

# WEEK of REFLECTION

## Beauty

She always looks away,  
And pretends to be innocent of my eyes.  
And when we talk she seems so sad.  
Her body seems to bleed for the things  
that she keeps inside.  
And I don't know if she is sad for herself  
or for me.

How could I ever explain,  
That her eyes remind me of a friend who  
was once raped?  
And when I am sad,  
She seems indifferent.  
Her honesty is every bit as cruel as it is  
beautiful.  
She is beautiful.

They will never bend her to their will;  
Bend her and she will break.  
Their hands will reach out to her body,  
And soil her with their touch.  
They will get inside her body.  
They will get inside her body.  
But to me she will remain untouched...  
And beautiful.

Sean Kirby

## Target Outside

I hate this, this apathy  
I hate the way we all turn our heads,  
And allow our sisters and daughters to  
be victimized.  
Easy Targets.

It's not just physical.  
It's not that clinical.  
It's about fear and it's about shame.  
Violation. Degradation.  
When we do nothing to stop it we are  
the ones to blame.

Target Outside, the streets are not safe  
For women to walk at night.  
And we seem to play upon this fear;  
We take by force what is not ours.

Is this what it means to be a Man?  
Sean Kirby

the rape of a girl  
- a hazing

mingling  
soft protrusions  
like fingers  
on the hands of dolls and  
bears

grasping for reality  
profess to be human  
humanity is lost

sinking  
in stupor  
vile as the breath  
of one drunk the night before  
who asks, "How are you?"

the breath  
not sweet  
not putrid  
hangs  
thick  
too stupid to speak a word

dullness  
prevails  
though senses would be  
sharp  
bludgeons sensibilities

insult reigns

the skin  
the sweat  
cool  
sickeningly unfresh  
like the floor  
that breeds dirt  
under a mat  
in a crack

the brand leaves  
its teptid blood  
oozing  
from the scar cut deep

innocence  
unexpected  
the softness  
of a thumbnail  
soothes a waiting a hip

tears  
fall  
like cinders like soot  
stain the face -  
those eyes  
those lips

eyes decay

breasts heave  
lack beauty  
there is no poetic justice

who wonders  
of fading ambers  
is gone  
dreams  
dolls hands bears

violently extinguished

Corie Berryman

## Take Back the Night

Take back the night  
Steal the darkness  
from the shadowy streets,  
shove back into  
the corners of our closets  
and lock the door.  
Then we shall finally rest  
in comfort and contentment  
and dream of sweet tomorrows  
Where dusk is light  
with promise  
and there is no dread  
in the decline of day.

Stephanie Birdsell

## ...fourteen women were shot...

After the news fear set in,  
Not fear from any physical threat  
but from the horrific reality  
of a brief journey I took inward  
and found little emotion  
for the fourteen fallen women.

Panicked, madly searching about my head  
my emotions failed me; denial set in...  
...he was a freak, an aberration, a psychopath,  
you can't ever protect against that.  
There should be better gun laws...  
...blew his brains out? Well there you go,  
problem solved.

But it didn't last, my reason was blown apart  
by anxious pain ripping through my brain.  
Turning, I saw LePine shooting his gun in my head.  
No freak or aberration, no freakin' aberration,  
he was in my head and he looked just like me  
polishing his gun affectionately named 'mmsogyny'  
I screamed at him, "How close am I? How close am I?"

"...as close you could pull the trigger,  
in fact, each day you do nothing about this you do."  
K.C.

## Aunt Jennifer's Tigers

Aunt Jennifer's tigers stride across a screen,  
Bright topaz denizens of a world of green.  
They do not fear the men beneath the tree;  
They pace in sleek chivalric certainty.

Aunt Jennifer's fingers fluttering through her wool  
Find even the ivory needle hard to pull.  
The massive weight of Uncle's wedding band  
Sits heavily upon Aunt Jennifer's hand.

When Aunt is dead, her terrified hands will lie  
Still ringed with ordeals she was mastered by.  
The tigers in the panel that she made  
Will go on surging, proud and unafraid.

Adrienne Rich

## Night

I wonder where they find  
the energy to keep on asking  
asking-asking. Curbside  
shuffle and prerecorded  
preach: the Rabble rap.

"got any spare change? got  
any spare change? got any  
spare change?"

for a 17-year-old?"  
Sadder than any song  
because it never ends. Where  
are his friends, where are his  
parents, where is his lover? I  
want to ask him this, have a  
heart to heart: what do you  
really want the money, for  
kid? Are you just shamming?  
"No, I don't have a quarter,  
Sorry."

Pathetic. Me or him? Yes I  
have a goddamn quarter, but  
you'll probably just spend it  
on drugs or booze or ciga-  
rettes and I can't even afford  
cigarettes myself, gotta buy  
books, and "got any spare  
change for 17-year-old?"

What? Why the hell aren't  
you in school in, kid? Will a  
quarter give me the right to  
ask?

Tomorrow I will put up a  
postcard, take out a classified  
ad: Large (ending) Large  
(understanding) Large (once  
guy) wanted for weekly  
night-time walking encoun-  
ter. Afraid of the dark? Yes.  
What a set up.

