

WEEK OF REFLECTION

The Montreal Massacre

I
To the child alive and well caught up in her thoughts obliquely on this Monday with things to do she heads toward the lot where Sunday she'll be laid to rest

There is an evil person who loves you don't look now he's coming from far away to meet up with you he knows you're not afraid of him

His heart brand new the brain eaten away by twenty-five years of hatred he's coming closer a hero for your calm youth

In exactly two days you'll be cut to pieces by an heroic double-edged sword this is a first move a prelude to love

a few little bites in your life line and the shattered membrane shocked spurts forth your thoughtful look your joy no going back

uninterrupted cascade all your blood welling to surface

II
To Tuesday's student massacred Wednesday buried Thursday

Don't stop to pick the too red December crocuses

There is a young man who loves you clothed in white terror Don't rush to meet him Don't tremble when he sees you

He's only after dread He has one desire only to see pure terror rise in your eyes

This young man is a flame-thrower he will reduce you to ashes before the day is out

He wants only to catch your breath between the pages of night put it on the cross Friday leafing through the frozen specks of his short memory

meanwhile your brief life oozes like childhood around the edge of your dreams which he will have taken from you without asking

III
To the young woman of the morning who will be mowed down at five in the evening her place is marked already under snow that flies up behind her muted step

you will be carried to the earth in a car like dark water filed in thought since the dawn of your meeting among this scarlet week's cut roses

There is a jackal who loves you dangerously He wants to touch your heart and today makes ready to riddle it with bullets

Yesterday he tried to close the threshold of your flesh with the iron padlock of his iron love and on your youthful body like on an antique chest he almost placed the seals

You are his shadow cast for all eternity no matter what

His fierce love is phosphorescent in the day's opaque light

It's you or him It's your life against his it's your heart against his

IV
To the schoolgirl of late morning quietly writing who will die a violent death that afternoon reciting her adulterated history lesson

Be careful There is a boy who loves you helplessly You are in danger

He is born of man without end born of haunted night determined to destroy you since your very first day

Your body is the privileged portion of space he chose to annihilate He gave himself the mission to rid the species of your tenacious existence

You are in danger in your classroom as the setting sun glints off your cheek

He is the secret weapon that bursts into the room and before the blackboard engineers the fatal blow the fall for ever and ever

He forbids you ever to go through this door the way your brother can, the heart beating

Anonymous

Well I think that to be anatomically accurate all female dolls that men make should be made with necks that tilt forward.

One more thing unreal about Barbie is that she doesn't look down when Ken's around.

Jeremy Beckett

GIMME SOME MOREGASM

The thing about pornography is that it is safe. For the men, I mean. -who watch it, that is. As long as you don't share toys.

As long as Mr. Johnny Hand is clean. It's safe.

Assuming there's only you there, you can watch the hydraulic fucking all you want; dick in, dick out clit cunt oh oh oh. Spurt.

It's a vicarious condom. But do you know the price others pay for you?

The women used and used-up, unfulfilled? She-one could have been a mathematician. She-two dreams of art. (He's a damn good actor, by the way, not that you'd know it.) Or we, for that matter. Ever.

The kids-surprise, surprise! (Hello boys and girls-bend over, that's right, that's all you are, were, or ever can be. Receptacles.) Didn't know? Oh, I'm sorry I can't think what came, over me. I've just been full of myself, that is.

You can stumble over a grave if you aren't careful. Cold feet? Cold as a corpse, snuffle, snuffle.

Broken veins, ground glass, eviscerated response to a knife. Jack. Spurt.

Irving

Dwight raped me he tried to fuck me but settled for a blow

The 'guys' got to serve gas to the cars while their friends hung around the store "girls are more pleasing when they work in the store" so I got to talk to Dwight

Do they all know? of course they know making bets who could sleep with me first Dwight wins, WHAT A MAN!!!

Even now, almost a year later, they still know...

But my sisters don't know my parents don't know my friends don't know

Do they wonder why when they stop there I don't hop out anxiously to pump the gas, as usual? Why do I shrink in my seat, staring at the floor? Why don't I talk for the rest of the drive home?

They know I hate that station, maybe now they'll know why...

Anonymous

Not so much fun, is it? Green around the gills? the girls? Well, do yourself a favour and go watch a safe porn flick. Flick. Spurt. It's fun, I've done it, no harm done. Nobody there, though.

Look, do yourself a favour and find someone alive who'll do you favourably. That one there; she's not too young, but her ass isn't wrinkled yet. If she turns one more trick tonight her pimp won't beat her. She has a few years yet before her pussy's all beat out.

Yeah, do her a favour. At least she's real, skin against skin, breath and bloodshot eyes. Don't look for love though. Her face is a mirror; she rents her body and she's had enough of you. And you and. Spurt.

(Or he's had, etc., etc...but as far as you can see he's a she, right? End of digression.)

