

MISSISSAUGA WRITERS' GROUP | APRIL 2026

write on! ezine

Quarterly Magazine

Poetry & Prose



Semblance

Dear Moon

Dreams of MY Grandfather

Seed of Growth

People Watching

Glasses

Gloom

Don't Laugh



write on!



Message from the President

Elizabeth Banfalvi, President/Director

Happy Poetry month – there have been so many poetry events this month and we have had one at a senior's residence. Talk about how they appreciated who we were and what we read. It is so important to keep up our writing skills and the ezine helps. I appreciate what the ezine is filled with, and it is our members who fill it. Thank you. In the world, we are having so many wars and fighting so we need to keep the peace and appreciate each other. We are all worth it so please keep the wonderful works coming. Thank you, Anjula for all your work. I always appreciate you.

Elizabeth Banfalvi

In this Issue:

[Events & News](#)

[Semblance](#)

[Dear Moon](#)

[Dreams of MY Grandfather](#)

[Seed of Growth](#)

[People Watching](#)

[Glasses](#)

[Gloom](#)

[Don't Laugh](#)

[Ezine Submission Checklist](#)

[Crossword Puzzle \(Prize: Tim Hortons Gift Card\)](#)

About Us

We are a group of writers who established this forum to share our experiences and pursue our dreams through creativity, knowledge, and mutual respect. We want to learn from our strengths and talents and have enjoyable and stimulating conversations.

We would love to have writers from our community join us. All aspiring and established writers are most welcome. We believe we all have something special inside, so why not come explore your talent with us?

info@mississaugawritersgroup.ca

www.mississaugawritersgroup.ca

Monthly Hybrid Meetings

Second Saturday of each month

Meadowvale Community Centre

6655 Glen Erin Drive

Program Room #1 ground floor

(July - Nov. Room #2, then moving location).

Zoom link is sent out in the weekly newsletter

Meeting Dates

All meetings are FREE of charge

The second Saturday of each month

9am to 1pm

Meeting Content

Workshops & Presentations

Members have the opportunity to share their work with the group

Opportunity to network with other writers

Board of Directors

Elizabeth Banfalvi - PRESIDENT

Michelle Hillyard, John Fraresso,

Joseph Moachino, Jasmine Sawant

Welcome to the Mississauga Writers' Group ezine

Anthology Submissions

Our 2026 anthology theme will be:

Word Fest, Celebrating Being Proud of Ourselves

Please send submissions on times in your lives where you accomplished something, were involved with something or did something that made you proud and happy.

Word Count Maximum:

Poetry – 250 words

Prose - 750 words

Bio – 50 words

We are looking for someone with website experience to help us to update our website regularly with new content.

Please let Elizabeth know if you are interested.

Website: www.mississaugawritersgroup.ca

Ezine Cover Art - Kariya Park, Mississauga
Photography by Anjula Evans, enhanced by AI

Website: www.mississaugawritersgroup.ca

Social media: www.facebook.com/MississaugaWritersGroup

Membership Dues

2026 yearly membership fee will be increased to \$20 to help offset expenses.

Membership fees can either be paid in person or e-transferred to:

writers.mississaugawritersgroup@gmail.com

Thank you again for your support.

Submitting to the Ezine

***Please edit and proofread your work**

***Send in bio and headshot with your piece**

Deadlines:

January 15 (Winter)

April 15 (Spring)

July 15 (Summer)

October 15 (Fall)

Guidelines:

Prose—Max 750 words per person

Poetry—Max 3 poems

Bio—Max 50 words

Form—Microsoft Word Doc

Headshot—Please send a photo

Photos—Can accompany articles

Other Art—is welcome (image: .png, .jpg)

Summer Theme:

Passengers

Please send your submissions to:

ezine.mississaugawritersgroup@gmail.com

Semblance

by Ariell Choy

A mask hides not the truth
But a version unforeseen
A mask is but the truth
The version you wish to see
There is truth in not revealing oneself
The life I chose to build
Is the life I wish you to see
Reverent, iridescent, colorful
This life is not mine given to me
I only dictate the life that is meant for me
The mask is my doorway to freedom
It is my world unseen
However, many treasons I commit
I commit not a sin
I am truth unvarnished, disguised
I am rebuilt
The core you wish to see was nurtured from birth
It is the foundation of all my life's work
So, you see the mask is truly me
It is the me I wish to be the me I was meant to forge
The battles of war within me
I scorn not
These battles are materialized
Inside my mask
The lot
Truth
Mine Eyes
The mask is



