

new women, then how can we expect any changes in our lives that will address the inequality of women in Canada.

The stories these women tell directs and confirms our analysis of their decisions and subsequent treatment. It is clear that women's groups should recognize these events as feminist issues and that our intervention can help. Women's groups should continue to shelter and advocate for changes to our unjust immigration policies and recognition of refugee status. Let us utilize the World March of Women 2000 to fight and call for international accountability to women.

*Alice Lee is the daughter of a Chinese doctor, mother, herbalist and an acupuncturist father who grew up in the Prairies and has worked in the a transition house and rape crisis centre for some six years now. She practices martial arts and returns to china whenever she can to her teacher and to a country she loves.*

<sup>1</sup>In the prisons, women were confronted by language barriers created by a lack of accessibility to translation services and advocacy groups interested in working on their behalf. Day-to-day interactions with prison staff were made difficult as women chose not to respond to orders that they did not understand.

<sup>1</sup>One woman recounted how her expressions of emotional distress (i.e., crying) resulted in a 28-day lockdown, isolated from the other refugees.

## ANNE BLONSTEIN

### ophelia in rotem kleid\*

colour after death? can memory dance  
in shot silk? or must our voices echo in the rafters

of skulls

in smoked romances? you cannot cover  
your fear with no choices. superficial  
and too deep. dew and rust kiss the surfaces  
of a rose petal. the violet tenderness  
when you sleep in a silent bed. where  
do the crows fly to at midnight? your dreams?  
self parables against the grave. fragments  
of fear the ellipse. two bodies. two foci. far apart  
but touching. at edges. the slow path  
of a word chandelier. i stitched this dress  
with my blood. with pearls from my ovaries.

\*ophelia in a red dress

*Anne Blonstein was born in England. She currently lives and works in Switzerland. Her poetry has been published in journals and anthologies around the world.*

## EMILY HUNTER

### breakfast musings

i am standing adrift in your kitchen,  
amidst the shifting light of morning.  
leaning over the table you kiss me,  
pulling me back under as the scent of earth and sea  
spills onto my open lips.  
it is the burst of creation,  
of light and darkness,  
the contradictions of fate and chance  
which have brought me here, to you.  
i have inhaled the acrid sweet trail of cologne  
splashed across your neck,  
but i prefer the musky smell of sweat  
found hidden in your dark hollows.  
you offer me coffee,  
tempting me with its full aroma  
but i smell only the crash of salt,  
breaking against our bodies in the darkness.

*emily hunter is a Toronto-based poet and writer. She is currently working with a friend on a collaborative book of poetry and art.*