

FIREWEED



FIREWEED

FIREWEED COLLECTIVE

Lisa Mesbur
Lisa Bryn Rundle
Shauna Lancit
Jessica Ticktin
Caroline Sin

ART DIRECTION & DESIGN

Zab Design & Typography

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Louise Bak
Sandra Morris
Carmela Murdocca
Erika Savage
Alka Sharma

COVER

Excerpts from Linda Lok's
multimedia series,
"Red: My Story."



THE CANADA COUNCIL
FOR THE ARTS
SINCE 1957

LE CONSEIL DES ARTS
DU CANADA
DEPUIS 1957

n : a hardy perennial so called because it is the first growth to reappear in fire-scarred areas; a troublesome weed which spreads like wildfire invading clearings, bombsites, waste land and other disturbed areas.

EARLY FALL 1999 ISSUE 66 DATE OF ISSUE: OCTOBER 1999
P.O. Box 279, Station B, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5T 2W2
(416) 504-1339 fireweed@web.net

FIREWEED is published four times per year by FIREWEED Inc.
Each selection copyright © 1999 the author. No part of this journal may be reproduced in any form without the permission of the copyright holder.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (1 year) individual \$22, outside Canada \$30; institutions \$35, outside Canada \$45.

Above prices include the GST (#107983663 RT).

ADVERTISING: Back cover \$500; full-page \$300; half-page \$175; quarter-page \$100; eighth-page \$75.

CLASSIFIEDS: 400 words \$150; 200 words \$85; 100 words \$50; 50 words \$35; 25 words \$20; 10 words \$10.

Distribution: (Canada) Canadian Magazine Publisher's Association; (U.S.) Desert Moon Periodicals, Ubiquity Distributors.
Indexed in Canadian Literary Index; Canadian Women's Periodicals Index; Feminist Periodicals: A Current Listing of Contents (U.S.); Sociological Abstracts (U.S.); Softline Information Services (U.S.); Studies on Women Abstracts (U.K.).

Published with the financial assistance of the Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council, and with past financial assistance of the Ontario Government through the Ministry of Culture, Tourism and Recreation. Printed in Canada by Metrolitho.

Publications mail registration number 9069. ISSN 0706-3857
Publications mail agreement number 1396927

Contents

4 EDITORIAL

Poetry

- 6 *Linda Eisenstein*
BOOKS ARE BOMBS
- 7 *Claudette Cohen*
THE LEVITE'S CONCUBINE
- 8 *Rita D. Costello*
IT ENDS WITH A STORY
- 10 *Rita D. Costello*
WHAT I KNOW OF DESIRE
- 12 *Rita D. Costello*
THROUGH THE BACK DOORS
- 16 *Twinkle Keyes*
COCONUT FALLS FROM TREE
- 18 *Twinkle Keyes*
LEARNING TO SPEAK ENGLISH
- 20 *Twinkle Keyes* ORIGAMI BIRD
- 21 *Carrienne Leung*
WHERE I'M FROM
- 23 *Karen Stewart* BLACK HISTORY
- 24 *Christina Springer*
THEY CALL YOU UNCOOPERATIVE
IN THE NUTHOUSE
- 26 *Eva Tihanyi*
BARBIE'S FATHER HAS
A NIGHTMARE
- 27 *Julianna Whiston* STALL
- 29 *Julianna Whiston* DISCOURS
- 31 *Rachel Sahn* APRIL
- 38 *Jennifer Blair*
BECAUSE SHE LIVES IN SEATTLE
- 42 *brenda simmers*
GALIANO IN NOVEMBER
- 43 *brenda simmers*
THIRTEEN AND BEAUTIFUL
- 44 *Jennifer Hoafard*
DUST TO DUST
- 46 *Crystal Hurdle* SWEETNESS
- 48 *Jane Byers* YELLOW
- 49 *Joy Hewitt Mann*
MY MOTHER AS A BIRD
- 51 *Elizabeth Smith* NOTE
- 52 *Helen E. Calclough Melbourne*
CIRCLES AGAIN
- 53 *Unity Durieux* CANCER
- 55 *Cathy Stonehouse*
AFTER THE MASSACRE
- 59 *Elisabeth de Mariaffi* PILGRIM
- 61 *Elisabeth de Mariaffi* DIG
- 62 *Lisa Pasold* CARD TRICKS
- 63 *Rebecca Lee Yates* LOT'S WIFE
- 64 *Amy Wack* BAD HOUSE
- 65 *Sandra Morris*
IN THE BEGINNING
- 66 *Christina K. Hutchins*
SEDIMENTATIONS UNKNOWN
- 68 *Christina K. Hutchins*
WHAT I WANTED TO
ASK BUT DIDN'T
- 69 *Carolyn Jo Doran*
HALOGEN MOON
- 70 *Kathleen Marie Hankinson* GIRL
- 71 *Sarah B. Wiseman* SOUP
- 72 *Sarah B. Wiseman* BOOKS
- 74 *Jennica Harper*
ALL SAINTS' DAY
- 76 *Bridget Wayland* MAPLE HILL
- 77 *Bridget Wayland* INTRICACIES

Art

33 *Sarah Hope Dentigh*

Review

79 *Jennifer Harris* MONKEY PUZZLE

Editorial

As we put together this "Poetry is Political" issue of *Fireweed*, we, individually and collectively, ask a number of questions about what exactly this phrase means for us.

The basis of the title is the 1970s feminist slogan "the personal is political." The slogan and its assumptions opened up new worlds for many women during second wave feminism, and had effects on political discourse that reached beyond the small feminist communities in which it originated. Here was the assumption that the everyday, the intimate, was loaded with political meaning, and that everyday actions could, and did, have political impact. This paradigm brought the world of politics to bear on women's interactions not only with the "patriarchal establishment" but with each other across differences of power, privilege, histories, identities.

Our current editorial collective grew up largely in the midst of, and the wake of, this revolution of perspective. Yet we are asking many of the same questions.

What does this have to do with poetry? Here at *Fireweed* we get an unusually high proportion of our submissions in the form of poetry, perhaps the most marginalized and least lucrative genre for English language writers. In an economy that in no way favours this form of expression, women repeatedly turn to poetry to examine, represent and theorize their lives. Without wanting to make any grand sweeping claims about the status of feminist poetry, we find ourselves wondering again if the very act of claiming a male, European, upper-class canon is not in itself political, if the act of expressing our selves as subjects through poetic writing is not an intervention. And we ask questions about poetry itself — whether all acts of making in innovative ways are always political in that they constantly invent and change the social world.

We also find ourselves wondering, however, if it is dangerous to accept this broad definition of the political. If everything becomes political, then what language do we have left for the concrete

questions of economic and social power which have been more overtly understood as political?

The poetry in this volume speaks to, and raises, these questions in various ways. We hope that you enjoy this poetry, engage with it, and take its problems and inspirations out with you, into the world, as political tools.

Fireweed Notes

WELCOMINGS AND GOODBYE

Fireweed, in its ever-so trendy state of constant flux, welcomes three new editorial collective members —Shauna Lancit, Caroline Sin and Jessica Tickin— who will help ensure that this magazine keeps getting out come hell, high water or funding crises. We would also like to say a belated hello to Carmela Murdocca, Sandra Morris, Alka Sharma, and Larissa Silver who joined *Fireweed* in the last issue but were not formally welcomed in print. Finally, a sad goodbye to Larissa Liepins, board member extraordinaire, who leaves us for work in Bosnia.

UPDATE: SPEAKING OF FUNDING CRISES

Fireweed has had its funding cut drastically in recent years and, as of the last issue, has made two important changes. First, *Fireweed* no longer has the money to pay for a part-time staff person and is now an entirely volunteer-run operation. Second, because of lack of funds we will be paying our writers with back issues rather than with cash. The decision to change the payment structure was a painful one, as we are committed to valuing the work women do. Without this measure, however, we would not have been in a position to continue to provide this important space for innovative, feminist writing. We wish to thank our generous writers who, like the rest of the ladies at *Fireweed*, were never doing it for the money, anyway.

Linda Eisenstein

Books Are Bombs

Books are bombs. Go to the library
and there they are, all lined up
like Molotov cocktails: more revolution
than you can shake a swizzle stick at.
Every librarian's a closet anarchist.

Face it. It's why they fear us. If you
can spin a dream and wake somebody up
at the same time? That's better than
a gun, that's magic. Words hang in the air
long after bones are dust and metal rust.

Write the truth. It's like baking
a cake with a file in it. You do it
so somebody else inside her prison
of a family, school, culture — can make
a break for it, one word at a time.

Linda Eisenstein is
a playwright and composer
living in Cleveland, Ohio.

6

The Levite's Concubine

Judges 19:22-27

They didn't bother
to teach me about you in Sunday School.
They had nothing to say.
It wasn't like you were starting an empire
like the chubby Sabines
with their arms flailing and faces aghast.
They say Leda bore the whiteness of the Parthenon.
That Mary bore the whiteness of countless steeples.
But what must you have borne?

I wonder about that night.
Whether the Levite heard your screams.
Whether the host twitched an eye
after the third, or sixth, hour.
They must have heard it.
You were out there in the dark,
being plowed into the ground,
able only to breathe their breaths
as they stabbed the life out of you.

I don't know what you thought.
I can't know how you felt.
And I wonder, in the morning,
when he opened the door
to find your hands on the threshold,
if the blood seeped far enough
to touch the whiteness of his robe.

Claudette Cohen is
still writing, despite a recent
run-in with hurricane Floyd.

it ends with a story

Abbie likes his butt it's square
she lists all the things
she would give for a cup of coffee
her freedom no
that's already gone
her stash that too
her mind her body
anything
he still says no but first he looks her up and down
there's a drinking fountain at the end of the hall

we are the only two left on the ward
everyone else is in school
several hallways away
I discover I am bleeding
I don't know what to do
I don't want to ask him for a pad
what if he says no?
I only brought ten days worth of clothes
I try to wish away my body
I feel filthy Abbie says I have to ask him

Abbie tells me her life story
she is twelve it doesn't take too long
it ends Tuesday morning the police
search her locker at school
it ends Tuesday evening
in the Quiet Room it ends
Wednesday telling me her story

in the TV Room with no TV
while everyone else is away at school
this is how I learn about where I am

this is not just a hospital but a home
for all the problems under eighteen
in half the state

at lunch we learn the stories
of other girls: depression
drugs run-aways
abuse assault
abandonment and burglary

I look at a five year old girl and wonder
what she did to be put in this place

Abbie waits until the other girls have gone again
and then she pulls me piece by piece
from my past into the present

my story ends on Friday afternoon
in the Principal's office explaining
a razorblade pulled from my purse
and turned in *by a concerned friend*
taking me from psychiatrist to psychiatrist
it ends Tuesday evening when she left me here it ends here

what I know of Desiré

Desiré's a pretty girl she's been here before
I've heard stories
I've watched her three days now in the hallways at school
and craning my neck at dinner
she sits with girls she's known before
I think of all the things I'd give to know her

David sees me watching says she has hair
the colour of veal tetrazzini and breasts
like rotting tomatoes vulgar
I know he has known her before
I think of how he calls me Peach
and wonder if I will rot when we are through
but I think she is beautiful with a boy-like body
jutting and angular and hard
barely bulging at all in places
that ought to be round
her jeans slide down below her belly
hardly caught on bony hips
if she were to round her back they would be gone
she is scarcely there almost imperceptible

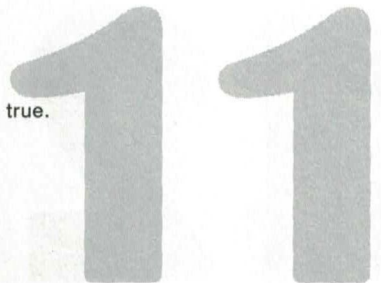
Desiré looks like air thin curls
fly off around her head and her bright eyes
are a lighter blue than even
the skin-stretched hollows beneath them
thinner than a bed post the wind could take her
if she were outside

rumours surround her arrival and the things
she was able to sneak in because she knew
where to hide them and because she knew
the men who checked her in
there were stories of Desiré even before she came back
I have heard rumours and wait for the weekend
when I will get to meet her
David is in her class and on Friday
he tells me Desiré wants me
to partake in her stash
I fly through the night dreaming
wondering if she noticed me herself
or if David helped her to see
he can be good to me sometimes

Desiré is not on the ward when I get there
I look for her hair and her hips
among the others but she is nowhere
and nobody knows where she's gone
it is not until later that the stories
begin to move between us as they take us off

one by one into our bedrooms
I am of the last either because we are only weekend visitors
and it is less likely that we'll have it
or because they are lazy hoping to find the coke
before having to walk all the halls
it would take to search our rooms
and us in them
nobody sees Desiré but we all have our guesses
when my turn comes I am already frightened
before the march before I am stripped
my belongings and my body torn apart
before my eyes and the nurse's
in the whirl of my shame I can almost
convince myself that I've taken what they're looking for

I never did meet Desiré feel the soft swirl
of her hair or the smooth protrusion of bones
beneath her neck but she smiled at me
as they removed her and all of her belongings
from her room on Sunday night
I have heard stories but I don't know which ones are true.