Ariell, self-professed writer, won the Commonwealth Award for “The Diligent Snowman” in 1994, the Humber Essay Award in 2005, and was Permissions & Sales Director for William Schail’s “The Admiral on Trial” in 2010. She has published three books: *Emblems and Mares*, *Kyla and the Gargoyle* and *Ensnared* through Ingramsark.



Dear Moon

by Serina Lewis

You are a satellite of Mother Earth,
You receive light from Father Sun,
Stroll by with brother planets,
Saunter along with sister stars.

Your cratered face is ever-changing,
You play hide and seek with clouds,
Waxing and waning, turning tides,
Empowering me to do the same.

I'm changing every moment,
A victim of my crazy senses,
Vulnerable with my emotions,
Doing a daily dance till death.

So, shine on, dear celestial one,
May your countenance give courage,
To human admirers who stand firm,
As gravity grounds us to our Mother.

© Serina Lewis April 2024



Serina D'Cruz Lewis is a poet and writer who has published her work in anthologies, ezines and magazines. Her poetic memoir, *Interwoven*, is available on Amazon, Barnes and Noble, Indigo and in the Mississauga Library System. It is about love, family and connections, which will resonate with all readers.

Dreams of MY Grandfather

by Kunal Dekhane

Billy and Vikram were standing at the light, waiting to cross the road. Their usual grocery store had shut down, so they had to walk a few more blocks to get groceries. Both were political science freshmen in college and had moved to suburban apartments off-campus in their second semester. They had chosen that neighborhood specifically to be a block away from a locally owned shop in a strip mall, aiming to “buy local, think global.” Now they had to walk to a bigger store roughly ten blocks away. Bundled up, the duo endured the snow in the dead of winter in Toronto to buy groceries.

“Feels like we’re waiting forever,” Vikram scoffed, still grumbling about the longer walk.

Vikram wore a sleek Canada Goose jacket with heavy mittens, snug boots, and a cozy cap. Billy, on the other hand, wore modest hand-me-downs from his older brothers, a size too big, which he expected to grow into.

They crossed the road, scrunching through the snow. Billy avoided puddles so none seeped into his socks. They passed the now-shuttered local store, a dingy but homey place. Their conversation turned to what they wanted to do after college.

“Anyway, yes, now I know what I want”, Vikram professed in a sarcastic tone familiar amongst the two. “I want all the trappings of domestic bliss without any of the responsibilities or duties!”

Billy thinks for a moment then responds, “Duties, as in taxes?”

“Sure!”

“So down with taxes?!” Billy asked with a neutral tone.

Vikram paused. “We’ll call them duties. Like, I want a second penthouse in Manhattan while keeping a quaint duplex in the suburbs,” he said, gazing at the skyscraper condos lining the street.

“Oh yeah, and then?”

“When Swan Lake is in town, top ballerinas stay in my penthouse, as my contribution to the community. I’d meet them through an app. Totally normal now.”

“And then?”

“Then I leverage goodwill and run for office,” Vikram continued as they reached the halfway point.

“Then I change the rules to benefit my friends and family.”

They both laughed.

“No more elites. None obscenely wealthy. ONE CLASSLESS SOCIETY.”

“Meaning less class?” Billy quipped.

“No—no levels! Anyone exploiting the common man gets punished. Stairs are the worst anyway.”

They stepped over a snowbank.

“Everyone gets ONE TAX BRACKET!” Vikram added.

Billy nodded. “There’ll always be people resisting ‘progress.’ What happens to them?”

“Those would be the UNDESIRABLES. We make them work and work and work! And maybe give them Christmas and New Year’s off! And perhaps pepper a few holidays in between so they don’t get too restless” Vikram says to Billy smartly.

“Smart,” Billy replied. “But that could cause scarcity and price shifts.”

