

did say I was a bit of a cleaning nut.” Then she rose slowly to her feet and crossed to the cupboard to get her kitchen mop.

Mary Kay Ross has worked in publishing, public relations, social work, broadcasting, and teaching. Having worked as an assistant editor for a publishing firm in England for several years, she returned to Toronto and was hired as a story editor for The Braden Beat, Global Television. She also worked for CBC Radio as a broadcaster on shows such as Morningside and The Judy Show. For TV Ontario, she co-hosted and wrote three series called Beyond the Fridge, Ferguson, Short and Ross, and Behind the Shield. She loves reading, dogs and cats, and the joys of her life are her grandchildren: Napoleon, Ronin, and Juliette. This is her first novel. is the author of Blind in One Eye, published by Inanna Publications in 2011.

JOANNA M. WESTON

Washing Up

my gloved hands stir foam
lift and wipe a plate a spoon
as I stare into the falling dusk

mindlessly place dishes
in the draining rack
watch the gathering dark

drop cleaned knives and forks
in the cutlery holder
gaze through fading light

I fumble a serving dish
against the edge of the sink
come awake in the gloaming

Joanna M. Weston's poetry appears earlier in this volume.

CHRISTINA FOISY

I am a truck driver's underarm

I spit my gum onto the curb, and
you criticize my civility, and so we walk on
endings like sidewalks. I have grown tired
of dreaming of walking away. Lying
beside you is pedestrian. I imagine
the gentle ways I could say goodbye.
I chew each sentence until dawn,
blowing smoke into your eyes. Perhaps,
I would start by saying that I should go
home. I have domestic things to do,
like laundry and baking. Although I can't
decide: what is more important?
I smell awful, almost wild, around you
and your lavender and bergamot oils,
your tea-leaves, and Spanish pastries.
I smell like the underarm of a truck
driver who cheats on his wife and eats
crème de maron between motels
and backseats. Perhaps, there is
an ounce of refined taste in me,
but I have swallowed it too. Or
maybe I could be a chain-restaurant
waitress named Sonia, who chews
gum all day and doesn't even spit it out
for a cigarette. I feel for Sonia and the underarm
her sweaty blouses, his heart-attacks. Sometimes,
I wear Sonia's scent, like a woman who waits
in a damp parking lot for a truck driver's lift.
But not today, I will walk home the long way.
You touch my untied hair, hold strands
between your lips. You deserve a nice girl,
in clean clothes, who doesn't spit
her gum out when she is tired of it,
a girl who doesn't share bad dreams
or body odor.

Christina Foisy's poetry appears earlier in this volume.