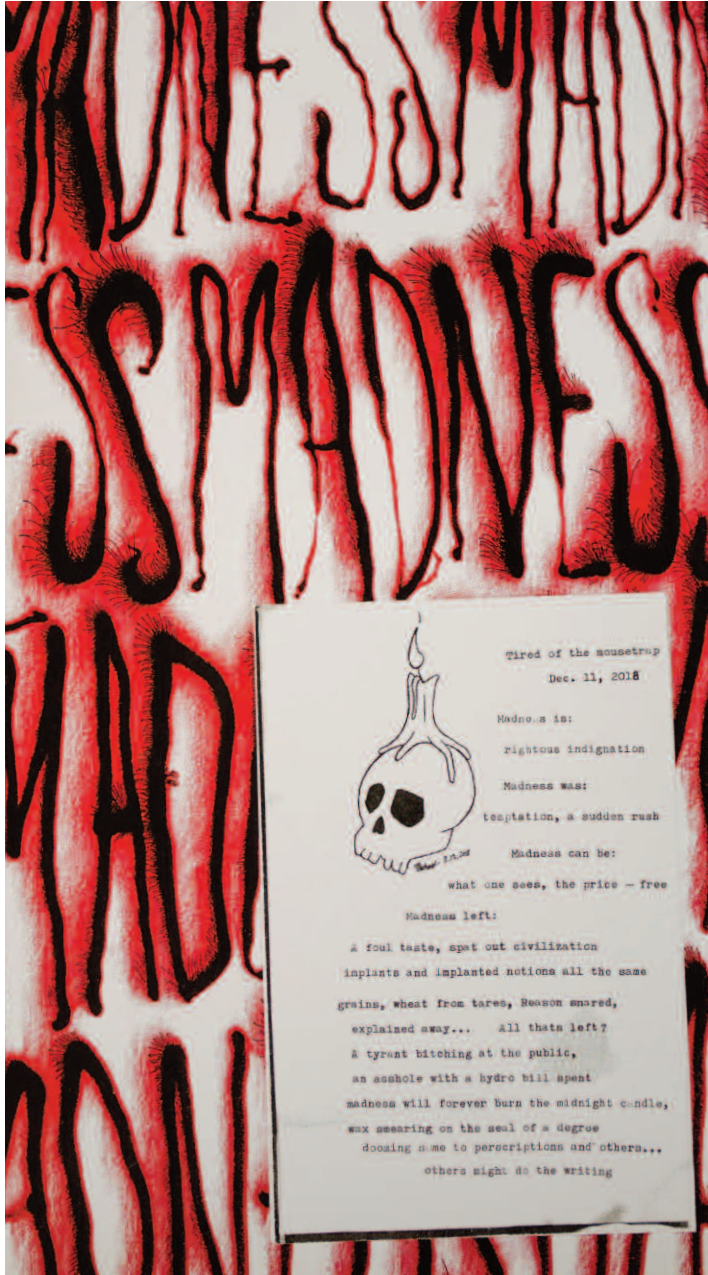
Pulsing and flaring the machine reaps a harvest
Capturing and isolating again and another time
warping and shearing for a finished product

Formulated cyphers
deceiving all authenticity,

Analog dreams
with no input or plug-in,
Display the answer on screens to be translated
Delay the user with schemes algebraic
Accuse the computer as a scapegoat of corruption

Symbolic proxy
at the whim of a mainframe,

Innocent commands
followed through with indecency



tired of the mousetrap
Dec. 11, 2018

Madness is:

righteous indignation

Madness was:

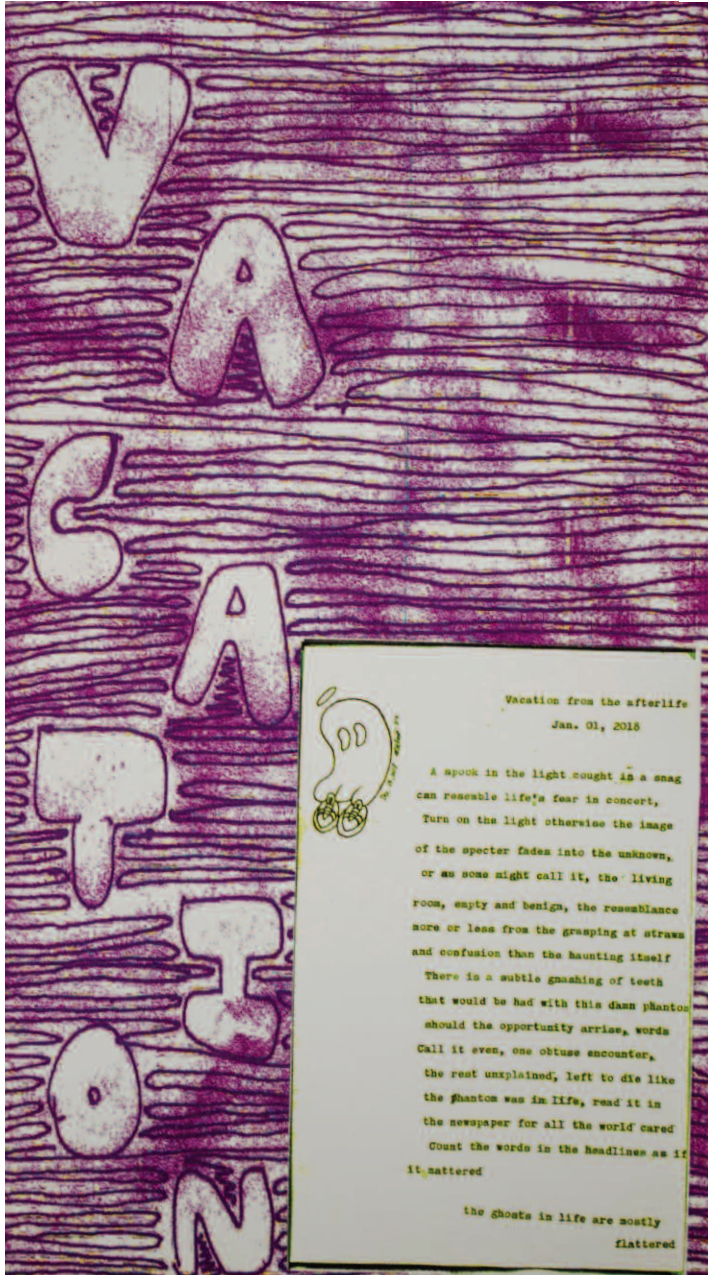
temptation, a sudden rush

Madness can be:

what one sees, the price - free

Madness left:

a foul taste, spat out civilization
implants and implanted notions all the same
grains, wheat from tares, Reason snored,
explained away... All that's left?
A tyrant hitching at the public,
an asshole with a hydro bill spent
madness will forever burn the midnight candle,
wax searing on the seal of a degree
dozing some to prescriptions and others...
others might do the writing



Vacation from the afterlife

Jan. 01, 2018

A spook in the light caught in a snag
can resemble life's fear in concert,
Turn on the light otherwise the image
of the specter fades into the unknown,
or as some might call it, the living
room, empty and benign, the resemblance
more or less from the grasping at straws
and confusion than the haunting itself
There is a subtle gnashing of teeth
that would be had with this damn phantom
should the opportunity arise, words
Call it even, one obtuse encounter,
the rest unexplained, left to die like
the phantom was in life, read it in
the newspaper for all the world cared
Count the words in the headlines as if
it mattered

the ghosts in life are mostly
flattered

Moncef Mounir was born in Rabat Morocco. He is a poet and visual artist and the director of Quaker Kid Productions, a print media outfit with various collaborative chapbook and zine works. The visual elements of these pieces were in collaboration with Michael Vuong and Owen Bayliss. Email: moncef.mounir@gmail.com