Dreams of MY Grandfather, Cont.

by Kunal Dekhane

Through his expensive Ray-Ban glasses and Canada Goose winter parka hooded over his head, Vikram said, “There’ll be austerity. Naturally, I shall lead with an ascetic diet.”

“And what about any allied merchants that try to increase prices beyond the reach of the common man, not out of malicious intent but to adjust for commensurate increase in their expenses from acquiring these goods and services? What do we do with them?” Billy asks, looking questioningly towards Vikram.

“They will be forbidden from doing so! Forbidden!” Vikram says theatrically, the duo now lightly panting as it's been a good few minutes of walking in the fresh snow to this new grocer with nationwide chain of stores.

“Perhaps we might be getting a bit carried away with our naivety about politics” Billy remarks as they are now in view of the new grocery shop. “Let’s focus on what we need right now” Billy jests. Vikram pulled out his phone. Billy read over his shoulder.

“Bread.”

“Yes.”

“Bananas.”

“Yes.”

“Orange juice... with pulp?”

“Yes,” Vikram said with a faint smile.

“Pastries?”

“No comment.”

“Dumplings?”

“No comment.”

“Salmon and escargot?!” Billy laughed as they entered through the automatic doors.

As they’re shuffling through the packed store amid the fully stocked isles, Billy asks, “So what slogan are you going to use for this campaign?”. Vikram thinks for a second and then says, “I will call it, ‘My way’ or.. ‘My vision’”.

There is no response. “How about MY DREAM?”. “That feels too aspirational”. Billy quickly responds, “We want it to be a challenge”.

“Hmm, you mean like a struggle?” Vikram asks sarcastically. Billy laughs.

“How about.. DREAMS OF MY PEOPLE?”

They moved on, deeper into the store, the aisles stretching ahead, orderly and endless.



Kunal Dekhane is a Canada-based writer working at the intersection of technology, media, and culture. His fiction explores daily life, ambition, and identity in hyper-connected modern world, often through satire and realism. With a background in engineering, he brings an insider’s lens to stories about technical systems, status, and language in the modern world.

Seed of Growth

by Spencer Gallup


The seed was planted carefully into wet, dark black soil
on a bright spring day after the rainstorm
a perfect time to be planted with the nutrients from the rain
the seed was planted in sun's rays.

The season for this growth was uneven
days of sun did happen
there's days where frost still was a threat
and Days when the sun never shined
and days of what seemed like an endless rain
to make things worst, the rabbits would get in the yard
munching on the garden and destroying the plants
I did what I could to chase them all out
there were times I felt this plant wouldn't grow.

But it did grow
the plant grew slower than I expected
but there it was first as a bit of green coming out of the dirt
that the green kept on getting higher and higher upwards
this plant finally blooms
I never knew what I planted
the seed could have been anything
it could have been a tree, a rose or a tomato plant
how surprised I was to see this plant bloom
instead of a tree, or a rose or tomatoes
the plant grew into a large Sunflower.



Spencer Gallup (He/Him) is a poet, spoken word artist and member of The Mississauga Writers Group. He explores themes of mental health, nature, identity, disability and Autism. His Instagram handle is poet.sg.



People Watching

by *Faid Shahabuddeen*

It's such fun going to the mall – not really to shop,
But just to relax with a nice cup of coffee
And a donut, slice of banana bread or carrot cake, etc.,
Enjoying the vibrant, colorful atmosphere,
With the high, transparent ceiling,
And beautiful view of the sky and drifting clouds,

While also enjoying the natural sunlight,
And the steady flow of passersby,
Of various ages, races, and generations,
Whether alone, romantic couples,
Marital partners or entire families –
And observing their various moods and outfits,
Whether old fashioned, drab, modest or stylish.

And for seniors, visiting the various malls,
Whether single, married, divorced, widowers or widows –
People watching, undoubtedly offers a little soul comfort,
By assuaging their loneliness – however temporarily –
Encouraging them to return again and again,
To enjoy a form of socializing, without interacting,
While being reminded by the younger generations,
Of their more energetic, agile and wrinkle-free days.



