

"Women must be made to feel their responsibilities. All this protective love, their instinctive love, their instinctive mother love, must be organized in some way, and made effective. There is enough of it in the world to do away with all the evils which war upon childhood, undernourishment, slum conditions, child labour, drunkenness. Women could abolish all these if they wanted to."

Nellie McClung

Darkness

And we walked there-
To the edge of a dark swamp
Together in silence
Mist rising we stared into the stillness
And saw nothing
Because we had no eyes

Then the glowing silver ring
Suspended strong by chains
Sent reflections into the mind of darkness
As the sigh of dawn
Laid branches before the path of sunrise
The explosion of colors
Murdered the spirit of absence
Placed poison into the mouth of the night

And the land started the bleed
At first the high areas
Until the powerful wash of light
Replaced all except the shadows
We did not fear or rejoice
Monuments motionless and emotionless
For us the shadows were ours
But light nor dark gave shape to time
And we watched

Light filled the darkness
And even in the swamp
Colors ran together
Like the interior of a shell
And still dark with mystery it called
Yet we turned in blindness and silence
Travelling alone in separate ways
That made not sense or safety.

John Rosborough
(1:39am, Dec. 23, 1989)

Here I sit
in the shadow of my lonely room
just the song we listened to still
playing
...in the shade of your evening smile
saying "The world come together and
it come apart
you smile
I smile
saying "but ain't life a brook?"
or a grocery store
Michele Thibeau

Michael
Quishin
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