Rita D. Costello

through the back doors

I they take me through the back door
when I come to visit Abigail
and that is what I will think of
when I read it in the newspaper
months later
 when my jaw slacks open
 to scream in another state
my knuckles will be curling across
a steel door in New York reverberating a noise
for the nurses in the Children's ward
to escort me through to the other side
my final trip through what I know was hell
 I knew all of it and wonder
 how I turned it off while walking
where I could see their faces and feel
their hands but only 8 words
let it all loose in my mind
to form that sound
rising up in my heaving throat
through shaping lips
to bring my mother running reading over my shoulder:
 SEX SCANDAL CLOSES
 CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL IN N.Y.
and when she touches my neck I say
I lived there
I lived there and I knew what was going on

12

II after the first one

there are articles almost every day for months

I cut them all out of the newspaper

and hide them in my belongings

my mother suspects I'm becoming obsessed

and tries to find them to throw them all away

you can't! I scream at her

while she tears apart my room searching:

bedclothes strewn across the floor and books

fanned open pages bent into the splotchy green carpet

that was my life

one article lists some of the offenses

really I think at each one

really?

I'm not surprised that they happened

most of them happened to me

I just didn't know they weren't supposed to

we never were surprised we just

learned to think of other things

when it was time to take off our clothes

III in the end although the hospital is closed down

only three men go to jail

they were my favorites:

Phil who put me in a headlock

and popped my arm from its socket

throwing me to the ground in the school hallway as a joke

Gene who laughed at everything
and once found a way to let some of us stand
outside the fence watching a little league game in a park
downtown

and John who was the first man I ever had to ask
for a maxi-pad and lent me the money
to buy Aerosmith's greatest hits

they were the ones who didn't lie about what we meant to them
the ones who would joke and tease
and never claimed to be anything more
than what we were
they made work fun for themselves

the men never beat us or turned us in
for imagined offenses of the rules
they only took us down
when they had to
when we swung so hard at the walls with our bodies
that they had to leap from a distance to get close enough
to touch us

I was amazed
no women even went to trial
not even the one who ran the place
not Sue fond of strip and cavity searches
not Joan fond of closets and belts
and whispering throat-gritty threats
as she walked us down the hall

my friends at school talked about these newspaper-people
laughing like it couldn't happen anywhere
like these people weren't real

I kept wanting to correct them but at home
my mother warned me about telling the truth
for my own good

IV my grandmother read about the lawsuit in the Georgia papers
she called to tell me I could make money
if I would just add my name to the list
on that complaint
I did think about it

until my mother told me *this is your life*
why would you want to go back to that?
is it money? revenge?
do you want to be a talk show or have your own life?
and I couldn't fall into that person a second time

V late at night they herded us into the gym
tromping us through the Children's ward
and out through the back door
we were the select ten of us
and four of them
starting our trip in the middle of the night
to keep from making everyone else jealous

they drove the van up to the double-wide gym doors
and we threw our bags under the bench seats in the back
it was three a.m. before we pulled away
heading to Washington D.C.
for a week that imitated freedom
they were real people and let us be the same
the last night
they snuck us in through the back doors of a nightclub
and we danced for hours equal
and older than anyone else our age

Rita D. Costello is finishing an MFA in Poetry at Bowling Green State University and running a small literary press, Doll Drag Press. She has published poetry, short fiction and artwork in *The Seattle Review*, *The Baltimore Review*, *Midland Review*, *Plainsongs*, *Amaranth*, and many others.

15

Coconut Falls From Tree

Get me groovin' to the hip thing —
the not-so-nip thing
put me in ESL
and get me off the ship thing
I'm just a young flip thing
just a-waitin' to be molded

Crack open the coconut
swallow the juice
scoop out the flesh
it's all yours
to devour

The shell
well
it can go into the trash
or use it
to clean your hardwood floors
it don't mean much
now that you've eaten the core
but at least you've opened that door

Get me groovin' to the hip thing —
the not-so-nip thing
put me in the factories
and get me off the ship thing
I'm a young flip thing
just a-waitin' to be molded

Could I interest you
in purchasing a holiday package
to a tropical (third world) island
chockfull of
cheap booze
cheap food
cheap souvenirs
cheap thrills
cheap ripe coconuts
 all just a-waitin' for the pickin'
where the citizens will greet you
with open arms
and open doors
all for a small price
of course

Get me groovin' to the hip thing —
the not-so-nip thing
give me space on your land
and get me off the ship thing
I'm a young flip thing
just a-waitin' to be molded

Learning to Speak English

If I could only
unravel my tongue
and balance beautiful
words on toes
at its tip

If I could only
taste more
than the meat
on the platter
prepared medium-rare

If I could only
stroke your flesh
with my warm wet buds
open my mouth
to receive communion
and swallow
the thick and sticky paste
your milky white aftertaste

If I could only
leave my mother
for my husband
chop off
the muscle
that twists this wind
into words
foreign and strange

then perhaps
we can begin
to understand on another

and through my gentle welcoming kiss
you will know
how much I love the taste of your tongue
the movement of your sweet flesh in my mouth
the feel of your lips between my teeth
and the stains of saliva you leave on my skin

Origami Bird

*The wings move
if you pull the tail
... but, mommy,
paper can't fly.*
—Chloe, age 3

My hands unfold.

A paper crane hangs
from a hook in the ceiling.

Lines are scattered
on the surface of my palms
like bro-
ken sentences written
in a borrowed language

and caught along the edges
a small amount of life
between hopeful fingers
I begin to write
of my hands unfolding and folding

hanging paper cranes.

Despite the harsh winters,
Twinkle Reyes
continues to live, work and
grow in Winnipeg. This is
her 1st appearance in
Fireweed.

Where I'm From

No one seems to believe me
when I answer their question of:
Where are you from?
With: Scarborough, I come from Scarborough.
No, really, Where do you come from?
I am too tired
to explain in a paragraph my complicated history
when I can use one word:
Scarborough.
I come from Scarborough.

Land of strip malls
or what we like to call Plazas,
evoking much grander images of fountains and cathedrals of stone
instead of Woolco, the Pop Shoppe and Chuckie Cheese.
Land of subdivisions, our new house cookie cut
and laid beside a hundred identical ones in the curve of our street.
A real staircase and a pink bedroom of my own
just like my parents had promised to lure me here from Hong Kong.
The day the grass came,
men in overalls rolled out emerald carpets across the dirt
and I thought they were god.
The neighbours flipped burgers
while on our side of the fence,
we skewered shrimp and cuttle fish and rosy marinated pork.
Long winters of shoveling the frozen driveway
'til Dad bought the first snow blower on the block
He reasons:
why break our backs if we have Canadian Tire money to spend?

My Malibu Barbie had a dream house, a camper and even a bed
where she got it on with GI Joe and the other Barbies.
Sweaty days dancing in the rainbow spray of lawn sprinklers
and vaseline smeared faces to ward off frostbite in January.
Learning to write and dream to the
song of birds and squeal of garbage trucks and the hum of the 401.
Nothing more urgent than rushing home to watch
Gilligan's Island,
followed by the Brady Bunch and then, Happy Days.

OK, it wasn't always pretty.
I can't just spin you a fluid thread about
an immigrant family's smooth assimilation into the
freshly painted whiteness of a brand new suburb in the nineteen seventies.

Scarborough also broke my heart
and knocked me black and blue.
I learned the words fuck and chink all on one eventful day at school,
when I was six.
I can tell you about nightmares that happened in the daylight.
I can recount them verse by verse,
chapter by chapter.
I can trace back my plans to escape
those flat houses, flat roads, flat lives
to the moment I first learned to think in English.
This too is Scarborough.
And this too, is me.

But there are always many more than two sides
to everyone's story.
and still,
no one seems to believe me when I say
Scarborough, I'm from Scarborough.

Carrienne Leung
claims poetry has saved
her life more than once.
She lives in Toronto by day
and dreams in Hong Kong
by night.

Black History

IT ISN'T ABOUT A MONTH
EVERYDAY YOU AND I CELEBRATE
BLACK HISTORY
WHEN YOU PLACE YOUR LUNCH IN A PAPER BAG
YOU CELEBRATE BLACK HISTORY
WHEN YOU GET ON AN ELEVATOR PUSH A BABY CARRIAGE OR WALK TO
YOUR
MAILBOX
YOU CELEBRATE BLACK HISTORY
WHEN YOU STOP AT A TRAFFIC SIGNAL, PUT OUT A FIRE WITH AN
EXTINGUISHER OR USE AN EGG-BEATER OR EVEN A MOP
YOU CELEBRATE BLACK HISTORY
WHETHER YOU SHARPEN YOUR PENCIL, OR USE A FOUNTAIN PEN OR A
GOLF
TEE
YOU CELEBRATE BLACK HISTORY
WHEN YOU MOW YOUR LAWN OR MAYBE USE A LAWN SPRINKLER
YOU CELEBRATE BLACK HISTORY
IF YOU'VE TAKEN AN X-RAY EATEN POTATO CHIPS EVEN ICE-CREAM
(YOU DIDN'T THINK ICE-CREAM WAS INVENTED IN EUROPE DID YOU?)
AND WHEN YOU RECIEVED YOUR SYPHILIS RESULTS
IN YOUR HEART THANK THE AFRICAN WHO INVENTED THAT TEST
A PEOPLE WHO HONOUR THEIR CREATOR BY CREATING
DON'T LET THEM FOOL YOU ANYMORE MY FRIENDS
IT ISN'T ABOUT A MONTH
IT IS EVERY HOUR OF EACH DAY WE SPEND
EVERY SECOND IN EACH MINUTE WE LIVE
YOU AND I
WE CELEBRATE
BLACK HISTORY

Karen Stewart lives
and writes in Montreal,
Quebec.

