

he would put on his cap, throw
the cat outside to catch a mouse
and take a walk before dinner.

What did Rejlander do to keep his cat still?
Did he slip a small morsel between her paws?
But I've never had a cat respond to such a bribe.
A dog, on the other hand, will sit still for hours
if you hold a liver treat to your cheek,
his long strings of drool dripping.
Perhaps the cat just wanted to watch
too full to mouse, too tired
to jump down from the chair. Perhaps
posing in the sun was her only quiet
moment in the day.

I don't know how Geraldine judged exposure
in her studio with blinds on the windows
a solid tripod for her camera and a steady hand
with magnesium powder. But I do know
she placed a blue vase of pink peonies
upon a table flooded in prairie light.

¹Oscar Gustave Rejlander born in Sweden in 1813
was a pioneering art photographer and an expert
in photo montage. He collaborated with Charles
Darwin on *The Expressions of the Emotions in Man
and Animals*. He died in London in 1875.

*Rebecca Luce-Kapler is Associate Dean of Graduate Studies
and Research in the Faculty of Education, Queen's University.
Her research interests focus on the integral role of literary
practices, particularly writing, in the development of human
consciousness and identity. Her most recent research involves
senior-aged women reading and writing literary memoirs,
investigating how literary practices can deepen learning and
interpretation of experience. She published a collection of
poetry in 2003, The gardens where she dreams.*

SHEILA STEWART

Wash up as far as

*possible and
down as far as possible and give
possible a lick too,*

Mum and Aunt Ena chortled
in the hall between the bathroom
and bedrooms at Ena's house,

Ballyaughlis, Drumbo Road,
Country Antrim, Northern
Ireland. No time for a bath or

shower, stand at the sink, wash up.

Down the garden
with a bowl, pick raspberries, red

currants. Lunch of courgettes
fried in butter, wheaten and soda
bread from the oven. Whipped

cream sliding into berries, tart and tangy,
meets sweet and savage, everything
melts. As far as we can go in con-

versation, a poem, as far as the flight
from here to Belfast, as far as Ena
still alive,

giving possibility
a lick too.

*Sheila Stewart has two poetry collections: The Shape
of a Throat (Signature Editions, 2012) and A Hat
to Stop a Train (Wolsak and Wynn, 2003). She co-
edited The Art of Poetic Inquiry (Backalong Books,
2012). Sheila is completing her Ph.D. at OISE/UT.*