Am I just too proud? Do I  
need to wheedle a little more,  
look pathetic, helpless,  
female? How can I help, but  
look that way I look every  
way when I'm walking down  
the beautiful tree-lined  
streets and I mean big trees  
the trunks are man-sized the  
quiet houses flower beds cats  
the occasional comfortable  
light a warm house a boy's  
friend a kitchen a mom kids.  
I'm out of breath stalling this  
run I hope I look like a guy  
in my new short hair and  
black rocker jacket. The  
zippers could do some dam-  
age, I think. How does a guy  
walk anyway? All those  
nude figure drawing classes  
never taught me that. A body  
in motion. A body in trouble  
in the dark streets their  
driveways all so dark but not  
quite as dark as the cars  
sidling up to the curb just as  
quiet though as the alley-  
ways between the dark  
concrete buildings the  
crevasse the cracks in  
shadow where I could slip  
unnoticed. Who would know?  
I live in a house where I lock  
the my door (my bedroom  
door) when I go out.

"Oh no, don't leave your  
boots there. In the front  
foyer," Leah says, "someone  
will steal them."

Leah's Mom

What? We have a front  
door we have numbers on the  
house we are people inside  
we have warm lights. There  
is a lock. What?

I have 's 300 depress and  
my right hand has switched  
fingers for three nasty  
keyblades. They could gouge  
out an eyeball, leave a jagged  
scar. What?

But would it be enough? I  
even wonder about wearing a  
scarf, could I be tragically  
strangled by my own scarf?  
Would it fall to the ground in  
a struggle, poetic pathetic  
reminder that someone was  
here? They would find it in  
the morning and know it was  
mine. A kind of chalk draw-  
ing sprawled on the road.  
Then they would find me,  
following a trail of clothing.  
Actually, I'd come after the  
trail of clothing, they'd find me.  
And draw a real chalk  
drawing. Or is that just in  
the movies? The chalk  
drawing I mean.

How romantic.  
Who's they anyways? I can  
count who I know in this  
strange city on one hand: a  
finger and a thumb joined at  
the tip. O.

I hear Leah come in. The  
bang of her bedroom door.  
Christ she always bangs it so  
hard. I don't think it fits the  
jamb quite right. And she  
has about five locks. OK, not  
quite that many. I think the  
damn thing's gonna cave in  
some day.

"I am a pioneer and sports is my frontier. It's been hard for  
a woman to be strong fast and feminine, but that's changing.  
I'm muscular, but that strength and endurance enhances, not  
diminishes my femininity. I can wear six-inch nails and one-  
legged bodysuits and set world records. And leave a lot of  
men in the dust."

Florence Griffith-Joyner

## Books of Interest

*The Bell Jar*, Sylvia Plath  
— an account of an American  
woman's breakdown and  
treatment

*The Dance of Intimacy*,  
Harriet Goldhor Lerner, PhD  
— a woman's guide to coura-  
geous acts of change in key  
relationships

*Bobbie Lee Indian Rebel*,  
Lee Maracle  
— an autobiography of an  
Indian woman's life that goes  
beyond basic survival to  
fighting back against cul-  
tural genocide

*Feminism Unmodified*,  
Catherine MacKinnon  
— discourses on life and law,  
a look at sexual politics and  
the law

*Women of Influence*,  
Fanny Koon  
Canadian Women and  
politics, an historical per-  
spective

*In A Different Voice*,  
Carol Gilligan  
— psychological theory and  
women's development

*Woman and Social Change*,  
Joni Dawn Wine and Janice  
L. Ristock  
— feminist activism in  
Canada

*Pornography and the Sex*,  
Crisis Susan Cole  
— a look at the lived reality  
of pornography — what is it?  
What are its effects? What  
can we do about it?

*A Room of One's Own*,  
Virginia Woolf

*Writing the Circle: Native*  
*Women of Western Canada*

*The Chalice and the Blade*,  
R. Eisler  
— a history of goddess  
religion and its influence  
through time

*Talking Back: Thinking*  
*Feminist, Thinking Black;*  
*Am I A Woman: Black*  
*Women and Feminism;*  
*Feminist Theory: From*  
*Margen to Center*, Jodi Kooker

*The Second Sex, The Mandarins*,  
Simone de Beauvoir

*The Fact of a Divergence:*  
*Poems Selected and New,*  
1950-1984, Adrienne Rich

*The Skeptical Feminist*,  
Janet Radcliffe Richards  
— liberal feminism

*Ways of Seeing*, John Berger  
— images in art and adver-  
tising

*Beyond Power: On Women,*  
*Men and Morals*, Marilyn  
French  
— sexuality

*The Tent Peg*, Aritha van  
Herk

*The Mermaid and the*  
*Minotaur: Sexual Arrangements*  
*and Human Misfits*,  
Dorothy Dinnerstein  
— psychoanalysis

*Reflections on Gender and*  
*Sexual*, Evelyn Fox Keller