Faid Shahabuddeen wrote two works of historical nonfiction, published in 2003 and 2007, respectively. He contributes poems to Mississauga Writers Group “Write On!” ezine, in addition to MWG’s “Word Fest” publications; with some of his poems also published in 2022, in an anthology called “Consonant Lights.”



Glasses

by Ariell Choy

Mirrors glasses everywhere
Minor major scales of keys
Monocles retreat in times of defeat
Glasses mirrors everywhere
Timeframes lost in ships of battle
Blowing winds swords drawn in flair
Colorful works remarkable fleet
Pirates abound no time to retreat
Wars impede and mermaids replete
How many lives are turned into despondent weary?
How many times are soldiers made indifferent?
Everlasting pleasures mean nothing to most
Waters crash and thunder on shore
As sirens call out to men forever more
Times recede into nightmares and flares
Guns pounding and beating into drums
Contrary to good deeds many times are none
Monitoring spirits down into the seas
Kraken unleashed and octopus' seeds
Broken monastery of wary demons creed
Major minor keys of scales
Fish are eaten and souls are bared
Everywhere glasses mirrors beware
Battleships lost in timeframes forlorn
Mermaids are sirens feel their dreary scorn
Dead men sailing never are mourned



Gloom

by Ariell Choy

Hollow's eve is every night
To take a soul to take in fright
Skeletons are borne to wake
In every soul they must partake
Witches' brew is delightful much
A suckling borne a suckling stuck
In woman's hair in woman's sight
The demons play both day and night
A sudden doom throughout the blight
A mighty pen reveals the plight
Casting spells never seen nor sewn
Abounding specters relieved bemoan
Hanging penchant pendulum speaks
Tell me a future one not so bleak
Counter time mend incantation
One that serves as abdication
Repeat thrice over this conjuration
Blessed he who sees manifestation
Repeating dreams repeating seams
Replications of lighthouse beams
So, believe again that every night
Is Hollow's eve a gargoyle's flight
Lay waste the tomb a gravestone deep
As zombies creep and souls are reaped
Repeat again, one, two, three
Grab hold this broom, hold on but flee

Don't Laugh

by Parveen Kaur

My mother did not want me to do well in school. Smart women are a misfit in society, was her analyses about life. My older brother Ajit was slow and did not learn to speak till he was much older. I was two years younger; I started walking when I was seven months and started speaking before he did. My mother hated me for it. Every relative, friend, or a passerby said what a smart little girl Gudia is. That irritated my mother. She kept me away from books. She started tutoring Ajit at home. Ajit was not sent to school in Batala because it was not safe due to partition riots. My father got transferred to Kangra in 1946. Kangra was peaceful and quiet. A beautiful valley, nestled in the heart of the Himalayas. You could see snow clad mountains all year around. A site to behold. Kangra also had Mata Da Mandir. A temple devoted to Ma Bhagwati, thousands of years old. Pilgrims from all over India came to that Mandir, which was situated on the highest cliff. We Indians were under the colonial rule. A church was built on a higher mountain. In the premises of that church came along Mission School for Girls.

I was four, Madan seven months and Ajit was six. When he was tested for his knowledge, he was admitted in grade three. Ajit and I were very close and played together all the time. Dar ji, Mata ji, Surjit Bhua ji and her two little sons (my father's father, mother and younger sister) and Ammi ji, and Bhagwant Mama ji (my mother's mother and youngest brother) all came to Kangra from Lahore to take shelter with us.

Mata Ji took charge of the kitchen with a couple of servants. Ammi Ji, just sat on her bed and did not come out of her room. Bhagwant Mama ji was sixteen, he could not walk. He was a grown man with a little beard on his face. He was all skin and bones and did not walk but he crawled like a baby. He for the last few months sat in the meditation room in his house in Lahore and read Guru Granth Sahib aloud. He did not eat or drink or move from that room. When Ammi Ji had to leave her house, his younger sister lifted him and placed him in the car. First words that came out of his mouth were, " May you lose everything." He had not spoken for months. He read Guru Granth Sahib aloud. When Ammi Ji and Bhagwant Mama Ji came to Kangra, the job of Ammi Ji was to massage him and feed him so that he walks again. He crawled like a baby. There was one radio in the house. But no one ever switched it on because the news was always bad. Ammi Ji had left her Model Town seven acres, walled property along with seven houses in Lahore, wearing what was on her back and slippers. That is what partition of India did to millions of people.

