



Photo Sara avMaat

**POETRY**

**G R O W I N G U P**

As a kid I thought  
life was so wonderful,  
so harmless,  
who would ever want to hurt me,  
or who would I ever hurt?

I'd never kill an animal  
(though my brother shot birds)  
I'd never leave my parents  
(I'd be there to protect them always)  
I'd never hurt anyone  
(and no-one could hurt me)

then I grew up...  
no, I'd never hurt animals  
(I just killed mink)  
I'd never leave my parents  
(Just realized it was me, not them, who  
needed protecting and went away to  
school)  
I'd never hurt anyone  
(but, unable to see beyond my own pain,  
managed to anyway)

Growing up was a process  
of gradual  
disillusionment.

Which was better,  
the ignorance of childhood,  
or the bittersweet knowledge  
or maturity?

**BY LISA TIMPF**

**MURDERED, SILENCED**

*Murdered women  
Wailing on the mountains  
Blinding white snow walls  
Painful, angry, terrifying wails  
An avalanche of millions of women's  
murdered voices  
Murdered cut off raped silenced  
Trees ripped from frozen soil  
Stone walls cracked  
Thousands of tons of snow  
Falling, falling, failing, falling  
Murdered women raped beaten  
silenced  
Covered by silent snow  
Burning snow, deadly snow  
Snow flames  
Mountain of anguish  
Wailing, waiting, wailing, wailing  
Screaming  
Falling, failing.*

**BY LOIS CORBETT**

**MY WOMEN IN RELIGION COURSE**

I had this Women in Religion course  
once, taught by a man.

I didn't like it.  
Religion with a big "R" is not my  
spirituality.

Religion is escape, banishment, pun-  
ishment, confession, confusing, destruc-  
tion, penalty, codes, laws, black, white,  
death, war and hate.

Religion is not love, peace, life, pure,  
discovery, question, sanctity.

Religion is blood without body; bones  
broken, not healed; water spilt, not  
drank.

Religion is torn flesh, not healing  
powers or health.

I'm tired of turning the cheek.  
Women's cheeks have been slapped  
forever.

**By SHERRY KELLY**

**W I T H T H I S R I N G**

Out, out damn spot.  
That Lady got it right.  
Out, out I want to yell  
At this spot, this band on my hand.  
Blood spilt on the altar.  
Consecrated in god's sight  
Tied, boned, bound.  
Out, out damn man.  
out of my sight  
My life.  
If loud words could only wash away  
The pain the lies the anger  
You left on my hands  
With this ring.

**BY LOIS CORBETT**

**O N P H I L O S O P H Y**

Enjoy the  
logic  
of it all;  
glorify  
in the  
reason,  
the  
mathematical precision.  
Nay, but  
consider  
the following  
syllogism:  
All men are mortal.  
Socrates is a man.  
Therefore, Socrates is a mortal.

Socrates is a tree!  
What do I care  
for the  
obvious  
or the  
abstruse;  
the former  
comes even to fools;  
the latter  
often useless in the world we must live in.

But even that syllogism  
contains  
the inescapable logic,  
the chilling realization,  
all men are mortal.

**BY LISA TIMPF**

