



*Women in my life*

Forever  
 In a hall of  
 Glass  
 Searching for the door  
 I was not  
 Reflected in the glass walls  
 or ceilings  
 They said  
 I was not

Sudden  
 In-sight  
 My eyes closed  
 Opened, refocused  
 And the walls were lined  
 With silver  
 Reflecting  
 Ideas, experience  
 Beyond words

Forever  
 You  
 Are the source and  
 Purpose  
 The silver lining  
 Of the cloud  
 In your eyes I see  
 Myself  
 The door

Laura Makarenko

*After*

It is that vulnerable moment  
 after  
 I fasten clasps and button buttons  
 feeling more naked  
 not less  
 with each article of clothing  
 and you open your mouth  
 and I cringe  
 because anything you say  
 may be held against me

-Dana James

*Mystery or Vacancy*

As neutral as your existence,  
 "It's hard for us to understand"  
 you recite...  
 Your passionless pleas are so vacant  
 you cease to exist in my mind.  
 The blur, the generality, the unreality  
 of your emotion binds me;  
 not to something solid  
 that I could break free from,  
 but to some lurking, hanging flat line  
 from which I am powerless to flee.  
 I seek from you some primal scream;  
 some action to justify my existence in your eyes.  
 For this I hate you.  
 My passion knows no limits.  
 I can love to hate you or  
 hate loving you.  
 Either way I am broken.

Mouthing softly empty words,  
 praises from a vacant mind  
 shrouded by mystery.  
 You call yourself a man.  
 Well woe-man am I  
 and my words are solid,  
 built with bricks which  
 I have laid around me.  
 Do not ask me to get on my knees  
 and look up at you.  
 I resist my chains and bonds  
 and my spirit will soar with freedom.  
 MAN/WOMAN/CHILD  
 ANIMAL/MINERAL/VEGETABLE  
 -slavery of labels.  
 Your idea of me, and me, belong  
 as separate things.  
 I cannot be your yes-man  
 because I am woe-man  
 And I bear too much already.  
 Do not pretend to know me.  
 Your silent judgements could fill volumes,  
 but to me your non-words  
 are not mystery but vacancy.

Tryna Booth

*dreams*

the conciousness  
 I refer to  
 in waking hours  
 seems void of the joy it feels  
 when I'm dreaming  
 in those places  
 where it can be  
 exactly who it wants  
 can screw who it likes and beat up all the  
 bad guys  
 and kill the rabid grizzly with its bare hands  
 when I'm dreaming  
 no one tells it to sit up straight  
 work hard  
 be a good sport  
 it can say what it feels  
 yell if it needs to  
 cry, no, not cry,  
 it only does that  
 when I'm not dreaming

Sandra MacLean

**WOMEN  
 ARE NOT  
 CHUCKS**



*Untitled*

Kneeling, I lick the salt from your skin,  
 mesmerized by the rise and fall of your voice,  
 praying to your gods of ice and ego.  
 I feel my innocence slip through your fingers  
 like sand  
 or shards of glass.

Left alone now,  
 in the moon yellowed night,  
 ice crystals snapping beneath my soles,  
 wrapped in the warmth of the mixture of liquids,  
 which evaporate with the rising sun.

-Dana James