All these relatives in the house were like having a big party for children. I was always laughing. A bad habit when no adult laughed. Mata Ji would tell me, " Do not laugh Gudia. When you laugh too much, you would have to cry." My mother could not stand me jumping up and down and getting into everything, so she took me to The Mission School and admitted me in Lower K.G. Class. Unfortunately for my mother I learnt to read and write. Ajit and I did our homework hidden in the Drawing Room. Drawing Room was the most comfortable, well-furnished room used only for visitors. No adult or child ever entered that room unless there were visitors. But that room was dusted and cleaned everyday by servants. Ajit helped me with my homework. I braided his hair. My mother was not aware of this arrangement. We were sneaky little kids. Poor mama!

Copyright@ Parveen Kaur 2026



Parveen Kaur has written three books of poems and a book of short stories in Hindi and Punjabi. Her book, "I Did Not Cry", was scheduled to be published at the end of 2025.

Submitting to the Ezine—Checklist

1. Did I edit and proofread my work? (Pieces are not edited or proofread, they are posted “as is”)
2. Did I follow the current theme directly or write a brief description of how my piece relates to the current theme?
3. Is prose 750 words or less (including theme description), or 3 poems max, and in a .doc?
4. Have I prepared an updated 50 word (max) bio?
5. Have I selected a headshot?
6. Am I ready to submit all items together to:
ezine.mississaugawritersgroup@gmail.com

Next ezine deadline: July 15 (Summer)

Summer Theme: “Passengers”

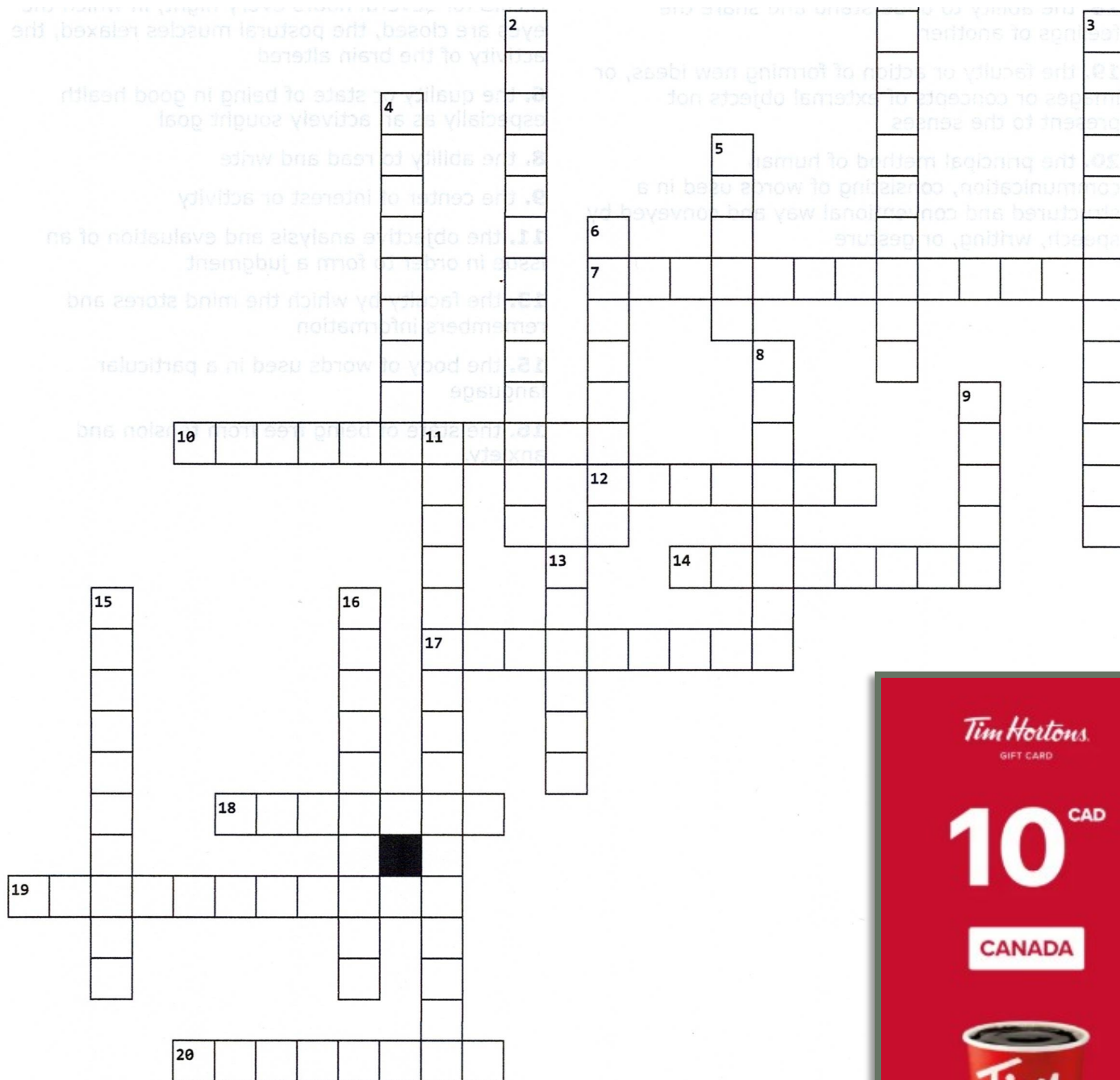
Please note that an email response may be delayed at the above address, as the ezine email is only monitored around submission time. Contact Elizabeth directly at info@mississaugawritersgroup.ca for any other inquiries.

