

Week of Reflection

WEEK OF REFLECTION

For the Montreal Fourteen Who Lived and Died in the Heartbeat of Women

To add my voice to the community of women as we raise our hearts and our voices and our hands in time of sorrow and healing in December of 1989.

For every woman voice left in sorrow and in silence for every woman breast left bruised and aching for every woman eye left red and drowned in the well of tears

for every woman-place entered in anger entered in pain entered without mercy without wanting without love without love

for every woman dream left shallow for every woman hand in a fist of empty rage rage rage

for every woman-want denied devalued belittled ignored unanswered

for every woman body torn and bleeding for every woman heart torn asunder for every woman place hollow bare plundered raped bereft and left wanting

We stand and we shout weep shout testify

We raise the heart and hands of sorrow and of mourning and of healing this womanist body politic.

—Maxine Tynes from "Woman Talking Woman"

Untitled

My father's violence, my private property the flinching of my sisters my son's fingers digging into my face

my foolish idolization of an absent mother

these are the things i own these are the things i don't have to share

these are my private possessions

touch them i'll kill you

Joanne Arnott

Open Windows

Tonight when I cup my hand beneath your breast (fountain and pillow of felicity) your womb shudders with possibility suctioned from you, and your sigh is pain. Pressed even gently against me, you ache; the best choice, made, presses us both. How will it be held between us, this complicity in what we can't repeat? Silken, we nest aloft, sleep curled. Reflected from the snow, a dawn lamp glints up through your tall window. Uptown, my child will wake, ask where's her mother. Promised, I inhale you, descend from you, gather scattered woollens, gather my wits to go from one hard choice, love chosen, to the other.

Marilyn Hacker



Work with me on this

My fear has been perfected. It has become a science for me, a check list. It consumes me in every facet of my life from what route I should take to get home to how much longer I allow myself to be a target of this man's verbal abuse. I will get a cab, pray for a safe driver and no slurs, I'll walk away as soon as I find a polite enough excuse to do so.

I am not yet at the changing point. That point in my life when I can stop fearing and become brave. That point when all your past becomes past, not present, not future. They tell me it will come when I "Get over it".

Seven years of sexual abuse by my brother.

"Work on it." Raped at age sixteen "Work on it."

Countless sexual slurs against my 'over' developed body.

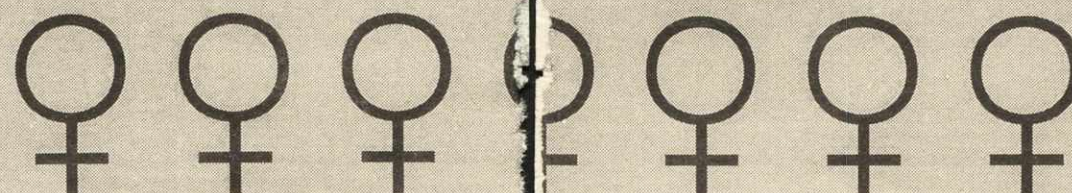
"Work on it." Media's forced feeding of ideal women.

"Work on it." Fourteen women slaughtered "Work on it"

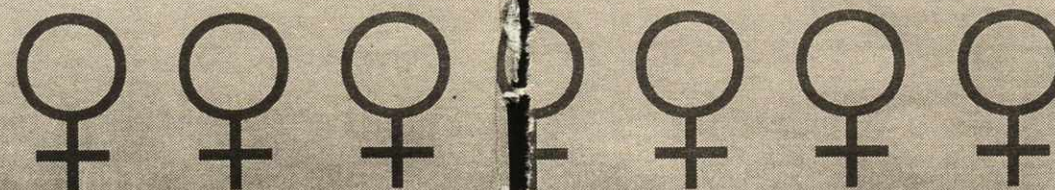
I DON'T WANT TO WORK ON IT!

I'm tired and worn and I give up. My fingers continue to type and these words keep coming out. I know I will survive, exist, but will I ever thrive? Will I claim my space and hold my ground screaming "I'm not afraid any more?"

Katrina



Because woman's work is never done and is underpaid or unpaid for boring or repetitious and we're the first to get the sack and what we look like is more important than what we do and if we get raped it's our fault and if we get bashed we must have provoked it and if we raise our voices we're nagging bitches and if we enjoy sex we're nymphos and if we don't we're rigid and if we love women it's because we can't get a "real" man and if we ask our doctor too many questions we're neurotic and/or pushy and if we expect community care for children we're selfish and if we stand up for our rights we're aggressive and "unfeminine" and if we don't we're typical weak females and if we want to get married we're out to trap a man and if we don't we're unnatural and because we still can't get an adequate safe contraceptive but men can walk on the moon and if we can't cope or don't want a pregnancy we're made to feel guilty about abortion and... for lots and lots of other reasons we are part of the women's liberation movement.



Musings of A South Asian Woman in the Wake of the Montreal Massacre

In the wake of the Montreal Massacre Indeed the number 14 Indeed the name Marc Lepine Will be etched in our minds And herstory.

14 women 14 white women 14 white middle class women Selected... Target ...

Fell... Victim... Dead ... A statement Of widespread misogyny

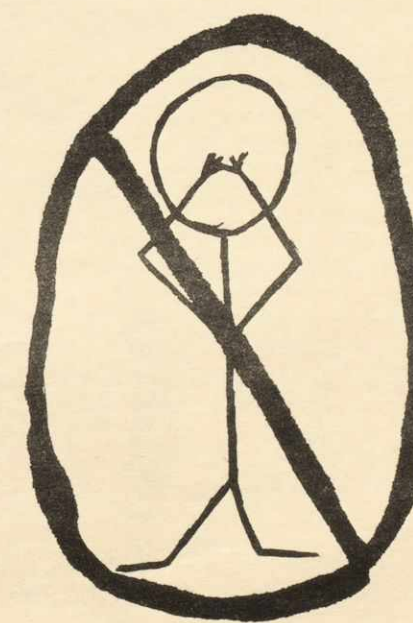
Yes I, a non-white woman A woman of Colour Raged... Mourned... Grieved... With you The white counterparts of the feminist community

And No I could not Rage, mourn or grieve with you As you would have liked me to For you have yet To ...Rage

Mourn Grieve And Resist The daily violence On the street In the home In our lives The lives of non-white women and white working class women.

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Did you know In Rexdale 2 Black women And 1 South Asian woman Were shot at Just before the Massacre? Did you? No. I am not surprised I hear that Answer so many times.

Can't you see White or Black We are in it Together And only in coming together Will there be freedom For you, me and us For no woman is free Till all women are free

Until then I Rage... Mourn ... Grieve... And Resist With A Difference

Rita Kohli



I Am a Woman

I'm not a man, I'm not a child, I'm not a lady. I am proud of my body and my beauty, and I'll show them off when I feel like it. It doesn't mean I'm a slut, and I'm not advertising. I am proud of my mind and my ideas, and I know how and when to use them. It doesn't mean I think I'm smarter or better than you. I am special, and I like to be treated that way—buy me a rose, hold open a door, but don't be ashamed if I do the same for you, because you are as special as I am. I do not follow, and I do not lead. I am not your reflection, or your equal. We are different. That's what makes life fun. We can do the same things, just in different ways. We have the same goals, just different means. I am proud of my heart and soul, and what I do, And I am not ashamed to admit I admire you.

Korie Marshall