Memory is Resistance

You and I
exist
to serve mankind.

The cosmos
revolves around
mankind's fragile ego.

History is His Story
doing domesticating
our planet and bodies,

so women too
live by the code
of Father Consciousness.

The jackboots rampage
through forest and home,
spilling blood.

When blood is abstract
and violence is real,
the science of words betrays us.

Violence in our planet and homes
keeps me dreaming
of what wants remembering.

Memory is resistance
and the beginning
of transformation.

I look in your eyes
and see images of I and not-I.
I catch a glance of me
and your experience of me.

The two images fragment me.
Which is real? Yours or mine?
Can we negotiate reality?

You label me a feminist
but pretend not to hear
my heavy metal tapes.

You label me a mother
but fear when I turn
the nurturing to myself.

You label me a lesbian
but dismiss my vision
of a world with men.

You label me white
but ignore my struggle
with my race’s blood.

And so it goes.
Your images collide
with mine.

Behind the veils
I am a woman
who knows, who cares
who dares.

Behind the veils
I am a hand
of creation
and death.

Behind the veils
I embrace death
as a guide
for life.

Juste un frémissement
Une inquiétude de la peau
À l’automne des sentiments

Anniversaire
Ta phrase est de plus en plus brève
Car tu n’as plus le temps
Des pas errants

Temps
De toi-même à toi-même tu ne sais
plus que dire

Père
Je te tiens à bout de mémoire
Au-delà de l’exil du temps

Les arbres se gorgent de lumière
À en mourir

Et c’est l’hiver

Exil
Depuis longtemps j’ai perdu mes traces
J’ai oublié le verbe
Et ma chair
Dans ce pays si plat
Que l’ombre même y est montagne

Sur la page blanche
Le mot s’est pris un instant
Pour une vague

Elegy

I.
I thought that it would end —
This noise of age,
That death and illness were passed
through
As a stage in my young life,
By others —
Nearly like a test for coming ease.

I say now that we do not go gentle,
But in resignation,
As relentless as an illness —
Alone
In a way that I cannot yet imagine.

I cry back — to when I lay young
and easy,
Reading
In the sunbeam slant of
unawakened morning
Under time as light as air,
And it was above me, that was all.

II.
The winter trees are an edge of
brown fur along the horizon:
There is more darkness now than
light.
And I will wait for determining time
to pass
A congruent distance to lose my
faithful Orion
To the brief, animate shining of a
midsummer’s night,
And you will have been dead, then,
only a year.

And so the abrading strain of time
passes and passes,
Is marked, but does not finish.

Claudine Vercollier

Sue Campbell