23

Christina Springer

They Call You Uncooperative In The Nuthouse (for Dionne)

I I see you lurking around the edges of this noxious toxic turbulent wasteland where your grief is stored in leaky containers causing radio-emoto-active

tremors along the fault-line of your life. I read somewhere loss has no known half life, causes mutations in the isotopes

of agony. Results in peculiar semi-conscious life forms which consume ability. When you do not speak of your pain, they call you uncooperative.

No appropriate protective gear where you are. Your unintentional excess of grief can only be exhumed using extreme caution.

You've been very busy erecting danger signs.

II On a checklist designed for labeling the insane, ancestors murmuring in the ears is two points. What then is the value of your Grandmother's surviving Trans-Atlantic rituals, hairy sticky amulets, pidgin chants & your buried placenta

singing? I believe

civilizations whose fires burned first. Entire continents. The umbilical cord connecting you to the little girl asleep beneath the Buckeye tree still pulses silver, multi-dimensional, private as wisdom.

III Listen. Black women feel from the corners
of our eyes. Rhythms of time. Roots
and foremothers arguing with each other.
The intersections of our experience,
a precise cacophony with no known crossroads.
Those people wouldn't know Papa Guedeh,
Baron Samedi or Oya's altar from a regular
New Orleans tourist float at Mardi Gras.

Christina Springer
crosses disciplines like busy
streets, using poetry, theatre,
dance, music, film and other
visual expressions. She is
1998 Cave Canem Fellow
residing in Pittsburgh, PA.
Recent publications include:
FEMSPEC, *This Order*,
Forbidden Panda,
*Antologies: Standing on the
Ceiling*, *Foxfold Press*,
Will Work for Peace,
Zeropanik Press, and
Companions, Foxfold Press.

Barbie's Father has a Nightmare

His daughter, almost 40,
decides she's had enough,
calls a press conference, announces
that like Xena, she will be
a figure of action, a warrior princess

Put simply, she wants to kick ass,
chide the gods as if they were
delinquent angels, predictable and delicate,
prey to her uncanny prescience

She wants to ditch Ken and teeter
on the highest ledge of pleasure,
dare her newly appointed heart
to commit a fall into erotic turbulence

She wants to indulge in choices of all kinds,
slide into black leather if she feels like it,
spike her hair, have Midge's name
tattooed on her breast, sport
an Athena countenance
as a conversation piece

She wants to dance with turpitude;
relish it

26

Eva Tihanyi's fourth poetry collection, *Restoring the Wickedness*, is due out from Thistle-down Press in 2000. She teaches at Niagara College in Welland, Ontario, and is a regular contributor to *Books in Canada*.

Stall

Once the door is shut
we note the sticky floor,
the bad taste, seasoned air.
A dim glow of energy.
Fluorescent bulbs flicker on, altering us.
I see the pale light of your eyes
the same colour as your teeth.

You are talking to, but not towards me.
I follow your thoughts ... eyes
as they wander across
yesterday ... this room.
The red fire of your tongue
lashes through your teeth.
Interchanging,

Darkness;

Then fire.

Who are we?
Inside this room
you are doe skin.
I am taking photographs of you in my mind. Sepia.
I wish to paint that mouth as a
swollen pomegranate
seeds seeping their colour.
But you would think
How I betrayed you,
would you not speak to me anymore?

Heat comes off your skin
not at all the same, you tell me
he will stay here, with you in Toronto.
I am listening.
Slivers of moisture, shadows
gild your cheekbones and lower lip.
Lifted onto my hands, saturated.
Knuckles and palm across browbone,
onto the ugly walls that surround you.
Painted already.

Against the rough surface it is too late.
Stones into the creases,
mouth full from the sting.

28

Discours

—I do not know how to slip the camisole strap from your shoulder
without making you feel fettered.

These words reel around my head as
Rachel lifts her cello out from her thighs
the humidifier breathing
the imprints in the carpet
I tell her that I love
empty rooms, possibilities

I volunteer
my back turned
Let's not dwell over dishes, come sit by the sink
read out loud. It is all about language,
mother tongue
Rachel's voice
licks over my own as I catch the words,
do you understand what this means

When the bedframe arrives
it is already late afternoon
against a background of things
she asks if we can screw the wood together
raise the mattress from the floor
while we are here

Meiograph charts ankle and calf
rolling across twelve miles for every inch
an inexhaustible wilderness

Sometimes, (my hand flush, her foot undressed)
you appear to me as subjected to desire

a pair of hands
a vessel to which I ferry my head
lips onto the fluid lung.

30

Juliana Whiston is
a 23 year old living in Port
Hope, Ontario. She is
studying Fine Art at Guelph
University. Inspiration comes
while life modeling.

April

I've barely started to write this
and already
 I am crying
knuckles pressed to lips wanting
so badly to regress
 wanting to run and be held close

though not by you —
 for you, I must be strong, must never
have problems to give you
how much you'd love to take them on

always the girl guide you moved
and wrote back
 you'd become a sparks leader
wrote of your little girls
their crafts

wrote cleaning vomit
from your girlfriend's hair
laid her on your bed
 watched her breathe
all night

(one of the few times it wasn't you on the bed —
too many problems of your own)

moved back and didn't call
didn't write
 walking back into the flames
because you thought she was still inside

that's why I'm crying
that's why
I'm waiting for these words to blur
burst into flames magnified by tears
that's why you're not here to hold me even

if I'd let you

32

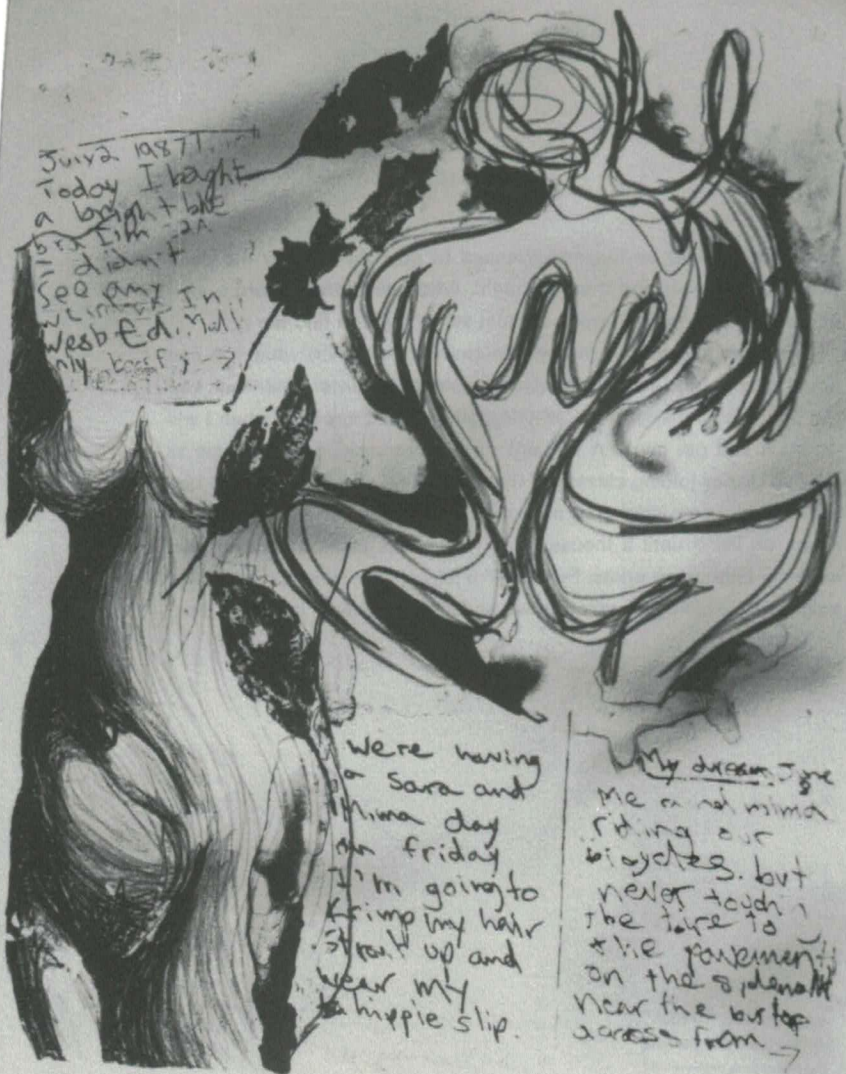
Rachel Sohn recently graduated from a four-year Literary Arts program at Canterbury High School in Ottawa. "April" is in memory of a remarkably strong womyn and a wonderful (though rarely seen) friend.

Sarah Hope Denbigh

I thought I would be too embarrassed to post my 12-year old diary pages on the wall. But then I thought, whatever. I always wrote as if someone were going to peek at them some day and find me out.

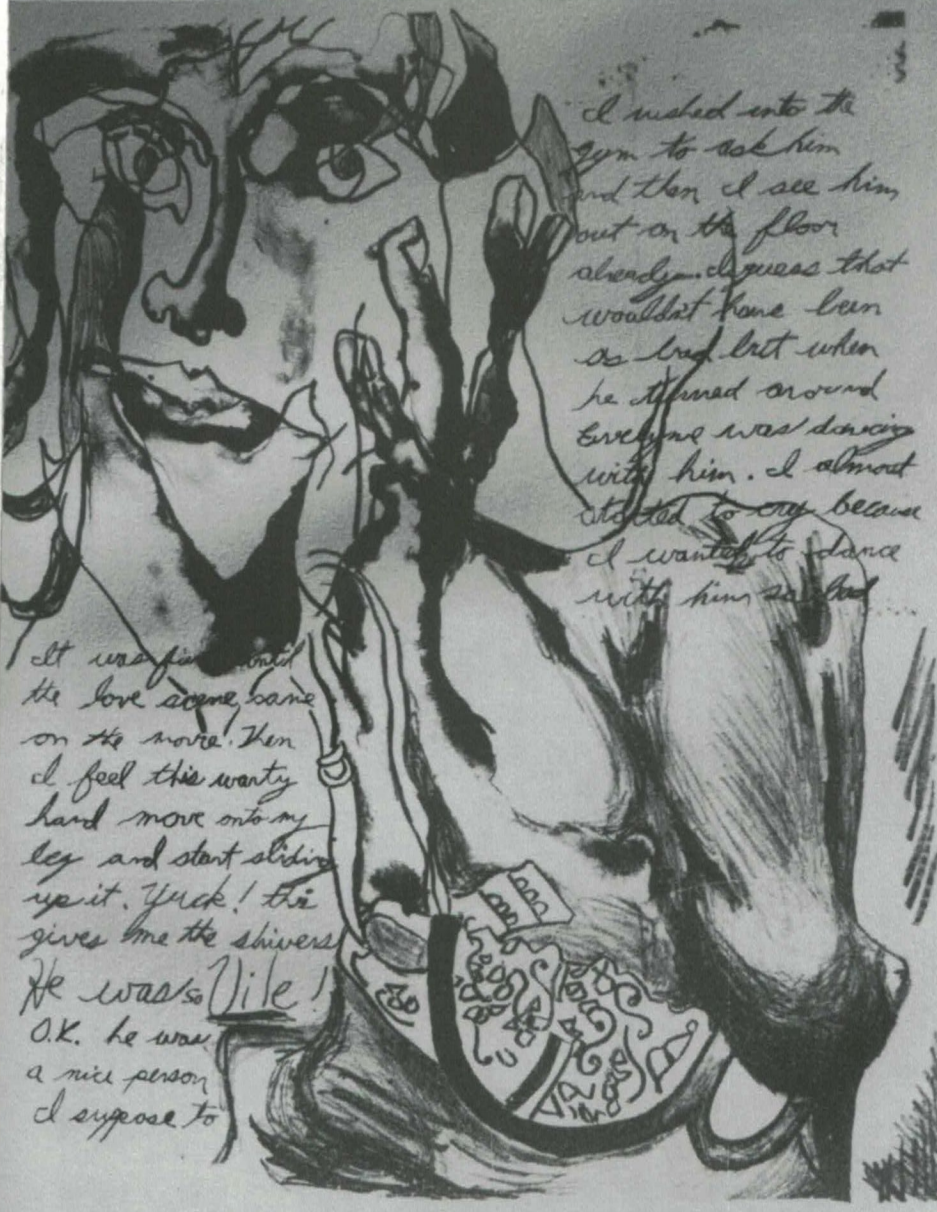
Someone told me when I was in University, "Learn what you can about shape, colour, form, but just remember to forget it all when you get out." I plan on continuing my forgetting until I'm eighty when I will go back and get my BFA in painting and printmaking. I also plan to take up diaper-folding classes at that time. Mind you, I could really use the help right now judging by my baby I see walking by with a bare bum. I plan on living until a thousand so I have lots of time to finish this series of Lithograph prints. For now I'm fully employed as a mother and trying to be a biologist, writer, artist, and knife thrower in my spare time.

