

hair and the visit to the bathroom hasn't changed how she looks. She is still perfect. She is St. Cecelia and the Queen of Peter Street rolled into one beautiful lady and it doesn't matter one bit if she learns to drive. Where would she go, even if she could drive? She belongs here sitting on the couch beside *me*—her daughter, the princess. Together we will hold hands and read stories to each other and drink tea with sugar. And my brothers and sisters can all go live with Auntie Dee. Because Auntie Dee knows just what to do with bothersome children.

Eleanor Albanese's plays for young audiences have toured nationally from coast to coast. Recent productions include Under the Moon with Aunt Birdie with Thunder Bay Symphony Orchestra, an adaptation of the folk tale East of the Sun; West of the Moon with Motus O, and Dancing on Salt 'n Snow with Broken Moons Collective.

JOCELYN WILLIAMS

Like Mother

Until my nights felt
like days, I believed her
less for asking

about him.

Until I dreamed
of the boy from twenty
years ago that left me
blushing, no, bruising,
I knew
lies.

Jocelyn Williams is a professor in Calgary who writes about women and trauma and teaches about poetry and prose. Her novel, Pillow Talk and Other Files, is forthcoming.

A. MARY MURPHY

my mother would put ribbons

my mother would put ribbons
bows of bright red ribbons
in my tightly braided hair
and I hated those red ribbons
bigger than my head
pulled them out on the school bus
stuffed them in my lunch kit
before I got to school grade one
grade two grade three
and now for the touch
of my mother's hands
I would tolerate those ribbons
I promise you I would

A. Mary Murphy is a Canadian poet. She has a Ph.D. in English, specializing in Life Writing. Her poems have been placed in numerous journals in Canada and also in the United States, France, England, Wales, Australia, and New Zealand. Her first book, Shattered Fanatics, was published by BuschekBooks in 2007. Her second collection of poetry, The Hungry Grass, is forthcoming from Inanna Publications in 2014.

SUSAN MCCASLIN

Enna

I meet my daughter in a field

and know she is thinner
gather her in my arms, weeping.

Burden of light,
light load sifting through my fingers

falls to a scale, suspended
balance, where Maat weighs

the dead against a feather.
O, give the soul its lightness and levity,

the body its heft of flesh.

Susan McCaslin's poetry appears earlier in this volume.