

originates. The presence of women is much more consistent with this objective than the preservation of an antiquated, machismo ethos. Is it not time for the Canadian Forces to be brought into the 1980s – where they belong?

¹Col. G.W.G. Nicholson, *Canada's Nursing Sisters* (Toronto: Samuel Stevens Hakkert and Company, 1975), p. 1.

²*Canadian Forces Policy On The Employment Of Women* (17 March 1985).

³*Directorate of Women Personnel* (National Defence Headquarters, 1984).

⁴Mady Wechsler Segal, *The Argument for Female Combatants* (Chicago: Inter-University Seminar on Armed Forces and Society, 1980), p. 271.

⁵*Statistics Canada*, 1985.

⁶*University of Toronto*, Department of Athletics and Recreation, 1985.

⁷Segal, pp. 274-275.

⁸Linda Grant De Pauw, *Women In Combat, The Revolutionary War Experience* (George Washington University, Armed

Forces and Society, 1981), p. 209.

⁹Nancy Loring Goldman, *Female Soldiers – Combatants or Noncombatants* (Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 1982), p. 5.

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IN A GLASS HOUSE

(poems for my step daughter)

CHOICES

Your cat is named "Dabby Grey".
You were babies together,
now you're both five, and I'm
allergic to cats.
Eyes blazing you tell your father
"Keep the cat, get rid of . . ."
I nearly choke

but supposing
the cat were mine,
you were allergic . . .

SNOW WHITE

Mirrors never lie,
in illness you grow fairer,
skin snow iris,
eyes sad black moons,
blonde hair damp with fever

For weeks he sleeps beside you
Moved by love and something
darker I stroke your face
tempt you with delicacies

BATH

Ponytail, wild filly legs,
you capture him
with skittish looks.

Young enough
to nip the towel from his thighs,
share the tub he laughs
and soaps you down.

When I watch you prancing wet,
his unbridled gaze

my eyes are whips.

POSTER OF A MISSING CHILD

afraid to sleep

dead in all my dreams
"girl six, blue jumper, carrying a
recorder,
last seen . . ." never met would
recognize anywhere
so much like

you fighting me
for life today
screamed and bit how many
times my demon dreams
trembling in blood cellars

betrayed that picture face

GLASS

Your mother's gone.

You pick at food, refuse
to flush the toilet

dream you were born
in a glass house, slept in a
blue glass cradle

pretend she's a far off
magic queen, rub an old stone
and she speaks to you,
understands when you say

you tried your best
to make the kitten swim

but it drowned in the puddle.

GRAFFITI

"You're not my mother,
you can't make me."
I lock you spitting, stamping
in your room, only to find
you glaring from the kitchen wall
indelible in bristling hair,
jagged teeth, protruding tongue.
I'd haul you down, force you to
scrub,
but knowing tomorrow
you'd crayon the cupboards,
scrawl behind doors,
I go upstairs, unlock
rage no coat of paint
will ever hide.

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