A Story by Donna E. Smyth

Chicken Little always lived between the shattered sky and the double-bladed ax

when she tried to tell them they would not listen
don't bother me, they said
I have to: raise my children
do my job
if I thought about the chopping block I'd never get anything done

Chicken Little said: I see a severed head
a body flaps aimlessly, spurts blood,
and a ghostly dialogue begins
when the sky falls
it will be in chunks
no henhouse will save us

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Adidas stood in the middle of the shopping mall and proclaimed his love to Nike:

- Let me buy you . . . , he said.
- Fantastic plastic, she murmured shyly,
- Burger King?
- MacDonalds.
- Wendys?
- MacDonalds.
- Harveys?

She wavered. All of Eatons was reflected in his tinted glasses: perfumes, scarves and hats and the new Fall line. This was irresistible.

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We saw the elections on TV,  
We saw the Pope as well,  
Did we elect divinity?  
It’s very hard to tell . . .

Does God wear a blue suit with a smile  
or descend in skirts from a helicopter?  
Is voting/praying worth the while  
when the power’s all in the media chopper?

* * * * *

Crouched in the engineered, electronic,  
high-tech, nuclear-tinted shadows, the  
beasts think they are masters of the death-  
machines.

They wear white coats and sunglasses  
and carry security passes. They wear mili-  
tary fatigues and carry weapons. They  
wear Ronald Reagan faces. They wear the  
faces of the old men of the Kremlin. They  
flicker on TV as if they are real.

The women watching soap operas turn  
off the news. They press their lips and  
iron their clothes. They will not say what it  
is they know.

* * * * *

Chicken Little’s heart  
beat as slowly as a drum  
she said: the time has come  
not when: now  
not where: here  
from each act  
each image  
the future grows  
* * * * *

Adidas and Nike got married. It was a  
simple ceremony witnessed by thousands  
on TV in the shopping mall. All the stores  
put up signs saying: Business as usual.  
The music store let them rent the portable  
organ and threw in the portable organ  
man had switched to automatic and  
someone said that Adidas and Nike  
looked like Prince Charles and Princess  
Diana before they had babies.

Dearly Beloved, said Eatons store  
manager, we are gathered here in this  
place to witness . . .  
It was like a dream come true.

* * * * *

It’s hard to think of the future  
When we’re going backwards at the time,  
The style of the ‘80s is the ‘50s,  
Even poets are reverting to rhyme.

Backstreet butchers sharpen knives,  
The ‘moral majority’ scolds and shrills,  
We watch it nightly on TV:  
The not-news and sportsreports of cold-  
war thrills.

What was that Confucius said?  
“If we don’t learn the lessons of history,  
we’re dead.”

* * * * *

Chicken Little sat  
as still as feathered stone  
she said: each moment opens  
uncurls petal by petal  
divine rose-time  
we would see miracles  
if we lost fear

* * * * *

There’s nothing like a Tory majority  
(unless it’s the same old Liberal faces)  
To remind us of national priorities  
And keep us all in our places.  
We’ll have a Forces fashion parade  
To boost military morale,  
New uniforms will be handmade,  
So any fool can tell  
We still have: soldiers  
sailors  
airmen

They want their old colours backs,  
They want more ships, weapons, men,  
They’ll take up the unemployment slack,  
And hike up our taxes again.

* * * * *

Adidas and Nike spent their honey-  
moon in the Holiday Inn. Adidas ordered  
all the porn videos in sight, a bottle of rye,  
plenty of ice and a case of ginger ale. He  
settled down with a sigh:

– Soon it will be hockey season. Where  
are you going?

– To swim in the pool, said Nike. You  
don’t think we’ve paid all this money  
just to sit and watch TV?

So she swam in the pool, she sweated in  
the sauna, she relaxed in the whirlpool  
ripple bath and she wished there was  
something she could buy.

Each night they dined on the elegant  
cuisine of the friendly Holiday Inn. Nike  
ordered everything flambé. Adidas  
ordered Sparkling Duck. On the third  
night, while the maître d’ was flaming  
Nike’s pepper steak with three peper-  
corn sauce, sherry added, Nike’s hair  
cought fire and they had to rush her to the  
hospital. She emerged looking like a dipp- 
ed poodle.

