

know this seems a tad hypocritical of me, especially considering my track record of motherhood shows striking similarities to hers. Yet, although I do not touch or look at my children, I would give anything to be with them, unlike Mrs. Tayard.

In the Philippines I was subjected to the daily abuse of my husband, but in the States I have felt abuse on an entirely different level. In Chicago, I have noticed a hierarchy of women who have no compassion or sympathy for their sisters who are suffering. Women in my country are united by the common experiences we have shared, but on this side of the world it is not the men I am afraid of, it is the women. While Mr. Tayard is

tolerable, partly because he is always working and I never see him, his wife is the exact opposite. Mrs. Tayard does not see me as a woman like herself and she certainly does not consider me as an equal. She takes in how I dress and how I speak and judges me for it, never considering what I have been through. I do not even think she knows I have children of my own and why would she? I am her subordinate.

I work 80 hours a week with no days off. I clean, I cook, and I take care of the house and do everything for Mrs. Tayard's children. Her twins are six years old and I have grown to love them very much. I hold them and care for them like they were my own but that often makes my situa-

tion worse. What kind of person am I that gives so much love to another woman's children when her own go through life alone?

Being a nanny breaks my heart as it has replaced the one job I cannot live without. Perhaps one day my children will understand why I left and forgive me, but I will never understand how I could sacrifice my life with them for the life I have now and I will never be able to forgive myself for it.

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MARY LOU SOUTAR-HYNES

The way light falls

reveals a darker side
to landscape's pastoral symmetry
behind the scenic veil

A trail of severed
marigolds across the field, river's shrewd
insistence — the slivered
face of rock

Yet today is summer
unmistakably — only the kayak's silvered silence
a single breath of cloud
sky powder-blue

Our journey
worn by weight of moist air, fabric's slight texture
on skin —
light falling between image
and knowing

Note: Line 4, source of image "scenic veil" see: *Recovering Landscapes: Essays in Contemporary Architecture*, James Corner, Ed., Princeton Architectural Press, 1999, p. 12.

Mary Lou Soutar-Hynes's poetry appears earlier in this volume.