Thank you to those members who submit their work, and to all those who make this ezine a success!



\$10 Tim Hortons Gift Card for the first to Submit
with all the correct answers!

Submit to Ariella at arielena1982@gmail.com



See next page for clues



Clues for Crossword Puzzle

Across

1. Knowing words' meanings
3. Priming the cognitive pump in order to recall relevant prior knowledge and experiences
4. Engaging in learning dialogues with text through question answering
7. Reading quickly for the main idea, looking at headings and summaries.
8. Fiction, comics, and magazines often read for fun!
11. Textbooks, news, and articles often read to gain facts
13. Searching rapidly for specific data like names, dates, or keywords.
15. Searching a variety of sources in order to select appropriate information to answer questions
17. Understanding letters and sounds
19. Bringing together what is spoken (written) in the text, what is unwritten in the text, and what is already known
20. Close, detailed analysis of short texts for deep comprehension.

Down

2. Evaluating a text, questioning arguments, and analyzing facts
5. Restating the meaning of text in one's own words
6. Understanding a text's meaning
9. Reading longer texts (novels, magazines) for pleasure and general understanding
10. Involves inference, analysis, and connecting to background knowledge
12. Reading smoothly and accurately
14. Silent reading (faster, quiet) or Oral/Loud reading (for practice or performance)
16. Thinking about how and what one is reading, both during and after the act of reading, for purposes of determining if one is comprehending the text
18. Constructing a mental image for the purpose of extracting meaning from the text

\$10 Tim Hortons Gift Card for the first to submit with all the correct answers!

Submit to Ariell at

arielena1982@gmail.com

Want to Self-Publish?



Local author Anjula Evans has put together a workshop that covers how to publish with KDP, get your book into print and on Amazon, and then publish with Ingram Spark to make your book available in bookstores.

Watch Anjula's step-by-step video on Self-Publishing, and download free PDFs with important links and information.





Mississauga Writers' Group

We are a group of writers who established this forum to share our experiences and pursue our dreams through creativity, knowledge, and mutual respect. We want to learn from our strengths and talents and have enjoyable and stimulating conversations.

Contact Us

Elizabeth Banfalvi (President)
info@mississaugawritersgroup.ca

Submissions for ezine
ezine.mississaugawritersgroup@gmail.com

Website
www.mississaugawritersgroup.ca

Socials
www.facebook.com/MississaugaWritersGroup

Mississauga Writers' Group

PLACE
STAMP
HERE