July 2, 1987
Today I bought
a bra + bike
bra. I'm 22
I didn't
see any
weird In
West Ed. Mall
my boss is ->



we're having
a Sara and
Mina day
on Friday
I'm going to
krimp my hair
straight up and
wear my
hippie slip.

My dream I see
me or not riding
riding our
bicycles. but
never touch
the tate to
the pavement
on the sidewalk
near the bus stop
across from ->



I rushed into the gym to see him and then I see him out on the floor already. I guess that wouldnt have been so bad but when he turned around everyone was dancing with him. I almost started to cry because I wanted to dance with him so bad...

It was fine until the love scene, same on the movie. Then I feel this warty hard move onto my leg and start sliding up it. Yuck! this gives me the shivers!

He was so Vile!

O.K. he was a nice person I suppose to

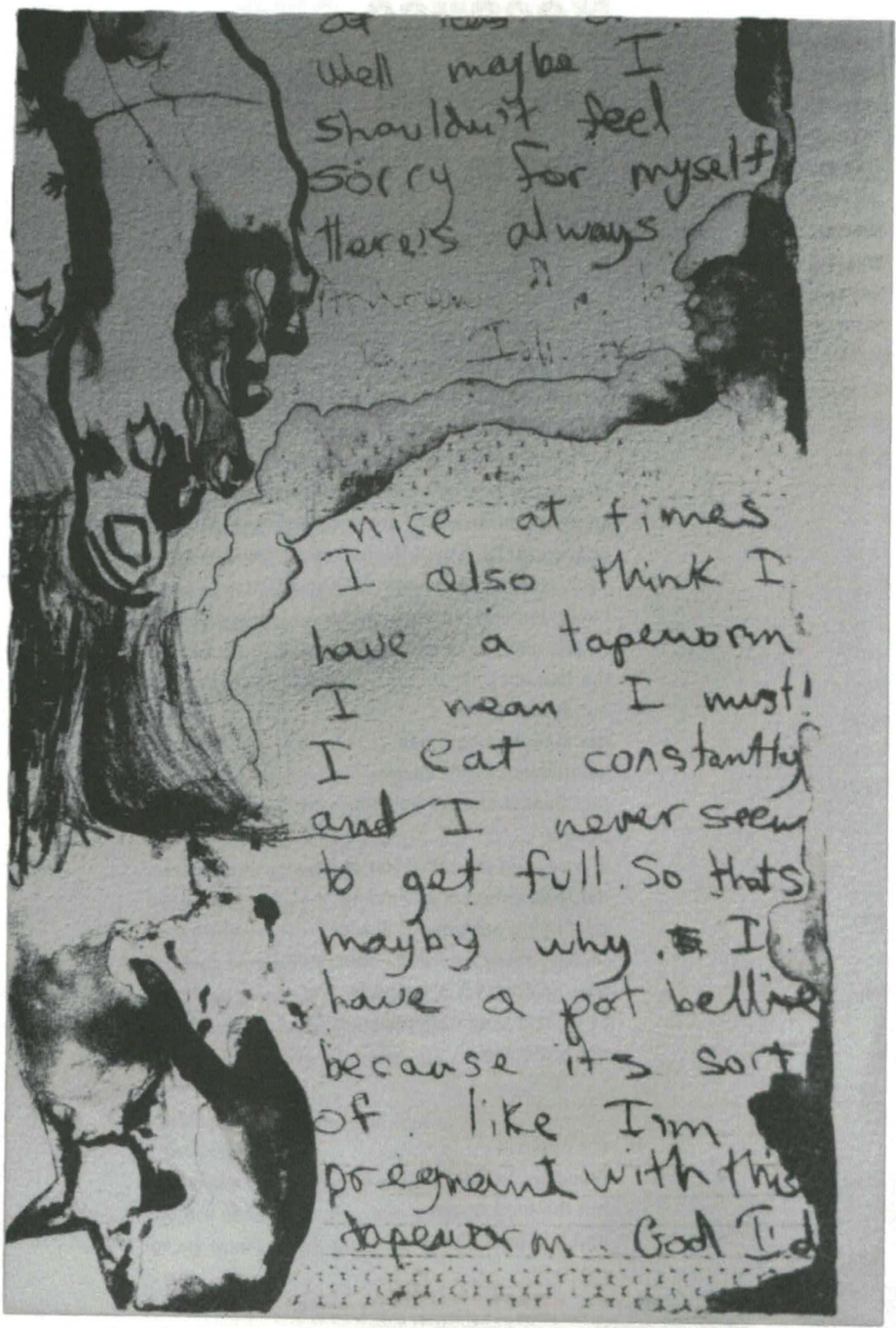


be so shy
Infront of
people. Maybe
then at least
I might attract
a guy maybe
at least one?
Well maybe I
shouldn't feel
sorry for myself
there's always

nice at times
I also think I
have a tapeworm
I mean I must
I eat constantly
and I never seem
to get full. So that's
maybe why. I
have a pot bellie
because it's sort
of like I'm
pregnant with the
tapeworm. God I'd

at times
Well maybe I
shouldn't feel
sorry for myself
there's always

nice at times
I also think I
have a tapeworm
I mean I must
I eat constantly
and I never seem
to get full. So that's
maybe why I
have a pot belly
because it's sort
of like I'm
pregnant with this
tapeworm. God I'd



Because she Lives in Seattle

(Poems Written on a Plane)

I "Can I have your cheese?" signalling to the Black Diamond square packet on her neighbour's tray
Row 23 Seat B
(?) the neighbour is not saying anything: dumb question
People are scared of dumb questions. We pretend it is in another conversation, pretend the luxury of many conversations (about things higher than cheese)
YES. Have it, Go ahead, *Have it.*
I keep looking out the window
all you can see is us
the fold out tray
our airplane food
our in-flight magazines
laps covered with above
(my Seat B cheese neighbour her knitting too)
bonus!
it is us, and the reflection of us
the false sense of grounding
confirming our good behavior
(musn't really be flying — perverse!)
plus seatbelt for extra protection
of what is both not spoken of
nor protected

II the poem is
Goodbye to Beef¹
but the food comes
and it is beef. Damn.

¹ By Erin Mouré on a photocopy given to me by good friend Anna in packet marked "to be read on plane." Also, this footnote idea is another of Erin's. Thanks Erin. I met you once.

But I like it
(Damn again)
Here, it comes in morsels,
I'm drooling
everywhere by the way I
must damn myself up
It's work
they always say
"soft but firm"
clichés are such a shame
still, we remember them
(Glimpse of me—arms up
streetscene, a tickertape parade
of sorts)

III cultural studies

Learned Studies Of Our Culture

They always tell you
body/place/space/words: all the same thing really
what about airplanes?
I know your body like I haven't
spoken it once to any body
body/land/shape

that's wrong
I've done something wrong
but your place is far away
I will be scared of the signs
meaning the street signs
so tall and skinny
no wonder
you're a lesbian
they fuck you so much already
we have laws about that in Canada
so you don't know about things
from far away
thinking about seeing you again
it becomes clear
(you make me believe in things coming clear)
you are absolutely everything that's fine
for my touch (read: territory)

here if you want to save yourself time
go ahead
call my libidinal
(a head—even that's bad)
bad metaphors of writing
the pen, a phallic symbol even four
hundred years ago
in our bed? Makes for a crowd.
so much for my education!
We met speaking of a magazine
a glossy one

IV I opened my lip balm
to make my lips all supple
or at least decent
the tragedy of vanity
in my Blistex Lip Conditioner
but speaking of things becoming clear
could you come for me
in a poem?
it goes with the simulation of earth level atmosphere in the
cabin
(now wouldn't *that* make me a Real Writer?)
was it a magazine? Or a woman?
We had started the descent
but when the lid was off it just started to
spurt up the little hole
I had to wipe it and in the Kleenex it looked
like
nevermind
I guess it came out
from the
pressure

V The descent from
thirty thousand feet to sea level
line up for the restrooms, unwrapping
Trident sticks and finding our shoes
again
will take less time

than my own
(our?)
descent

chewing the gum now I always pray for a second
can't help it, stomach leaps in every dip

down-
wards
(words)

Out the window
I can see the Sound
its salty Pacific water
of out cont-
(in)ent

Jennifer Blair writes,
reads and goes to school in
Guelph.

41

galiano in november

1 the kindling with which the morning is started

2 on the path to the deserted office
there is a rain barrel
where i want to kiss you

3 swimming the long whites of our limbs
a melt of butter on the water

4 flick the rectangular stone
skip skip across the surface
i mimic the lean of your boy body

5 the way a clean butch smells:
soap
cologne
a carefully laundered shirt

6 you are reading
squandered glasses on your face
moments after pressing into my ass
with an imagined cock

7 my fingers pull the leather
of your belt buckle pushing in

8 i leave the door open on purpose

thirteen and beautiful

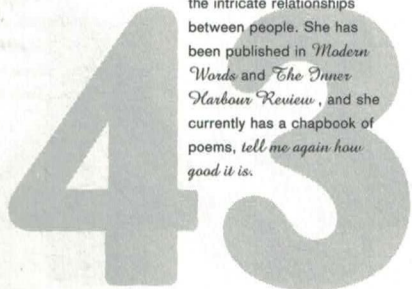
i can see the big mole on ali's neck. the one she hides under a scarf.
i can't stop staring. i don't know whose room this is or when the two
guys will come back and kick us out.

the guy in the blue cap was cute. and old. nineteen, he said. i sat on
his lap and he rocked me like my father did when i was small. i told
him i wanted a discman for christmas anything i could think of only to
keep talking. his friend in the red hoodie kept looking at us. kept
offering us more beer. pilsner. monkey piss. the guy in the hoodie. the
one ali picked out back at the park. he kept winking at us. me and
chris. i think his name was chris. marlboros. his hands on my hips.
under my dress. rocking. i kept talking. ali didn't see us. girl doesn't
see anything.

ali's face cracked with mascara. i can't look at her. i see the cold beer
and wine store sign flashing outside the window. is that where they
went? i can't remember. i have to get her dressed. where is her shirt.
i have to go home. her skin is so pasty. hairless.

i want to go home, take these shoes off. smoke a joint on my roof. i'm
itchy. want to shower. i wish she would get up. wash her face. we're
late and i can hear my father already. i've seen him fall down on the
couch since i was little. he's sober now so thinks he's the shit. i'm
supposed to say it's okay you bastard i still love you. well fuck him. i
don't want to go. i want my own room with a lock and a tv. and ali. i
can't look at her. her face. her fat sleeping face.

brenda simmers began writing to express what she could not say out loud. In her work she strives to tell the unspoken, to pull apart the intricate relationships between people. She has been published in *Modern Words* and *The Inner Harbour Review*, and she currently has a chapbook of poems, *tell me again how good it is*.



