

**Literary Page**

**JASPER AVENUE  
SOLILOQUY**

We curse the beauty the world brought us, afraid it would tarnish with palm-sweat, sexual juices and tears.

We welcome death like a lover, free of disease, unpaying, unpaid.

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Can ya score me some "T's?" I'm holdin' some "R's" last year's depression, three doctors and Social Services left me. I am the widow of a diabetic, my "rigs" are clean. Let us make love on the floor of this old hotel with the lights on so the roaches will hide. Let us hide in our minds made beautiful by chemistry in our flesh deflowered by steel syringes, in our blood flowing like post-crucifixion tears. Let us lay on this carpet between wine stains, roach burns and semen and stare at the naked bulb where the moths perform rituals like repentant monks.

There are three "Vitamin C's" on the table for you, fresh from the factory bought by my body.

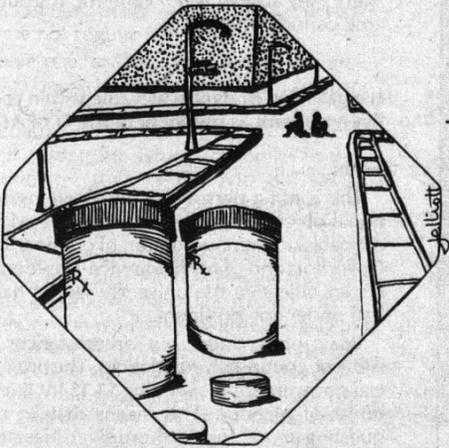
Now, darling, swallow them all, come over here. I cannot move. Let me feel you next to me as we both slip away...

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And this is called love on the Avenue, the Strip — the absence of everything the great numbing void.

And this is called death — resurrection, coming down.

And Jesus is a dealer when the government cheques come in.



**Poetry by  
Ky Perraun**

**THE NEW  
TREATY**

(for L, Dene Angel)  
I am alone in a very clean room with a very young Chief. He is teaching me the language that has no word for "good-bye". His body is raw silk, it interferes with my scholarship. I dive beneath the covers to the root of the problem. He speaks in a language not Dene not English, but Universal. We understand each other perfectly.

I hereby invite all leaders to follow our example: World peace begins where two people gather in love. The bedrooms not the boardrooms will decide our fate. It takes a woman to understand this. It takes a woman to write this down.

Damn the MacKenzie Valley Pipeline! It will no longer exist. Damn the tightened reservation borders! They will no longer exist. Damn discrimination! It will no longer exist.

I hereby give you back all of your land, my love. Now teach me again the words for my body.

**BALLAD OF  
THE DENE**

You, foreigner, thief, bringer of plagues stand before us now, with strange promises. We do not trust you. Our memories are long.

You offer us your ways in return for our land. You offer us your religion in return for our culture.

We are dying. You offer us new treaties the old still not honored.

We are lost. You hand us very strange direction: Technology and Progress.

But no law rules the Spirit.

I shall dance on your doorstep when you segregate me. I shall sit on your grave when you've been posthumously convicted of slaughter. I will not disappear.

See my brother, the eagle my sister, the sun. See my river, my lake see my land. I shall live on.

I shall not disappear.

I am a human being. Nothing more. Nothing less.

And you, foreign one — I must continuously remind myself and my people — are a human being, too. Nothing more. Nothing less.

You too will live on.

The Spirit World, my friend awaits us both.

**BEHIND THE  
BATTLE LINES**

Who taught you these phrases my love, that furrow your brow and tighten your torso?

Go out and conquer nations, I say but later, when the world and governments demand it.

Your uniform is drying on the line. Your weapons are safe behind my stereo speakers. Your anger should lie between my discarded textbooks. When we lay naked together we should speak only of love.

Yes, I will go with you if you need my support. Yes I will lead the women and children in a suffused, subversive battle.

But now, when the Sun is setting on my neighbourhood of displaced Europeans, and your haunting ground is just coming alive, let us foresake politics, economic disparity land claims and all of that pain for the pleasure we undressed here to find.

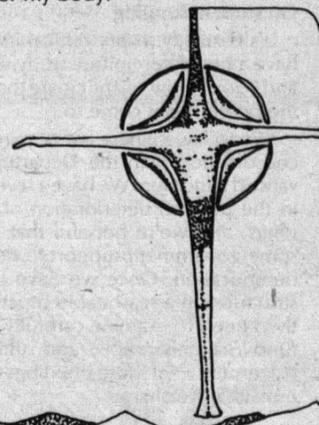
The Old Canada can wait another night.

**EVERY  
WOMAN,  
EVERY MAN**

Mother Mary was a virgin. I never was. But when you withdrew from me, moist as a newborn I shall make you lie in my manger, your mouth at my breast, dressed in swaddling clothes beneath some heavenly star that perhaps transports aliens or falls in a red glimmer to a distant desert never to be found.

And when you grow weary of my company and love I shall wave you away to the rest of the world where I know they will crucify you for telling the truth.

Then I shall be the innocent harlot who washes your bloody feet in my tears, with my hair though I never sold my body for anything less than your love.



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