



untitled

she sits                      legs open  
in the flesh zoo  
conscious of her prison  
on display  
for biological examination

-Dana James

*Not Being Me*

there are days when I'm with my body and  
mind  
and days when I'm not  
where sounds and smells get stronger  
and the crying starts much sooner  
the air seems heavy  
last spring  
I fell in love  
with that feeling  
of never knowing who I was  
I wanted to grow up as someone else  
I wanted to love someone else  
to always feel  
the way I'm not

Sandra MacLean

*One Summer Vacation*

Chilling remembrances of those days past,  
elusive resolutions mocking the timeclock,  
dancing alone when there is no music —  
my back up against the wall.  
Red paper hearts  
dangling from dead branches;  
signifying everything...  
hours and days heavy with unspoken anger,  
falling stars and growing bellies,  
physical slashings and verbal lashings,  
mocking questions on state of mind —  
"what is it that you are so afraid of?"  
Sanity versus lucidity—  
giving away what wasn't mine to give...  
packed bags in the closet:  
now you see me, now you don't.  
Separated not by space but by lies,  
however, the walls are solid.

Now reduced to you, looking at the  
world through an empty bottle,  
watching for limbo dancers under the  
toilet stall doors. Driven mad.

Tryna Booth



*In My Garden*

Through the damp greenness padding with swaying barefoot steps;  
rounded belly,  
heavy breasts,  
thighs wet with menstrual blood...  
Darklight filters through vines thickly hanging with pollen -  
cups of gold,  
and the smell of you mixes with the heavy sweet air  
on my naked skin.

But your razor tongue blade slips down my throat  
choking, my own blood frothing through my own mouth  
gaping eyes edged white  
wordless sounds of animal limbs howling  
caught in steel trapped tongue  
while you force your words between my legs  
in my garden.

-Dana James

*Plea to Kali*

Mother hear me.  
Help me to accept with strength your trials.  
Let me draw on your anger.  
Grant me the ability to make change,  
To love my own power,  
And to recognize that you are the Struggle.  
Thank you, mother of all women.  
Thank you Kali, the fierce cry inside of me,  
Waiting to be born.

Mother hear me.  
With power and grace  
Carry me to the other side of destruction.

Meg Green

If you can't hear the Mother in the wind,  
Her wild laughter, Her rage,  
Her screech of pain;  
If you can't feel Her comfort-touch,  
Then where is the hope?  
There is no life without the Mother,

Although the Father-God has beaten Her,  
Ridiculed and raped Her,  
Women can be Her shelter.  
We can return to Her breast,  
Reclaim our lives,  
Take what is ours.

If you listen you will hear.  
In the memory of every woman  
Cries the song of Life.

Meg Green

NOBODY CAN PUSH BACK AN OCEAN IT'S GONNA RISE UP IN WAVES AND NOBODY CAN STOP THE WIND FROM BLOWIN STOP A MIND FROM GROWIN SOMEBODY  
MAY STOP MY VOICE FROM SINGING BUT THE SONG WILL LIVE ON AND ON YOU CAN'T KILL THE SPIRIT IT'S LIKE A MOUNTAIN OLD AND STRONG IT LIVES ON  
AND ON NOBODY CAN STOP A WOMAN FROM FEELIN THAT SHE HAS TO RISE UP LIKE THE SUN SOMEBODY MAY CHANGE  
THE WORDS WE'RE SAYING BUT THE TRUTH WILL LIVE ON AND ON YOU CAN'T KILL THE SPIRIT  
IT'S LIKE A MOUNTAIN OLD AND STRONG  
IT LIVES ON AND ON

NAOMI LITTLEBEAR