You're afraid aren't you? Aren't you. Turn around. Slowly. She's right behind you, too real, too real. Too late: you're stuck, boxed; can yawn? good 'cause you're sleeping alone tonight.

Jeremy Beckett

THE NAME TO FREEDOM

-1-
"I'm sorry. Just kick me down, shun me out. I don't care, I'm invincible; of course I am, I take alot of shit. Steel. If it makes you feel better, anything. Anything, I understand. As long as you still love me, anything. I'll still love you. Bastard." I watch him from across the table. His eyes have crinkles, not only when he smiles now. I am being denied of life's sweet victories. Rather, I am denying myself of these. I cannot give you the song of my soul. It lies, clenched deep inside. Oh so Cold Oh so High When will we learn to fly? Why did I learn to lie?

-2-
I rush to the mailbox at 9:20 a.m. just like every day only to find nothing from you again

again
so my heart drops out though I don't know why since you were the one who tore my heart, my life, my senses apart

apart
and I wonder why I went on through more pain, more pain why I let you explain how it was good for you it was growth and really improvement when you swore and hurt and bashed around

so now you're gone across the ocean and I'm glad so I don't know why I rush to the mailbox at 9:20 a.m. just like every day only to find nothing from you again

again

-3-
Game is always the same. Always comes round to the thin one losing, dying, eaten away by a lack of everything - Truth, Food - stomach engulfed. Somehow a role is always played by the Black Queen - crosses over to the hardened knight, picking away at his soul. I see not how I can endure in a house of imbalance and fury, among these strangers who call themselves my parents, who curse and blame as I sneak away to a quiet place. An image creeps into me of kissing, touching someone in torrents of hard rain. I try to force it away, but realize it's okay, as long as it doesn't flash deep inside, leave an imprint/impression on my life like lightning.

I am the snow I melt to the touch Of the serpent's breaking breath.

-4-
My naked body cuts the night water as I glide past all that I know I am leaving far behind. Though the cold humbs me the air is sweet, the water calm, the star bright. When I was just a little child, I wanted to reach and touch the sky. Now I'm just a woman, and I want the same thing. So love me softly, slowly, smoothly.

If only once we are given opportunity to run naked through flowers, we should embrace it with all our heart. However, the more times the better, and the closer to heaven. I reach into the heart place and retrieve the joy once felt in childhood of leaping through a green field, drinking deep of sweet ice spring water, and melting all over a big rock in the sun by the sea. We are in our nature, brutal yet beautiful and perfect for all that we need, where the strong survive. Dewdrops glow through the dark and cling to the edge of our fireswept conversation. I know I nearly fell victim to the desire to be loved.

-5-
I thrive on this rush through my blood of revolution. At the start of lecture we should all go outside and just feel the earth; feel the texture of the grass under bare feet, feel the soft cool of rain on skin. I want to stop stuffing my brain with knowledge and start filling my self with wisdom. Why is no one teaching us love? I sit here in my unmasked form, devoid of all charm of heart, bleak and unassuming. I long for nothing. A moment ago I saw a spark of life just beginning, and I wondered what it was like, then when I used to dream - in bright primary colours. Spring will soon break free. The tree will bring lemon blossoms and I will place a petal upon your gentle lips.

Tara Gibson

an excerpt from the Dalhousie Women's Centre log book

Thursday, November 18, 1993

I had just dropped by the Centre to pick up my book bag when I was captured by the silence of this place. I really encourage everyone to read the first few pages of this log book - it's a piece of our Q's Centre history. Maybe it's the cold November day with scattered clouds racing across its sky but I find myself remembering back to the day the Centre opened 8 months ago. I had never seen a Q's Centre. I was overwhelmed by how great it all was; a quiet place filled with books and information, all encouraging the Q's spirit. I know many of you don't know the women who wrote the first few messages but I can remember their voices here.

This is turning into an endless monologue by an old-timer, isn't it? I just think that it's very important that we reflect on why we and the Centre are here. I think this is especially important as we head into a heavy and draining Week of Reflection, followed by exams.

I hope that everyone (and everyone's friends) can come out to a lot of the week's events. It's been so busy organizing and scheduling and planning that sometimes I have to remind myself why this week exists and why it continues to be important.

The Week of Reflection should be a time to reflect, discuss, remember, be sad, be angry and make plans for further action. It's also a time for us to recognize and appreciate what women have brought to Dalhousie - talent, goals, dreams, Q spirits, laughter, pain - and that all this is a history of us. Like so much of Q's history (and therefore civilization's history) it is quiet and unwritten but it remains echoing in all corners of this campus, and more recently at 6143 South St.

It is important that we realize that a Q's Centre and a week of Q's events was the dream of many women before us. We continue to work and strive for more, and this week should also be a time to be forward looking.

I hope that the Week of Reflection has something to offer everyone. I also think it's important to create a space in Week of Reflection that's yours where you can get happy, sad, angry or any other emotion that is more difficult to spell! When all is said and done the most valuable thing that we can take from Week of Reflection is something within ourselves.

Lisa