Jennifer Hoofard

Dust to Dust

What was it
I held
in my hands
the morning
in the boat
when I died?
When I read
your letters
and the sun
banished the clouds
for a moment
as we dropped down
the anchor
beneath the belly
of the Golden Gate?

Leaning over the side
of the deck, the wind
catching you
as you ran
from me,
slipping through
my fingers...

*It is not safe
to love,
I couldn't keep
you here.*

Gritty
in my hands,
did I hold
the rough
calcified edge
of your jaw bone
or the marrow,
your toenail
or pancreas,
the smooth brown skin
spanning your hipbones,
the cartilage between
your fourth and fifth
vertebrae, the mitral
valve of your heart,
the bump of your nose
or the hammer bone
in your left ear,
your smile or
the retina of
your open green eye?

I wanted a vial
for my altar
to you, pieces
stuck to my fingers.
I didn't want to wash.

But how could I keep you here,
when you flew from the ash,
from these hands,
outstretched in offering—
dropping into the water below.

Jennifer Hoofard
holds a Master's degree
from Mills College, and is
currently in the Ph.D.
program at U.C Davis,
where she is specializing in
the work of women writers.
She has had poetry
published in *Sullivator* and
Zettgeist.

45

Sweetness

I Come, sweet children,
brother, sister.
Shove one another along
the oreo paving stones
on my street,
your arms overfull
with my childhood toys.

Cyclops cuddly bear
now blinded, his eye in your back pocket
with other booty
filched from me.

My favourite doll now armless,
plummeting from your slimy grasp,
her sweet face shattering
on the peanut brittle sidewalk,
wig scuffed off by your kicking feet.

The beanbag globe, once wide as the sky,
now a flaccid balloon,
punctured by your sharp fingers.

II Come close. Come closer.
Sweeten my air with your bleating.
Dandle your sticky paws
over my pretzel fence.
Let your picked scabs bleed
on my shiny toffee path
as you trail my childhood behind you.

Come in. Come in.
Push through my archway of candy canes.
Break pieces from my Nabisco lintel.
Rip and chew the jellybean knocker.
Kick at chunks of fudgy threshold.
Spit out splinters of candied citrus sill.
Use my boiled sugar icicles
as cudgels to pummel one another.

Crystal Hurdle

teaches English and
Creative Writing at Capilano
College in North Vancouver,
B.C. A former fiction editor
of *The Capilano Review*,
she enjoys writing, cycling,
and weaving. Her poetry has
been published most
recently in *Grain*,
Canadian Literature, and
The Capilano Review.
This is her third appearance
in *Fireweed*. She wishes to
dedicate "Sweetness" to her
LUSCIOUS sister, Wanda.

Yellow

We walk on eggshells
you and I
each piece
a gritty bit
of our past
the absurdity of effort
in not breaking
an already broken
shell
it does not matter
if it is more broken
or less
it is not whole
we are not well.

Humpty Dumpty
is a distant memory
the king is gone
there are no men
the horses are unbroken, wild.
It's just us
along the wall,
in the distance
a mirage of chicks
paints our dreams
Yellow.

Jane Byers is a lesbian feminist living and working in Toronto. She is a provincial civil servant by day, but her true passion is poetry.

Jay Hewitt Mann

My Mother as a Bird

The stroke left a smile
like she swallowed something bitter. She
doesn't speak much, rarely sings
those bawdy hymns that always grated
on my teenage ears
like a beak
on cuttlebone.

One arm struggles against
an invisible shell, egg
tooth lost in the crippled
bill; trembling hands scream
more articulate than
the primed speech of parrots.

I remember
when words flew
from her mouth
when smiles and whispers spoke
of men she'd had
like cocks who pecked around her,
legs bowed
to better show their manhood.

her legs are as flaccid now as old breasts. We
struggle to the toilet seat —
no underpants, to
make things easier.
No diaper either. We
both are glad it has not come to that.

She jokes how things have gone
backwards; how
at twenty-three she wore no panties
hor convenumce
she says, and I
struggle with the words —
the thought.

I wonder while I feed her if
she dreams of men, if
the pale eyes that stare through me
see them at the window, strutting
their stuff, spreading
their tails like peacocks.

She opens her mouth, wide
like a fledgling bird.
I spoon porridge, wipe
the dribbles
with a free hand.

Joy Hewitt Mann's
work appeared most
recently in *Fiddlehead*.

Awards include the Leacock
award in 1997 and Lapoint
prize in 1998, both years
also shortlisted for CBC's
Literary awards in poetry.
Joy runs a large junk store
that thinks it's an antique
store—but it isn't.

50

Note

and far behind, if you listen,
listen to the height
of one sound
strung together to feel full in your hands and above your head
be still and listen
it is there beneath
the blanket of the years born with Roe and playmates and
"motherfucker" and the WNBA and barbie and "Him" and angels and
the angels who we grow to be with "girlpower" and corporate power
and Mary and Eve and Sex and posters of our sisters at work bleed
our cheeks and
it is there
high and D Minor
and pulled by her shoulder
and the kneading of powder in her hands
in hair and
strings
 feed our breath

Elizabeth Smith is
currently in an MFA program
in Creative Writing at
American University.

Cancer

Sometime in the night
the tit fairy
carried off my left breast,
replaced it with a deflated
geodesic dome of proudflesh,
keloids radiating as if
a man-of-war settled there.

A raisin nipple. Pus, pinkish
ooze, illegal morphine nausea,
legal darvon nausea, prescription
nefazodone tinnitus, overall
caducity mellowing into ennui.
I search under both pillows
for the fabled payment, what's
this? A bill for twenty thousand?
What the hell kind of fairy

is this?
Why should I grieve? All we
are is salt, water, soil —
more geranium than jet —
I should have died with this
and shot my cuffs
with the sprezzatura
of boxers, bankers, builders.

Circles

I may be some time crossing
the granite, but I'll leave
niches and knotted ropes
to the summit where Christ
is acknowledged not as a saviour
but a courier, a blacksmith
forging chains of stewardship.

Unity Durieux lived in London, England until two years ago, when she moved to Olympia, Washington. She has a poem coming out in the *Indiana Review*.

After the Massacre

There was no room left
inside
to describe nerve cells,
the fire of anaesthesia
burning up loose bones,

there were no words
disconnected
from the skin
of the severing blade:

after the massacre
there were no words:

words
had lost their shells, crawled
naked about the floor
severed, bleeding

looped, curved

even my body
across the torture table
like a wide question mark:

?

after the massacre
there were no
words.

(After the massacre)

it was necessary to
turn my head
it was necessary not to
bleed

it was necessary to make notes
on the insides of my fingers
with the savage nob of a broken pen

it was necessary

it was all quite necessary

(to forget)

even the skull fragments
the baby's taut fingernails
the rusty lock on the church basement door
that led down to the
screaming of night-cats
through hallucinogenic air—

it was necessary

it was all quite necessary

after the massacre
I died again

this time in my own language

its silent sculpture
moulded the skin on my face
into a new mask
ruptured like a scar
across constant movement:

never any time to rest —

a hamstring snapped
a shoulder blade broken
an eye pulled out
or a finger broken

and the scent of death, the stench
of sweat and burnt
skin, dying

on the cusp of midnight
and

no answer,

never any answer.

After the massacre I fell
a thousand times lower than the sun

I lost my ribs
in the darkness

no one was left to
speak or touch
except the shells
we had kept waiting
by the door:
we put them on.

we carried our smoking chimneys
our horse flesh rank with sweat from the battlefield

our silences

over the ledge
to face morning:

After the massacre

there was frost
sweet as oranges
there was gravity
and sound

there was no mess left
(there were boxes)

there was nothing
(a clean dress for tomorrow)

there were pages

there was something
new as cinders
in the smell of my father's hands

58

Cathy Stonehouse
writes poetry and fiction.
This poem is excerpted from
a book-length sequence
entitled "The Quiet Girl"
which addresses ritual
abuse and its aftermath.

Pilgrim

Forty-eight years ago: some
other lifetime, my grandmother barely married
not far away, before escape was a word
village women used.

I have pulled out the map, now run my palm
along the neat creases. Flat. Check distances.
Kielce. Krakow. Warsaw.
Görbehalom, where my grandmother walked her children
through a forest during the night
her feet before her, testing for mines.

This is a kind of surrogate
pilgrimage: a way, I'm hoping, to reconcile
our differences, or to draw equivalences. Something in my history
that relates to you, some part that I can pinch, or hold
out for others to see.

At the auction they held up old sheets in fine, new frames—
faces of guards in coffee grounds, brown
on brown, a fair exchange. Pictures for the right to paint them.
Later, I smear the sludge of Turkish coffee onto a napkin.
I am making a girl.
A friend talks to me about grief.

In my portrait the grounds stick,
the napkin soaked through. I won't
know how you did it: those
clean bones. I run the finger along
my jaw. This is High Drama.

In your kitchen I trace paths: Kielce to
Krakow. Auschwitz. Buchenwald.

I am destroying your walls with charcoal, forcing
my black hands to go with you across Poland.
The wall shines yellow with light.
I move the hands over my eyes.

60

Dig

They think that they have buried you.
Like in zombie mouth,
a serum swells. A silence frozen in your fingers, neck,
your knees. This is the roof caved in, a
collapsed darkness, your tongue lumpish.
Speech and smell are equally vanished.
You are summoned
by a whistle blast, and walk.

They think that they have buried you.
Your hands now useful only for drawing their faces
with their inks. Your hands useful only for their faces,
their families, their leader. Or held out,
joints straining to accept payment in bread.
You are eating your art.
The dry sheet paper sliding between your molars,
sticking pasty to the roof of your mouth. In this way,
your lips remain closed.

This is what they wanted. There is no faceless
war. Only cruelty, a rope stretched taut
and running between us. You are what they wanted.
They think that they have buried you.

In moonlight, your ringed eyes still see.
Mechanical, arms swing from the elbow, coal grows
where skin was. This nightwork is dreamlike:
clandestine, your mind reeling
to process another day's horrors, to revive
memory, to retrieve identity.
They built this.
A self-silence frozen in the bone
and you walk.

*Elisabeth de
Mariaffi* lives in Gueloh,
Ontario with her old man
and their 18-month-old
daughter. The work in this
issue is taken from her
manuscript in progress,
Uplands, a series of
poems dealing with art and
survival and inspired by the
life of artist Gershon
Iskowitz.

Card Tricks

your father built card houses

not a metaphor for anything

steady-handed, he worked every night
through the suites, beginning always
with clubs

the uppermost storey alternated
diamonds and spades

he buried hearts in interior infrastructure

and at the hospital, you
watch his fingers

(motor control)

you had bought
twelve packs, those cards that are
disposed of after any given night
bullet hole punched through the pack
(nothing leaves a casino intact)

windows you had planned to tell him, imagine
they're windows
build me a house

Lisa Pasold's work has appeared in literary magazines such as Contemporary Verse 2, Browse, Prism International, and Grain. Her poetry has also been featured on national television, on radio, on the internet on the edgewise-cafe poetry site, and was etched onto glass as part of a Vancouver public art installation. Her chapbook green as the three of diamonds appeared in 1997. She is currently living in New York City, writing a novel about art forgery.