– Don’t look at me! she cried.

– Don’t worry, I won’t, snapped Adidas.

They decided that the honeymoon was  
over.

* * * * *

Chicken Little groaned  
like a dreamer caught  
she said: we are told  
perfect love casts out fear  
but we are riddled by doubt  
when we awake  
and almost remember

shaken to the core  
we fumble meanings  
and blame ourselves  
when we cannot remember

* * * * *
Adidas went back to work and Nike too. They had a lot of consumer spending to do. When they had their Johnson & Johnsons baby baby, it seemed like the world was their barbecued steak.

- We want to give him a name, said Adidas, that he'll live up to.
- How about Petro Canada? said Nike, I want him to be patriotic.
- No way, said Adidas, today it's Petro Canada but, if the Tories have their way, tomorrow it could be Petro USA. We don't want him to have an identity crisis.
- We could call him Colonel Sanders, suggested Nike.
- Do you want him stuck in the fast food sector forever? argued Adidas.
- I like to be traditional, pouted Nike.
- We'll have to think of his future, said Adidas firmly, we'll call him Toshiba.

They had Toshiba christened in the same shopping mall they were married in. By this time the portable organ man had passed on to a funeral home but Sam the Record Man played a Michael Jackson tape and Eatons store manager gave Toshiba his first credit card.

That night, as they were tucking little Toshiba into bed, Adidas said:

- He'll have to learn to drive a truck if he wants to become P.M. of this great, big country. We'll start the lessons tomorrow.

Nike slipped her arm through his.

- Aren't we lucky it's not Russia? At least here he has a future.

Every day, military planes fly overhead. They are testing, testing. The sky is busy, the sky is full of planes and helicopters.
The caribou in Labrador try to run away.
The wild geese in Alberta are afraid to fly.
Every day, military ships sail in and out of the harbour. They are testing, testing. The sea is busy, the sea is full of ships and submarines.
The fish are dying of strange diseases.
The whales are composing an oratorio to be sung by the last living whale when the End of the World comes.

Chicken Little shuddered when the shadow flew overhead. She said: when I open my eyes underwater I can understand the fish.

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**The Struggle for Choice** is the working title for a 55 min. videotape currently in production about the abortion rights movement in Canada. At this time extensive research has been completed in British Columbia, Alberta, the Maritimes, Toronto and Montreal. The tape will explore the history of the abortion rights movement since the adoption of the current legislation in 1969, as well as present a national perspective on abortion availability and treatment today.

The videotape will feature interviews with women and men across the country; abortion rights activists, doctors and clinic personnel, and women who have had abortions and those considering one.

Abortion in Canada is an issue of critical importance. The limited abortion rights that exist today are under attack from both a growing pro-life movement that aims to eliminate any access to abortion, and the erosion of health care in general through economic cuts and threats to the universality of health care insurance.

Doctors who perform abortions in hospitals are lobbied and harassed by anti-choice groups. The efforts of Dr. Henry Morgentaler and his colleagues to open free-standing clinics outside Quebec have met with arrests and criminal charges. Despite Morgentaler's recent acquittal, there is no guarantee that the law itself will be changed.

Many women now find it increasingly difficult to obtain abortions. The cost is often a barrier for low-income women, with the situation made worse by doctors opting out of provincial health schemes. In many hospitals in large urban areas, there are informal quotas on the number of abortions performed, while women living outside these areas may have no local access to abortion at all.

Because of the crucial importance of this issue, we are inviting you to contribute to the production of this videotape. Partial funding for the project has been received from the Ontario Arts Council. Additional funds from individuals and groups will ensure that *The Struggle For Choice* has the necessary level of financial support. Donations will be tax deductible.

For research purposes, we would be happy to hear from women who would agree to be interviewed for the videotape.

This video is being directed by Nancy Nicol, an independent video producer and activist for the past six years in Toronto. Her recent productions include: *Mini Skools Pays Mini Wages*, and *Our Choice, A Tape About Teenage Mothers* produced with the Women's Media Alliance.

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