Lot's Wife

At the kitchen table
hands trembling
listening to troubling things,
She touches the red checkered cloth
pushes salt into neat little piles
with a finger
as if coralling the grains could dissolve the news.

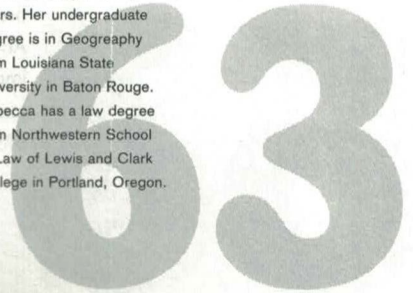
"The baby was stillborn."
"There is another woman."
"I lost the job."
"Tom went under the tractor—nobody knows how it happened."
The bank is foreclosing—we lost the farm."

Men have told their brine of bad tales
across kitchen tables
to so many women looking back.

She doesn't know she's worth her weight in more than salt.
She brushes the grains into her palm
preserving what she can.

Rebecca Lee Yates

is a 41 and a lesbian. She has lived in Juneau/Douglas Alaska for the last six years. Before that she resided in Portland, Oregon for 11 years. Her undergraduate degree is in Geogreaphy from Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge. Rebecca has a law degree from Northwestern School of Law of Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon.



Bad House

Let it settle in its dusts, love's detritus.
Let the windows film with weathers
and the carpets grow bald and unravel.
Allow paint to peel and mellow, acquire
a sullen colour. Fail to erase the human
trace of fingerprints on door jamb or sill,
the smudged halo around the lightswitch.
Cherish the bathtub ring, the green
patina of tarnish on the brass taps,
the palimpsest of grime on the tiles.
Marvel at your visage in the foxed
and bleary mirrors. Let the aspidistra
wither from lack of water, let weeds
run riot in the grass while the string
hammock rots. Ignore the groan of
sofas with recalcitrant springs, the
easy chairs shredded by felines and
children, the fag-ash fall on lampshades.
Leave the laundry pegged to the line
forever, until it becomes an exhibit
of unrecognisable billowing rags.
Shun the machines, with their dials'
hieroglyphics. Feign bewilderment at
the Hoover's multifarious attachments.
Avoid toxic cleaning fluids (all). Let
the steam iron smoke and spit like a cat.
Encourage random stacks of books
and CD's, scatter with tabloids and
broadsheets, heaps of magazines.
Accumulate clutter: herbs, condiments,
implements, toys, lipsticks, pictures,
junk mail, dogs, bicycles, underwear,
offspring, husbands, tropical fishes ...

Amy Wack grew up in California and has an MFA in Poetry from Columbia University in New York. She has been living in Wales for about ten years and is involved with *Seren Press* and *Poetry Wales Magazine*.

Sandra Morris

In the Beginning

She emerged vein-blue
as still as an egg
and full of the same promise:
life and its beginnings.
In those first days
before speech
before walking, even
she carried the weight of things:
a tiny, forlorn idea
but also the hope
stark and clear-cut
as summer
that this world
would split
along the full
length of its seam
and spread its bounty
of dark stars
and other gifts
at her feet.

Sandra Morris is an
economist, poet and feminist
activist. She lives and works
in Toronto.

65

Christina K. Hutchins

Sedimentations Unknown

Were you lonely?
What did you feel that day
laughing with your two companions?

Afraid to go home?
Tired of being sixteen and too much
too loud too tall
to crawl into any lap
 mother or grandpa?

Too big even to hunch in the quiet place
amid brushes and bottles
your safe dark beside the kitchen drain
that shining heron neck
 fingered and beloved
and glinting silver?

When did you grow to be
too much, gain that stride
no one seems to have noticed,
the deepened voice that called

out "dyke" at our backs
as we held hands,
the width and softness of your gripping palms and thumb
strength of your new man's body hurling

66

the two-by-four
that didn't hit its mark
but thudded against
the fence behind us
with all the splintering force and recoil
 meant for us
 meant for us

For our tender palms
lightly cupping space

for whatever glintings our fingers find
in our own pressing dark.

Christina K. Hutchins

What I Wanted to Ask But Didn't

To the generation that broke silence

When the arthritis finally takes my hands...

Hours slipping into days, nights, years
her body so meet and right beside me
her narrow fingers thickening
knuckles slowly slowly breath by breath

knotting,

*When the arthritis finally takes my hands,
how will I be able to love you?*

My lover's question.
And there is no one

to give advice.

It's not that we invented
love between women.
It's just that you, a generation
who know some answers,

have already been asked
too many questions.

Christina K. Hutchins has won numerous awards for her poetry, which has been published in *Bay Windows*, *Byline*, *Ruak*, *Frogpond*, *Cicada*, and more. She is currently teaching at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, California and finishing a Ph.D. dissertation

68

Carolyn Jo Doran

Halogen Moon

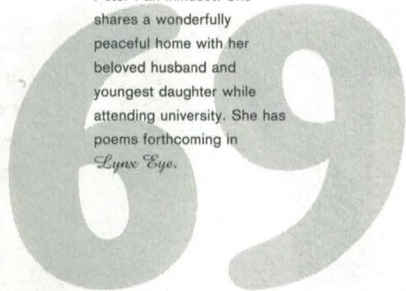
My friends had a halogen lamp that broke. Irreparable, they said, so they gave it to my son who could fix anything but himself. He had it in his one room world where all those he know would come and become. It fit so perfectly. Black, all of it but the glow. We'd sit under that lamp for hours and talk, the dark green herringbone shade pushed tight against the outside and pistachio walls enclosing our ocean of timelessness. Once he turned that lamp up as high as it would go. The night vanished, leaving me with albino eyes and it made a sound like all the pieces of life wailing.

He only liked the night. Said it fit him like skin that gave him his freedom. It was usually the time he'd pick at his guitar, like details of his life that he would look at only in the dark. Sometimes words would slip out and he'd stop, as though he had found a paper of memory stuck in between pages of his favourite Le Guin book. And he'd fumble. I foolishly thought we were a memory big enough to stop the sound of the moment which would come. One which we had already seen. Is that why I never saw him as an old man?

The night the telephone rang so late into an evening woven of long sure strips of love and laughter, I ran outside where the halogen moon and I screamed together.

Carolyn Jo Doran

is approaching middle age with a mixture of relief and continued youth from her Peter Pan mindset. She shares a wonderfully peaceful home with her beloved husband and youngest daughter while attending university. She has poems forthcoming in *Lynx Eye*.



Kathleen Marie Hankinson

Girl

Keep crying into your hair,
drip tears into the bus stop litter,
smear the Cleopatra lines painted on your eyes.
The signs, the schedules, the desperate graffiti,
blur these into the darkness of your hands.
Boys with green hearts will love you anyway,
with love as impersonal and abundant as seagrapes.

Look, I already am what you're afraid of becoming:
that woman walking in the periphery of night
woman with cats and overdrawn checking,
who can't afford to feel what you fear.
And I'm telling you: men with green hearts
will sometimes love you.
And the things you touch won't wither,
though they may not yield ambrosia and nectar.

Every night I walk
under the muscled limbs of live oaks
among the thighs of silk trees,
beneath the strange geometry of palms;
I step on the inedible banyan fruit.
In the pith of plant love,
the constant green mute love,
the inhuman permanent love
I walk.

But oh girl, waiting, like fruit,
to be plucked before you fall,
if only I could, I'd swim,
and cross the Nile of mascara and tears
flooding your freshly broken heart.

Kathleen Marie Hankinson is from Rochester, New York. She studied literature and creative writing at Boston University and at the University of Miami, where she was awarded the Graduate Fiction Prize in 1996. She currently lives in the countryside of Upstate New York with her dog and cats, and loves to read science fiction, mythology, and Chekhov. To paraphrase Virginia Woolf, her main aspiration is to earn her living by her pen.

70

Sarah B. Wiseman

soup

tonight i cooked thought
about women and cooking
and how much easier it is to cook
sitting down
easier on the back
and feet
better for the soup too—
grounding

tonight i cooked listened
to Elvis Presley with my mother
and wanted to ask her if she knew
Elvis was a thief
or if she cared

(like i do, about music rights)

without it developing into an argument while she
chopped onions
washed a measuring cup in tears
tasted the soup
for salt

i didn't ask i sat
on the floor
diced potatoes for the soup
and sang hound dog with my mother
laughing

books

72

sometimes she takes my hand and puts it over her mouth and i wonder what
leavened or sifted things might gush through my fingers if she holds my hand there for too long.
a lover.

not the word
not hers
quiet fucks bright

cigarette ashes on my thigh she has turned to me her back.
full
mad
not full

once.
and breathed like width after telling me across a tiny table that i was too far
away for her to talk to me about books. but the storm

my face to the sky her face
bright
full

of me
her mouth
full
mad of me

she comes full of my mouth her moans
full of my cunt of my breast

once.
her not words like colour like forest so many words spilling
onto me her poring books. and still

not the word
not hers
quiet fucks bright

a lover.

sometimes she takes my hand and puts it over her mouth and i wonder what
shiny uncrawled letters might gush through my fingers if i can not bear to take my hand away.

Sarah B. Wiseman
is singing and loving and
striving and crying and
writing in and around
Kingston, Ontario. She has
been published in
Contemporary Verse 2.

Jennica Harper

All Saints' Day

Man,
woman,
night.

She
is everyvirgin.
He is
too.

The woman who was spread like
butter across the bed—

The girl who plucked the cotton from her
body and let a boy feast—

The one in the laundry room, bare
legs, a man's shirt, top button undone—

all gone, wasted by
sex.

She is the only one
left: she who backs up
into corners, runs upstairs,
hides in a closet
[the slats a peepshow to
the end.]

He is behind her, now. There
he is; there he is.

She fashions a sword from a clothes hanger—
women know closets
[the laundry room,
the bed.]

There is so much she does not know:
she doesn't know she cannot die.

She points her weapon
out, shuts her eyes,
stabs into the dark room
wild and blind.

Jennica Harper is a
poet and screenwriter
working on an MFA at the
University of British
Columbia. Her poetry is
forthcoming in *The
Antigonish Review* and
Room of One's Own.
Jennica is currently an editor
at *Prism International*,
and is strongly Janeane
Garofalo-identified.

75

Bridget Wayland

Maple Hill Day

There is a hill under me

hard body sprouting lacy pea
green leaves, curled buds

and there is the pull of him

the liquid pulse of trees,
this windless tension

one shoe on skirt
hiked up to hips

my head in the moss
& leaf litter.

I hold his tongue
between my lips

his hips
between my thighs,

squeeze shut and
like the maple stand

clamp roots around
the bedrock, grow here.

76

Intricacies

*Signs are taken for wonders. 'We would see a sign!'
The word within a word, unable to speak a word,
Swaddled with darkness. In the juvenescence of the year
Came Christ the tiger.*

—T. S. Eliot, "Gerontion"

I Everything thaws

from within:

in the spring my feet hold the lawn,
dent it as I walk across—

fontanelle of the year
under tangled dead grass.

II I'm drowning

in a flood of emmenogogues:
fresh parsley tea, infusions
of rosemary and tarragon,
caraway decoction, saffron

and every year this river
spills its banks and swamps
the farm, leaves its
name written in silt,
the skunk smell of bank mud
& fiddleheads.

Branches droop into the water, star
flowers seed themselves

& everything digs in roots —

spiders lash themselves
to the stalks of stinging nettles,
slugs on the intricate bodies of ferns, their
unravelling network tender.

I believed for years in wishing wells.
the spirit ear of water.

III In a place where it pools
I can watch the tips of willows
paint the surface, still wait for a sign.

78

Bridget Wayland

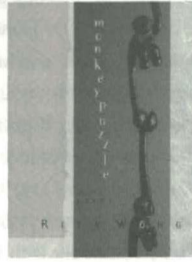
is a freelance writer/
translator living in Montreal.
These poems are taken from
her recent Master's thesis in
Creative Writing for
Concordia University.

Review

MONKEYPUZZLE

by Rita Wong

Press Gang Publishers, 1998, 112 pp



Most of us have seen them. They are "Canadian Heritage Moments" and appear on television from time to time. They remind us that we are a diverse nation founded by different indigenous and immigrant peoples. Fugitive slaves arrive via the Underground Railroad, and Chinese railroad workers survive explosives. The ads emphasize the fortitude of these people over the racism that faced them and, for the purposes of the Heritage Moments, defines them. A recent spot features a contemporary Chinese Canadian man helping a black woman with her luggage on a train, while a voice-over explains how he has designed a newly-minted coin to commemorate the importance of the railroad in Canada's history. Radiating happiness and success, these individuals are clearly represented as reaping the benefits of life in Canada, and the audience is left to infer that any "nasty" history has been neatly contained in the past.

Rita Wong's collection of poems, *monkeypuzzle*, challenges the perception that history—or its partner, memory—can be successfully contained. As Himani Bannerji observes, "People's memories of the places they have come from persist with them." Likewise, people's memories of experiences and encounters provide haunting backdrops against which they perceive the present. In *monkeypuzzle* Wong mines her memories and experiences, as well as historical records of Chinese Canadian life, to produce a poetic record of, and context for, her life, contradictions, desires and passions.

None of Wong's experiences would make a tidy government-endorsed thirty-second television spot, which is just as well, because they do make engaging, witty and occasionally pointed poetry. *monkeypuzzle* opens with a young Rita in her parents' Calgary grocery store. "sunset grocery" vividly recounts the sensation of childhood, complete with its unquenchable and unarticulated desires. A collage of images bombard

the reader as the author recalls her small world, complete with "milwaukee factory girls/flying nuns" and advertisements for "ancient chinese secrets" which will make your whites whiter and your brights brighter. But television provides only a temporary and unsatisfying escape, and the young girl dreams of an uncontainable "more," even as she senses that her eventual escape depends upon her current—and uneasy—conformity.

"memory palate," the first section of Wong's collection, chronicles the tensions and contradictions which make conforming so difficult. The poems follow the narrator as she struggles with her Chinese dream world and home life, and the reality, both past and present, of being a Chinese woman in North America. "crush" recounts the impact of the racist slurs of an adolescent white boy on the awkward girl. Observes the narrator: "i hope he's/gotten over the cruel stage./i know i got over him that day." In contrast, the poem "for annie" is rooted not in the author's individual experience, but in the history of Chinese peoples in North America. Based on an obscure newspaper clipping, "for annie" imagines the life of an early Chinese American woman who escaped from her "owner" to marry a lover. Muses annie, "so now i am a thief." Wong considers what it is to reclaim and define one's life and, at the same time, reclaims this woman who is absent in official histories. By this definition, Wong is also a thief. Unwilling to be defined by others, the dominant narrative of *monkeypuzzle* is not Wong's sexual or racial "otherness," but her life, and how she experiences the world as a Chinese Canadian woman. Or more accurately, "worlds." Wong's poetry not only slides through time, it also moves across geographies.

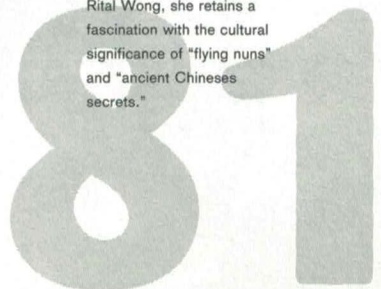
In Canada, Wong contemplates her Chinese dream world, which "jostle[s] us in our sleepwarm beds." The Chinese pictograms that accompany her text, faint but powerfully present, exemplify the power of this world ruled by "ancestral memory." In the poems "I was dreaming my geography but now it's time to wake up" and "chinese & not chinese" Wong recounts her experience as a tourist in China, encountering an unfamiliar world and resisting imposing a Western perspective on her subject, even as she is enjoying a world where "skin and hair call [her] home." Never romantic, always honest, and often funny, Wong documents the tensions of belonging and "not belonging" to several worlds simultaneously.

The final section of *monkeypuzzle* introduces a different, physical world. Titled "passion rampant in small secret rooms," this section explores sexual and emotional intimacy and desire. Incredibly ripe and sensual, these poems articulate the desires the young girl of "sunset

grocery" was unable to comprehend. Soft bellies, butch swaggers, and taut muscles are all celebrated alongside the explosive joy of private encounters, public cruising, and ecstatic relationships, as well as the pain of lost love. Love is not necessarily innocent in Wong's world, however, and the critique of colonialism that threads through her collection is also present here in the poem "meeting implies purpose," which dialogues with Erin Mouré's "Furious." "our bodies/an ocean of immigrants' tears" writes Wong, referencing the ancestral memories that are her inheritance: "blood sticks." This inheritance convinces Wong that it is not only "possible to decolonize" but also necessary, to avoid joining the "trail of bodies" left by politics.

It is finally this fierce distaste for colonialism and its legacy for individuals that finally makes Wong most incompatible with a world that hawks impersonal Heritage Moments instead of poetry. *monkeypuzzle* exposes the lies that Canadian Heritage Moments perpetuate: we are defined by race, but our histories are negligible long term, and we can unselfconsciously endorse a still-exploitative economy founded on our ancestors' under-paid labour. In contrast, Wong's poetry asserts that our experiences as individuals and as part of a larger historical continuum define our internal lives, and that these experiences are not discreet, but flow continuously into each other, culturally, historically, emotionally, and sexually. Wong's observation that "a woman is her own house/dangerous & whole" resonates as much with its poetry as it does with a warning that attempts to contain her in a thirty second time slot would fail.

Jennifer Harris is a Ph.D. student at York University, Toronto. She has published in *Atlantis* on "Conflict and Community Building in Women's Studies Programs" and is an associate editor at *Alphabet City*, a contributor to *Joan of Arc*, *Voices and Visions*, and the co-editor of a forthcoming issue of the *Canadian Review of American Studies* entitled "Blackness and the 49th Parallel." Like her subject Rital Wong, she retains a fascination with the cultural significance of "flying nuns" and "ancient Chinese secrets."



Calls for Submissions

FIREweed

Guidelines for

submissions to *Fireweed*

- Always make sure that each submission is carefully labelled with your name, address and telephone number.
- Include a stamped, self-addressed envelope (SASE) for our reply or return of your submission. (If you live outside of Canada, attach an International Reply Coupon with sufficient postage. Do not send American postage!)
- Send material typewritten or computer-generated on 8½" x 11" paper, single-spaced for poetry, double-spaced for prose. Maximum accepted is five poems or 5,000 words of prose.
- Your covering letter should include a brief biographical note, including previous publication credits, if any.
- Visual Artists are encouraged to send whatever material you feel would reproduce well in our format. Send slides or photographs—no originals through the mail please.

Please send your submissions once every six months, or upon reply/return of a prior submission, whichever comes first.

Fireweed, a feminist quarterly of writing, politics, art and culture, is an ongoing forum for the writings of women rooted in diverse cultural, sexual, and regional communities and which challenge literary and aesthetic genres. We publish visual and written material in all forms. We do not publish material that the editorial collective finds racist, classist, sexist or homo/lesbophobic.

Call for Submissions

Fireweed seeks submissions for its forthcoming Millennial issue. What will women be doing, saying, wearing, eating and desiring in the next 1000 years? Please submit predictions, omens, science fiction, artwork (both traditional and digital), stories and poems.
Deadline: January 3, 1999.

Lesbian Camp

What is camp? What does it have to do with pop culture, queerness, femininity? Is there a LESBIAN CAMP? Or is "Lesbian" an inherently earnest term? Are drag kings more or less campy than drag queens? Why do we adore Catharine Deneuve, Pam Grier? *Fireweed* invites art, poetry, essays, fiction, zines, answers to these questions and more.

82

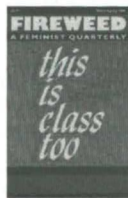
Back Issues



25 Class I [\$3]

Includes Part One of Dionne Brand's "Black Women and

Work: The Impact of Racially Constructed Gender Roles on the Sexual Division of Labour," fiction by Makeda Silvera, poetry by Joy Parks, Sandy Shreve and Joanne Arnott, Mary Horodyski's historical coverage of the Eaton's Strike, "A Question of Identity" by Cy-Thea Sand, "Why I Can't Write About Class" by Nym Hughes and an extensive bibliography on gender, class and writing.



26 Class 2 [\$3]

Fiction by Helen Potrebenko and in trans-

lation from francophone writer Jeanne D'Arc Jutras, an interview with Lenore Keeshig-Tobias, Part Two of Dionne Brand's "Black Women and

Work," a round-table discussion by the Working Class Caucus of the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre, a review of Sistren's Lionheart Gal by Ramabai Espinet, poems by Afua Cooper and Mary Horodyski's study, "Women and the Winnipeg General Strike of 1919."



28 Lesbianics 2 [\$3]

Features poetry by Leslea

Newman, Brenda Brooks and Leleti Tamu, Jude Johnston's photo mural and Lynne Fernie's pixel-board project "Lesbians Fly [Air] Canada," essays on "Lesbian Mothering" by Claire Dineen and Jackie Crawford, on being a Sansei lesbian feminist by Mona Oikawa, "S & M is an Adventure" by Donna Barker and Makeda Silvera's "Man Royals and Sodomites" plus prose by Mary Louise Adams, Marusya Bociurkiw, Nalini Singh and Candis Graham.



30 Asian Canadian Women (\$4)

Guest edited by Sharon Fernandez,

Amita Handa, Mona Oikawa, Milagros Paredes and May Yee. Features Himani Bannerji's "The Sound Barrier: Translating Ourselves in Language and Experience" and "Sisters in the Movement" by Mutriba Din and Ravida Din, visual work by Gita Saxena, Millie Chen and Brenda Joy Lem, poetry by Nila Gupta, Jean Yoon and Tamai Kobayashi, "Safer Sex in Santa Cruz" by Mona Oikawa, an oral history from the project "Voices of Chinese Canadian Women" and an interview with filmmaker Manjira Datta.



36 Identifying (\$5)

Margaret Christakos interviews

June Jordan, Queer Radio

questions "The Les/Bi Divide," and Kaushalya Bannerji on "The Politics of Identity: 'Aesthetics' or Opposition." Poetry by Chin K. Yuen, Rachel Rose, Rita Wong and Ruth Mandel, fiction by Victoria Freeman and Gina Frangello, "The Secret kd lang" by Pat Jeffries and photographs "Looking Beyond Identity" by Ellen Flanders.



42 (k)not what you think (\$5)

A breast cancer narrative by

Kathleen Martindale; "The Politics of Desire," featuring Gwendolyn, karen/ miranda augustine, Susan G. Cole, Midi Onodera, Becki Ross, Karen Busby; "Sister Sluts and Slut Condemnation" by Ariel Fielding; fiction by Sarah B. Campbell, Suzy Tanzer, Jennie Litt, Leila Marshy, Carol Camper; poetry by Beth Thomas, Jacqueline Turner.



43 Rice Papers Writings and Artwork by East and Southeast

Asian Women (\$5)

Guest edited by the Asian Women Writers Collective. Features an interview with Yuri Kochiyama, fiction by Milinda

Sato, Judy Fong Bates, Ji Bai and Nancy Chong, poetry by Ann Shin, Jean Yoon, Grace Sakae Murao, Mona Oikawa and Tamai Kobayashi, art by Louise Noguchi, Millie Chen, Kyo Maclear and Marilyn Jung, and reviews by Ann Shin and Melinda Aguila.



44/45

Language (\$5)

DOUBLE ISSUE
Lost and found

tongues; imperial stories; "tolerant" language; silences; cross-cultural interpretation; dreams and memory; performative lecturing; voicing difference. Includes Kyo Maclear, Silvana Hernando, Nancy Chater, Frieda Forman, Susanne de Lotbinière-Harwood, Marusya Bociurkiw, Zaffi Gousopoulos, Mehri Yalfani, Ana C.P. dos Santos, Rozena Maart, Myriam Chancy, Sandra Haar, Claudia Gahlinger, Rachel Kalpana James and Cathy Daley.



49
Da Juice! a black lesbian thang (\$5)

Guest-edited by De Poonani Posse. Featuring "Black Lesbians and SM: In/On Your Face" by Carol Latchford,

"Inconsistent Identities and Persistent Fantasies" by Frances Yip Hoi and "To Centime from a diasporic lesbian sista 300 years or so removed" by Tonia Bryan. Includes contributions by karen/miranda augustine, Camille Bailey, Jacquie Bishop, Deanna Bowen, Rosamund Elwin, Maxine Greaves, Charmaine Lewis, Roberta Munroe, Adella Pierre, Nicole Redman, Christine Springer, Sherece Taffe, Akhaji Zakiya, Centime Zeleke and others.



51/52

Double Issue (\$5)

"We, the women of Ontario, ...

declare our opposition to the policies of the Conservative government...": The Ontario Women's Declaration, with photos from the London Shutdown; Jane Farrow and Christina Zeidler's riotous and raunchy exposé of the drag king phenomenon; art by Lori Clermont on institutional child abuse. Stories by Natasha Singh, Mehri Yalfani, May Yee; poems by Joanne Arnott, Candis Graham, Rachel Zolf. Wendy Morgan reviews The Journal Project and the controversy of "journaling" in women's studies.



53 (\$5)

New fiction by Nalo Hopkinson and Masani Montague.

Queer stories: Louise Bak's poetic exploration of "the cut sleeve"; Shira Spector's full-length comic story. "The Importance of Being Beautiful" by playwright Moynan King. Poetry by Crystal Hurdle. Art by Sue Goldstein and Shannon Greene. Reviews of Aurat Durbar, To This Cedar Fountain, Daughters of the Red Land.



54 (\$5)

Technologies Digital artist and cyber-feminist Nancy Paterson

charts the emergence of cyber-feminism, plus a Fredrica Mintz ad-spoof—bringing you friendly products for a hostile world. Latin American women and the politics of race, immigration and feminism in Toronto: a personal/critical article by R. Magaly San Martin. Poems and stories by Nadine Boughton, Beth Goobie, Angela Hryniuk, Kerry Langan, Lisa Mesbur, Elana Moscovitch, J. Pitter, Jenny Potts and Rita Sommers-Flanagan. Reviews of Lesbiot: Israeli Lesbians Talk about Sexuality, Feminism, Judaism

and their Lives and Plural Desires: Writing Bisexual Women's Realities.



55 (\$5)

Heather Cameron on the Cross-Canada Women's

March Against Poverty, plus notes from "Rolling Feminist Library" organizer Annthea Whittaker; Ratna Kapur on how censorship rewrote The Bandit Queen in India; Brenda Cossman reviews Whore Carnival by Shannon Bell; Ling Chiu's film/reflection on the Montreal Massacre; new work from ijose chow, Shai Dhali, Neesha Dosanjh, Crystal Carmen and others.



56 Going

On Twenty (\$5)

Fireweed celebrates unruly

adolescence and fiery womanhood: Marge Piercy slices fear; Margaret Atwood examines the female body; Lillian Allen frigs stereotypes; Susan Swan flirts with a saint; Makeda Silvera argues with a village; Janice Gould on Easter Sunday; Claire Harris and Lesléa Newman on grief and memory; Mary di Michele on Lesvos; Erin Mouré, Nicole

Brossard, Betsy Warland and Mona Oikawa on love, sex and the whole damn thing; plus, plus, plus.



57

Exploring & Questioning Collectives & Activism (\$5)

Ethel LaValley on the grass-roots of coalition building; the ex-workers of The Concordia Women's Centre have their say; Fauzia Rafiq sends us with Saheban on a satirical trip through a collective dystopia; Jacquie Buncel dishes the dirt on seven bosses from hell; Shira Spector's cartoons poke fun at activism and collective organizing. Plus Sapna Patel, Aviva Rubin, T.J. Bryan, Ann Decter and others.



58 (\$5)

Gloria Kim in conversation with Judy Fong Bates; Kristy Green

gives us the unlikely revenge of a bride scorned; Beth Goobie's "Nothing But The Hurt"; We see things thru Anagel Saunder's eyes; Rhonda Mack gets Plum Rotten; Patria Rivera journeys back to Cold War, 1957; with artwork by Marie-Denise Douyon, Madonna Hamel and others; plus Kam

Sein Yee, Amuna Baraka, Lea Littlewolfe, Marilyn Elain Carmen and many more!



59/60

**Revolution
Girl Style
(\$9)
DOUBLE
ISSUE**

Guest edited by the Revolution Girl Style Collective. The hugely successful, much talked-about special issue all about young women. A springboard/call to action for other girls to do the same. With works by Karen Kawawada, Blood Sisters, Jaime Kirzner-Roberts, Lorraine Hewitt, Rita Fatila, Ivana Shein, Emmy Pantin and many more.



61 (\$7)

Includes poetry by Deborah Schnitzer, Joan

Latchford, Sonia MacPherson, Joelle Hann, Khadija Black, Rachel Zolf, Shauna Richler-Lancit and Carrie L. MacDonald; fiction by Kim Anderson, Beth Stinson, Christy Ann Conlin, Nora Solanoy Lusterio and Beth Brant; artwork by Shannon Greene, Julia Powditch and Reena Katz; and a review by sherece taffe.



62 (\$9)

Includes fiction by April Selley, J. Maureen Hull, Jillian Maloney

and Anne Duke Judd. Poetry by Deborah Stiles, Jennifer Moss, Susan Holbrook, Shae Irving, Karen Forster and Heather Hermant. Art by Parvenah Radmard, Christina Francisco, Sue Goldstein and Shira Spector.



63 Pop

Culture

A tribute to all things pop.

Includes poetry by Crystal

Hurdle, Malca Litovitz, Zöe Whittall, Adrienne Weiss, Jennifer Inslee and Star Hong Nga Rush, essays by Kerry Daniels, Lisa Bryn Rundle, Cathy Katrib, Lily Slain, Catherine O'Sullivan, Lara Karaian, Andrea Gin and Mariko Tamaki. Featuring visuals by Shelly Niro, Wendy Coburn and more!



64

Poetry by A. Mary Murphy, Molshree and Julie Schroeder;

fiction by Mary Jo Pollack and Rachel Li Wai Suen; art, reviews.



65

The Sex Work Issue. Guest-edited by sex workers — strippers,

prostitutes, call girls, exotic dancers, and sex activists — who have worked, or are working, in the sex industry. Features a roundtable on sex work by women at Stella; poetry by Michelle Lampart, Tenacity Numen and Cathleen Withs; prose and discussion by Lily Fine, Raven DelMonico, Debby Toupin Clarke, Marie Wilson, A.J., Stripper Girl, Tamara Faith Berger, Raven Rowenchilde, and much more.

86

FIREweed

upcoming issues

ALSO AVAILABLE

- 7 Women and Performance I [\$3]
- 9 Bread and Roses [\$3]
- 10 Writing [\$3]
- 12 Blood Relations [\$3]
- 14 Fear and Violence [\$3]
- 15 Feminist Aesthetics [\$3]
- 16 Women of Colour [\$10]
- 17 Writing [\$3]
- 18 Atlantic Women [\$3]
- 19 Theory I [\$3]
- 20 Theory 2 [\$3]
- 21 Short Stories [\$3]
- 24 Writing [\$3]
- 27 Writing and Humour [\$3]
- 29 Writing [\$3]
- 31 Weird Writing [\$3]
- 32 Writing [\$3]
- 33 Loosely About the Body [\$3]
- 34 Writing [\$3]
- 39|40 From the Mouth to the Page [\$5]
- 41 Shifting Identities/
Rewording Rape [\$5]
- 46 Addiction and lesbians [\$5]
- 47 Writing & Art [\$5]
- 48 Canadian Un/Realities/
Cross-Border Desire [\$5]
- 50 Writing [\$5]

LATE FALL 1999

Heavy Girls


Writing by women over size 14—straight off the rack!

WINTER 2000

Millennial issue

SPRING 2000

Lesbian Camp



DID YOU buy this copy of *Fireweed* in your neighbourhood bookstore? Did you know that for the bookstore price of only three issues, you could get a full year of *Fireweed*? That's an extra issue FULL of critical and creative works by women poets, storytellers and artists plus reviews, plays, essays and more! IF YOU SUBSCRIBE. There's more: every subscriber gets \$9 worth of back issues FREE. Join our ever-growing list of *Fireweed* subscribers! (Turn the page for your very own subscription form.)

subscribe now and
save
up to
30%

free back issues too!

on newsstand prices!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

APT. N° _____

CITY/TOWN _____ PROV./STATE _____

COUNTRY _____ POSTAL/ZIP CODE _____

new renewal new address only

RATES

IN CANADA

individual/1 year (\$22) individual/2 years (\$40) institutional/1 year (\$35) institutional/2 years (\$60)

OUTSIDE CANADA

individual/1 year (\$30) individual/2 years (\$55) institutional/1 year (\$45) institutional/2 years (\$80)

Subscription prices include the GST (goods and services tax).

FREE BACK ISSUE OFFER

include issue #s _____ with my subscription (maximum \$9 value)

MORE BACK ISSUES, PLEASE! Indicate issue #(s) and quantity

FOR SINGLE-ISSUE ORDERS ONLY: In Canada add \$1.50 for the first copy and \$0.50 for each additional copy; outside of Canada add \$2 for the first copy and \$1 for each additional. Add 7% GST to your single issue total. (GST# 107383663 RT)

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS

NAME OF SENDER _____

We will send an announcement card with the first issue of the gift subscription.

Fireweed is a not-for-profit organization. Donations are always welcome! Registered charity #0574483-22.

Enclose cheque or money order in Canadian currency or foreign equivalent. Send to:

FIREWEED

FIREWEED
P.O. Box 279, Station B
Toronto, Ontario
M5T 2W2 Canada

A Feminist Quarterly of Writing, Politics, Art & Culture

FIREweed

66

